



THE LIFE & EXPLORATIONS OF

DR. LIVINGSTONE

THE GREAT MISSIONARY TRAVELLER









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THE MILL IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE WORKED AT BLANTYRE



THE  
LIFE & EXPLORATIONS  
OF  
DR. LIVINGSTONE



THE TYNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,  
LONDON AND NEWCASTLE.



117  
731  
1872  
1870  
744

THE LIFE  
AND  
EXPLORATIONS  
OF  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,  
LL.D.

*CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM RELIABLE SOURCES.*

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JOHN G. MURDOCH,  
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## P R E F A C E.

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WHEN the report of the death of Dr Livingstone reached this country, many people refused to give it credit. He had so often been given up for lost and mourned as dead, his countrymen were reluctant to believe that the grand old man would never more be seen amongst them.

Ever since the indomitable Stanley took his last look of the great traveller—who, although for nearly six years he had been wholly cut off from civilisation, still lingered, self-exiled, until his work should be completed—the interest in his movements had not abated. From the Congo or from the Nile—according to the opinions formed as to the further course of the mysterious Lualaba, whose gathering waters he had followed from the uplands which divide the African central valley from that of the Zambesi, to a point within a couple of hundred miles of the hitherto supposed head waters of the Nile—intelligence of his movements had been looked for with an impatience which shows how strong an impression this remarkable man and his extraordinary career had made upon the public mind.

The life of this truly great man, from its childhood to its close, is a living lesson which the youth of our country cannot take too closely to heart. The child and boy who, while undergoing the drudgery of twelve hours' daily labour in a factory, found time and means to educate himself for the noble office of a Christian Missionary to the heathen, is as interesting and instructive a study as that of the grown man, whose determined will and untiring effort have made us familiar with more of the formerly unknown regions of the earth than any previous explorer of ancient or of modern times.

The present narrative—mainly designed for that large class of modern readers who have neither the time nor the opportunity for becoming acquainted with the many sources from which it has been gleaned—has been written and compiled with the view of giving a graphic account of a memorable life story, the full details of which are either shut up in books beyond the reach of the majority of readers, locked up in files of newspapers, or buried in the Reports and Journals of the Royal Geographical Society—these latter, a

source totally inaccessible to the general reader. The narrative is supplemented by details of the Livingstone Relief Expeditions under Mr. Stanley, Mr. Young, and Lieutenant Cameron; a brief memoir of Mr. Stanley, with a full account of his explorations into the heart of Central Africa, under the auspices of the "New York Herald" and the London "Daily Telegraph;" a sketch of Cameron's journey across the African Continent from the East to the West Coast; and a record of the establishment of the great Missionary Settlements on Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Nyanza. The founding of these Institutions may be regarded as the appropriate fruit of Livingstone's labours—the fitting crown of his heroic and glorious career.

In the companion volume to this "Life of Livingstone" will be found a complete history of African discovery, from the earliest period down to the researches and explorations of the illustrious travellers of this nineteenth century. The possessor of these two volumes will know all that is necessary to a general reader, of the vast continent which is destined to play so important a part in the future history of the world.

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THE LIFE AND EXPLORATIONS  
OF  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.

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CHAPTER I.

*Early Years.—Education.—Arrival at Cape Town as a  
Missionary.*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre near Glasgow, in 1813. He was the son of humble but respectable parents, whose simple piety and worth were noticeable even in a community which, in those days, ranked above the average for all those manly and self-denying virtues which, a few generations ago, were so characteristic of the lower classes of Scotland. Humble and even trying circumstances did not make them discontented with their lot, nor tend to make them forget the stainless name which had descended to them from a line of predecessors whose worldly circumstances were hardly better than their own.

In the introduction to his "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," published in 1857, Dr. Livingstone gave a brief and modest sketch of his early years, together with some account of the humble, although notable family from which he could trace his descent. "One great-grandfather," he tells us, "fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings, and one grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that cluster of the Hebrides thus spoken of by Sir Walter Scott:—

'And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.'

"Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' and other works. As a boy I remember listening with

delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders languishing among the Turks.

The reverence of your true Highlander for his ancestors, and his knowledge of them and their doings for many generations, have been frequently the subject of mirth to the Lowlanders or Sassenachs, as they are termed by the Celts; but in such instances as that of the family of which we are treating, these feelings are not only virtues, but become the incentives to bold and manly effort in the most trying circumstances. Livingstone tells us that his grandfather could rehearse traditions of the family for six generations before him. One of these was of a nature to make a strong impression on the imaginative and independent mind of the boy, even when almost borne down with toil too severe for his years. He says "One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that, when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him, and said, 'Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest!'"

With pardonable pride and some covert sarcasm, Livingstone points out that at the period in question, according to Macaulay, the Highlanders "were much like Cape Kaffres, and any one, it was said, could escape punishment for cattle stealing by presenting a share of the plunder to his chieftain." Macaulay's assertion was true of the clans and bands of broken men who dwelt near the Highland line; but even in their case these cattle-lifting raids hardly deserved the designation of pure theft; as even up to the middle of the last century they looked upon the Lowlanders as an alien race, and consequently enemies whom it was lawful to despoil. The conduct of the needy and ambitious nobles who drove them from their native glens and mountains, where their fathers had lived and hunted for centuries, with a view to possessing themselves of their inheritance, too often furnished a sufficient excuse for the deeds of violence and plunder which figure so prominently in the annals of the country down even to the days of George II.

Like most of the Highlanders, his ancestors were Roman Catholics, but when Protestantism got fairly established in Scotland, the apostacy of the chief was followed by that of the entire clan. Livingstone says, "they were made Protestants by the laird (the squire) coming round, with a man having

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a yellow staff, which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterwards, perhaps it does so still, by the name of 'the religion of the staff.'"

In the olden time, religion to them was only secondary to their devotion and attachment to their chief, and never seems to have taken any firm hold of their imaginations. The country was poor in money, and the priests they were familiar with were needy and ignorant; and within the Highland line there were no splendid edifices or pomp of worship to rouse their enthusiasm, so that the abandonment of their old mode of worship entailed no sacrifice.\*

With the breaking-up of the clans and the introduction of industrial occupations, and the teaching and preaching of devoted adherents of the new religion, the minds of the Highlanders were moved, and for many generations and even at the present day the Presbyterian form of worship has no more zealous adherents than the people of the Highlands of Scotland. The man with the yellow staff was, in all likelihood, one of the commissioners sent out by the General Assembly to advocate the cause of the new religion among those who were either indifferent about it, or were too remote from Edinburgh to be affected by the deadly struggle for supremacy which was going on between the old creed and the new religion.

Towards the end of the last century, finding the small farm in Ulva insufficient for the maintenance of his family, Livingstone's grandfather removed to Blantyre, where he, for a number of years, occupied a position of trust in the employment of Messrs. Monteith & Co., of Blantyre Cotton Works, his sons being employed as clerks. It formed part of the old man's duty to convey large sums of money to and from Glasgow, and his unflinching honesty in this and other ways won him the respect and esteem of his employers, who settled a pension on him when too old to continue his services.

Livingstone's uncles shared in the patriotic spirit which pervaded the country during the war with France, and entered the service of the king; but his father having recently got married settled down as a small grocer, the returns from which business were so small as to necessitate his children being sent to the factory as soon as they could earn anything to assist in the family support. David Livingstone was but ten years of age, in 1823, when he entered the mill as a "piecer," where he was employed from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, with intervals for breakfast and dinner.

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\* In *Waverley*, Sir Walter Scott very happily illustrates the non-religious character of your true Highlander about the middle of last century. Waverley had just parted with Fergus Mc-Ivor, and was approaching a Lowland village, "and as he now distinguished not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge pot, that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

'Couldna say just peecesely, Sunday seldom cam' aboon the Pass o' Bally-Brough.'

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this early introduction to a life of toil would have been the commencement of a lifetime of obscurity and privation. Let us see how David Livingstone bore and conquered the cruel circumstances of his boyhood, and made for himself a name which is known and respected throughout the civilised world; and is accepted by the savage inhabitants of Central Africa as conveying to their minds the ideal of all that is best in the character of "the white man."

Between the delicate "piecer" boy of ten and the middle-aged man who returned to England after an absence of sixteen years, in December 1856, with a world-wide reputation, there was a mighty hill of difficulty nobly surmounted, and we cannot attach too much importance to the mode in which he conquered those difficulties and hindrances, which, but that they are mastered every now and again in our sight by some bold and daring spirit, we are almost inclined to think insurmountable. It is a true saying, that every man who has earned distinction must have been blessed with a parent or parents of no mean order, whatever their position in society. What his ancestors were like we gather from his own brief allusion to them; and the few remarks he makes regarding his parents and their circumstances, supplemented by some information procured from one who knew them, enables us to give a picture of his home surroundings, which will assist us materially in estimating the courageous spirit which carried the delicate and overworked boy safely through all his early toils and trials.

To the mere observer, Livingstone's father appeared to be somewhat stern and taciturn, and an overstrict disciplinarian where the members of his family were concerned; but under a cold and reserved exterior he sheltered a warm heart, and his real kindness, as well as his truth and uprightness are cherished in the memories of his family and his intimates. He was too truthful and conscientious to become rich as a small grocer in a country village; while his real goodness of heart induced him to trust people whose necessities were greater than their ability or desire to pay, to the further embarrassment of a household his limited business made severe enough.

He brought up his children in connection with the Church of Scotland, from which he seceded a few years before his death, and joined an Independent congregation worshipping in Hamilton, some miles distant. Speaking of the Christian example he set before his family, his famous son says, "He deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that, the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" He was a strict disciplinarian, and looked with small favour on his son's passion for reading scientific books and works of travel; but his son had much of his own stubborn and



THE ROOM IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE WAS BORN

March 19 1813



independent temperament where he supposed himself to be in the right; and sturdily preferred his own selection of books to "The Cloud of Witnesses," "Boston's Fourfold State," or "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity." His refusal to read the latter work procured him a caning, which was the last occasion of his father's application of the rod.

As is the case of many a young man in like circumstances, his father's importunity and unfortunate selection of authors fostered a dislike for merely doctrinal reading, which continued until years afterwards, when a perusal of "The Philosophy of Religion," and the "Philosophy of a Future State," by Dr. Thomas Dick, widened his understanding, and gratified him by confirming him in what he had all along believed, "that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly to each other." Both his parents had taken much pains to instil the principles of Christianity into his mind, but it was only after becoming acquainted with the writings of Dr. Dick and others, that their efforts bore fruit. The depth of his religious convictions may be realised when we contemplate the sacrifices he afterwards made in his evangelistic labours, but his strong understanding saved him from becoming either a sectary or a bigot. While there was no more earnest-minded or devoted servant of Christ than Dr. Livingstone, there was none so liberal and so large-hearted in his acceptance of all honest and God-fearing men who strove to do good, whatever their creed might be.

His father died in February 1856, at the time when his son was making his way from the interior of Africa to the coast, on his return to England, "expecting no greater pleasure in this country than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory." The applause of the best and the highest in the land; in the social circle, or in the crowded assembly; with hundreds hanging on his every word, was as nothing compared to the long talks he had looked forward to with the kindly though stern father he had not seen for so many years; but it was not to be. He has small notions of the strength of filial affection in the heart of such a man who cannot sympathize with his sorrow and disappointment.

His mother, a kindly and gentle woman, whose whole thoughts were given up to the care of her children and the anxieties consequent upon narrow means, was the constant instructor of her children in religious matters. Her distinguished son tells us that his earliest recollection of her recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—"that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet." Her loving and kindly nature acted as a valuable counterpoise to the strict and austere rule of the father, and kept alive in the hearts of her children a love and respect for all things sacred, which an enforced study of dry theological books might have endangered or destroyed.

The little education which the "piecer" boy of ten had received, had aroused within him the desire for more, and the genuineness of this desire was

proved by the purchase of a copy of "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin" with a portion of his first week's earnings. For many years he pursued the study of Latin with enthusiastic ardour, receiving much assistance in this and other studies at an evening school, the teacher of which was partly supported by the intelligent members of the firm at Blantyre Works, for the benefit of the people in their employment. Livingstone's work hours were from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m; school hours from eight to ten, and private reading and study occupied from ten to twelve; and at the latter hour it was often necessary for his mother to take possession of his books and send the youthful student to bed. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four were given up to toil and self-improvement, a remarkable instance truly, of determined effort on the part of a mere boy to acquire knowledge which his hard lot seemed to have placed almost beyond his reach.

Even when at work, the book he was reading was fixed upon the spinning-jenny so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed in his work. At sixteen years of age, he tells us that he knew Horace and Virgil better than he did in 1857. Notwithstanding the limited leisure at his disposal, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the scenery, botany, and geology of his district. In these excursions he was frequently accompanied by his elder and younger brothers, John and Charles; but he was much alone, and while his temper was far from being moody or morose, he was fond of rambling about, his only companion being a book of travels or a scientific treatise. His thirst for knowledge was stronger than his desire for boyish pastimes.

Dr. Livingstone's eldest brother John is still alive. He emigrated to North America in early life, and settled at Listowel, twenty-five miles from Niagara Falls, as a farmer and storekeeper. He is a man of energetic character, and has done much towards the improvement of a large tract of country all but unreclaimed when he entered it. Like all the other members of his family, he is respected for his humble and unobtrusive piety, and for his uprightness and worth as a man of the world. An indefatigable representative of the *New York Herald* visited and interviewed him in 1872, and treated the readers of the *Herald* to a graphic account of the old gentleman and his surroundings, when Mr. Stanley and his discovery of Livingstone were attracting universal attention.

Charles, Dr. Livingstone's younger brother, and his loved companion in the brief holiday hours of his boyhood, educated himself for the ministry, and was for a good many years pastor of one of the New England Presbyterian churches. He shared in the adventurous spirit of his brother, and, as we shall see further on, accompanied him on his second expedition to the Zambesi. Returning to England, he was appointed one of H.M. Consuls to the West Coast of Africa,—a position which gave him much

opportunity of doing good to the heathen, which he turned to account with great zeal and success. In the year 1873, his health having broken down, he started on his return to England, but died on the passage home.

At nineteen years of age Livingstone was promoted to the laborious duties of a cotton spinner, and while the heavy toil pressed hard upon the young and growing lad, he was cheered by the reflection that the high wages he now earned would enable him, from his summer's labour, to support himself in Glasgow during the winter months while attending medical and other classes at the University; to attend which he walked to and from his father's house daily, a distance of nine miles. He never received a particle of aid from any one, nor did the resolute youth seek, or expect such, well-knowing that his difficulties and trials were no greater than those of dozens of his fellows who sat on the same benches with him in the class-rooms. The religious awakening which we have already alluded to, which occurred when he was about sixteen years of age, inspired him with a fervent ambition to be a pioneer of Christianity in China, and his practical instincts taught him that a knowledge of medicine would be of great service in securing him the confidence of the people he was so desirous of benefiting, besides ensuring his appointment as a medical missionary in connection with a society of that name recently formed in his native land.

At the conclusion of his medical curriculum he had to present a thesis to the examining body of the University, on which his claim to be admitted a member of the faculty of physicians and surgeons would be judged. The subject was one which in ordinary practice required the use of the stethoscope for its diagnosis, and it was characteristic of the independence and originality of the man, that an awkward difference arose between him and the examiners, as to whether the instrument could do what was claimed for it. This unfortunate boldness procured him a more than ordinarily severe examination, through which he passed triumphantly. Alluding to this in after-years, he drily remarked that "The wiser plan would have been to have had no opinions of my own." Looking back over the years of toil and hardship which had led up to this important stage in his career, and looking forward to the possibilities of the future, he might well say that "It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe."

Writing in 1857, he tells us, that on reviewing his life of toil before his missionary career began, he could feel thankful that it was of such a nature as to prove a hardy training for the great enterprises he was destined afterwards to engage in; and, he always spoke with warm and affectionate respect of the sterling character of the bulk of the humble villagers among whom he spent his early years.

The outbreak of the opium war with China compelled him reluctantly to abandon his cherished intention of proceeding to that country, but he was happily led to turn his thoughts to South Africa, where the successful labours of Mr. (now Dr.) Robert Moffat were attracting the attention of the Christian public in this country. In September, 1838, he was summoned to London to undergo an examination by the directors of "The London Missionary Society," after which he was sent on probation to a missionary training establishment, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cecil, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. There he remained until the early part of 1840, applying himself with his wonted diligence to his studies, and testifying his disregard for hard labour by taking more than his full share of the work of the establishment: such as grinding the corn to make the household bread, chopping wood, gardening operations, etc., etc.; part of the training at Chipping Ongar being a wise endeavour to make the future missionaries able to shift for themselves in the uncivilized regions in which they might be called upon to settle.

At Chipping Ongar he indulged his habit of making long excursions in the country round; and on one occasion he walked to and from London, a distance of fifty miles in one day, arriving late at night completely exhausted, as he had hardly partaken of any food during the entire journey. From his earliest years, up to his attaining manhood, his training, both mental and physical, had been of the best possible kind to fit him for the great career which lay before him; which may be said to have had its commencement when he landed at Cape Town in 1840.

## CHAPTER II.

*South Africa and its People.—The Bushmen, the Hottentots, the Kaffres, and the Bechuana Tribes, and their Habits, &c.*

THE tract of country now known to us as Cape Colony was originally occupied by the Dutch about the middle of the 17th century. A large proportion of the original settlers were of German origin; but a considerable number were of French, many French families having settled there between the years 1680 and 1690, driven thither by the persecution to which Protestants were at that time subjected in France. The French and German settlers enslaved the native Hottentots, Kaffres, and Bushmen, and compelled them to labour for them on their farms, and down to a very recent period this enforced servitude of the native tribes was the occasion of constant warfare and murder. In 1796 the Cape settlement was taken by the English, but on peace being concluded between the two nations, it was restored to the Dutch in 1803. War breaking out shortly after, the Colony was again taken possession of by England, and has continued to be a dependency of this country ever since. From that time many people from England have settled in the country both in the towns and throughout the country districts. Cape Colony, from east to west, measures nearly six hundred miles, and from north to south four hundred and fifty miles. The Colony of Natal is one hundred and seventy five miles in length by about a hundred and twenty in breadth. The population of Cape Colony, including British Kaffraria and Natal, is about a million, more than one half of whom are natives.

The abolition of slavery in the British dependencies freed the Hottentots, the Kaffres, and the Bushmen; but, as we shall see further on, at the time Dr. Livingstone commenced his career in Africa the Dutch Boers still compelled the labour of those tribes in the neighbourhood of their settlements who were too weak to resist them. The usual method was to manufacture a cause of quarrel, which would give a colourable pretext for attacking a native settlement, when they would carry off a number of the young of both sexes, who became slaves in everything save the name. We believe that the exposure of this traffic by Dr. Livingstone and his celebrated father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, has resulted in a complete stoppage of this iniquitous traffic; but it was not

effected until many Missionaries were driven from their settlements by the Boers, who very naturally objected to their teaching the natives that all men were equal in the sight of God. As we shall see further on, Dr. Livingstone suffered at their hands; but as he, in addition to being a missionary, was also a great explorer and discoverer of hitherto untrodden regions in the far interior, his denunciations had an effect in high quarters which those of a mere preacher of the Gospel to the heathen would not have had, and the local Government put a stop to the detestable practice. As in every other quarter of Africa where it exists, slavery was at the root of all the wars and bloodshed which made it so difficult and dangerous for white men, whatever their object, to penetrate into the interior.

Previous to Dr. Livingstone's arrival in Africa, Dr. Moffat and a devoted band of labourers had been working zealously and successfully among the Hottentot, Bushmen, and Bechuana tribes; and the former had made frequent journeys to the north, and had reached points farther to the northward than any of his predecessors and contemporaries. After Livingstone, he is the most notable figure in African Missionary enterprise, and has spent upwards of fifty years of his life in evangelistic labours in South Africa; displaying a courage and a devotedness truly apostolic. When in his prime he was a man of commanding exterior. Upwards of six feet in height, possessed of physical power and endurance above the ordinary, and having a singular faculty of adapting himself to circumstances whatever their nature, he gained a great ascendancy over the Chiefs of the interior and their followers. The noble old man, although over eighty years of age, is still alive, and was the most notable figure among those who stood by the grave of his great son-in-law in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the great lion hunter, on visiting Kuruman, thus alludes to him:—

“I was here kindly and hospitably entertained by Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, both missionaries of the London Society, and also by Mr. Hume, an old trader, long resident at Kuruman. The gardens at Kuruman are extremely fertile. Besides corn and vegetables, they contain a great variety of fruits, amongst which were vines, peach-trees, nectarines, apple, orange, and lemon trees, all of which in their seasons bear a profusion of the most delicious fruit. These gardens are irrigated with a most liberal supply of water from a powerful fountain which gushes forth, at once forming a little river, from a subterraneous cave, which has several low, narrow mouths, but within is lofty and extensive. Mr. Moffat kindly showed me through his printing establishment, church, and school-rooms, which were lofty and well built, and altogether on a scale which would not have disgraced one of the towns of the more enlightened colony. It was Mr. Moffat who reduced the Sichuana language to writing and printing; since

which he has printed thousands of Sichuana Testaments, as also tracts and hymns, which are now eagerly purchased by the converted natives. Mr. Moffat is a person admirably calculated to excel in his important calling. Together with a noble and athletic frame he possesses a face in which forbearance and Christian charity are very plainly written, and his mental and bodily attainments are great. Minister, gardener, blacksmith, gunsmith, mason, carpenter, glazier—every hour of the day finds this worthy pastor engaged in some useful employment—setting by his own exemplary piety and industrious habits, a good example to others to go and do likewise.” Speaking of another visit he says: “The following day was Sunday, when I attended Divine service in the large church morning and evening, and saw sixteen men and women, who had embraced the Christian faith, baptized by Mr. Moffat. It was now the fruit season (January, 1845), and the trees in the gardens of the missionaries were groaning under a burden of the most delicious peaches, figs, and apples. The vines bore goodly clusters of grapes, but these had not yet ripened.”

Years of perseverance and patient effort on the part of Dr. Moffat and his colleagues had been crowned with success, and the material and spiritual advancement of the natives was most marked. Further on we treat at some length of the trials and difficulties which they had to go through, before reaching such a state of progress and happiness.

As we proceed we shall draw upon the writings of Dr. Moffat and others, when these will assist us in illustrating the manners and customs of the people, and help to increase our knowledge of the countries—and their animal and vegetable life—under our review.

The mode of travelling in and around the Kalahari desert and the districts to the south is on horseback, or in waggons drawn by oxen. These waggons are heavy lumbering wooden structures, on broad wheels, to enable them to pass easily over the stretches of loose sandy soil which are of frequent occurrence at a distance from the few rivers and streams which intersect the country. These waggons are drawn by oxen—a team, or span, consisting of from 4 to 12 oxen, according to the weight of the baggage carried. To the north of the Kuruman River, the travellers must carry their food, water, and bedding, and encamp for the night in the open air, unless when they can lodge with a friendly tribe. In the most favourable seasons the country to the north of Cape Colony is very scantily supplied with water, and in a period of drought the suffering from want of water on the part of the natives is very great. As all the animals on which they depend for food migrate during the continuance of a drought, the suffering of the people is greatly intensified; and many tribes move their quarters in search of a land more fortunately situated.

Many Hottentots, Bushmen, and Kaffres reside throughout the colony. Several tribes of pure Hottentots are found in a savage state to the north-

west of the Colony. The Bechuana tribes and the Bushmen occupy the country to the north, and in the east the Kaffre tribes hold sway.

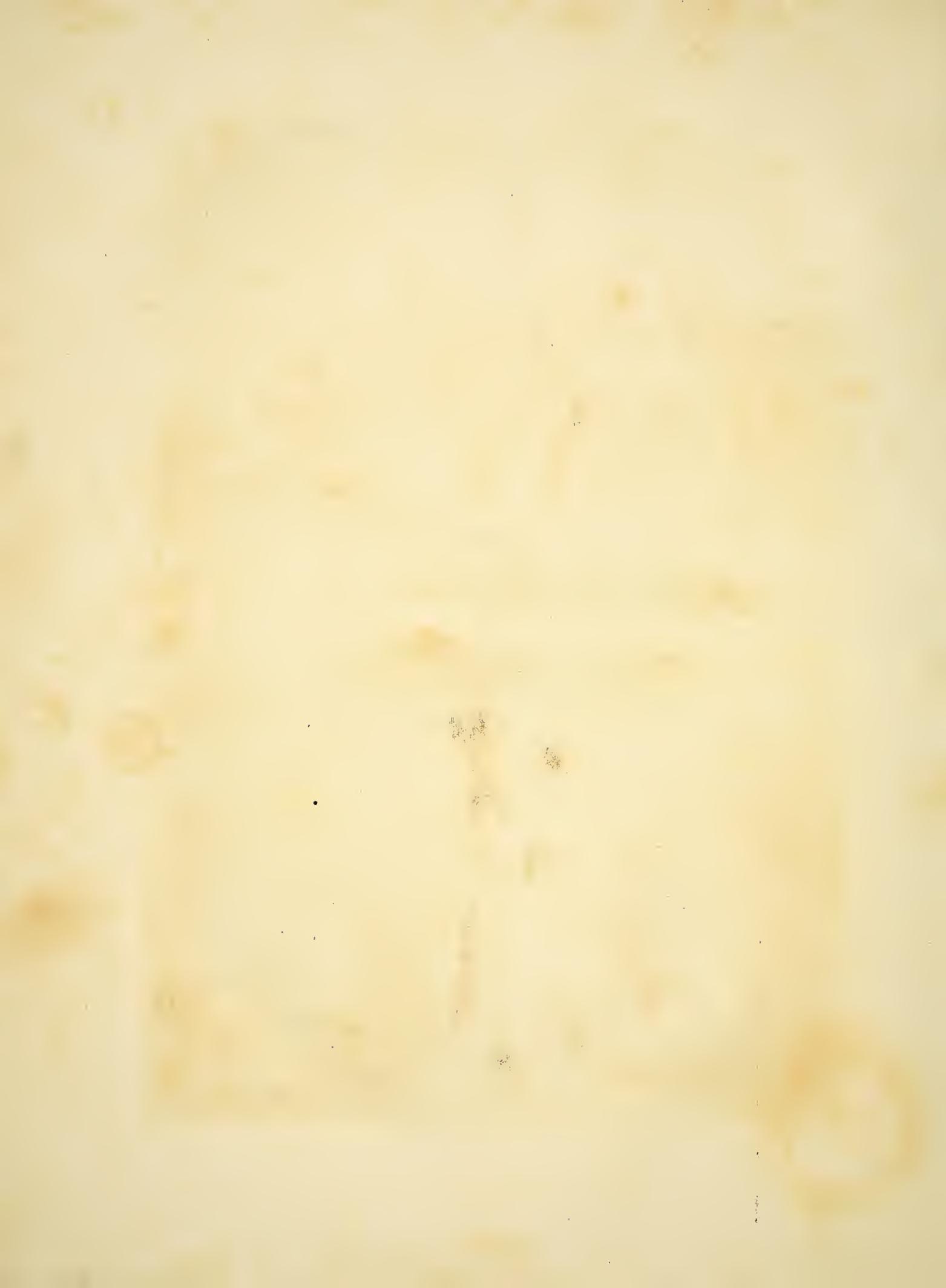
The Bushmen have never shown any aptitude for agriculture. They have an instinctive passion for freedom which nothing can subdue, and in order to preserve their independence they have scattered themselves over the interior, and are generally found in regions where the impossibility of carrying on agricultural operations, and the scarcity of water render it impossible that the Bechuanas or Hottentots can interfere with them. They are smaller than any of the other purely African races, and appear to be identical with the Pygmies spoken of in the classics, and recently found by Du Chaillu in the Ashango country to the west of the tropics; and by Dr. Schweinfurth in Central Africa. In their habits they approach the Gipsies of modern Europe, and seldom settle in a district for any length of time. Their huts are of the most primitive description, so that they can move their quarters at a moment's notice. Many of them are kept in a species of slavery by other native tribes, but they embrace the earliest opportunity of flying to the wilderness. In 1811 Burchell met in with individuals of this singular people, and gave the following account of them in his "Travels in the Interior of South Africa." He says "Hitherto we had not seen a single native; a circumstance occasioned, most probably, by their universal distrust of visitors from out of the colony. But having by their spies and observation, satisfied themselves that we were friends, a party of eleven Bushmen, with three women, paid us a visit this morning. They were in stature, all below five feet; and the women still shorter; their skin was of a sallow brown colour, much darkened by dirt and grease. Their clothing appeared in my eyes, wretched in the extreme; but, doubtless, not so to them, as they all seemed contented enough; although, when we first met, I observed in their looks great mistrust and symptoms of much fear. These gradually wore off; and, after we had confirmed the assurances of our peaceable intentions, by presents of tobacco and beads, they recovered their natural tone, and chattered and clacked with each other in a very lively manner.

Among them were some young men, whom, with all the remains of ancient prejudices, I could not help viewing as interesting. Though small and delicately made, they appeared firm and hardy; and my attention was forcibly struck by the proportional smallness and neatness of their hands and feet. . . The women were young; their countenances had a cast of prettiness, and, I fancied too of innocence: their manners were modest, though unreserved. Their hair was ornamented with small cowrie shells, and old copper buttons, which were interwoven with it. One of them wore a high cap of leather, the edge of which protected her eyes from the sun: at her back, and entirely hid excepting the head, she carried her infant, whose exceedingly small features presented to me an amusing novelty. The poor little thing bore all the rough

NATIVES FISHING ON THE NYASSA



WAR TREE IN A VILLAGE



jolting motion, with a degree of patience and unconcern, which plainly showed it to have been used to it from the day of its birth. . . . We plentifully feasted these poor creatures, and, I believe, made them happier than they had been for a long while. Through an interpreter, they asked me my name, and expressed, in artless terms, how much pleasure I had given them by so bountiful a present of tobacco."

Burchell having shot a hippopotamus had an opportunity of giving a party of Bushmen an unwonted feast. The flesh was hastily cooked and eaten half raw, in astounding quantities. He gives the following graphic sketch of a Bush *belle* :—

"Among these happy, dirty creatures, was one who, by her airs and dress, showed that she had no mean opinion of her personal accomplishments: she was, in fact, the prettiest young Bush-girl I had yet seen; but her vanity, and too evident consciousness of her superiority, rendered her less pleasing in my eyes, and her extravagance in dress made her perhaps a less desirable wife in the eyes of her countrymen; for the immoderate quantity of grease, red ochre, &c., with which her hair was clotted, would ruin any but a very rich husband: herself, and every part of her dress, were so well greased, that she must have been in her nation, a girl of good family; and the number of leather rings with which her arms and legs were adorned, proclaimed her to be evidently a person of property; round her ankles she carried about a dozen thick rings of this kind, which, added to a pair of sandals, gave her the appearance of wearing buskins.

"But the most remarkable piece of affectation with which she adorned herself, was, three small bits of ivory, of the size and shape of sparrows' eggs, loosely pendant from her hair; one in front as low as the point of her nose, and one on the outer side of each cheek, all hanging at the same length. These dangled from side to side as she moved her head, and, doubtless, made full amends for their inconvenience, by the piquancy they were thought to add to the wearer's beauty. The upper part of her head was crowned with a small leather cap, fitted closely, but quite unornamented, and I should have had a pleasure in gratifying her with a present of a string of beads, to render this part of her dress more smart, if I had not been fearful that by doing this, I should excite in her countrymen an inclination to beg and importune for what I meant to reserve only for the natives further in the interior. Her vanity and affectation, great as it was, did not as one may observe sometimes in both sexes, in other countries, seem to choke her, or produce any alteration in the tone of her voice, for the astonishing quantity of meat which she swallowed, and the readiness with which she called out to her attendants for more, plainly showed her to be resolved that no squeamishness should interfere with her enjoyment on this occasion. . . .

"In five or six years after their arrival at womanhood, the fresh plump-

ness of youth has already given way to the wrinkles of age. . . . Their early, and it may be said premature symptoms of age may, perhaps, with much probability, be ascribed to a hard life, an uncertain and irregular supply of food, exposure to every inclemency of weather, and a want of cleanliness, which increases with years."

Their arms consist of the bow-and-arrow, a spear, and a kind of club with a round knob at the end called a kerri. Their arrows are tipped with a mixture of vegetable and serpent poisons, and a wound from a poisoned arrow is usually of so deadly a character that the other tribes of South Africa look upon an encounter with the Bushmen with dread. They hunt the wild animals of the country, and either shoot them with poisoned arrows or catch them in pit-falls. With their spears they kill the fish in the rivers, and, according to Burchell, they use the spear with great dexterity.

The bow is of hard wood, about five feet in length, and is thickest at the middle. The string is made of the intestines of the smaller animals. The arrows, which are made of reeds, are about three feet and a half long, and are winged with a feather. When the poison is put upon the bone or iron tips of the arrows, it is in a glutinous state but hardens rapidly. The serpent poison, as we have already mentioned, is mixed with the sap of certain poisonous plants. The arrow is partially slit through within half an inch of the bone or iron point, and frequently breaks off, leaving the head in the wound, which ensures a more rapid death to the man or animal struck.

The arrows are kept in a quiver made of the hollow stem of a sort of aloe. The bottom and the tip of the quiver are covered with leather, and not unfrequently it is altogether covered with leather. Their bows do not carry with accuracy beyond a hundred yards. They must have studied the horrid art of poisoning with considerable skill, as they are aware that the poison of serpents acts rapidly and affects the blood, while the vegetable poisons with which they mix it corrupt the flesh. If the poison be fresh, there is very little hope of any animal surviving even a slight wound, and the Bushman hunter will track a wounded animal for many miles until it dies. When a man is wounded, he will, if he has the courage, cut out all the flesh surrounding the wound and so remove the danger.

Lichtenstein says that:—"By far the greater part of the arrows are pointed with bone: those with the iron heads are never used in the chase; they are reserved to be employed against mankind. The preparing the arrows and mixing the poison are considered by them as arts, in which few ever attain entire perfection. In like manner it is not every one among them that can distinguish the poisonous sorts of serpents from those that are harmless. In general, it may be taken as a rule that those which move with the greater agility are of the noxious kind. The well-known horned serpent, which among the colonists is esteemed so very dangerous, is little esteemed

by the Bushmen, because it does not move swiftly. Some which are very poisonous are slow and languid in their movements at the time they are about to cast their skins, and the Bushmen affirm they have then no effective poison. The greater the trouble they have in catching a serpent, and the more it writhes and seems enraged, the more pungent is the poison esteemed, the more certain and dreadful in its effects. The dexterity and courage shown by them in catching these serpents are truly astonishing. No sooner do they see the animal upon the level ground than they set their foot upon its neck, press the head fast together with their fingers, and then separate the head from the body with a knife. They then take the bag of poison out of the head, and prepare it for use, before time can be allowed for the least particle of its pungency to evaporate."

Lichtenstein was an eye witness to the fatal effects resulting from a wound with a poisoned arrow. He and his followers were travelling in a neighbourhood where a party of Bushmen were at feud with the Hottentots and settlers. The Bushmen were known to be in the neighbourhood, but no danger was apprehended:—

"On a sudden we heard the twang of a bow on one side of us; and, at the same moment, my Hottentot gave a scream, and exclaimed that he was wounded: then hastily turning round, fired his gun. The arrow stuck in his side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, and entered nearly two inches deep. Our companions hastened up to us immediately, and assisted me to draw it out carefully. In this we partially succeeded, notwithstanding the hook that turns back (a kind of barb); but we found, alas! that the iron point, which is generally loosely fastened on, was left in the wound, and with it, as we were afraid, some of the poison. Destitute as we were of every kind of remedy, nothing remained but to seek the nearest house with all the haste possible. We turned therefore directly to the right, and descending the hill by a steep path, brought our wounded man to a winter habitation directly, though the latter part of the way he experienced such dreadful agony from the wound, that he was scarcely able to sit upon his horse. Every possible assistance was here given us by the good people of the house; but a too great length of time had elapsed before this assistance could be obtained: in an hour and a half after our arrival the poor creature expired. The patient lost all recollection, and died in strong convulsions. . . . Amidst all the afflictions which this accident occasioned me, I had much reason to rejoice that the Bushmen were such careful marksmen; for, if the arrow had deviated the least from the direction it took, I was so close to the Hottentot aimed at, that I should have received it, and he would have been saved."

The Bushmen, and most tribes in the African interior, eat the flesh of serpents, and, with good reason, for it is most excellent; being tender and

juicy, and affords a pleasant variety after a lengthened diet on antelope flesh, which is hard and stringy in comparison.

Besides killing fish with the spear, they have other methods of ensnaring them. They make baskets of the twigs of trees and rushes, not unlike the eel baskets used in our home rivers, and use them in the same manner. If they expect a flood they make upon the strand, while the water is low, a large hole, and surround it with a wall of stone with an opening up stream. After the flood has subsided they find a number of fish in the excavation which have been unable to pass out. They watch the ostriches from the heights and finding out where their eggs are, secure them, and having eaten the contents preserve the shells to hold water—which they bury in the earth to preserve it against a season of scarcity. In common with many other African tribes they show great cunning in hunting the ostrich itself, and get near enough to wound them with a poisoned arrow by adopting the following stratagem thus described by Dr. Moffatt:—

“A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. All, except the under part of this, is covered over with feathers, attached to small pegs, and made so as to resemble the bird. The neck and head of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The Bushman intending to attack game, whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. Such as the writer has seen were the most perfect mimics of the ostrich, and at a few hundred yards distant it is not possible for the human eye to detect the fraud. This human bird appears to peck away at the verdure, turning the head as if keeping a sharp look-out, shakes his feathers, now walks and then trots, till he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs from receiving the arrow, he runs too. The male ostriches will, on some occasions, give chase to the stranger bird, when he tries to elude them in a way to prevent them catching his scent; for when once they do, the spell is broken. Should one happen to get too near in his pursuit, he has only to run to windward, or throw off his saddle, to avoid a stroke from a wing, which would lay him prostrate.” The same stratagem which enables them to approach the ostrich enables them to get within reach of a herd of antelopes, or any other animals whose flesh they eat.

They collect locusts, when a swarm of these insects overrun the country, by digging a trench, into which they collect in heaps. These they eat, after preparing them in a hasty manner. They also gather and eat large quantities of a species of white ant, which burrows in the ground, and is found in large quantities. Several bulbous plants supply them with food, and as they contain a large amount of juice, make up for the scarcity of water in desert places; as we shall see when we accompany Dr. Livingstone to the Kalahari

Desert; but these and all other kinds of food are only used by the Bushmen and other African tribes when they cannot get flesh meat. Almost all South African animals, both herbivorous and carnivorous, and birds eat locusts.

Speaking of the Bushmen, Dr. Moffat says:—

“As a whole they are not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow colour, and in some cases so light, that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbours of the interior; their visage and form is very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek bones, flat noses, and large lips. Since the writer has had opportunities of seeing men, women, and children from China, he feels strongly inclined to think with Barrow, that they approach nearest in colour and in the construction of their features, to that people than to any other nation.” Among the Bechuanas, the Bushmen are kept in a kind of vassalage, and are called Balala. “These Balalas,” Dr. Moffat says, “were once inhabitants of the towns, and have been permitted or appointed to live in country places, for the purpose of procuring skins of wild animals, wild honey, and roots, for their respective chiefs. The number of these country residents was increased by the innate love of liberty, and the scarcity of food in towns, or the boundaries to which they were confined by water and pasture. These again formed themselves into small communities, though of the most temporary character, their calling requiring migration, having no cattle of any description. Accustomed from infancy to the sweets of comparative liberty, which they vastly preferred to a kind of vassalage in the towns, or kraals, they would make any sacrifice to please their often distant superiors rather than be confined to the irksomeness of a town life. Such is their aversion, that I have known chiefs take armed men, and travel a hundred miles into desert places, in order to bring back Balala, whom they wished to assist them in watching and harvesting the gardens of their wives. . . . They live a hungry life, being dependent on the chase, wild roots, berries, locusts, and indeed anything eatable that comes within their reach; and when they have a more than usual supply they will bury it in the earth from their superiors, who are in the habit of taking what they please.

. . . Their servile state, their scanty clothing, their exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and their extreme poverty, have, as may be easily conceived, a deteriorating influence on their character and condition. They are generally less in stature, and though not deficient in intellect, the life they lead gives a melancholy cast to their features, and from constant intercourse with beasts of prey, and serpents in the path, as well as exposure to harsh treatment, they appear shy, and have a wild and frequently suspicious look. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is remembered that they associate with savage beasts, from the lion that roams abroad by night and day, to the

deadly serpent which infests their path, keeping them always on the alert during their perambulations."

When they build huts they are, as we have already said, of the most primitive description; but frequently they have no claim to such an appellation. Lichtenstein, a very careful observer, gives a very graphic account of their temporary abodes; although it is but right to say that the Bushmen, since the time of his writing, have benefited in this and many other respects from their more frequent intercourse with the Europeans, and more cultivated tribes, he says:—

"He (the Bushman) is fond of taking up his abode for the night in caverns among the mountains, or clefts in the rocks; in the plain he makes himself a hole in the ground, or gets into the midst of a bush, when, bending the boughs around him, they are made to serve as a shelter against the weather, against an enemy, or against wild beasts. . . . It is this custom which has given rise to the name by which these savages are known. The holes in the ground above mentioned, which sometimes serve these people as beds, are only a few inches deep, of a longish round form, and even when they have to serve for a whole family, not more than five or six feet wide. It is incredible how they manage to pack together in so small a space, perhaps, two grown persons and several children: each is wrapped in a single sheep-skin, in which they contrive to roll themselves up in such a manner, round like a ball, that air is all but entirely kept from them. In very cold nights they heap up twigs and earth on the windward side of the hole; but against rain they have no other shelter than the sheep skin. In the hot season of the year, they are fond of lying in the beds of the rivers, under the shade of the mimosas trees, the branches of which they draw down to screen themselves from the sun and wind."

The following, from Mr. Gordon Cumming, gives a reason for the constant hostility of the native tribes and the settlers to the Bushmen:—

"Unlike the Kaffre tribes, who lift cattle for the purpose of preserving them and breeding from them, the sole object of the Bushmen is to drive them to their secluded habitations in the desert, where they massacre them indiscriminately, and continue feasting and gorging themselves until the flesh becomes putrid. When a Kaffre has lifted cattle, and finds himself so hotly pursued by the owners that he cannot escape with his booty, he betakes himself to flight, and leaves the cattle unscathed; but the spiteful Bushmen have a most provoking and cruel system of horribly mutilating the poor cattle, when they find that they are likely to fall into the hands of the rightful owners, by discharging their poisoned arrows at them, ham-stringing them, and cutting lumps of flesh off their living carcasses. This naturally so incenses the owners, that they never show the Bushmen any quarter, but shoot them

down right and left, sparing only the children, whom they tame and turn into servants. The people who suffer from their depredations are Boers, Griquas, and Bechuanas, all of whom are possessed of large herds of cattle, and the massacre of the Bushmen, arising from these raids, is endless."

Dr. Schweinfurth, in his recent work, "The Heart of Africa," points out the remarkable similarity between the Akka, a tribe of dwarfs in Central Africa, who are found about 400 miles to the north of the furthest point, to which Livingstone followed the Lualaba. He says:—

"Scarcely a doubt can exist but that all these people, like the Bushmen of South Africa, may be considered as the scattered remains of an aboriginal population now becoming extinct; and their isolated and sporadic existence bear out the hypothesis. For centuries after centuries Africa has been experiencing the effects of many emigrations; for thousands of years one nation has been driving out another, and, as the result of repeated subjugations and interminglings of race with race, such manifold changes have been introduced into the conditions of existence, that the succession of new phases, like the development in the world of plants, appears almost, as it were, to open a glimpse into the infinite.

"Incidentally I have just referred to the Bushmen, those notorious natives of the South African forests, who owe their name to the likeness which the Dutch colonists conceived they bore to the ape, as the prototype of the human race. I may further remark that their resemblance to the equatorial Pygmies is in many points very striking. Gustav Fritsch, the author of a standard work upon the natives of South Africa, first drew my attention to the marked similarity between my portraits of the Akka and the general type of the Bushmen, and so satisfied did I become in my own mind that I feel quite justified (in my observations upon the Akka) in endeavouring to prove that all the tribes of Africa, whose proper characteristic is an abnormally low stature, belong to one and the self-same race." In another place he says, "The only traveller, I believe, before myself that has come into contact with any section of this race is Du Chaillu, who, in the territory of Ashango, discovered a wandering tribe of hunters called Obongo, and took the measurements of a number of them. He describes these Obongo as 'not ill shaped,' and as having skins of a pale yellow brown, somewhat lighter than their neighbours."

From the days of Herodotus downwards, traditions of a dwarfish race of human beings in Central Africa have existed, and the explorations of Dr. Livingstone and others are only now teaching us how thoroughly Africa was known to the ancient Greeks. We are in short only re-discovering countries and peoples which had been previously discovered, and had sunk into oblivion with the great people who had wrested their knowledge of them from the inhospitable regions of equatorial Africa, where pestilence

and savage men and animals have again preserved them from the knowledge of civilized nations for many centuries.

In speaking of the Hottentots, we usually associate with the name the natives who are found within the boundaries of Cape Colony, and are employed by the Europeans in agricultural and other pursuits. These have lost many of the characteristics of savage life and have picked up not a few civilized accomplishments, which can hardly be said to be an improvement on the native habits they have abandoned. For several generations they were actually slaves, and even up to a recent period they were slaves in all but the name. Their language, when they have forgotten or neglected the language of their fathers, is a broken English or Dutch, hardly so intelligible to the stranger as the broken English of the American nigger. They are a tall, strong, and hardy race, and make good soldiers, and have done signal service in assisting our troops in putting down the numberless risings of the bold and warlike Kaffres.

The discipline and confinement of a military life at the depôts prove very irksome to these sons of the wilderness, but during a campaign they have, with very few exceptions, proved themselves excellent soldiers. The complexion of the Hottentot is not so dark as that of the native Africans of the West, and many of the tribes of Southern and Central Africa, nor have they the same round full faces. The nose is very much depressed, so that the mouth and lips project in many cases beyond it; the cheek bones are high, and the comparatively full brow gives token of considerable intelligence. The hair is hard and dark, and when not worn long, resembles tufts of black wool. The eyes are small and usually black, the part surrounding the ball being a yellowish white. The huts or dwelling houses of the Hottentots within the Colony are greatly superior to those in use by the Hottentots and other native tribes beyond the colony, and are built in imitation of the houses of Europeans, although they are of much less solid construction. Their innate love of freedom leads them to prefer living in the country, although of late years many of them have settled in the towns, where they are employed in all kinds of manual labour. They are orderly members of the community unless when they indulge in ardent spirits when they become noisy and unruly. A very large number of them have become Christians, and give their children an elementary education. Much of this is due to the missionaries specially sent out to them, and to the resident clergymen who minister to the European population. In their gardens they cultivate vegetables of various kinds. The women attend to the gardens and save a little money by working at times for the farmers, and by weaving mats made from a kind of sedge found in the rivers and streams. Their clothing is, for the most part, of English manufacture, and

frequently displays those vagaries in colour which delight the eye of the savage all over the world.

As the Hottentot tribes who live beyond the colonial frontier differ in no very marked manner in their mode of life from the Bechuanas, of whom we shall treat further on, we need not dwell upon their habits while living in a natural state here.

Numbers of Hottentots, who were smarting under injuries, received at the hands of the whites formed themselves into bands, and for many years carried murder and pillage among the settlers. The most noted freebooting Hottentot, of whom we have any record, was Africaner. One of our earliest recollections is the receiving at a Sunday school a copy of a tract, with the picture of a black man on the first page of it, which gave an account of this dreaded chief, and his wonderful conversion to Christianity. We are indebted to Dr. Moffat for the following account of Africaner. Dr. Moffat knew him intimately as we shall see, but his conversion was due to the brothers Albrechts, who were sent out to Africa by the London Missionary Society, the same society that sent out Drs. Moffat and Livingstone:—

“This notable robber added not a little to their anxieties. Appearing before them on one occasion, he said, ‘As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man.’ So early and so fully was this man, the terror of the country, impressed with the purity and sincerity of the missionary character, that, hearing it was the intention of the Albrechts to remove to a more eligible situation, he came to the missionaries (after having sent repeated messages), entreating them not to leave that part of the country, and testifying the pleasure he felt at seeing the progress his children had made under their instruction, promising to send the rest, which he did eventually, taking up his abode with them, and causing his people to do the same.

“Before proceeding with the painful record of events which followed in rapid succession, it may be proper here to glance briefly at Africaner’s history and character. In doing this, it will be well to fix the attention on Jager, the eldest son of the old man, who, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age.\* He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst

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\* The father of the large family of Africaners or Jagers, had resigned the hereditary right of chieftainship to his eldest son Jager, afterwards Christian Africaner; the old man, who lived to a great age, being superannuated.

over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aborigines, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P——. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner P—— found a faithful and an intrepid shepherd; while his valour in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P—— treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honourably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed which quickly followed that melancholy event.

It can serve no good purpose here to detail the many provocations and oppressions which at length roused the apparently dormant energies of the often dejected chieftain, who saw his people dwindling to a mere handful; their wives and daughters abused, their infants murdered, while he himself had to subsist on a coarse and scanty pittance, which, in the days of his independency, he would have considered as the crumbs of a table fit only for the poorest of the poor. Demonstrations too tangible to admit of a doubt, convinced him and his people, that in addition to having their tenderest feelings trodden under foot, evil was intended against the whole party. They had been trained to the use of fire-arms; to act not only on the defensive, but offensive also; and Africaner, who had been signally expert in re-capturing stolen cattle from the Bushmen pirates, now refused to comply with the command of the master, who was a kind of justice of peace. Order after order was sent down to the huts of Africaner and his people. They positively refused. They had on the previous night received authentic information that it was a deep-laid scheme to get them to go to another farm, where some of the party were to be seized. Fired with indignation at the accumulated woes through which they had passed, a tempest was brooding in their bosoms. They had before signified their wish, with the farmer's permission, to have some reward for their often galling servitude, and to be allowed peaceably to remove to some of the sequestered districts beyond, where they might live in peace. This desire had been sternly refused, and followed by severity still more grievous. It was even-tide, and the farmer, exasperated to find his commands disregarded, ordered them to appear at the door of his house. This was to them an awful moment; and though accustomed to scenes of

barbarity, their hearts beat hard. It had not yet entered their minds to do violence to the farmer. Jager, with his brothers and some attendants, moved slowly up towards the door of the house. Titus, the next brother to the chief, dreading that the farmer in his wrath might have recourse to desperate measures, took his gun with him, which he easily concealed behind him, being night. When they reached the front of the house, and Jager, the chief, had gone up the few steps leading to the door, to state their complaints, the farmer rushed furiously on the chieftain, and with one blow precipitated him to the bottom of the steps. At this moment Titus drew his gun from behind, fired on P——, who staggered backward, and fell. They then entered the house, the wife having witnessed the murder of her husband, shrieked, and implored mercy. They told her on no account to be alarmed, for they had nothing against *her*. They asked for the guns and ammunition which were in the house, which she promptly delivered to them. They then straitly charged her not to leave the house during the night, as they could not ensure her safety from others of the servants, who, if she and her family attempted to flee, might kill them.

“This admonition, however, was disregarded. Overcome with terror, two children escaped by a back door. These were slain by two Bushmen, who had long been looking out for an opportunity of revenging injuries they had suffered. Mrs. P—— escaped in safety to the nearest farm. Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

“Attempts were made on the part of the Colonial Government and the farmers to punish this daring outrage on the P—— family; but though rewards were offered, and commandoes went out for that purpose, Africaner dared them to approach his territories. Some of the farmers had recourse to another stratagem to rid the frontiers of such a terror; they bribed some of the Bastards, who were in the habit of visiting the colony, from the upper regions of the Orange River. This gave rise to a long series of severe, and sometimes bloody conflicts between the Africaners and the chief Berend and his associates,—Berend being impelled by a twofold reward, and Africaner by a desire to wreak his vengeance on the farmers, who were once his friends, the instigators of the deeply laid scheme. Though these two chiefs dreadfully harassed each other, neither conquered; but continued to breathe against each other the direst hatred, till, by the gospel of peace, they were brought to ‘beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.’”

“As soon as Africaner had discovered the origin of the plot, which had

well nigh overthrown his power, he visited the boundaries of the colony. A farmer named Engelbrecht, and a Bastard Hottentot, fell the victims to his fury, and their cattle and other property were carried off, to atone for the injuries inflicted by the machinations of the farmers. Africaner now became a terror, not only to the colony on the south, but also to the tribes on the north. The original natives of the country justly viewed him as a dangerous neighbour, even though he had obtained, by lawful means, a portion in their country. They considered him as the common enemy. This led to pilfering and provocations on their part; conduct which he was sure to pay back, in their own way, with large interest. The tribes fled at his approach. His name carried dismay even to the solitary wastes. At a subsequent period, as I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for battle, to live at peace with each other: Look,' said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, 'there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I' (patting his chest with his hand), 'have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar.'

"After the general aspect of affairs began to settle in that part of the country, where Africaner's head-quarters were, other distant and interior parts of the country became a theatre, in which the inhabitants of the colony were pursuing a bloody game, in shooting the aborigines, and carrying off their cattle. The landrost of one of the colonial districts sent a message to Africaner, requesting him to try and put a stop to these proceedings, and especially those of a farmer, who, with his Bastard attendants, had esconced themselves in a stronghold in the country. Africaner promptly obeyed the call, and as he did not intend to fight them, he went with some of his chief men on oxen, to recommend them peaceably to retire from the country in which they were such a scourge. On approaching the temporary dwellings of these freebooters, and within gunshot, the farmer levelled his long gun at the small party, and several slugs entering Africaner's shoulder, instantly brought him to the ground. His companions immediately took up their arms, and the farmer, knowing that their shots were deadly, kept out of the way, allowing the wounded chief and his attendants to retire, which they did, and returned home brooding revenge.

"As soon as the slugs were extracted, and the wound partially healed, though the arm was lamed for life, Africaner, who was not a man to be frightened from his purpose, resumed his campaign; and the result was, that this marauder, under a Christian name, was driven from his stronghold, and compelled to take refuge in the colony whence he had come. The success which, in almost every instance, followed the arms of such a small and incon-

siderable body of banditti as that of Africaner, may be ascribed to his mode of warfare. He endeavoured always to attack his enemy on the plain; or, if entrenched, or among bushes, the usual mode of fighting in the country, he instantly drove them from their sheltering-places; where, if both parties were of the same mind, they would continue, from day to day, occasionally discharging their missiles, or firing a shot. By Africaner's mode of warfare the conflict was soon decided. His reasons were these: he did not like suspense when life was at stake: he preferred to conquer a people before they had time to be alarmed, which saved them much agony of mind, and spared the unnecessary effusion of blood. Africaner was a man of great prowess, and possessed a mind capable of studying the tactics of savage warfare. His brother Titus was, perhaps, still more fierce and fearless; and, though a little man, he was an extraordinary runner, and able to bear unparalleled fatigue. He has been known, single-handed, to overtake a party of twenty possessing firearms, and only retired when his musket was shot to pieces in his hand. On one occasion Berend's party, who were far superior in numbers, headed by Nicholas Berend, unexpectedly carried off every ox and cow belonging to Africaner; only a few calves being left in the stall. After a desperate though very unequal contest for a whole day, having repeatedly taken and lost their cattle, they returned home, slaughtered the calves which were left them, and rested a couple of days in order to dry the flesh in the sun, ready for the intended campaign. For several days they pursued their course along the northern banks of the Orange River, and having, by spies, found out the rendezvous of the enemy on the southern side of the river, they passed beyond them, in order to attack them from a quarter on which they fancied they were safe. They swam over in the dead of the night, with their ammunition and clothes tied on their heads, and their guns on their shoulders. The little force thus prepared, not unlike that of Bruce at Bannockburn, seized their opportunity, and, when all the enemy were slumbering in perfect security, aroused them by a volley of stones falling on their fragile huts. The inmates rushed out, and were received by a shower of arrows; and before they could fairly recover their senses, and seize their guns, the discharge of musketry convinced them that they were besieged by a host encamped in the most favourable position: they consequently fled in the greatest consternation, leaving the captured cattle, as well as their own, in the hands of the Africaners.

“Nicholas Berend, to whom reference has been made, was brother to the chief Berend (afterwards of the Griqua mission, and now of the Wesleyan mission among the Basuto), and a very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently travelled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valour in the days of heathenism, in which this struggle

with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow.

“Among the remarkable interpositions of Divine Providence in saving his life from destruction, he more than once repeated the following, with much emphasis. It happened when he was engaged in a desperate conflict with Titus Africaner, from whose lips I heard the same tale. The two had been engaged for hours in mutual strife, taking and retaking a herd of cattle. By means of the large drove and bushes, each had managed to conceal himself. Suddenly a passage opening in the troop, which exposed the enraged combatants to each other’s view, their rifles were instantly levelled. The moment they touched the triggers, a cow darted in between, and the two balls lodged in the centre of the animal, which fell dead on the spot. But for this interposition, both would, in all probability, have fallen, as they were most expert marksmen. Titus, a man who could take his gun in the dead of night, enter an immense deep pool in the Orange River, swim to the centre, take his seat on a rock just above the surface of the water, and wait the approach of a hippopotamus, which he would shoot just as it opened its monstrous jaws to seize him—a man who would deliberately smile the moment he laid the lion dead at his feet—this man who appeared incapable of fear, and reckless of danger, could not help acknowledging being most powerfully struck with his escape from the ball of his antagonist, and would say to me when I referred to the fact, ‘Mynheer knows how to use the only hammer which makes my hard heart feel.’ Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Boochuap.”

In 1818 Dr Moffat took up his quarters at Africaner’s Kraal. The account he gives of the country and its then resources is not very inviting. After waiting an hour or more after his arrival for a visit from the Chief, he says:

“While engaged in an interesting conversation with Africaner on the state and prospect of the mission in connection with the barrier to civilization, not only from the state of country and climate, but also from the want of intercourse with the colony, the idea darted into my mind, that Africaner would do well to accompany me to Cape Town; and I at once made the proposal. The good man looked at me again and again, gravely asking whether I were in earnest, and seemed fain to ask if I were in my senses too; adding, with great fervour, ‘I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the Government, to be hung up as a specimen of public justice?’ and putting his hand to his head, he asked, ‘Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that 1000 rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?’ These difficulties I endeavoured to remove, by assuring him that the results would be most satisfactory to himself as well as to the Governor of the Cape. Here Africaner exhibited his lively faith in the gracious promises of God, by replying, ‘I

shall deliberate, and commit (or, as he used the word according to the Dutch translation), roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me.'

"During three days this subject was one of public discussion, and more than one came to me with grave looks, asking if I had advised Africaner to go to the Cape. On the third day the point was decided, and we made preparations for our departure, after having made the necessary arrangements for continuing the means of instruction during my absence. Nearly all the inhabitants accompanied us half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, where we had to wait several days, it having overflowed all its banks. The kindness of the people, and the tears which were shed when we parted from them, were deeply affecting.

"Arriving at Pella (the place, as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner), we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hand the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of Peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which—

'No longer hosts encountering hosts,  
Their heaps of slain deplore;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.'

Here I again met with Mr. Bartlett and family, who, with the chief and people of the station, loaded us with kindness.

"We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

"Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us.

It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain.

"It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were sceptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. It was necessary, from the scarcity of water, to call at such houses as lay in our road. The farmer referred to was a good man in the best sense of the word: and he and his wife had both shown me kindness on my way to Namaqua-land. On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the waggon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer, seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. 'Moffat!' he rejoined, in a faltering voice, 'it is your *ghost!*' and moved some steps backward. 'I am no ghost.' 'Don't come near me!' he exclaimed, 'you have been long murdered by Africaner.' 'But *I am* no ghost,' I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself, too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. 'Everybody says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones;' and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the waggon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, 'When did you rise from the dead?'

"As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the waggon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, 'He is now a truly good man.' To which he replied, 'I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world, that

would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, 'This, then, is Africaner!' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunderstruck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!' The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

"On arriving at Cape Town, I waited on his Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who appeared to receive with considerable scepticism, my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to his Excellency. The following day was appointed for an interview, when the chief was received by Lord Charles with great affability and kindness; and he expressed his pleasure at seeing thus before him, one who had formerly been the scourge of the country, and the terror of the border colonists. His Excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted. I remembered when I first arrived at Cape Town, the reply to my memorial for permission to proceed to my destination in Great Namaqua-land, was, that his Excellency had cogent reasons for not complying with my request, and I was obliged to remain eight months in the colony: this time was not, however, lost, for it was turned to advantage by learning the Dutch language, and attending to other preliminaries for a missionary campaign. Whatever he might think of his former views, his Excellency was now convinced that a most important point had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent waggon, value eighty pounds sterling.

"A short time previous to my visit to the Cape, a deputation from the

London Missionary Society, consisting of the Revs. J. Campbell and Dr. Philip, arrived for the purpose of examining the state of our African missions, and to them Africaner's visit was a subject of deep interest. It appeared to be one of the happiest moments of Mr. Campbell's life to hold converse with the man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Often while interpreting for Mr. C., in his inquiries, I have been deeply affected with the overflow of soul experienced by both, while rehearsing the scenes of bygone days.

“Africaner's appearance in Cape Town, excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape Town, and at a public meeting held there, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a Catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.”

The closing scene of the Life of Africaner is thus described by Mr. Archbell, a Wesleyan missionary:—

“When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. ‘We are not,’ said he, ‘what we were, *savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible: and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you, before you engage in any thing. Remain together, as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the Directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy.

“‘My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you.’

“Africaner was a man of sound judgment, and of undaunted courage; and although he himself was one of the first and the severest persecutors of the Christian cause, he would, had he lived, have spilled his blood, if necessary, for his missionary.”

We have been induced to make this lengthy extract on account of its giving a notable missionary experience, and illustrating a state of matters very prevalent forty years ago, when the settlers and the natives were at constant feud with each others.

THE KAFFRES are allied to the Bechuana tribes. They are a bold and warlike race, and having been dispossessed of portions of their land by the colonists, they, for many years, kept up a state of war, which the whole force of the Government could hardly bring to a termination. When hard pressed they retreated to their mountain fastnesses, to issue forth on the next favourable opportunity, carrying ruin and desolation to many a homestead and township. Burchell gives the following account of his first meeting with five members of this nation:—

“These men were not less than six feet in height, strong, and finely proportioned, and, excepting a leather *kaross*, or mantle, wore no covering whatever; a circumstance, so far as I have since been able to learn, quite peculiar to the *kosas*, or Kaffres on the eastern side of the colony. Their bodies and cloaks were reddened all over with ochre, mixed with grease. They accosted us in an easy, manly tone, and with manners perfectly free from servile timidity. . . . They were the most importunate beggars I had ever met with; soliciting for tobacco, or whatever else they saw which they thought would be useful; complaining also that their wives’ heads were uncovered, and much required a handkerchief to protect them from the sun. It was impossible to avoid their importunities, except by granting what they asked for; and at last we got rid of them by giving them three legs of mutton, a handkerchief for each, and a quantity of tobacco, enough for them and their wives. I purchased from these men, for a handkerchief, a very neat basket, wove with rushes so admirably close, that they are always used for holding milk or other liquids. He was careful not to let this opportunity pass without begging for something, and first asked for some brandy, which being refused, he asked for money to buy some; for these people are shrewd enough to understand very well the nature and use of the Cape money. Two of them could speak Dutch very readily; and the principal one with a polite and friendly air that I little expected in a savage, if such a term could properly be applied to him, gently raised my hands to his lips in taking leave, and expressed at the same time the warmest acknowledgments of gratitude for the presents I had made them.”

The Kaffres are fuller in the face and darker in colour than the Hottentots; the beard is fuller, and they are much stronger and more finely formed. Like the Bechuanas, to whom they are allied, they practice circumcision, but appear to be unable to account for the origin of this practice. Their wealth consists chiefly in cattle. Their huts are circular in shape, and are formed of brushwood and grass. The land is the property of the whole tribe, and they

shift from place to place as inclination or necessity may suggest. The tribe is split up into sub-divisions, each under a separate chief, and they are often in a state of warfare with one another. Their principal grain is the Indian millet. Their arms are principally the lance, which they use with great dexterity, and a small battle axe. A kind of club, called the kirri, is used, principally to turn aside the lance of an enemy; for which purpose they also use a shield made of hardened ox-hide. The kirri is used as a weapon of offence when they come to close quarters. Writing nearly seventy years ago, when the Kaffres were a terror to the European settlers in Cape Colony—Lichtenstein says:—“What makes the neighbourhood of these savages extremely irksome is, that in peace they expect as a sort of tribute what in war they seize by force. They often come in large bodies, and will stay several days, and even weeks, scarcely thinking themselves obliged, even although they are entertained all the time without cost; and this the inhabitants do, to obviate, if possible, any cause of quarrel with them. Many times, in making peace, endeavours have been made to establish a fixed boundary, which neither side shall pass without express permission from the Chiefs of the country, but to this they would never consent, asserting that there was no use in being at peace if people could not make visits to their friends to enquire after their welfare. Their impertunity, their number, and the fear of quarrelling with them, since they are very ready to catch at any pretence for a quarrel, commonly secure them good entertainment.”

Lichtenstein was visited by a party of Kaffres, who treated him to “a pantomimic representation of their mode of fighting, ranging themselves in two rows, and showing me, by the most rapid and powerful movements of the body, how they throw the weapon (the lance) at the enemy. They also imitated their manner of avoiding the weapons of their opponent, which consisted in changing their places at every moment, springing hither and thither with loud cries, throwing themselves at one instant on the ground, and then rising with astonishing velocity to take their aim anew. The activity and readiness of their motions, the variety and rapid changes of attitude in these fine, athletic, naked warriors, made this sight as pleasing as it was interesting, on account of its novelty. . . . After it began to rain hard, we invited our visitors into the house, where they entertained themselves till late in the evening with a dance after their fashion; this was as stiff and disagreeable as their activity and dexterity in the use of their arms had been otherwise. The men first came forward in a row, with folded arms, stamping with a number of strange disagreeable motions of the head, shoulders, and body, while the women, with the most hideous grimaces, moved slowly round the men, one after the other. Then they sing, or rather howl a strange melody, which cannot be pleasing throughout to an European’s ear, and which could not be performed upon any of our instruments, because

their intervals stand in a very different relation one to another than ours. Yet they imitate these intervals and the melody of these songs upon their imperfect instruments very true. One of the women employed herself in making baskets of rushes, such as are mentioned by Sparman, thick enough to hold milk. The work is uncommonly neat, and does great honour to the inventor; but the mode in which it is done could not be described without great prolixity."

The agriculture of the Kaffres and the Bechuana and other tribes of South Africa was originally of a most primitive description. To the north, where game was abundant, it was very much neglected. Their corn is known as the Indian millet or Guinea corn, and is called Kaffre corn by the colonists. The grain grows in a large bunch at the top of the stalk, differing from Indian corn, the grain of which forms a large cylindrical ear. Among the Bechuanas it is known as mabbeli. The stalk, when the plant is not over ripe, is very juicy and refreshing, and is frequently chewed by the natives, especially when water is scarce.

The grain is mostly eaten after boiling in water; and it is sometimes pounded into a thick pulp with milk after boiling, and left until it becomes sour and solidifies, when it is called Bukoli or bread.

A small species of kidney bean is cultivated in considerable quantities. The stalk grows to a height of from two to three feet, and the seed is smaller than our garden bean. Water melons and bulbous plants of various kinds, as we shall see further on, form no inconsiderable portion of the diet of the natives to the south of the river Zouga, and in periods of drought, when the animals leave the country in search of water, these together with locusts, frogs, snakes, and almost any kind of animal they can surprise and kill form their only food. Several of the bulbous plants, a kind of pumpkin and the calabash gourd, are cultivated in their gardens. Various wild berry-producing plants, roots, and fruit trees form no unimportant addition to their food when in season.

The natives are all hunters, and they sometimes organise a *battue* on a large scale. Several hundred natives, armed with spears, and as many muskets as they can muster, silently surround a herd of antelopes, zebras, and quaggas. Advancing slowly and silently they drive the game inwards, the human cordon gradually thickening as they close in, until the startled herd find themselves surrounded by a living wall of yelling savages. In their frantic efforts to break through they are speared in great numbers. After a gorge on the half cooked flesh, they cut the flesh into strips and hang it on the branches of trees and shrubs, to dry it for preservation.

They frequently form a couple of long fences of shrubs, commencing wide apart and converging at a point, where pit-falls have been dug, and carefully covered over with grass and shrubs; in these pit-falls they fix sharp pointed stakes, on which the animals impale themselves. Sometimes animals enter

this enclosure voluntarily, and at other times they are driven into it, when in pressing to get out at the narrow end, they fall into the pits in great numbers, and are speedily despatched with lances.

The breeding of cattle, and the cultivation of the soil, have made rapid strides of late years among the Kaffres and Bechuanas. Following the example set by the missionaries and settlers, large tracts of ground are made fruitful by a simple system of irrigation in the neighbourhood of streams and springs of water. In this way a plentiful crop of grain, potatoes, and other vegetables, and various kinds of fruit are grown in considerable quantities; but an unusually dry season, which turns the springs and streams into hollows of burning sand, puts an end, for the time, to all resources, natural and artificial, and a season of great suffering ensues, in which many of their cattle die, or are slain for food; and many of the natives, especially the young and old of both sexes, die for want of the necessaries of life. In time they will no doubt learn to provide for these seasons of scarcity, but their careless and improvident habits are difficult to eradicate.

In the foregoing sketch of the three leading races of mankind, native to South Africa, we have been anxious to present them as they were when Dr. Livingstone began his labours amongst them. The people he visited and lived amongst for the first ten years of his life in Africa were all, with the exception of the Bushmen and Hottentots, more or less of the same kindred as the Kaffres, and speaking a language of the same character, if not always identical. The manners and customs of tribes distinct from these will fall to be treated off as we proceed in our narrative. Since 1840 the relations of the white population to the natives who live amongst them, and who occupy the country bordering on the territory, have greatly changed for the better. Slowly but surely civilization is improving the black man, and increasing the number of his resources, and consequently the comforts of his life. Wise legislation, missionary enterprise, and the frequent visits paid to the country by European sportsmen, have all borne their share in this elevating process. But of all the agencies which have been at work for the improvement of the savage people of Africa, none have had so powerful and so immediate an effect for good as the single-handed labours of David Livingstone.

### CHAPTER III.

*Dr. Livingstone arrives at Kuruman.—Missionary Experiences.—Visits the Bechuana Tribes.—Resolves to settle among the Bakwains.—Adventure with a Lion.—Marriage.—Journeys to the Zouga River.—The Bakwains attacked by the Boers.*

A Regularly ordained worker in the Christian field, and a well instructed doctor and surgeon, with an enthusiastic love for the work he was engaged in, after a brief stay at the Cape, Dr. Livingstone proceeded, in accordance with the instructions he had received from the Missionary Society to Kuruman, with the view of establishing a mission station still further to the north, where ground had not then been broken.

The calling of a Missionary in South Africa in these days was one that offered no reward save that which follows the doing good to one's fellow creatures. Under the best of circumstances life among the savages was, and is, of the most comfortless description. For a large proportion of the time so spent, the Missionary must suffer from hunger and from thirst; from the inclemency of the weather and the total want of congenial society. Dangers to life and limb from savage beasts and equally savage men, are all but constant; and to crown all, the good work, the reward of so much suffering and self-denial proceeds but slowly, and, not unfrequently, days, weeks, and months pass without a sign that the seed sown with such anxiety has taken root in the heart of a single human being. The annals of Missionary effort among the savage tribes of South Africa up to the date of his entering upon his career were filled with a superabundance of unpromising experiences, terminating in many instances, in disappointment and in an early death. True, during the previous twenty years Robert Moffat and several others, had begun to reap, in some small degree, the fruits of the incessant toil and effort of years; but there was little which they had to tell which could be tempting to the young enthusiast, who thought only of merely worldly distinction.

To travel from place to place was then a work of great difficulty and some danger even close to the colonial frontier. The following from Dr. Moffat's "Missionary Labours" was no mere isolated experience:—

"Having travelled nearly the whole night through deep sand, the oxen began to lie down in the yoke from fatigue, obliging us to halt before reaching water. The next day we pursued our course, and on arriving at the place where we had hoped to find water, we were disap-

pointed. As it appeared evident that if we continued the same route we must perish from thirst, at the suggestion of my guide we turned northward, over a dreary, trackless, sandy waste, without one green blade of grass, and scarcely a bush on which the wearied eye could rest. Becoming dark, the oxen unable to proceed, ourselves exhausted with dreadful thirst and fatigue, we stretched our wearied limbs on sand still warm from the noon-tide heat, being the hot season of the year. Thirst aroused us at an early hour; and finding the oxen incapable of moving the waggon one inch, we took a spade, and, with the oxen, proceeded to a hollow in a neighbouring mountain. Here we laboured for a long time, digging an immense hole in the sand, where we obtained a scanty supply, exactly resembling the old bilge-water of a ship, but which was drunk with an avidity which no pen can describe. Hours were occupied in incessant labour to obtain a sufficiency for the oxen, which, by the time all had partaken, were ready for a second draught; while some, from the depth of the hole and the loose sand got scarcely any. We filled the small vessels which we had brought, and returned to the waggon over a plain glowing with a meridian sun; the sand being so hot, it was distressingly painful to walk. The oxen ran frantic, till they came to a place indurated with little sand. Here they stood together, to cool their burning hoofs in the shade of their own bodies; those on the outside always trying to get into the centre. In the evening, when about to yoke them in order to proceed on our journey, we found that most of them had run off. An attendant, who was despatched in search of them, returned at midnight with the sad tidings that he was compelled by thirst, and terror of meeting with lions, to abandon his pursuit.

“No time was to be lost, and I instantly sent off the remaining oxen with two men, to take them to the next fountain, and then proceed to solicit assistance from Mr. Bartlett, at Pella. Three days I remained with my waggon-driver on this burning plain with scarcely a breath of wind, and what there was felt as if coming from the mouth of an oven. We had only tufts of dry grass to make a small fire, or rather flame; and little was needful, for we had scarcely any food to prepare. We saw no human being, although we had an extensive prospect; not a single animal or beast of prey made its appearance; but in the dead of the night we sometimes heard the distant roar of the lion on the mountains, where we had to go twice a day for our nauseous but grateful beverage. At last when we were beginning to fear that the men had either perished or wandered, Mr. Bartlett arrived on horseback, with two men, having a quantity of mutton tied to their saddles. I cannot conceive of an epicure gazing on a table groaning under the weight of viands, with half the delight that I did on the mutton, which, though killed only the preceding evening, required no keeping to make it tender.”

Arrived at the scene of his labours this was the sort of experience which awaited Dr. Moffat, Mrs. Moffat, and his coadjutor, Mr. Hamilton.

“Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and labouring frequently for the meat that perisheth; but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped. The site of the station was a light sandy soil, where no kind of vegetables would grow without constant irrigation. Our water ditch, which was some miles in length, had been led out of the Kuruman River, and passed in its course through the gardens of the natives. As irrigation was to them entirely unknown, fountains and streams had been suffered to run to waste, where crops even of native grain, which supports amazing drought, are seldom very abundant from the general scarcity of rain. The native women, seeing the fertilizing effect of the water in our gardens, thought very naturally that they had an equal right to it for their own, and took the liberty of cutting open our water ditch, and allowing it, on some occasions, to flood theirs. This mode of proceeding left us at times without a drop of water, even for culinary purposes. It was in vain that we pleaded, and remonstrated with the chiefs; the women were the masters in this matter. Mr. Hamilton and I were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade, about three o’clock P.M., the hottest time of the day, and turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that we might have a little moisture to refresh our burnt-up vegetables during the night, which we were obliged to irrigate when we ought to have rested from the labours of the day. Many night watches were spent in this way; and after we had raised with great labour vegetables, so necessary to our constitutions, the natives would steal them by day as well as by night, and after a year’s toil and care, we scarcely reaped anything to reward us for our labour. The women would watch our return from turning the streams into the water-course, and would immediately go and open the outlets again, thus leaving us on a thirsty plain many days without a drop of water, excepting that which was carried from a distant fountain, under a cloudless sky, when the thermometer at noon would frequently rise to 120° in the shade.

“When we complained of this, the women, who one would have thought would have been the first to appreciate the principles by which we were actuated, became exasperated, and going to the higher drain, where the water was led out of the river, with their picks completely destroyed it, allowing the stream to flow in its ancient bed. By this means the supply of water was reduced one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of those who loved us only when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted.

“ . . . Our situation might be better conceived than described: not one believed our report among the thousands by whom we were surrounded. Native aid, especially to the wife of the missionary, though not to be

dispensed with, was a source of anxiety, and an addition to our cares; for any individual might not only threaten, but carry a rash purpose into effect. For instance, Mrs. Moffat, with a babe in her arms, begged, and that very humbly, of a woman, just to be kind enough to move out of a temporary kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going in to the place of worship. The woman seized a piece of wood to hurl it at Mrs. M.'s head, who, of course, immediately escaped to the house of God, leaving her the undisputed occupant of the kitchen, any of the contents of which she would not hesitate to appropriate to her own use. . . . As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making everything they touched the colour of their greasy attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands on. This would keep the house-wife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed, they left ten times more than their number behind—company still more offensive. As it was not pleasant to take our meals amongst such filth, our dinner was often deferred for hours, hoping for their departure; but, after all, it had to be eaten when the natives were despatching their game at our feet.

“Our attendance at public worship would vary from ten to fifty; and these very often manifesting the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob, when the missionary was engaged in public service. The thief would first put his head within the door, discover who was in the pulpit, and, knowing he could not leave his rostrum before a certain time had elapsed, would go to his house and take what he could lay his hands upon.”

Tools, household utensils, and even the meat out of the pot were stolen, and the cattle driven away, and possibly one of them killed and eaten. Slowly but surely the devoted missionaries made their way to the hearts and better natures of the natives, until their trials and difficulties would become less and less and then finally disappear; but the above is no over-drawn picture of missionary experience for the first few months of residence with a native tribe. All this, and much more, would be well known to David Livingstone long before he set foot in Africa, or penetrated into the interior from Kuruman.

At Kuruman and neighbourhood he found Moffat and his coadjutors

hard at work, and remained with them a few months, familiarising himself with their mode of operations, visiting and making himself acquainted with the Bechuana people, their manners and customs, language and country, with a view to settling amongst them; the chief of one of the Bechuana tribes being favourable to his projects.

In his second preparatory excursion into the Bechuana country, he settled for six months at a place called Lepelole, and with characteristic thoroughness of purpose completely isolated himself from European society, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language. Deeming that this was to be the scene and centre of his future labours, he commenced his preparations for a settlement among the Bakwains, as that section of the Bechuana people who inhabited the district round Lepelole was named. When these arrangements were almost completed, he made a journey, principally on foot, to the north, and penetrated within ten days' journey of the lower part of the river Zouga; and if discovery had been his object, he might even then have discovered Lake Ngami. At this time the great traveller's slim appearance gave little token of the hardy physique which was to enable him afterwards to undergo months and years of toilsome journeyings in regions never before visited by civilized man; but this trial trip proved the pluck and stamina which were to stand him in so good stead in many undertakings of much greater magnitude, and gave him a gratifying notion of his power of overcoming difficulties of a novel and trying character.

Returning to Kuruman, intelligence followed him that the Bakwains, among whom he had made up his mind to settle, had been driven from Lepelole by the Barolongs, a neighbouring tribe, so that he was obliged to set out anew in search of another locality in which to establish his mission station; when, after some time spent in inspecting he fixed upon the valley of Mabotsa. Here he had an extraordinary adventure with a lion, which, from the singular nature of his experiences, merits insertion here. Several lions had been carrying destruction among the cattle of the natives, and Livingstone went with the people to assist in the extermination of the marauders. The lions were traced to a small wooded hill, which the people surrounded, and proceeded to beat through the underwood, with the view of driving the prey into a position where the shooters could see and fire at them. Livingstone, having fired at one of the animals, was in the act of reloading, when he heard a shout of warning from the people near.

"Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there

was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native schoolmaster), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in my arm." The broken and splintered bones were very imperfectly attended to, as Dr. Livingstone had to act as his own surgeon, and the arm ever afterwards was of comparatively little service to him.

Livingstone shrank from inquirers who were anxious to have minute details as to the perils he had gone through; not that he really made light of them, but he had a horror of sensationalism, and avoided every temptation to enlarge upon difficulties which were inevitable at the time of their occurrence. "In connection with the above incident," says a writer in the *British Quarterly Review* for April, 1874, "we well remember how, when on a visit to England, he was eagerly questioned by a group of sympathetic friends as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and how he quietly answered, that he was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of him the brute would eat first."

Lions are much more numerous, and encounters with them much more frequent than Dr. Livingstone's comparatively few allusions to them would lead us to expect. He never cared to take up time and space in chronicling his dealing with them, or other kinds of wild animals, unless there was something unusual in the experience. In travelling even in the neighbourhood of the colonial frontier, travellers had to dispose themselves and their oxen at night so as to be least exposed to the attack of these animals; fires being frequently kindled to keep them at a distance. The traveller in these regions would not be abroad many days, before himself and his cattle were put in extreme peril by the visits of lions. Cattle in their terror, when his roar reverberates through the darkness, frequently break loose, and run wildly in their panic right into the danger they so much dread. In the early morning and the

evening travellers not unfrequently find themselves face to face with the "King of the Forest." If unarmed, the best course to pursue is to stand perfectly still, never moving a muscle, when, if the lion be unaccustomed to the presence of man, he will be so startled at the appearance of a singular animal standing on two legs, which does not run from him, that he will retreat, continually turning round from time to time, until he has reached a safe distance; when he will bound away to the intense satisfaction of the biped who has treated him to so unwonted an encounter. If under such circumstances the party make a single movement, either towards flight or through nervousness, the lion will almost certainly be upon him, when if he be unarmed, the traveller's chances of escape are exceedingly remote. It is not the power of the human eye, as is vulgarly supposed, which will make the lion under such circumstances turn aside; it is the unwonted phenomena of a strange animal which shows no fear. No wild animal is so easily intimidated by a strange appearance as the lion; a branch of a tree stuck into the ground in front of the carcase of an animal he had previously slain and feasted off, will deter him from recommencing his meal for a considerable time.

The traveller armed with a rifle has need of all his coolness in dealing with a lion. If he fire and only wound the animal his position is infinitely more dangerous than it was before. Even when wounded unto death, the hunter must guard against the last dying effort which in most cases will be expended in leaping upon him. The native dog is very useful in affording a warning of the approach of lions; and is so courageous that it will advance upon the great brute and bark in his face. The following graphic incident is from Burchell's "Travels in Southern Africa." In the morning while making his way through a bush-covered country he encountered a lion and lioness. The latter disappeared among the bushes but the lion stood his ground.

"At this moment we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on the bank at only the distance of a few yards from him, most of us being on foot and unarmed, without any possibility of escaping, I had given up my horse, and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear, and it was useless to attempt avoiding him. Poor Tring (a Hottentot woman) was in great alarm; she clasped her infant to her bosom, and screamed out, as if she thought her destruction inevitable, calling anxiously to those who were nearest the animal, *Take care! Take care!* In great fear for my safety, she half insisted upon my moving further off: I however stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger; and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner. But, at this instant, the dogs boldly flew in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of these faithful animals was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood

making the greatest clamour in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved by their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs perceiving his eyes thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him; but they paid dearly for their impudence, for without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant I beheld two lying dead. In doing this, he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed. Of the time which we had gained by the interference of the dogs, not a moment was lost; we fired upon him; one of the balls went through his side just between the short ribs, and the blood immediately began to flow; but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us; every gun was instantly reloaded; but happily we were mistaken, and were not sorry to see him move quietly away. . . . Of the courage of the lion I have no very high opinion, but of his majestic air and movement, as exhibited by this animal, while at liberty in his native plains, I can bear testimony. Notwithstanding the pain of a wound of which he must soon afterwards have died, he moved slowly away with a stately and measured step."

Livingstone, notwithstanding his terrible experience recorded above, held the same feeling in regard to the courage of the lion; but because a lion does not always attack a man when it has the opportunity, this fact is no proof that it lacks courage. When the lion has had a full meal it will undoubtedly avoid an encounter; and he cannot be aware that mankind have made him the symbol of courage and strength, and that he is expected to show both on all and every occasion. He only kills that he may eat, and only attacks man and animals when he is hungry, or is brought suddenly into contact with them. Further, his instincts are so peculiar that we cannot guess what strange thing or circumstance may have turned him aside in such an instance as that related above. In a state of nature he only kills his prey when pressed by hunger, and unlike the tiger, unless fighting for his life, never kills from a wanton thirst for blood. This which is made to detract from his courage and nobility, is, to our thinking, another reason, and a powerful one, for his being allowed to retain his title of "King of the Forest." Undoubtedly the most courageous animal is the dog, but much of that courage has been gained by association with man. The wild dog, like the wolf, hunts in packs, and is very unwilling to attack man under any circumstances, and only does so when supported by numbers. Imagine what a lion would be if tamed, and trained only to exercise his courage and terrible strength against animals and the enemies of his master!

Lichtenstein relates an extraordinary encounter with a lion on the part of a Dutch settler, for which we must find room:—

“It is now,” said he, “more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots ever hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door; the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something about a waggon, when, suddenly, although it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way.

“Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunate, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think: I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy’s head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.” “Never,” says Lichtenstein, “was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were inevitably lost. If the boy had moved, he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him.” In this extraordinary case we imagine it was the unusualness of the scene, and the perfect passiveness of the wife and children which made the animal delay his attack. He required to take in the unwonted scene, and find out if it portended no danger to him. Inaction of this kind is not at all unusual in animals, and is not unknown among men when they are placed in novel circumstances.

Dr. Moffat had many hair-breadth escapes from lions, and we regret having no space to record some of the more striking cases. The following account of his escape from a double danger is worthy of insertion here:—

“In one of my early journeys, I had an escape from a leopard and a serpent. I had left the waggons, and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in quest of game. I had a small double-barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with ball and small shot; an antelope

passed at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took; after advancing a short distance, I saw a leopard staring at me from between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring upon his prey. This I knew was a critical moment, not having a shot of ball in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something in the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly, but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large Cobra de Capella serpent asleep on the grass. It instantly twirled its body round my leg on which I had nothing but a thin pair of trousers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, I threw my piece over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people at the waggons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten me, I could never have reached the waggons. The serpent was six feet long."

The African leopard, which grows to a size frequently not much inferior to a small tiger, is a much more dangerous foe than the lion; because it gives no warning of its presence. It is generally encountered among trees, seldom venturing out upon the plain, unless to stalk any of the animals it preys upon. Its favourite position is on the thick branch of a great tree, from which it drops upon its prey, which is all unconscious of its proximity. When wounded, they turn upon the hunter with terrible fury, and fight until they drop dead. The sheep and cattle folds of the settlers suffer from its visits, and the cattle of the native tribes, and not unfrequently the children and adults, fall a prey to this savage and blood-thirsty animal. A single leopard has been known to enter a sheep fold and kill dozens of sheep before its thirst for blood was satiated. In this, as we have already pointed out, it differs from the lion, who kills only one of a herd in a single visit.

Sechele, the chief of the tribe of Bakwains, to which tribe Livingstone attached himself, was a remarkable man, as had also been his father and grandfather before him; the latter was a great traveller, and was the first to tell his people of the existence of a race of white men. During his father's life, those two extraordinary travellers, Dr. Cowan and Captain Donovan, lost their lives in his territory, and were supposed to have been murdered by the Bakwains until Livingstone learned from Sechele that they had died from fever in descending the river Limpopo, after they had been hospitably entertained by his father and his people. At that time the country was rich in cattle and pasturage, as water was more abundant. The country in Central and Southern Africa is so rapidly under-going a change through the drainage caused by the disruption of the soil carrying off the

water at a much lower level, that vast districts, now almost desert, were rich in cattle, and populous with human beings, within the memory of people then living.

The father of Sechele was murdered when the chief was a boy, and a usurper proclaimed himself the head of the tribe. The friends of the children applied to Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, to reinstate them, and punish the rebels. This he successfully accomplished; and between him and his subject tribes, and Sechele and his people, there was much friendly relation in consequence. This ultimately led to Livingstone's visiting Sebituane's country, and making the acquaintance of perhaps the wisest native ruler he came in contact with in all his wanderings.

The government in the Bechuana tribes is patriarchal: the chief is the head of the tribe, and a father is the chief of his family. Round the hut of the chief are the huts of his wives, those of his relations, and the leading men of the tribe; and round the hut of the father are ranged those of his family, when they take up house. Kinship is as minutely defined and is as much a matter of pride with the natives of South Africa, as among the inhabitants of the highlands of Scotland.

The first time Livingstone held a public religious service, Sechele listened with much attention; and on receiving permission to ask questions regarding what he had heard, inquired if Livingstone's forefathers knew of a future judgment. On receiving an affirmative answer and a description of the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, before whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away, etc., he said, "You startle me; these words make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time yours were; and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness, without knowing whither they were going." Questions these, like some frequently asked by children of their elders, more easily sympathised with than answered.

So eager was Sechele to learn to read, that he acquired a knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of Livingstone's residence at Chouane. Mr. Oswell, a gentleman of independent fortune travelling in the country, from a love of sport and adventure and a desire to extend the geographical knowledge of South Africa—who, as we shall see, afterwards joined Livingstone in his expedition to Lake Ngami—taught him arithmetic. After he was able to read, nothing gave him greater pleasure than the getting Livingstone to listen to his reading of the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book; and he would frequently say,—“He was a fine man—Isaiah; he knew how to speak.” Sympathising with the difficulties encountered in converting his people, he offered to convert them in a body; and could hardly be made to understand Livingstone's objection to making Christians in a wholesale manner through

the agency of whips made of rhinoceros-hide. Thinking of the difficulties in the way of being baptized and making an open profession of his belief in Christianity, more especially as regarded the number of his wives; the putting away of all whom, save one, would get him into trouble with their relatives, he frequently said, "Oh, I wish you had come into this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs." At his own request, Livingstone held family worship in his hut, in the hope that it might induce his people to become attached to Christianity. But as the country was at that time suffering from a long-continued drought, which was attributed to the chief taking up with the new religion, few attended save the members of his own family. Speaking of the influence of the example of a chief in all other things, he said, bitterly, "I love the word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me." No doubt if he had become a drunkard or a plunderer of other tribes, he would have had plenty of followers, so powerful is evil example!

When he applied for baptism, Livingstone asked him, since he knew his Bible, and his duty as laid down therein, how he was to act? He went home and sent all his superfluous wives to their parents, with all the goods and chattels they had been in the habit of using, intimating that he had no fault to find with them, but that he only followed the will of God. Crowds attended to witness the baptism of Seehele and his family; many of them shedding tears of sorrow over what they termed the weakness of their chief in forsaking the ways of his forefathers. Notwithstanding that he made few converts, Livingstone had the satisfaction of seeing that the influence of himself and his devoted and energetic helpmate—he had married a daughter of Robert Moffat's in 1844—was attended with valuable results if only temporal, in introducing a higher tone of morality among the people. This influence was so strong as to have prevented war with neighbouring tribes on no less than five distinct occasions.

The drought which afflicted the country shortly after Livingstone settled among the people, and after they had removed to the Kolobeng,—a stream forty miles distant from the previous settlement; where an experiment in irrigation, under the direction of Livingstone, was tried with much success for a time, until the parent stream became dried up,—was popularly believed to be the result of the evil influence of the missionary over the mind of the chief, the more especially as he had previously been a believer in *rain-making*, and had a high reputation among his people as a *rain-doctor*. After his conversion and baptism, he forswore the medicines and incantations with which he had previously charmed the rain-clouds to descend upon the land; and as this was attributed to Livingstone's influence, and the people were starving for want of food and water for months, it proved a great hindrance to the good work amongst them.

The *Rain-maker* is a most important official in savage countries where water is scarce, and periods of drought of frequent occurrence. When after weeks or months of dry weather, the vegetation of the country is burned up and the fountains and streams turned into hollows, filled with loose sand, his influence is greater than that of the chief or king himself. So implicit is their belief in the power of this functionary that they will do anything at his bidding. If the rain fails to come at his bidding, as in the case of the witch-woman of our English rural districts, sacrifices material or otherwise are made at his suggestion to propitiate the mysterious power who controls the rain. Sometimes he will cause them to drag the bodies of the dead into the bush, and leave them to the hyenas instead of burying them. At other times he will demand the heart of a lion or a live baboon, or set them some like feat, the accomplishment of which will take time; trusting, that in the interval the much coveted rain may come and save his credit. A common demand is for sheep and goats to kill, when endless methods have been tried and the heavens "still remain as brass." The ignorant savages frequently slay the wretched impostor for his failure to make good his pretensions.

Notwithstanding their dislike to the new religion, its preacher and expounder lived amongst them in the most perfect safety. He possessed the secret of ingratiating himself with these savage Africans in a higher degree than was ever before known; and, whether staying for a time among the various tribes, or passing through their territory, the respect in which he was almost invariably held is the most remarkable feature in his career. This noble, resolute, and God-fearing man went amongst them for their good, and that only; and interfered with nothing that did not lie directly in his path of duty. He was there to serve them and do them good, and they were quick in discovering this. He asked nothing from them and at all times strove to make himself independent of them, in the matter of his household wants. With his own hands he built his hut, tilled his garden, and dug his irrigating canals. The wild animals, needful for the food of his household, fell to his own gun; and the fruits of the earth were of his own gathering in. During all his years of labour in South Africa, his mission cost the inhabitants nothing; while they received much in higher ideas of justice and right, and in improved skill in husbandry and in the construction of their houses. Whatever were their feelings as to the religion he taught, the man himself was above the suspicion of evil, and went in and out amongst them, a genuine representative to their minds of manliness, truth, and justice.

His noble wife was no less popular. Her training, as the daughter of Robert Moffat, made the trials of her life no sacrifice to her. In dealing with the women and children she was most valuable, and there cannot be a doubt that the fact of his being married, and living a happy and contented domestic life amongst them, had a great deal to do with the influence he possessed

over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious Bakwains. As a blacksmith and a carpenter his skill was superior to theirs, and he never hesitated to doff his coat and give any of them the benefit of his labours when skill was required, wisely receiving some service which they could render him as a set-off. In this way a feeling of mutual obligation and exchange of service was fostered and encouraged, in which no notion of charity had a part.

In speaking of their daily experience, he tells us that they rose about six o'clock. "After family worship and breakfast . . . we kept school—men, women, and children being all united. This lasted until eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. On three nights of the week we had a public religious service, as soon as the milking of the cows was over, and it had become dusk; and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens." These services were diversified by attending upon the sick, and prescribing for them, giving food, and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, ensures a reputation which procures favour for the gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies: there if anywhere, "love begets love." Almost everything they required had to be manufactured by themselves. Bricks to build his house were made by himself in moulds formed of planks sawn from trees which fell to his own axe. The abundant forest furnished plenty of materials for roofing, doors, windows, and lintels. The corn was ground into meal by his wife, and when made into dough was baked in an extempore oven constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan placed in the centre of a fire. A jar served as a churn for making butter. Candles were made in moulds from the tallow of various animals. Soap was made from the ashes of a plant called *salsola*, or from ordinary wood ashes. Shut out from all communication with civilization, the toil and care demanded in supplying their every necessity did not appear a hardship. He says, "There is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on

seeing conveniences spring up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty striving housewife's hands."

The good done by continuous labour of this kind, undertaken in so noble and self-denying a spirit, is incalculable. If the grown-up men and women resisted his persuasions and held coldly aloof from his teaching of the gospel, their respect for him induced them to permit their children to attend the various religious and secular classes taught by him and his devoted wife. The seed sown in these young minds before the superstitions of their elders had taken root, will in time bring forth an abundant reward for the earnest labour expended; while their general comfort will be greatly enhanced by the superior knowledge acquired from him, in husbandry and other peaceful avocations.

In a new country just beyond the pale of civilization, always advancing as law and order are extended, reckless, and adventurous men, most of whom are fugitives from justice, establish themselves, and prey upon the savage tribes who are unable to defend themselves from their cruelty and exactions. A band of such men, under the leadership of a Mr. Hendrick Potgeiter, had established themselves as far into the interior as the Cashan Mountains, on the borders of the Bechuana territory. At first they were warmly welcomed by the Bechuanas, because they had conquered and expelled a Kaffre chief, who had exercised a cruel authority over the neighbouring tribes. Their joy was shortlived as they found that the Boers, as Potgeiter and his followers in common with all Dutch settlers and their descendants are called, compelled them to do all their manual labour without fee or reward. These men looked with no favourable eye on the doings of Livingstone, when they found that they could neither frighten nor coerce him. The teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God, was most distasteful to men who lived upon the enforced labour—the slavery in fact—of the tribes around them. When threats had no avail, they circulated reports that he had with him quantities of firearms, and that he was assisting the Bakwains to make war against their neighbours. As they could not intimidate Livingstone, they sent a threatening letter to Sechele, commanding him to surrender to the Dutch, and acknowledge himself their vassal, and stop English traders from proceeding into the interior. This last was the true bone of contention. Possessing a better knowledge of the value of skins, ivory, etc., than the Bechuanas, they wished to close the country against any traders but themselves.

Sechele, notwithstanding the risk he ran in quarreling with them, sent them a bold and resolute reply:—

"I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends. I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like."

The Boers had broken up and sacked several mission stations, and conquered the tribes which gave them shelter, carrying away men and women as slaves. But the friendly Bakwains escaped for a time, and they did not dare to attack them until Livingstone was absent on his first journey to Lake Ngami, when four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechele's town, and slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away over two hundred children as captives. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely until nightfall, killing eight of the Boers, when they retreated to the mountains. Under the pretext that Livingstone had taught them to defend themselves, and was consequently responsible for the slaughter of their fellows, his house was plundered; his books and stock of medicines destroyed; his furniture and clothing, and large quantities of stores left by English gentlemen, who had gone northwards to hunt, were carried off and sold to pay the expenses of their lawless raid. The reason so few of the Boers were slain in this as in other similar expeditions in which they indulged, was, because they compelled natives they had conquered and enslaved to take their places in the front, while they fired upon the people over their heads in comparative safety. In speaking of the determined opposition of the Boers, Livingstone says, "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who has been most successful in resolution,—they or I."

During the continuance of the drought, the Bakwains suffered great privations, which Livingstone and his wife shared. The wild animals leave a district in such circumstances, and the domestic animals that are not killed and eaten to sustain life, die of hunger and thirst. Everything that would sell was disposed of to tribes more favourably situated, in exchange for corn and other necessities. The country round was scoured by women and children for the numerous bulbous plants which could sustain life, while the men hunted for wild animals in the neighbourhood of the infrequent fountains, where they came to slake their thirst in their wanderings over the arid and sun-dried country.

Sometimes when a herd of antelopes, zebras, quaggas, etc., were discovered in the neighbourhood, they were surrounded, and driven with shouts into a V shaped enclosure, at the end of which a huge pit was dug, into which they fell and were despatched with spears. The meat was equally divided among the people, Livingstone coming in for his share with the rest. But for the frequent recurrence of such lucky hauls as this, the sufferings of the people from an exclusive and scanty vegetable diet must have been extreme.

Livingstone was mainly dependent upon his friends at Kuruman for supplies of corn during this trying period, and on one occasion they were reduced to use bran as a substitute, which required three labourers' grinding powers to render it fit for baking into cakes. Supplies of all kinds were so

irregular, that they were fain to put up with locusts on many occasions, and while not partial to such a diet, he preferred them to shrimps, "though I would avoid both as much as possible."

As locusts never abound excepting in a dry season and when other kinds of food are scarce, the natives eat them, whenever they can manage to gather as many as will make a dish. This custom is not peculiar to Africa, but extends to all tropical countries. The wings and legs are removed, and the bodies are hastily prepared in the form of a raw cake. We have conversed with more than one traveller who has partaken of this dish, and they say, that under the circumstances, they did not find the mess unpalatable.

A large species of frog, called *matlemetto*, by the natives, when procurable was greatly relished, especially by the Doctor's children. During the continuance of dry weather, this frog remains in a hole which it excavates for itself in the ground, out of which it emerges during rain, assembling in numbers with such rapidity that they are vulgarly supposed to come from the clouds along with the rain. At night they set up a croaking in their holes, which assisted Livingstone materially in hunting for them when the cupboard was innocent of more preferable flesh meat.

These frogs are of large size, and having a good deal of flesh on their bones, which is both juicy and tender when properly cooked, it formed a capital substitute for ox or antelope flesh.

Gordon Cumming, on the occasion of one of his visits to Dr. Livingstone, attended Divine service. "I had," he says, "considerable difficulty to maintain my gravity, as sundry members of the congregation entered the church clad in the most unique apparel. Some of these wore extraordinary old hats ornamented with fragments of women's clothes and ostrich feathers. Their fine hats they were very reluctant to take off, and one man sat with his beaver on immediately before the minister until the door-keeper went up to him and ordered him to remove it. At dinner we had a variety of excellent vegetables, the garden producing almost every sort in great perfection; the potatoes, in particular, were very fine. . . . Being anxious to visit Sechele and his tribe, Dr. Livingstone and I resolved to leave Bakatla and march upon Chonuane with one of my waggons on the ensuing day; the Doctor's object being to establish peace between the two tribes, and mine to enrich myself with ivory, etc."

The following sketch of Sechele and his surroundings prior to his conversion, from the pen of Mr. Gordon Cumming, merits insertion here:—

"The appearance of this chief was prepossessing, and his manner was civil and engaging; his stature was about 5 feet 10 inches, and in his person he inclined to corpulency. His dress consisted of a handsome leopard-skin kaross, and on his arms and legs, which were stout and well turned, he wore a profusion of brass and copper ornaments, manufactured by tribes residing a

long way to the eastward. In the forenoon I accompanied Sechele to his kraal, situated in the centre of the town, and alongside of it stood respectively the kraals of his wives, which were five in number. These kraals were neatly built, and were of a circular form, the walls and floors being smoothly plastered with a composition of clay and cow dung, and secured from the weather by a fine and well-constructed thatch of rank-dry grass. Each kraal was surrounded by an area enclosed with a strong impenetrable fence 6 feet in height. The town was built on a gentle slope on the northern side of a broad extensive strath, throughout the whole extent of which lay wide fields and gardens enclosed with hedges of the wait-a-bit thorn.

“A short time previous to my arrival, a rumour having reached Sechele that he was likely to be attacked by the emigrant Boers, he suddenly resolved to secure his city with a wall of stones, which he at once commenced erecting. It was now completed, entirely surrounding the town, with loopholes at intervals all along, through which to play upon the advancing enemy with the muskets which he had resolved to purchase from hunters and traders like myself.

“I was duly introduced to the five queens, each of whose wigwams I visited in succession. These ladies were of goodly stature and comely in their appearance; they all possessed a choice assortment of karosses of various descriptions, and their persons were adorned with a profusion of ornaments of beads and brass and copper wire. Sechele professed, and was believed by his tribe, to be a skilful rain-maker.”

“ . . . The Griquas taking advantage of the superstitious of the Bechuanas, often practice on their credulity, and, a short time before I visited Sechele, a party of Griquas, who were hunting in his territory, had obtained from him several valuable karosses in barter for a little sulphur, which they represented as a most effectual medicine (charm) for guns, having assured Sechele that by rubbing a small quantity on their hands before proceeding to the fields they would assuredly obtain the animal they hunted. It happened, in the course of my converse with the chief, that the subject turned upon ball-practice, when, probably relying on the power of his medicine, the chief challenged me to shoot against him for a considerable wager, stipulating, at the same time, that his three brothers were to be permitted to assist him in the competition. The chief staked a couple of valuable karosses against a large measure filled with my gun-powder, and we then at once proceeded to the waggon, where the match was to come off, followed by a number of the tribe. Whilst Sechele was loading his gun, I repaired to the fore-chest of the waggon, when, observing that I was watched by several of the natives, I proceeded to rub my hands with sulphur, which was instantly reported to the chief, who directly joined me, and, clapping me on the back, entreated me to give him a little of my medicine for his gun, which I of course told him he

must purchase. Our target being set up, we commenced firing; it was a small piece of wood, six inches long by four in breadth, and was placed on the stump of a tree at the distance of one hundred paces. Sechele fired the first shot, and very naturally missed it, upon which I let fly and split it through the middle. It was then set up again, when Sechele and his brothers continued firing, without once touching it, till night setting in put an end to their proceedings. This, of course, was solely attributed by all present to the power of the medicines I had used."

When Dr. Livingstone was informed of the circumstance he was very much shocked, declaring that in future the natives would fail to believe him when he denounced supernatural agency, having now seen it practised by his own countrymen.

Mr. Chapman, who visited Sechele shortly after the attack of the Boers, gives an interesting account of the condition of the chief and his people at that time. He says:—

"On the 15th of October we were delighted to be under way steering for Sechele's Town, which, after several days' march through heavy sands and dense forests, in parts well stocked with game, we reached on the 28th. Wirsing and I proceeded to Sechele's residence on horseback, riding forward the last stage through rugged glens and among rocky hills, never venturing to move faster than a walk. We found the chief at his residence, perched on a hillock composed of blocks of sandstone, loosely piled upon each other, a fit abode for baboons only.

"Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, a tribe mustering about 500 men, stands about 5 ft. 10 in. high, has a pleasing countenance, and is rather stout. He was dressed in moleskin trousers, a duffel jacket, a wide-awake hat, and military boots. In address and behaviour Sechele is a perfect gentleman. He can read and write, having learnt within the last few years, and is an accepted member of the Kuruman church. He was instructed by Dr. Livingstone, who lived with him for four or five years. Sechele is said to be very quick at learning, and anxious to substitute more civilized customs among his tribe in the place of their own heathenish practices. He is also said to be good-natured and generous. He presented us with a fat ox for slaughter, a custom prevailing among all the tribes that can afford it.

"Sechele at once pronounced us to be Englishmen; and having corroborated the intelligence we had already heard from Sekomi respecting his disasters (Mr. Chapman's visit to Sekomi will be alluded to further on), he apologised for not being able to receive us as he would like; but he entertained us with roast beef, sweet and sour milk, served in clean dishes, and with silver spoons, also with sweet earth-nuts; and while we were doing justice to his hospitality, a man stood fanning away the flies with a bunch of white ostrich feathers. His loss, he informed us, was sixty-eight men killed

of his own tribe, besides a number of women, and between 200 and 300 children carried away captives. He lost, also, about 1500 head of cattle, and several thousand sheep and goats. For his cattle he seemed not to care so much, although his people were starving. He hoped to be able to replace them by the profits of hunting for ivory; but his people felt sorely the loss of their children. Ninety waggon-loads of corn had been carried off by the Boers, and the rest they had burnt in his town. Besides his own property, they had carried off several waggons, oxen, and other property belonging to English gentlemen at that time travelling to the lake.

“From Sechele we learnt that the war originated with Masellelie, chief of the Batkatla tribe at Mabotsa, who had often been promised by the Boers that if he supplied them with a number of servants he would be exempted from further demands; but on giving one supply after another, still more was demanded, in spite of the promises made him. At length he refused, and became surly, thinking probably, with many others of the natives, that the late fever had so diminished the numbers of the Boers that he could successfully resist their authority. The Batkatla chief having ascertained, however, that the Boers intended to punish him, and being an arrant coward, fled to Sechele for protection, it being a custom amongst those races that when one tribe flies to another and solicits protection it must be given; so that on the Boers demanding that Masellelie should be delivered up, Sechele refused, saying he ‘could not do it unless he was to cut open his own bowels and let them fall out.’

“Most of the people of Sechele’s tribe were out during the day grubbing for roots, their only food at present. Famine, ‘the meagre fiend,’ that ‘blows mildew from between the shrivelled lips,’ had already made great havoc among them. Several mothers had followed the Boers home, and, hiding themselves during the day, endeavoured at night to steal away their children; a few only had succeeded and returned.

“On the 1st of November we obtained a guide from Sechele to conduct us to the main road, our waggons having been brought since our own arrival up to his town. We accordingly departed, and at night overtook some emaciated Bakwains, roasting the roots they had gathered during the day. I ate one of these roots, but I thought I should have died from the effects it produced, creating a lather like soap, and blistering the inside of my mouth in a few minutes. I drank water to cure it, but that only aggravated the symptoms. The pain I suffered was at last allayed by putting some fat into my mouth.

“Next day we travelled still south, and reached Kolobeng in the forenoon. This is the site of the town where Dr. Livingstone lived with the tribe. His house had been pillaged, and presented a melancholy picture of wanton destruction. The Boers had taken away everything that was valuable to them in the shape of furniture, utensils, and implements, and destroyed some

hundreds of volumes of Sechuana Testaments, and other religious works and tracts, the leaves of which still lay scattered for nearly a mile in every direction. Even the window and door frames had been taken out, and the floor was strewn with bottles of valuable medicines, the use of which the Boers did not understand. The town where Sechele was attacked, and which was burnt to the ground, a few miles from Kolobeng, presented a melancholy scene of desolation, bestrewn with the unburied carcasses and bleaching bones of the natives who fell."

The following is Mr. Chapman's account of Kuruman in 1853:—

"Next day I rode over to Kuruman, where I found my friend, Mr. Thompson, who afterwards travelled in company with us. Here I was introduced to the worthy missionaries, Messrs. Moffat and Ashton, and their families, the memory of whose uniform kindness I shall ever cherish. Milk, new bread, and fresh butter, we were never in want of while near these good people, and of grapes, apples, peaches, and all other products of the garden, there was never any lack at our waggons. Every one is struck with the beauty of Kuruman, although the site cannot boast of any natural charms. All we see is the result of well-directed labour. A street of about a quarter of a mile in length is lined on one side by the missionary gardens, enclosed with substantial walls, and teeming with fruit and vegetables of every description. A row of spreading willows are nourished by a fine watercourse, pouring a copious stream at their roots for nearly a mile, and beyond the gardens flows to the eastward the river Kuruman, between tall reeds, with flights of waterfowl splashing on its surface. The river issues a few miles south from a grotto said to be 100 yards long, and very spacious, the habitation of innumerable bats, owls, and serpents of a large size. Stalactites of various shapes and figures are to be found in this grotto. I have seen some beautiful specimens adorning mantelpieces. One party discovered in the roof of this grotto portions of a human skeleton perfectly petrified, and a part of which was broken off.

"On the opposite side of the street, and facing the row of gardens, the willows, and the stream, is a spacious chapel, calculated to hold more than 500 people. It is built of stone, with a missionary dwelling-house on either side of it, and a trader's dwelling-house and store at the western end. All these, as well as the smaller but neat dwellings of the Bechuanas, built in the European style, and in good taste, have shady seringa trees planted in the front. At the back of the missionary premises there are store and school rooms, workshops, etc., with a smithy in front. Behind the chapel is a printing office, in which native compositors were setting type for the new editions of Mr. Moffat's bible. Thousands of Sechuana books have been as well printed and as neatly bound in this establishment, under the superintendence of Mr. Ashton, as they could be in England. The natives here are the most enlightened

and civilized I have seen, the greater portion wearing clothes, and being able to read and write. It was pleasant on Sunday to see them neatly and cleanly clad going to church three times a day. In their tillage they are also making rapid progress, and, having adopted European practices, instead of the hoe they use the plough."

From this stage in the career of Livingstone the character of his labour was destined to be changed. There was to be henceforth for him no rest, and no permanent place of abode. The mysteries of the unknown and untrodden regions of Africa beckoned him onward, and he was possessed of all the qualities needful for the work he was so eager to engage in. United to a high courage and determined perseverance, there was in him an eager longing for knowledge, which no difficulties could conquer; and when to these qualities we add those which characterise the Christian of the purest type, whose loving charity comprehended and embraced all God's creatures, we have presented to us the highest example of the Christian hero and gentleman. Before proceeding to follow up his career of discovery we will, in the following chapter, gather together what brief records we can glean of his labours as a missionary among the Bakwains.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Livingstone's Letters to the London Missionary Society, from Kuruman, Mabotsa, Chonuane, Kolobeng, &c., &c.*

THE reader cannot fail to be interested in what Livingstone had to say to the directors of the London Missionary Society as to his mission work, and the remarks made on his reports by the officials of the society. It is a matter of regret that they reproduced his letters so sparingly. One cannot help feeling, in going over the society's reports, that the boldness and enterprise of Livingstone were viewed with a kind of puzzled wonderment by these worthy people. In their doubts and misgivings as to the results of his daring raid into the unknown heart of the country they could only hope that if it was God's will good might come out of the explorations of their servant, who seemed bent on bringing the whole of Central Africa within the sphere of their operations.

At a very early stage of his career, Livingstone had discovered that he could serve the people of Africa best by opening up the country and securing the interest of people of all ranks and classes in their condition and circumstances. As a mere missionary accredited to a certain specified district, his labours, however successful, could only be known to a limited number of people. As a missionary explorer his discoveries and adventures would attract the attention of the entire intelligent community, not only in his own country, but throughout the civilized world, and result in a service rendered to the savage people of Africa which the united labours of half a hundred missionaries could not accomplish. In a letter to his brother John, written in December, 1873, from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, he says :—

“ If the good Lord above gives me strength and influence to complete the task, I shall not grudge my hunger and toil, above all, if He permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of this inland slave trade I shall bless His name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my little helping hand in the great revolution, that in His all embracing providence, He has been carrying on for ages.”

Fortunately for the public, and also for a good many of the readers of the London Society's Missionary reports, Livingstone's accounts of his discoveries in

Central Africa were handed over by the secretary to the Geographical Society, and they were published in its journals. The notion that Livingstone had proved unfaithful to his calling as a missionary when he started upon his career as an explorer is held by many otherwise good and sensible people even now. The extract from the letter to his brother, which we have given above, puts the matter in its proper light. He knew that the great ones of the earth would become interested in new peoples living in novel conditions in hitherto unexplored territory, who could not be got to feel any great interest in savage tribes living on the outskirts of civilization.

In telling the wonderful story of vast peopled regions hitherto unknown, he got the opportunity—which he never let slip—of telling them of the spiritual and physical needs of their inhabitants, and of pointing out how easy a matter it would be for the people in more favoured countries to help them. His discoveries, while no doubt intensely interesting to himself, were most valuable in his sight, because, to use his own words, they enabled him “to open his mouth among men.” To the directors of the London Missionary Society the account of the conversion or awakening of a single savage Bakwain appeared to be of far more consequence to Christianity than the discovery of the River Zouga, Lake Ngami, and the Zambesi; and it was in all likelihood years before they became aware of the fact that these and such like discoveries would do more for the cause they had at heart than years of missionary enterprise further to the South. Of all the services which the London Missionary Society have rendered to humanity and the cause of Christianity, the placing of Dr. Livingstone in South Africa in circumstances which enabled him to drift into the great work which occupied every hour of his after life is undoubtedly the greatest. The Christian and charitable public will not, we believe, be slow to remember this, nor that their efforts in christianising the heathen in Africa and elsewhere have for many years been attended with a success hitherto unexampled in the history of missionary labour.

The following is Livingstone’s report to the London Missionary Society, published in 1843, after his second tour among the tribes to the north of Kuruman:—

“The population is sunk in the very lowest state both of mental and moral degradation: it would be difficult, if not impossible, for Christians at home to realise anything like an accurate notion of the grossness of that darkness which shrouds their minds. I could not ascertain that they had the least idea of a future state; and though they have some notions which seem to be connected with a belief in its existence, I have not met one who could put the necessary links together in the chain of reasoning, so as to become possessed of the definite idea. In some countries, the light which the Gospel once shed has gone out, and darkness has succeeded. But though eighteen centuries have elapsed since life and immortality were brought to light, there

is no certainty that these dark regions were ever before visited for the purpose of making known the light and liberty and peace of the glorious Gospel. It would seem that the myriads who have peopled these regions have always passed away into darkness, and no ray from heaven ever beamed on their path. "And with whom does the guilt rest, if not with us who compose the church militant on earth? My mind is filled with sadness when I contemplate the prospects of these large masses of immortal beings. I see no hope for them, except in Native Agents. The more I see of the country, its large extent of surface, with its scattered population, and each tribe separated by a formidable distance from almost every other, the more convinced I feel, that it will be impossible, if not impolitic, for the Church to supply them all with Europeans. Native Christians can make known the way of life: there are some in connection both with the churches at Kuruman and Griqua Town who have done it effectually. Others too are rising up, who will soon be capable of teaching; and if their energies are not brought into operation by taking up the field now open before us, I do not see where the benevolent spirit springing up among the converts of the two Missions is to find an outlet."

As a result of this journey, Livingstone determined on commencing Missionary operations among the Bakhatla tribe. In the Missionary Society report for 1844, we find the following allusion to this determination:—

"In the course of last year, Mr. Livingstone made two journeys into the interior, for the purpose of obtaining information as to the moral condition of the tribes scattered over those vast and desert regions, and with a view also to the adoption of suitable measures for introducing the Gospel, with its attendant blessings, among some of the numerous tribes yet sitting in the darkness of the shadow of death. On the latter occasion, he was accompanied by Mr. Edwards, and the result of their labours was the commencement of a station among the Bakhatla tribe, from whom they received a cordial welcome, and every encouragement to persevere in the project which they contemplated. They purchased a large piece of ground, and proceeded to erect a hut, and had every prospect of success in this new and important undertaking.

"The location, upon which they have fixed, is very near the spot where Mr. Campbell turned his face homeward, and also near the place where the renowned Moselekatse lived. 'I walked,' says Mr. Livingstone, 'over the site of his town lately, and a few human bones were the only vestiges I could observe of all that belonged to the tyrant.' Moselekatse, however, still lives, and his name continues to be a terror to the natives; and his people, called the Matabele, came last year nearly as far as their former country; but the Missionaries say, 'If we wait till we run no risk, the Gospel will never be introduced into the interior. Native teachers will not go alone, for they dread the name of Moselekatse, as they do the name of the king of terrors.'

The brethren spent about two months at the place, and intended to remove there immediately."

The following is from the Society's report for 1845:—

"In the last report, the friends of the Society were informed of the opening of a mission among the Bakhatla, in the Bechuana country, through the zealous and judicious efforts of our brother, the Rev. D. Livingstone, assisted by Mr. R. Edwards. The progress of the labours of our devoted brethren among this barbarous and degraded tribe has been most encouraging, and there is reason to hope that to many the tidings of redeeming mercy will prove the savour of life unto life. Through divine goodness, Mr. Livingstone and his excellent native brother and valuable coadjutor, Mebalwe, who nobly came to his help in the moment of most imminent peril, and nearly with the sacrifice of his own life, have entirely recovered from the serious injury they sustained from the attack of a lion, which occurred not far from the new station, in the early part of last year.

"The character and condition of the people among whom he labours, and in part the preparatory measures contemplated for the regular organisation of the station and the instruction of the natives, are thus described by Mr. Livingstone in an early communication from this distant sphere of Missionary effort:—

"The Bakhatla are at present busily engaged removing from their former location to the spot on which we reside (Mabotsa), and it is cheering to observe that the subordinate chiefs have, with one exception, chosen sites for their villages conveniently near to that on which we propose to erect the permanent premises. We purpose to build a house to serve as school and meeting-house, and when that is done, we hope our efforts to impart a knowledge of saving truth will assume a more regular form than at present.

"I visited the Bakhatla frequently before the establishment of the mission, but it was not until my fifth visit that sufficient confidence was inspired to draw forth a cordial invitation for me to settle among them; this is the only good I can yet ascertain as effected by my itinerancies to them. The reason seems to be that too long a period has intervened between each journey to produce any lasting impression. And this is not to be wondered at, for nothing can exceed the grovelling earthliness of their minds. They seem to have fallen as low in the scale of existence as human nature can. At some remote period, their ancestors appear to have been addicted to animal worship, for each tribe is called after some animal. By it they swear, and in general they neither kill nor eat it, alleging as a cause, that the animal is the friend of their tribe. Thus the word Batlapi, literally translated, is '*they of the fish*;' Bakwain, '*they of the crocodile*;' Bakhatla, '*they of the monkey*,' &c.

"But if the conjecture is not wrong, they have degenerated from even that impure form of worship, and the wisest among them have now no

knowledge of it, but suppose that some of their ancestors must have been called by these names. They have reached the extreme of degradation. When we compare the Bakhatla with the inhabitants round Lattakoo, the latter appear quite civilized; and their present state of partial enlightenment shows that the introduction of the Gospel into a country has a mighty influence even over those by whom it is either not known or rejected. I am not now to be understood as speaking of the converts, nor of the new phases of character, the transforming power of the Gospel has developed among them, but I allude to the unconverted, and to those other than saving influences of Christianity, which so materially modify the social system at home. On many these influences have operated for years, and they have not operated in vain. Hence, the mass of the population in the Kuruman district are not now in that state the Gospel found them, and in which the poor Bakhatla now are. There the existence of Deity is tacitly admitted by nearly all; those who form the exceptions to this rule, denying it rather on account of attachment to their lusts than in sober seriousness; and I believe the number is but small who have not the idea floating in their minds that this life is but the beginning of our existence and death, but one event in a life which is everlasting.

“But the Bakhatla have no thoughts on the subject: their mind is darkness itself, and no influences have ever operated on it, but those which must leave it supremely selfish. It is only now that Christians have begun to endeavour to stop the stream which has swept them generation after generation into darkness. And oh, ‘may the Holy Spirit aid our endeavours, for without his mighty power all human efforts will be but labour in vain.’ That power excited over Bechuanas—raising them from the extreme of degradation and transforming them into worshippers of the living God—constitutes the wonder and *the* cause for gratitude in the Bechuana Mission.”

The report goes on to state that:—

“Around Mabotsa, there are about twelve villages of considerable size and population, which Messrs. Livingstone and Edwards regularly visit, and several of which—those near Kurrechane—have been placed under the immediate charge of Mebalwe, the native evangelist. This worthy man is of great service in the Mission by the amount of manual labour which he cheerfully renders, and by the affectionate addresses he frequently delivers to his countrymen on the work of Christ and the way of salvation. There is reason to hope that he will prove an eminent blessing to many among the native tribes, and to the cause of Christ generally, in this part of the Bechuana country.”

In the Society’s report for 1846 we find the following:—

“Mr. Livingstone has removed to Chonuane, about forty or fifty miles N.E. of Mabotsa, the residence of Sechele, the interesting and rather intelligent

chief of a numerous tribe of Bakwain, among whom the prospects of usefulness are encouraging. The country has a fine undulating surface. The soil is rich, and there is no want of timber, grass, water, or rain, as the place is situated not far from the tropic of Capricorn. The Chief is learning to read, and has begun to instruct his wives; and his example will doubtless exercise a powerful influence on the people."

In the Society's report for 1848, we find a letter from Livingstone with remarks upon it.

"Mr. Livingstone, who has removed with his tribe to a more suitable locality, occupied a part of the year in visiting the Kuruman, and his report embraces the proceedings and labours of his mission subsequent to that period:—

"When we returned to Chonuane," he writes, "we found that, though the season for sowing had arrived, the chief had forbidden his people beginning with their gardens until it was ascertained whether or not another trial could be made of the locality. Some of his people, he said, were opposed to removal, as Chonuane afforded abundance of native food, and the only direction in which they could move would be nearer the dreaded Moselekatse. 'But,' added he, 'I see you are unable to live in comfort here, and though all my people should leave me, I am determined to cleave to you wherever it may be needful to go.' We made our choice, and are truly grateful to the Source of all Wisdom and Goodness that we had obtained so much favour in the eyes of the heathen as induced a simultaneous movement of the whole tribe (the very next day after our decision was known) to perform a journey of about forty miles to the north-west, and build a new town entirely on our account.

"The stream on which our new settlement is formed is called the *Kolobeng*, and so far as temporal matters are concerned we have the prospect of abundance of both native and European produce; and, better still, we can now reasonably indulge the hope that, through the Divine blessing, the Gospel will not only be permanent here, but sound out to the dark regions beyond.

"While engaged in cutting wood for a temporary dwelling, the chief, without a single suggestion from us, intimated his intention to erect a school. 'I desire,' said he, 'to build a house for God, the Defender of my town, and that you be at no expense with it whatever.' Had we been able to bestow the requisite superintendence, a substantial building might have been secured, for more than 200 workmen were ready to labour upon it. But being engaged in erecting our own huts, and as it was difficult to manage such numbers of uninstructed workmen, all anxious to do something, I was obliged to plan a small building, the materials of which, though frail, they knew best how to use.

“It was with no small pleasure we found ourselves, soon after our removal, able to resume regular services. The people also undertook our watercourse, while they gladly received our assistance in erecting a square house for their chief. Forty of the older men made the watercourse, and a younger band of sixty-five built the dam. When the house was finished for the Chief Sechele, he requested us to establish a prayer-meeting in it. He said, ‘Although I have not yet given up my sin (polygamy), I greatly desire to have prayer in my house every evening.’ He invites his people to attend this meeting as well as our other services; and we are sensible of an increase of knowledge in many.”

The report, in commenting on the above and unpublished portions of Livingstone’s letter, says:—

“Some of the leading men of the tribe are making persevering exertions to acquire a knowledge of reading; their progress, however, appears to be hardly equal to their diligence; they seem to experience considerable difficulty in the mental effort required to join letters into words, probably from not having been accustomed to any exercises of this kind in their youth. They have been heard to remark, that if the Missionary would give them medicine which would enable them to conquer the difficulty, they would gladly drink it. Sechele and his brothers have been found the most apt to learn among all the natives; the chief has read through twice the New Testament and Scripture selections, and he never allows Mr. Livingstone, in his frequent visits to the town, to retire, without requesting him to read and explain one or two chapters of the Word of God. ‘Our present position (adds our brother) is one of hope, and all our dependence for success is on the arm of Him who is almighty to save. We expect your prayers that Jesus may be glorified among this heathen tribe, and that we may have grace to ascribe to Him alone all the glory.’”

In the Missionary Report for 1849, there appears a most interesting communication from Livingstone relative to the conversion of Sechele and its consequences:—

“The removal of Mr. Livingstone from Chonuane to a more eligible locality, situated on the *Kolobeng River*, was stated in last report. In his first annual communication from this station, our brother thus describes the progress of his labours and the prospects of his mission.

“In addition to other effects produced by the Gospel among the Bakwains, circumstances have also developed considerable opposition; but it has been of a kind which has tended to encourage rather than depress, inasmuch as our most bitter opponents seem to entertain no personal animosity towards us, and never allude to their enmity to the Gospel in our presence, unless specially invited to state the grounds on which it rests. An event which has excited more open hostility than any other that has occurred, was the profession of faith and

subsequent reception of the chief into Church-fellowship. As the circumstances which led us to receive his confession as genuine are somewhat peculiar, I will briefly mention them, in order to shew the propriety of the step which we have taken.

“Sechele, though generally intelligent, had imbibed, to a great extent, the prevailing superstitions of his country, and, in addition to his being the chief rain-doctor of the tribe, there is evidence to show that he was reckless of human life. He had the reputation among other tribes of being addicted to witchcraft, but he himself thought it highly meritorious to put all suspected witches to death.

“From the first day of our residence with the Bakwains to the present time, the chief attended school, and all our services, with unvaried regularity. The first indication of deep feeling I observed in him was, when sitting together one day under our waggon, during the heat of noon, I endeavoured to describe the ‘great white throne,’ and ‘the judgment seat,’ as mentioned in the Book of Revelation. He said, ‘These words shake all my bones—my strength is gone;’ and when I spoke of the existence of our Lord, previous to his appearance among men, and of His Divine nature, Sechele was greatly surprised. Often, during the three years we have spent with this tribe, we have witnessed the power of the Word of God in elevating the mind and stimulating its affections; and so with the chief. As his knowledge increased, he grew bold in the faith, professed among his people his own firm belief in the truths of Christ, and expressed great thankfulness that the Gospel was sent to him while so many remained in darkness. The greatest sacrifice he had to make was the renunciation of polygamy. In respect to all other sins, the people generally had conceived an idea of their sinfulness, but they never imagined that in this practice there was any degree of moral turpitude. The superfluous wives of Sechele were decidedly the most amiable females of the town, and our best scholars; and, hoping that their souls might also be given to us, we felt that it was not our duty otherwise to press the point in question, than by publicly declaring the whole counsel of God. Shortly after, the chief sent two of them back to their parents, with this message, That he could no longer retain them, as the Word of God had come between him and their daughters. With this we observed a gradual change in his disposition, and a steady improvement in his character; and, as he also professed an earnest desire to observe the laws of Jesus, we felt no hesitation in receiving him to the fellowship of the church.

“A third wife was taken to her own tribe, because she had no relatives among the Bakwains, and she left us with many tears. A fourth, although in the same situation, we thought might remain, because she has a little daughter. Each of the wives carried away all that belonged to her, and the chief supplied each of them with new clothing previous to their departure. As soon as it was

known that he had renounced his wives on account of the Gospel, a general consternation seized both old and young—the town was as quiet as if it had been Sunday—not a single woman was seen going to her garden—pichos (or councils) were held during the night, in order to intimidate him from his purpose; but, after seeing him tried in various ways for a period of two months, we proceeded to administer to him the ordinance of baptism. Many of the spectators were in tears, but these were in general only tears of sorrow for the loss of their rain-maker, or the severance of ties of relationship. We commend this new disciple to your prayerful sympathies; and to the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, through the power of whose spirit alone we hope for success, be the undivided glory of his salvation!”

The report goes on to say that :—

“The infant-school, under the care of Mrs. Livingstone, containing about 70 children, has made encouraging progress during the year, though the attendance of the children has been somewhat interrupted, in consequence of a partial failure of the crops compelling many of them to spend their time in wandering about the country in search of food.

“Mr. Livingstone has employed a portion of the year in superintending and assisting the erection of mission-premises, and also in opening an out-station, and settling the native teacher, *Paul*, among the people of the chief Mokhatla.”

In this year Livingstone sent a letter to the Secretary of the Missionary Society, giving details of his discoveries and experiences. This was not, we presume, supposed to deal with matters having any interest for subscribers to the society. It was handed over to the Geographical Society, and was published in its journal. A copy of it will be found inserted in its proper place in the next chapter.

In the report for 1850, the difficulties resulting from the hostility of the Boers during 1849 are alluded to :—

“The prospects of this Station were in the early part of last year considerably overcast by the prevalence of excessive drought, and the consequent total failure of the crops. The men being frequently absent on hunting excursions, and the women and children also away in search of roots and locusts, the meetings for Divine Worship, and the schools, were comparatively deserted. In their eagerness to procure that which would satisfy the wants of the body, the people evinced little disposition to attend to the unfelt wants of the soul.

“A tribe called the Bakaa, who had suffered considerably by the repeated attacks of the Bamangwato, lately came a distance of 150 miles, to join the Bakwains. Having no sense of security in their own country, they were attracted to this station by the report that the chief Sechele had embraced the ‘word of peace.’ They came, as they said, in order ‘to enjoy sleep, as they had none at home.’ They number about 1,000; and, while thankful for

their arrival as an increase to his immediate sphere of usefulness, the missionary can at present regard them only as a fresh infusion of heathenism added to the present unchristianized mass."

In December, 1848, Mr. Livingstone made an attempt to locate the native teacher Paul in the centre of a population of many thousand souls:—

"The tribe selected," writes Mr. Livingstone, "was that of Mokhatla, because that chief had urgently requested that Paul might be appointed his teacher. But the Boers have taken possession of the whole country, and though their commandants have always expressed themselves in a most friendly manner towards our object, they made me aware of a strong undercurrent of opposition. Being unwilling to believe that this would be developed in any other way than it had formerly been in our itinerancies, yet feeling anxious lest it should prove a hindrance to Paul in his work, I delayed setting out until our arrangements at home were such as would admit of my spending a few months with him. When the commandant, who was in Mokhatla's vicinity, learnt that it was no longer mere itinerancies we contemplated, he suddenly altered his tone, and threatened in a most furious manner to send a commando against the tribe with which we meant to settle, alleging that my object was to take possession of the country for the English Government; and that I wished to introduce fire-arms among all the tribes. I replied, by denying connection with Government, having, as he knew, when on a former occasion I entreated him to refrain from a projected expedition against Sechele, distinctly refused to become a political partizan, and added, that I should certainly proceed in my work by the authority of Christ, and if he obstructed it by driving the people away, the blood of their souls would be required at his hand. He offered to present no impediment if I would 'promise to teach the natives that the Boers are a superior race to them.' We immediately made preparations to build a school-house, but before we had made any progress, we were informed that a deputation from the Dutch Synod had come to within forty miles of us. In the belief that the Boers might be won over to forbearance by their ministers, and that the commandant's mind might be disabused of his prejudices, we advanced to meet the deputation. Both Potgeiter and his sub-commandants had preceded us; they were now all flattery towards my person and objects, and all they would request of me, previous to a thorough and permanent removal of all obstacles, was, about one month's delay. During this period, they solemnly and repeatedly promised that they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power to win over such of their subjects as were opposed to missionary operations. As they even entreated me not to force or appear to force the matter, by building at present, and the preachers thought I ought to concede the point, I agreed to return for a short period to Kolobeng; and having visited some other towns on my route, I came home in January."

In the report for 1853, we find the following account of the long threatened attack of the Boers, which took place in the previous year:—

“Reference was made in the last report to the precarious tenure by which Dr. Livingstone held possession of this field of labour, to the proposed emigration of the Bakwains to a more favoured locality, and to the opening prospects of Dr. L. in the regions to the north.

“Subsequent events, however, of a most unexpected and disastrous nature, have led to the abrupt abandonment of the station, both by the missionary and his people. These events are detailed by Dr. Livingstone in the following communication, dated Kuruman, 20th September, 1852:—

“On the 28th ult. 600 Boers and 700 natives appeared in the Bakwain country. The natives were compelled to accompany them. Before going to Sechele’s town, they sent a party with four waggons down the Kolobeng to my house. The town is eight miles distant, and, ever since the removal of the Bakwains, the house was guarded by a few Balala placed by it for that purpose by Sechele. It remained in perfect security for two years, and gentlemen passing northward deposited a portion of their stores in it till their return. And, so far as the Bakwains were concerned, these stores were as safe as if under Chubb’s locks in London. Well, the Boers broke it open, tore all my books,\* and scattered the leaves all over the place, destroyed my medicines by smashing the bottles against the adjacent rocks, carried away all the best furniture, and broke the rest; took the smith’s forge, all the tools, corn-mills, and certain stores of coffee, tea, &c., left by English gentlemen, who have gone to Sebituane’s country. The whole body of the Boers then went to Sechele’s town, and attended church there, Mebalwe, a native teacher, conducting the service. After the afternoon service, they told Sechele to send away his women and children, for they had come to fight with him, because, though repeatedly ordered by them to prevent Englishmen from going northwards, he had not only permitted, but encouraged them. He replied, that he was a man of peace, and asked why he should obstruct Englishmen, who had always treated him well. Next morning they commenced firing on the town with swivels. It soon took fire, and the flames having compelled the women and children to flee, and the men to huddle together on a small hill in the town, the Boers killed 60 natives. The men, however, kept their position the whole day on the hill, and killed 35 of the Boers. The Boers, having horses, carried off all the cattle of the Wanketse and Bakwains; they burnt or carried off all the corn of the three tribes. My cattle and those of three native teachers were also carried off.

“Undeterred by these trials and discouragements, and cut off from the

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\* Dr. Livingstone enumerates the Septuagint, Hebrew Bible, Lexicon, Cyclopædias, Atlas, Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Medical Reviews, &c. &c.

hope of rendering further service to the ruined and scattered Bakwains, Dr. Livingstone was, at the date of his latest communication, the 10th November ult., on the eve of starting once more for the north, with a view to ascertain the practicability of introducing the Gospel to the people inhabiting the lake region."

The following from the Missionary report for 1856, gives a graphic picture of the consequences resulting from the continued hostility of the Boers:—

"The Colony of the Cape, under the influence of its present enlightened and benevolent Governor, already exhibits decisive indications of social improvement; and the measures of the Colonial Legislature have generally been distinguished by a spirit of equity and conciliation towards the coloured classes to which aforesaid they have been strangers. In the Eastern District, indeed, sustained by the influence of the Graham's Town Journal, the old calumnies continue to be reiterated against the Missionaries of our Society, and the Native tribes, especially such as are connected with the Missionary Institutions; but it is hoped that the Hottentots and Fingoes, who have embraced the Gospel, will be enabled by well doing to put to silence the ignorance and malignity of their calumniators.

"Beyond the present boundary of British rule, however, the treaty formed in the year 1852 with the Trans Vaal Boers by Major Hogg and Mr. Owen, the Commissioners of our Government, threatens the most dangerous results to the liberty and lives of the aborigines. It will be remembered that while, by this treaty, there was granted to these old adversaries of British interests the free importation from the Colony of fire-arms and ammunition, the same right was strictly denied to the Native tribes; and thus they were left without the means of self-defence against the hostile aggressions of these invaders of their country. The influence on the minds of the natives, thus delivered over to the tender mercies of their enemies, will be seen in the burning words of a Native Chief addressed to Mr. Moffat:—

"Do you not see," said he, "that, without a fault on our part, we have been shot down like game? Do you not see that we are reduced to poverty by the Boers, who are eating our meat, and drinking our milk?" and, raising his voice to a higher key, he asked—"Where are our children? When fathers and mothers lie down at night they ask—'Where are our children?' and when they rise in the morning they ask—'Where are our sons and our daughters?' and because there is none to answer they weep. They have wept this morning, they will weep again to-night. Are the Boers to be permitted to kill us that our children may become their slaves? Did we ever injure them? If we did, let the Boer whom we injured, or whose sheep and goats we stole, come and bear witness. Is it because we have not white skins that we are to be destroyed like *libatana* (beasts of prey). Why do the

English assist the Boers? Why do they give them power over lands that are not theirs to give? Why do the English supply them with ammunition when they know the Boers? You have spoken about what the word of God says; have not the English the word of God? and have not the Boers the Word of God? Are we alone to obey the Word of God because we are black? Are white people not to obey the Word of God because they are white? We are told that the English love all men. They give or sell ammunition, horses, and guns to the Boers, who have red teeth,\* to destroy us; and if we ask to buy powder we can get none; no! no! no! black men must have no ammunition, they must serve the white man. Is this their love? The English are not friends to the black man. If I am accusing the English or the Boers falsely tell me. Are these things not so? You know all these things better than we do!"

"From the sorrowful statement of our experienced and judicious Missionary it will appear that these complaints, though strongly uttered, were not exaggerated, and that it is indeed difficult to overrate the future consequences of this ill-judged and unrighteous measure on the interests and existence of the Natives. On this painful subject Mr. Moffat observes:—

"As to whether the countries through which I have passed are likely soon to become fields for Missionary operation I am anything but sanguine. Of *the willingness of the natives* themselves to receive instruction no doubt need be entertained; but at present the prospect is anything but encouraging. Past events show to a demonstration that between the natives and the Trans Vaal Boers there can be no peace, until the former, as far as they can be reached, shall become the vassals of the latter, whose transactions have hitherto been characterised by a deep-rooted enmity to all missionary operations. Why these things are permitted is a problem beyond the wisdom of man to solve; but of one thing we are assured, that the atrocities which of late years have been carried on in the interior are not unnoticed by him who has said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

"The Mission Churches *within the Colony*, composed chiefly of Hottentots, formerly the slaves of the Colonists, are acquiring consolidation and strength. Since the enjoyment of their freedom they have improved in industry, and have reaped those advantages which it never fails to secure; in many instances they have purchased land, erected comfortable dwellings, and made great advances in all the comforts of civilized life."

The following from Mr. Moffat's report, published in 1851, is in striking contrast with the account he gave of his early experiences at Kuruman, which we quoted in a previous chapter:—

"Our public services, especially on the Sabbath, are well attended; and I

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\* Teeth red with blood implies great cruelty.

am sure, were you to witness the decorum and fixed attention which characterize our congregations, you would say, what I am often induced to say, such hearers surely cannot always remain hearers only. Knowledge, it is also true, is increasing, and probably extending to a degree we are not aware of. Very great advances have been made in civilization; so that, were those persons who saw the state of things as I saw them at the commencement of the mission, to see them now, they would be amazed at the transformation. But we long to witness more life and energy in the native character. We could wish to see our members more in earnest, and concerned for the salvation of those around them. This season has been one of great drought. Nine months without rain, and no native harvest except on irrigated spots. This, with the general want of grass, and consequent want of milk, has, of course, a very depressing influence on the native mind. We are thankful that rains have begun to fall, and if they continue, there is still time for the hills and plains to be covered with verdure. We are all as busy as we well can be. All my time spared from public engagements is taken up with the work of translation. Brother Ashton, also, when not occupied in direct missionary work, and the charge of the school, is constantly employed in the printing and bookbinding department, besides assisting to correct for the press. A new edition of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Isaiah, has just been printed. I am at the present moment engaged in revising the smaller prophets, Genesis, Exodus, and Deuteronomy, and nearly all the Leviticus, in MS. The work has many interruptions. But if we do not accomplish all we wish, we have the satisfaction that we are doing all we can for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom."

## CHAPTER V.

*The Kalahari Desert.—Sekomi and his People.—Discovers Lake Ngami.—Visits Sebituane.—Death of Sebituane.—Discovers the Zambesi.*

ON the first of June, 1849, Livingstone started on his long contemplated journey, to settle the existence of Lake Ngami and visit the numerous tribes occupying the intervening country. He was accompanied by Messrs. Murray and Oswell, two enterprising Englishmen, who, in addition to the mere love of sport and adventure, were anxious to be of service in extending our knowledge of the geography of Central Africa. Just before starting, a number of people from the lake district came to Kolobeng, with an invitation from their chief, Lechulatebe, to Livingstone to visit him. These gave so glowing an account of the wealth of the district near the lake in ivory and skins, that the Bakwain guides were as eager to proceed as the strangers were.

The Kalahari desert, which lay between the travellers and the goal of their hopes, covers a space of country extending from the Orange River in the south about 29°, to Lake Ngami in the north, and from about 24° east longitude to near the west coast. It is not strictly speaking a desert, as it is covered with coarse grass and several kinds of creeping plants, with here and there clumps of wood and patches of bushes. It is intersected by dry water-courses, which rarely contain any water, although at no distant period they were the channels by which the superabundant waters caused by the rains farther north found their way to some parent stream, fertilizing the country in their passage. But for the number of bulbous plants which are edible, human life could not be sustained in this now arid region, unless during the most favourable seasons. The more prominent of these are a scarlet-coloured cucumber; the *leroshua*, a small plant with long narrow leaves and a stalk no thicker than the stem of a tobacco pipe, springing from a tuber from four to six inches in diameter, which, "when the rind is removed, we found to be a mass of cellular tissue, filled with a fluid much like that of a young turnip." The *mokuri*, another plant of the same kind, is a creeping plant, to which are attached several tubers as large as a man's head. The water melon is the most important and abundant of these edible plants, vast tracts being literally covered with it in seasons when the rainfall has been larger than ordinary, when it serves both as meat and drink to the passing travellers and their oxen, and affords a plentiful support to the numerous families and little colonies of Bushmen, who have taken refuge in the desert.

Animals of various kinds abound in seasons of plenty, and are at all times to be met with in considerable numbers. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the eland, the gnu and many other varieties of antelopes, associate together in herds, and are preyed upon by lions, hyænas, jackals, and leopards. Smaller varieties of felines, snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous, are plentiful, and feed on the various rodents which are numerous in all dry districts in Central Africa. Ants and several varieties of ant-eaters abound. A large caterpillar, which feeds during the night on the leaves of a kind of acacia-tree called *mivato*, and buries itself in the sand during the day, is dug for by the natives, and roasted and eaten. But for the want of water the passage of this vast tract of country would be comparatively easy, but as days frequently passed without so much as a single drop being found, the privations of Livingstone and his companions, and the oxen which drew their waggons, were severe in the extreme. No white man had ever succeeded in crossing it before, but the resolute men who now attempted it were not to be daunted by difficulty.

Tribes of Bushmen, whom Livingstone imagines to be the aborigines of South Africa, inhabit the desert, and a tribe of Bechuanas, called Bakalahari, who had been driven into the desert by the more powerful tribes of their own nation, he also found settled there enjoying that liberty which was denied them in more salubrious regions. The Bushmen are nomadic in their habits, never cultivating the soil but following the herds of game from place to place. Their only domestic animal is a breed of native dogs which assist them in hunting, and which have sadly deteriorated in consequence of the privations to which they along with their masters are exposed.

The Bakalahari cultivate the scanty and inhospitable soil, and grow melons and other tuberous plants, and breed goats and other domestic animals. They settle at a distance from water, which diminishes the chance of visits from unfriendly Bechuanas. The water is carried by their women from a distant well or spring, and is stored up in the shells of the eggs of the ostrich and buried in the earth. The Bakalahari and the Bushmen hunt the various wild animals for their skins, which they exchange with the tribes to the eastward for tobacco and other luxuries, spears, knives, dogs, etc; receiving in most cases a very inadequate price for them. Some idea of the extent of the business done, and the abundance of animals in the desert, may be formed from the fact that twenty thousand skins were purchased by the Bechuanas during Livingstone's stay in their country, and these were principally those of the felinæ, (lions, leopards, tiger-cats, &c.) The Bakalahari are mild and gentle in their habits, and are frequently tyrannized over by the powerful tribes of the Bechuanas with whom they deal. The Bushmen, although inferior to them in every way, are treated with more respect, their ready use of the bow and the poisoned arrow securing them from pillage and annoyance.

Water, being the scarcest and most valuable commodity in the country, is carefully hidden, to preserve it from any wandering band who might take it by force. Livingstone's method of conciliating them, and gaining their good opinion, was by sitting down quietly and talking to them in a friendly way until the precious fluid, which no amount of domineering or threatening could have brought forth, was produced.

The progress of the party was necessarily slow, as they could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the waggons in many places sank deep in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass and twigs crumbled to dust in the hand. Hours and days of toilsome journeyings were sometimes rewarded by the arrival at a spring, where the abundant water fertilized a small tract around, on which the grass flourished rank and green, affording a welcome meal to the horses and oxen after they had slaked their burning thirst at the spring; although, often for many hours the eyes of the party were not gladdened by the sight of such an oasis. At times their courage almost died within them, and men and cattle staggered on mechanically, silent, and all but broken in spirit. After being refreshed the three travellers would enjoy a few hours' hunting at the game which was always abundant at such places, and set out again on their journey with renewed vigour and high hopes as to the accomplishment of their purpose; in striking contrast to the despair and dread which had been their experience only a few hours previous.

Sekomi, a powerful chief, who had no wish to see the white men pass his territory, and open out a market direct in ivory and skins with the tribes of the interior, tried hard to dissuade the travellers from proceeding further on their journey; but the fearless men he had to deal with were not to be turned aside from their purpose by any merely human obstacle.

Sekomi was visited after this period by Mr. Gordon Cumming, who carried a message and a present to him from Dr. Livingstone. The appearance of the great chief did not impress Mr. Cumming favourably, he says:—"He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was of middle stature; his distinguishing feature was a wall-eye, which imparts to his countenance a roguish look that does not belie the cunning and deceitful character of the man. As he came up to the waggons, I met and shook hands with him, and wanted him to partake of coffee with me. I could see that he was enchanted at my arrival. He talked at a very rapid pace, and assumed an abrupt and rather dictatorial manner, occasionally turning round and cracking jokes with his councillors and nobility. He was very anxious to ascertain from Isaac the contents of the waggons, and he said that he would buy everything I had brought, and that he would give me a large bull elephant's tusk for each of my muskets."

Mr. Cumming proved the chief's match at a bargain-making, and succeeded in getting his own price for muskets, viz., three tusks for a single musket,

with some powder and a bullet mould thrown in. The value of the single tusk was £30, and the value of a musket £16. The ivory was originally bought by Sekomi on far better terms than these. They were procured from the Bushmen for a few beads, and small articles of daily use among them, and they were carried for many miles by a colony of poor Bakalahari who were subject to him, and who did all his carrying almost without fee or reward.

Previous to this, muskets were almost unknown among them, and the delight of the chief and his head men at becoming possessed of some, was similar to that of a boy when he gets his first pop-gun. "He insisted on discharging each of the muskets as he bought it. It was amusing to see the manner in which he performed this operation. Throwing back his kaross, and applying the stock to his naked shoulder, he shut his good eye, and kept the wall-eye open, to the intense amusement of the Hottentots who were his instructors on the occasion. Each report caused the utmost excitement and merriment among the warriors, who pressed forward and requested that they also might be permitted to try their skill with these novel implements of war."

Sekomi was visited by Mr. James Chapman, author of "Travels in the interior of South Africa," several years after the period of Mr. Cumming's visit. He did not appear to have profited much by the visits of civilized travellers. Mr. Chapman entertained him to breakfast. He says:—

"He seemed not at all at home in the use of knife and fork. Plunging the fork into his meat, he held it up in the air, and cut slices from it, which went flying in all directions, falling on the heads of his admiring followers. I advised him to put the meat on his plate and cut it there; but he soon upset the plate, which lay in his lap, and, nearly plunging the fork into his thigh, spilt the gravy over his naked legs, to be licked off by his nearest follower." The chief had with him a sorcerer, or medicine-man, who is thus described:—

"His neck was ornamented with armlets of lions', lizards', and other reptiles' claws, with snakes' heads and roots, supposed to possess infallible remedies against injuries which the evil-disposed may contemplate against the chief or his tribe. Four small pieces of ivory, figured over with black spots, are used as dice; and at any time when they feel disposed to look into the past or future these dice are consulted, the natives believing implicitly in the pretended prophecies, instead of obeying the dictates of reason and prudence when assailed by danger."

Mr. Chapman relates an instance of magnanimous conduct on the part of Sekomi in sparing the life of a Boer, after the attack on Sechele's town had exasperated the natives to such a degree that every Boer caught on their territory was remorselessly slain. Vilogen, a Boer, who had been in the habit of visiting and trading with Sekomi, arrived with Mr. Chapman at the headquarters of the chief immediately after he had heard of the attack upon Sechele

and his tribe. In sparing his life and dismissing him, Sekomi addressed him to the following effect:—

“ You have ever been kind to me and my people ; your life is spared ; although, if I mistake not, had you been at home you would have joined your countrymen in this unjust war, and after you get home, you will, in all probability, come back and kill me, that is nothing. Go, and carry my defiance to your countrymen. I know I have but one year to live, and will prepare myself to die—but to die the death of a warrior. Go, tell those who left you to be killed, that he who should have done the deed has been your preserver. Sleep well this night, and as the day dawns I shall supply you with a faithful guide. Make for the Limpopo ; from thence cross the Mariqua, and proceed cautiously along the southern banks homewards. Sechele’s men are waiting outside to see you killed, and expect to take back the tidings. They have come here to urge me to do it, but I will not stain my hands with the blood of a friend.”

Mr. Chapman also succeeded in inducing Sekomi to spare the lives of a party of Boers, who were returning from hunting in the interior. When told that the English people considered it cowardly to kill defenceless enemies, the chief replied:—“ Fear not, I have heard your mouth, and, although I have been advised by many to kill them, as they are the worst of the Boers belonging to Enslin’s party, who have done great injuries to the black tribes, and deserve death by our law, and although our kindred have been murdered by our friends at home, still I will take your advice, and not be the first aggressor. I shall, nevertheless, let the Boers know of my displeasure, and, being determined to have no friendly intercourse with them, I shall warn them to keep beyond the limits of my boundary on pain of death.”

The travellers came upon several great tracts of salt-pans which lay glittering in the sun, showing so like lakes, that on sighting the first one Mr. Oswell threw his hat up into the air at the sight “ and shouted a huzza which made the Bakwains think him mad. I was a little behind,” says Livingstone, “ and was as completely deceived by it as he, but as we had agreed to allow each other to behold the lake at the same instant, I felt a little chagrined that he had, unintentionally, got the first glance. We had no idea that the long looked-for lake was still more than three hundred miles distant.” These mirages were so perfect that even the Hottentots, the horses, and the dogs, ran towards them to slake their burning thirst.

After reaching the river Zouga their further progress was easy, as they had only to follow its course to find the object of their search, from which it appeared to flow. Sebituane had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, an injunction which did not appear to be needed to ensure them kindly treatment at the hands of the Bayeiye as they were called. On inquiring from whence a large river which

flows into the Zouga from the north came from, Livingstone was told that it came "from a country full of rivers—so many that no one can tell their number." This was the first confirmation of the reports he had previously received from travelled Bakwains, and satisfied him that Central Africa was not a "large sandy plateau," but a land teeming with life and traversed by watery highways, along which Christianity and commerce and the arts of peace would in the future be conveyed to vast regions never as yet visited by civilized man. From that moment the desire to penetrate into that unknown region became more firmly rooted in his mind; and his enthusiastic hopes found vent in his letters to England, to his friends and correspondents.

On the 1st of August, 1849, Livingstone and his companions stood on the shore of Lake Ngami, and the existence of that fine sheet of water was established. It is almost a hundred miles in circumference, and at one time must have been of far greater extent, and it was found to be about two thousand feet above the level of the sea from which it is eight hundred miles distant. They found flocks of water-birds in and about the lake and the country in the neighbourhood of it, and the river running into it abounded in animal life. This was the first successful exploration of Livingstone, which drew the attention of the general public towards him, and for a period of twenty-five years, he was destined to engage the public attention to an extent unprecedented in the annals of modern travel and adventure. Finding it impossible, from the unfriendliness of Lechulatebe, chief of the Batawana tribe, to visit Sebituane, as he had intended, the travellers passed up the course of the Zouga, the banks of which they found to be plentifully covered with vegetation and splendid trees, some of them bearing edible fruits. Wild indigo and two kinds of cotton they found to be abundant. The natives make cloth of the latter, which they dye with the indigo. Elephants, hippopotami, zebras, giraffes, and several varieties of antelopes were found in great abundance. A species of the latter, which is never found at any distance from watery or marshy ground, hitherto unknown to naturalists, was met with in considerable numbers. Several varieties of fish abound in the river, which are caught by the natives in nets, or killed with spears. Some of these attain to a great size, weighing as much as a hundred-weight.

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary, London Missionary Society:—

" Banks of the River Zouga, 3rd September, 1849.

" DEAR SIR,—I left my station, Kolobeng (situate 25° South lat., 26° East long.) on the 1st of June last, in order to carry into effect the intention of which I had previously informed you—viz., to open a new field in the North, by penetrating the great obstacle to our progress, called the Desert, which, stretching away on our west, north-west, and north, has hitherto presented an insurmountable barrier to Europeans.



THE ARRIVAL AT LAKE NGAMI



“A large party of Griquas, in about thirty waggons, made many and persevering efforts at two different points last year; but though inured to the climate, and stimulated by the prospect of much gain from the ivory they expected to procure, want of water compelled them to retreat.

“Two gentlemen, to whom I had communicated my intention of proceeding to the oft-reported lake beyond the Desert, came from England for the express purpose of being present at the discovery, and to their liberal and zealous co-operation we are especially indebted for the success with which that and other objects have been accomplished. While waiting for their arrival seven men came to me from the Batavana, a tribe living on the banks of the lake, with an earnest request from their chief for a visit. But the path by which they had come to Kolobeng was impracticable for waggons; so, declining their guidance, I selected the more circuitous route by which the Bermanguato usually pass, and having Bakwains for guides, their self-interest in our success was secured by my promising to carry any ivory they might procure for their chiefs in my waggon; and right faithfully they performed their task.

“When Sekomi, the Bermanguato chief, became aware of our intention to pass into the regions beyond him, with true native inhumanity he sent men before us to drive away all the Bushmen and Bakalahari from our route, in order that, being deprived of their assistance in the search for water, we might, like the Griquas above mentioned, be compelled to return. This measure deprived me of the opportunity of holding the intercourse with these poor outcasts I might otherwise have enjoyed. But through the good providence of God, after travelling about three hundred miles from Kolobeng, we struck on a magnificent river on the 4th of July, and without further difficulty, in so far as water was concerned, by winding along its banks nearly three hundred miles more, we reached the Batavana, on the Lake Ngami, by the beginning of August.

“Previous to leaving this beautiful river on my return home, and commencing our route across the Desert, I feel anxious to furnish you with the impressions produced on my mind by it and its inhabitants, the Bakoba or Bayeiye. They are a totally distinct race from the Bechuanas. They call themselves Bayeiye (or men), while the term Bakoba (the name has somewhat of the meaning of ‘slaves’) is applied to them by the Bechuanas. Their complexion is darker than that of the Bechuanas, and of 300 words I collected of their language, only 21 bear any resemblance to Sichuana. They paddle along the rivers and lake in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of single trees; take fish in nets made of a weed which abounds on the banks; and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to ropes. We greatly admired the frank manly bearing of these inland sailors. Many of them spoke Sichuana fluently, and while the waggon went along the bank I greatly enjoyed follow-

ing the windings of the river in one of their primitive craft, and visiting their little villages among the reeds. The banks are beautiful beyond any we had ever seen, except perhaps some parts of the Clyde. They are covered in general with gigantic trees, some of them bearing fruit, and quite new. Two of the Baobab variety measured 70 to 76 feet in circumference. The higher we ascended the river the broader it became, until we often saw more than 100 yards of clear deep water between the broad belt of reeds which grow in the shallower parts. The water was clear as crystal, and as we approached the point of junction with other large rivers *reported to exist* in the North, it was quite soft and cold. The fact that the Zouga is connected with large rivers coming from the North awakens emotions in my mind which make the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight. It opens the prospect of a highway capable of being quickly traversed by boats to a large section of well-peopled territory. The hopes which that prospect inspires for the benighted inhabitants might, if uttered, call forth the charge of enthusiasm—a charge, by the way, I wish I deserved, for nothing good or great, either in law, religion, or physical science, has ever been accomplished without it: however, I do not mean the romantic, flighty variety, but that which impels with untiring energy to the accomplishment of its object. I do not wish to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality, but I hope to be permitted to work, so long as I live, beyond other men's line of things, and plant the seed of the gospel where others have not planted; though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months. Kolobeng will be supplied by native teachers during these times of absence; and when we have given the Bakwains a fair trial it will probably be advisable for all to move onward.

“One remarkable feature in this river is its periodical rise and fall. It has risen nearly 3 feet in height since our arrival, and this is the dry season. That the rise is not caused by rains is evident from the water being so pure. Its purity and softness increased as we ascended towards its junction with the Tamunakle, from which, although connected with the lake, it derives the present increased supply. The sharpness of the air caused an amazing keenness of appetite, at an elevation of little more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea (water boiled at  $207\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  thermometer) and the reports of the Bayeiye, that the waters came from a mountainous region, suggested the conclusion that the increase of water at the beginning and middle of the dry season must be derived from melting snow.

“All the rivers reported to the north of this have Bayeiye upon them, and there are other tribes upon their banks. To one of these, after visiting the Batavana, and taking a peep at the broad part of the lake, we directed our course. But the Batavana Chief managed to obstruct us by keeping all strangers passing *them to tribes beyond*. Sebituane, the chief, who in former

years saved the life of Sechele, *our* chief, lives about ten days north-east of the Batavana. The latter sent a present as a token of gratitude. This would have been a good introduction; the knowledge of the language, however, is the *best* we can have. I endeavoured to construct a raft at a part which was only 50 or 60 yards wide, but the wood, though sun-dried, was so heavy it sunk immediately; another kind would not bear my weight, although a considerable portion of my person was under water. I could easily have swam across, and fain would have done it; but landing without clothes, and then demanding of the Bakoba the loan of a boat, would scarcely be the thing for a messenger of peace, even though no alligator met me in the passage. These and other thoughts were revolving in my mind as I stood in the water—for most sorely do I dislike to be beaten—when my kind and generous friend, Mr. Oswell, with whom *alone* the visit to Sebituane was to be made, offered to bring up a boat at his own expense from the Cape, which, after visiting the chief and coming round the north end of the lake, would become missionary property. To him and our other companion, Mr. Murray, I feel greatly indebted; *for the chief expense of the journey has been borne by them.* They could not have reached this point without my assistance; but for the aid they have rendered in opening up this field, I feel greatly indebted; and should any public notice be taken of this journey, I shall feel obliged to the directors if they express my thankfulness.

“The Bayeiye or Bakoba listened to the statements made from the Divine Word with great attention, and, if I am not mistaken, seemed to understand the message of mercy delivered better than any people to whom I have preached for the *first* time. They have invariably a great many charms in the villages; stated the name of God in their language (without the least hesitation) to be ‘Oreaja,’ mentioned the name of the first man and woman, and some traditionary statements respecting the flood. I shall not, however, take these for certain till I have more knowledge of their language, They are found dwelling among the reeds all round the lake and on the banks of all the rivers to the north.

“With the periodical flow of the rivers, great shoals of fish descend. The people could give no reason for the rise of the water, further than that a chief, who lives in a part of the country to the north, called Mazzekiva, kills a man annually, and throws his body into the stream, after which the water begins to flow. When will they know Him who was slain, that whosoever will may drink of the water of life freely?

“The sketch, which I enclose, is intended to convey an idea of the River Zouga and the Lake Ngami. The name of the latter is pronounced as if written with the Spanish N, the *g* being inserted to show that the ringing sound is required. The meaning is ‘Great water.’ The latitude taken by a sextant, on which I can fully depend, was 20° 20′ S., at the north-east extremity,

where it is joined by the Zouga ; longitude about 24° E. *We do not, however, know it with certainty.* We left our waggon near the Batavana town, and rode on horseback about six miles beyond to the broad part. It gradually widens out into a Frith, about 15 miles across, as you go south from the town, and in the south south-west presents a large horizon of water. *It is reported* to be about 70 miles in length, bends round to the north-west, and there receives another river similar to the Zouga. The Zouga runs to the north-east. The thorns were so thickly planted near the upper part of this river that we left all our waggons standing about 180 miles from the lake, except that of Mr. Oswell, in which we travelled the remaining distance. But for this precaution our oxen would have been unable to return. I am now standing at a tribe of Bakurutse, and shall in a day or two re-enter the desert.

“The principal disease reported to prevail at certain seasons appears from the account of the symptoms the natives give to be pneumonia, and not fever. When the wind rises to an ordinary breeze, such immense clouds of dust arise from the numerous dried-out lakes, called salt pans, that the whole atmosphere becomes quite yellow, and one cannot distinguish objects more than two miles off. It causes irritation in the eyes, and as wind prevails almost constantly at certain seasons, this impalpable powder may act as it does among the grinders in Sheffield. We observed cough among them, a complaint almost unknown at Kolobeng. Mosquitoes swarm in summer, and banyan and palmyra trees give in some parts an Indian cast to the scenery. Who will go in to possess this goodly land in the name of Him whose right it is to reign ?

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.”

The second journey to Lake Ngami was undertaken in April, 1850, with the view of pushing up the Tamunakle, a tributary of the Zouga, to visit Sebituane. Sechele, Mrs. Livingstone, and her three children accompanied the intrepid traveller on this journey. Just as he had arranged with Lechulatebe to furnish the necessary guides, and to undertake the protection of Mrs. Livingstone and the children during his absence, the latter were seized with fever. As several of their attendants were seized at the same time, the attempt was given up as hopeless at this time, and the party, after recruiting in the pure air of the desert, returned to Kolobeng.

Writing of this journey from Kolobeng, August 24, 1850, Livingstone says:—

“Mrs. Livingstone and Mebalwe, the native teacher, had joined in my desire to visit Sebituane ; and Sechele, our chief, having purchased a waggon, the first service he wished it to perform was to place him in presence of the man who, in former years, when assaulting the Bakwain town, ordered his followers to be sure and spare the lives of the sons of Mochoasele (Sechele’s father). The attack having been made in the dark, Sechele was badly wounded, and lay insensible till the morning. When recognised, Sebituane

gave orders to his doctors to attend to the wounds, and subsequently restored him to liberty. Had we succeeded in reaching Sebituane, the interview between the two chiefs might have been interesting. Our chief sent a present to his former benefactor last year, but his messengers were prevented going in the same way that we were. They have been more successful this year; so, though we have not been able to go as far as we intended, we are thankful to hear that the way has been opened by them.

“Having no apprehension that Sekomi would throw obstacles in our way, we visited his tribe both in going and returning. As he is an old friend, I apologised for passing to the westward of him in our last trip, on the ground that, as I knew he was very much opposed to our finding a passage to the lake (he having twice refused our request to pass), I had determined to go in spite of him, and yet without contention. He replied, ‘U’ntsitle, mi kia boka’ (You beat me, and I thank you, or acknowledge it). His entire conduct was the opposite of what it was last year. We had more intercourse with the Bakalahari, especially with the inhabitants of a large village about 40 miles N. of the Bamangwato; and as we passed through their country in April, before the pools, which are usually filled by the rains, are dried up, we suffered no inconvenience from want of water. After visiting the Bakarutse, who live at the lower end of the Zouga, we crossed that river, and ascended on its northern bank. Our intention in passing along the northern bank of the Zouga was to follow the course of the Tamunakle until we reached Sebituane, but, when near the junction of the two rivers, we were informed by a Bakhoba chief named Palane, that the fly called ‘tsetse’ abounded on the Tamunakle. As its bite is fatal to oxen, horses, and dogs, though harmless to men and goats, and we had no more oxen than were sufficient to draw our waggons, I proposed proceeding alone; but Mrs. L. preferring to wait during my absence among the Batavana, we recrossed the Zouga, and went down towards the lake. Sechulathebe, the chief, furnished guides, and informed us that the distance would be performed partly by land and partly by water, as the Tamunakle had a very zigzag course; that the riding ox would certainly die soon after I returned, in consequence of being bitten by the fly, and promised to furnish my family with meat during my absence, but objected to Sechele going along with me, because his messenger had not yet returned to tell how Sebituane’s mind stood affected towards him. Everything seemed favourable, and, before starting, I took my wife down to take a peep at the lake. We felt rather more curiosity than did an Englishman who came to buy ivory from the Batavana, for, although within six miles of it, he informed us that he had never visited it. On the day following our driver and leader were laid up by fever, and subsequently to that two of our children, and several of the people besides; a young English artist, Mr. Rider, who had taken some views of the lake scenery, and a Hottentot belonging to another

party, died of it. As the malaria seemed to exist in a more concentrated form near the Ngami than in any other part, we were compelled to leave, after spending two Sundays with the Batavana; and as the time at my command would have been spent before I could safely leave my people, the fever and the fly (the tsetse) forced me to return to Kolobeng. I was mistaken last year in supposing the epidemic, of which we heard, to be pneumonia; there is undoubtedly a greater amount of cough on the river than at Kolobeng, but the disease which came under my observation this year was real marsh-fever. The paludal miasma is evolved every year as the water begins to flow and moisten the banks of vegetable matter. When the river and lake are full the fever ceases, but it begins again when evaporation has proceeded so far as to expose the banks to the action of the sun. Our visit was made last year when the river was nearly at its height; but the lake had now retired about 20 feet from the spot on which we stood last year; this might be about 3 feet in perpendicular height. In the natives, the effects of the poison imbibed into the system appear most frequently in the form of a bilious fever, and they generally recover after a copious evacuation of bile. In some it appears as continued fever. In a child there was the remittent form, while in two cases it was simply intermittent. In one case the vascular system of the abdomen was greatly affected, and the patient became jaundiced and died; in another there were only muscular pains and rapid decline of strength; while in several others there was only pain in the head, which a dose of quinine removed. Mr. Wilson, an enterprising trader, who had it in its most severe form, had several violent fits of intermittent fever when recovering from the other, while at a distance of 400 miles from the lake. This disease seems destined to preserve intertropical Africa for the black races of mankind. If the Boers, who have lately fallen upon the plan of waylaying travellers between Kuruman and this, should attempt to settle on either lake or river, they would soon find their graves. As the Ngami is undoubtedly a hollow compared to Kolobeng, and the Teoge, a river which falls into the lake at its N.W. extremity, is reported to flow with great rapidity, the region beyond must be elevated. A salubrious spot must be found before we can venture to form a settlement: but that alone will not suffice, for Kolobeng is 270 miles by the trochameter from Kuruman, and the lake by the same instrument is 600 miles beyond this station. *We must have a passage to the sea on either the eastern or western coast.* I have hitherto been afraid to broach the project, but as you are aware, the Bechuana mission was virtually shut up in a cul-de-sac on the North by the Desert, and on the East by the Boers. The Rev. Mr. Fridoux, of Motito, lately endeavoured to visit the Ramapela, and was forcibly turned back by an armed party. You at home are accustomed to look upon a project as half finished when you have secured the co-operation of the ladies. Well, then, my better half has promised me

twelve months' leave of absence for mine. Without promising anything, I mean to follow a useful motto in many circumstances and 'try again.'

"The following information, gleaned from intelligent natives, may be interesting and probably is not far from the truth, as they could have no object in deceiving me. The Ngami is merely a reservoir for the surplus waters of a much larger lake or marsh, containing numerous islands, about 150 or 200 miles beyond. Sebituane, who was defeated by the Griquas near Motito or Latakoo, in 1824, lives on one of these islands. The river, which falls into the Ngami at its N.W. extremity, is called the Teoge; it runs with so much rapidity that canoes ascend with great difficulty, and when descending no paddling is required, as the force of the current suffices to bring the boats down. Large trees are frequently brought down, and even springboks and other antelopes have been seen whirling round and round in the middle of the stream, as it hurried on their carcasses to the lake. But this flow only occurs at one period of the year, and whence the increase of water in the upper lake is derived no one can tell. Other rivers are reported as existing beyond Sebituane's district, and a large population is said to live on their banks. The names of these tribes are: Bagomae, Barovaia, Barosia, Batongka, Banambia, Bauami, Bazatoa, Bachorongka, and Babiko. The people of the last-named tribe are famed for their skill in manufactures, are lighter in colour than the Bakhoba, and have longer hair and beards. All the iron used among the people near the lake comes from the North. Though the Bakhoba are much more inquisitive than the Bechuanas, I never met with one who had even heard of the existence of the sea. They had heard of a people whom we conjectured to be Portuguese, and we saw an old coat which we believed to be of Portuguese manufacture. Although we have seen the Zouga flowing and even rising considerably, the natives assert that soon after the small reservoir near the Bakurutse villages, called Kumatao, is filled by the Zouga, the latter ceases to flow, the rains do not affect it in the least, and in many parts its bed becomes quite dry. This is also the case, according to report, with the Tamunakle and Teoge. During a certain portion of the year the beds of these rivers exhibit only a succession of pools with dry patches between them. The fishes, which we saw so abundant in July and August last year, had not descended from the North in June. The Bakhoba seemed quite sure they would appear in the month following, and they enumerated nine varieties of them in the lake and rivers, two of which are said to attain occasionally the length of a man. Of the five varieties which came under our observation four were very good eating; the fifth, the *Glanis siluris*, had attained a length of about 3 feet. Crocodiles, or alligators, and hippopotami are also found, but the latter are now scarce in consequence of the Bakhoba frequently hunting them; they kill them by means of a large harpoon, to which a strong rope is attached, in somewhat the same manner as whalers do. They use nets made of the hibiscus, baskets,

and assegais (spears) for killing fish; their canoes are flat-bottomed, and scooped out of single trees. The banks of the river are in many parts lined with trees of gigantic growth. I observed twelve quite new to us at Kolobeng. The banyan and palmyra were recognised as Indian trees by our friend Mr. Oswell; the baobab, the body of which gives one the idea of a mass of granite from its enormous size, yields a fruit about the size of a quart-bottle; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and it is used by the natives to give a flavour to their porridge. Three others bear edible fruits, one of which, called 'moporotla,' yields a fruit, an unripe specimen of which measures  $20\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in circumference; the seeds are roasted and eaten, and the body of the tree is used for making canoes. Another, called 'motsouri,' is a beautiful tree, and very much resembles the orange, but we did not see the fruit. The natives pound the root of a kind of flag, and obtain flour not greatly inferior to that from wheat in taste and appearance; this flag is called 'tsitla,' and grows abundantly on both lake and river. The root of a water-lily is likewise used as a vegetable, but it is not so agreeable as the tsitla. The people sow when the river has risen high enough to moisten the soil of the flats in which their gardens are situated; they do not require to wait for rain, as the other tribes must do, for they have good crops, though but little rain falls. Rain-makers are consequently at a discount among the Bakhoba. Besides the usual native produce they cultivate an excellent ground-nut.

"The banks of the Zouga are studded with pitfalls, which the Bakhoba dig for the purpose of killing game. Some of these are very neatly smeared over with mud, and if a sharp look out is not kept, one finds himself at the bottom with the sand running down on him, as the first intimation of the presence of the trap; they are from 8 to 10 feet in depth, and the wild animals are so much afraid of them that they drink during the night, and immediately depart to the desert. Elephants abound in large numbers, but previous to our first visit the ivory was of no value; the tusks were left in the field with the other bones. I saw 13 which had been thus left, and which were completely spoiled by the weather. In our first visit the Batavana would have preferred to sell a tusk for a few beads to parting with a goat for twice the amount; they soon, however, acquired a knowledge of the value of ivory. In one village the headman informed me that two of his wives had been killed by elephants entering the village during the night and turning over the huts, apparently by way of amusement. Besides elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, &c., we observed a new species of antelope, called 'leche;' it is rather larger than the pallah, the horns in shape are like those of the waterbuck, the colour of the skin is a beautiful brownish yellow, and its habits are those of the waterbuck. Mr. Oswell has this year secured a new variety of the koodoo.

“The country beyond the Bamangwato, so far as we have penetrated, is quite flat, only intersected here and there by the dry beds of ancient rivers. The desert does not deserve its name, excepting from its want of water, for it is usually covered with abundance of grass, bushes, and trees; nor is it destitute of inhabitants, as both men and animals exist in considerable numbers. Man, however, has a hard struggle to keep soul and body together. The Bakalahari children are usually distinguished by their large protruding abdomen, and ill-formed legs and arms; their listless eye shows that youth has few joys for them. Although much oppressed by the Bechuanas, who visit them annually in order to collect skins, they are often at variance among themselves. They obtain water in certain hollow parts called “sucking-places,” where there is a stratum of wet sand about 3 feet below the surface, by means of a reed. A bunch of grass is tied round one end of it, to act as a sort of filter; this is inserted in the wet sand and that which was taken out in making the hole is firmly rammed down around it. The mouth applied to the free extremity draws up enough of water to fill a load of ostrich egg-shells. By making wells in these spots we several times obtained water sufficient for our oxen. The natives were always anxious that we should not in digging break through a hard layer at the bottom of the wells, asserting that if we did the water would be lost. The Bushmen of the desert are perhaps the most degraded specimens of the human family: those near the river Zouga look much better; the river supplies them with fish and “tsitla,” and they seem expert in the use of the bow and arrow, for they have killed nearly all the lions. The Botletli are real Bushmen in appearance and language, and about twelve years ago were in possession of large herds of cattle. We saw specimens of the horns of these cattle, which measured from 6 to 8 feet from point to point. The Bushmen are very numerous on all sides of both lake and river, and the language has as much klick as it has further South.

“Of the animals which live in the desert, the eland is, perhaps, the most interesting. It is the largest of the antelope kind, attains the size of a very large ox, and seems wonderfully well adapted for living in that country: for though they do drink a little if they pass near water, they can live for months without a drop: they become very fat, the meat is excellent, and, as they are easily run down by a good horse, it is surprising to me that they have not been introduced into England. The soil is generally sandy; vegetation is not much more luxuriant, except in the immediate vicinity of the river than in this portion of Africa generally. All the rocks we saw consisted of calcareous tufa, travertin, and sandstone. On the banks of the lake there is a rock of igneous origin. The tufa contains no shells, but the salt-pans near the lower end of the Zouga are covered with four varieties of recent shells. It is probable these flats, called salt-pans because sometimes covered with an efflorescence of salt, were reservoirs, such as the Kumatoa is now, at a period when the flow of the

Zouga was greater than it is at present. The country generally is unquestionably drying up. Streams and fountains which, in the memory of persons now living, supplied villages with water, are now only dry water-courses; and as ancient river-beds are now traversed by more modern streams, giving sections which show banks of shells, gravel, and rolled boulders, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to conjecture that an alteration in the elevation of the entire country is taking place. At present, wherever the bed of the Zouga may lead (perhaps towards the Limpopo?), water seldom flows far past the Bakarutse villages."

On the occasion of the third and successful journey, undertaken with the view of meeting Sebituane, his wife and children accompanied him as before. Shobo, a Bushman, undertook to be their guide; but losing his way, his courage failed him, and he refused to proceed, finally disappearing altogether. Driving on at random, the travellers suffered terrible privations. At last knowing that water was near by the number of birds they saw, and the fresh spoor of the rhinoceros, and other animals, they unyoked the oxen, and they knowing the signs, pushed forward until they came to the Matàbe, a tributary of the Tamunakle. Their sufferings were so great for several days that it almost seemed as if his children were doomed to perish before his eyes. This was all the more hard to bear as a supply of water had been wasted by one of the servants. His wife looked at him, despair at the prospect of losing her children in her eyes, but spoke no word of blame. Here the travellers made the acquaintance of that terrible insect, the tsetse, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is of a brown colour, with three or four bars of yellow in the abdomen. Its bite is fatal to the horse, the ox, and the dog. Within a few days the eyes and nose of the bitten animal begin to run, and a swelling appears under the jaws, and sometimes on the belly. Emaciation sets in, and at the end of three months, when the poor beast is only a mass of skin and bone, purging commences, and it dies of sheer exhaustion. Man, and the wild animals which abound in the district, the goat, the mule, and the ass, enjoy a perfect immunity from its bite.

On the banks of the Chobe the travellers came across a number of Makololo men, and learning from them that their chief, Sebituane, was absent twenty miles down the river Chobe, Mr. Oswell and Livingstone proceeded in canoes to visit him. He had marched some two hundred miles to welcome the white men into his country. On hearing of the difficulties they had encountered in their endeavours to reach him, he expressed his satisfaction at their having at last succeeded, and added: "Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind; I have oxen, and will give you as many as you need."

In their ignorance they thought little of this; but the death of forty of

their oxen, although not severely bitten, too surely attested his better knowledge.

The great chief Livingstone had so long desired to see was a tall, wiry man, with a deep olive complexion. He belonged originally to the south of Kuruman, where his warlike and undaunted bearing (for he was not born a chief) procured him a small following of bold men, who retreated before the cruel raid of the Griquas in 1824.

The Bakwains and others of the Bechuanas made war upon him, and drove him to desperate shifts; but his courage and genius stood him in good stead through innumerable difficulties, and forcing his way through the desert of Kalahari, he maintained for a long period a desperate struggle with the Matabele, who were then led by a chief called Moselekatse, a warrior almost as renowned as himself, for the possession of the country between the Zouga and Zambesi. After a long and terrible struggle, Moselekatse was finally beaten in his attempt to subject Sebituane to his rule. Sebituane's frank and manly bearing, and his kindness and benevolence to his people, and the strangers who trusted to his hospitality, secured him the affections of his own people, and that of the tribes which he conquered.

After he had subdued all the tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, his strong desire to open up communication with white men led him to the country of the Zambesi, fighting and conquering every tribe in his line of march. Long before he saw Dr. Livingstone he had determined on opening out a highway for trade with the west coast, and considering the character of the man, we can readily imagine the blow which his untimely death would be to him. No wonder he was adored by all who came in contact with him. Livingstone tells us that, "when a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and mixing them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, in a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants included, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart; he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him," says Livingstone.

He was much gratified at the confidence reposed in him by Livingstone's proposing to leave his wife and children with him, in the event of his pushing further into the interior, or returning to Kolobeng for his household

effects, and he promised to convey them to his head-quarters, where they might locate themselves. But this was not to be: these great men but met to part, and that for ever. The intrepid chief whose liberal notions had enabled Livingstone to push thus far into the interior of the country, was stricken with inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days' illness. On the Sunday afternoon on which he died, Livingstone visited him, taking his boy Robert with him. "Come near," he said, "and see if I am any longer a man: I am done." Arrived but recently amongst them, the great missionary must have felt cut to the heart that he dare not deal as he would have wished with him. He feared to attempt to arrest his malady in case he might be blamed for causing his death if he had not succeeded in curing him. He could only speak of the hope after death, and commend him to the care of God. His last act was characteristic of the unselfish kindness of the man. Raising himself from his prone position, he called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Manunku [one of his wives], and tell her to give him some milk."

The death of Sebituane was a severe blow to Livingstone. Had he lived, much that was to do which proved difficult, notwithstanding the friendliness of his successor and his people, might have been earlier and more easily accomplished had that noble and enlightened chief lived to second his efforts and possibly share in his journey. "He was," Livingstone says, "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before, and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly the Judge of all the earth will do right." From sources other than those supplied by Dr. Livingstone, we are enabled to form a very high estimate of the wisdom and humanity of Sebituane. The liberality of his government over the conquered tribes was equalled by his generosity. His policy in war was to spare life as much as possible. If the conquered chief submitted to his rule, he reinstated him in his position, and made him the instrument of carrying out wise laws. At the time of his death the tribes under his rule were living in peaceful and contented dependence. His power was absolute over a wide tract of country, and his rule was so popular that no ambitious rival chief dared, while he lived, attempt to contest his supremacy.

Mr. Chapman thus speaks of Sebituane:—

"He was not only one of the greatest warriors of his nation, but his name is held in respect for his liberal government and generosity to his enemies. He had subjected a great many tribes in these parts, fifteen of which I have heard enumerated. His policy was generally to spare life as much as possible; but the conquered chief he would either kill, or, separating

him from the rest, would place him in a tract of country where he would be always in his power. He would return them their cattle to live on, give them a daughter or relative to wife, and administer his own laws. This liberal plan, unlike that adopted by other tribes, combined with a judicious and uniform treatment, inspired the conquered people with such confidence in, and devotion and reverence for their new chief, that they generally soon preferred his government to the former. In this manner amalgamation took place, and the original tribe of Basutos are now, perhaps, the least of the whole population; and the climate not being congenial to their former habits, they have become the most effeminate of the races under Sekeletu's sway."

The Matabele are very much dreaded by the Bechuanas, and, indeed, by all the neighbouring tribes. They are very blood-thirsty, and when they surprise a village, massacre all the old and middle-aged of both sexes, carrying the young into captivity. No Matabele is looked upon as being a man until he has slain an enemy, and his standing as a warrior is regulated by the number of men he has slain. They sell their captives to the half-caste Portuguese dealers in human flesh, who come up the Zambesi.

Moselekatse, the chief of the Matabele, a warrior nearly as renowned as Sebituane—who had successfully resisted his arms—whose name was a terror to the Bechuanas, and other tribes bordering on his territory, was visited, at his own request, by Mr. Moffat in 1830. Hearing of the white men at Kuruman and their doings, Moselekatse sent two of his head men with some returning traders to invite the great missionary to his town. On his way to visit the chief, Mr. Moffat found a small colony of Bakones, settled among the branches of a huge Baobab tree. He says:—

"My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature, protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others, unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the waggons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which

were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles, about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who having been scattered and plundered by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for firewood.

“As a proof of the necessity of such an expedient as above described, I may add, that during the day, having shot a rhinoceros, we had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night, a large ant-hill was selected for the purpose, and being prepared by excavation and fire, this tit-bit was deposited. During the night, a couple of lions attracted by the roast, drew near, and though it was beyond gun-shot, we could hear them distinctly, as if holding council to wait till the fire went out, to obtain for themselves our anticipated breakfast. As the fire appeared to have gone out altogether, we had given up hope till morning light showed us that the lions had been in earnest, but the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had effectually guarded our steak.”

Mr. Moffat's journey led across many miles of country, which had been devastated by Moselekatse. One of the attendants of a chief man of the latter gave him a graphic account of the overthrow of his tribe by Moselekatse. Pointing to the scantily peopled country around them, he said:—

“There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-coloured cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. ‘I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.’ Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder

heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. The shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle: they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended and killed till their hands were weary of the spear. Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, 'That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle!' 'It is impossible for me,' says Mr. Moffat, 'to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgement. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.'"

Arrived at the town of the great chief, Mr. Moffat was received with much pomp:—

"On riding into the centre of the large fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, we were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, beside two hundred which were concealed in each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. We were beckoned to dismount, which we did, holding our horses' bridles in our hands. The warriors at the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells, and leaping from the earth with kilts around their bodies, hanging like loose tails, and their large shields, frightened our horses. They then joined the circle, falling into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. Here we stood surrounded by warriors, whose kilts were of ape skins, and their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, their shields reaching to their chins, and their heads adorned with feathers.

"Although in the centre of a town all was silent as the midnight hour, while the men were motionless as statues. Eyes only were seen to move, and

there was a rich display of fine white teeth. After some minutes of profound silence, which was only interrupted by the breathing of our horses, the war song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, and they beat time with their feet, producing a sound like hollow thunder, but some parts of it was music befitting the nether regions, especially when they imitated the groanings of the dying on the field of battle, and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. Another simultaneous pause ensued, and still we wondered what was intended, till out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the waggons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. 'The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please.' When the 'moving houses,' as the waggons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the waggon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained, how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. 'My eyes,' he said, 'saw that very hand,' pointing to mine, 'cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them.' A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. 'Does he give medicine to the iron?' was the monarch's inquiry. 'No,' said 'Umbate, 'nothing is used but fire, a hammer, and a chisel.' Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

"Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honour, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighbouring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth

plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem with long white wands marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration, the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. I could not gratify his vanity by saying I did admire that which excited the most thrilling sensations in his martial bosom, and as to there being balls, public balls, in honour of the great and renowned, I did not choose to acknowledge.

“This public entertainment or display of national glory occupied the greater part of the day, when the chief retired swollen with pride, amidst the deafening shouts of adoring applause, not only of the populace, but of his satraps, who followed at a distance to do him homage at his own abode. Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Baaité!* or *Aaité!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant,” etc.

Mr. Moffat gives the following account of this Conqueror of the Desert:—

“When a youth his father was the chief of an independent tribe. His people were attacked by one more powerful, and routed. He took refuge under the sceptre of Chaka, who was then rendering his name terrible by deeds of crime. Moselekatse, from his intrepid character, was placed at the head of a marauding expedition, which made dreadful havoc among the northern tribes; but, instead of giving up the whole of the spoils, he made a reserve for himself. This reaching the ears of Chaka, revenge instantly burned in the tyrant's bosom, who resolved to annihilate so daring an aggressor. Moselekatse was half prepared to take flight, and descend on the thickly-peopled regions of the north, like a sweeping pestilence. He escaped, after a desperate conflict with the warriors of Chaka, who killed nearly all the old men, and many of the women. His destructive career among the Bakone tribes has been noticed; but dire as that was, it must have been only a faint transcript of the terror, desolation, and death, which extended to the utmost limits of Chaka's arms. Though but a follower in the footsteps of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native

cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zulu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal (this was Sebituane); and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. Abject representatives came, while I was with him, from the subjugated tribes of the Bamanguato, to solicit his aid against a more distant tribe, which had taken their cattle. By means like these, it may be said, 'He dipped his sword in blood, and wrote his name on lands and cities desolate.' In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger."

Mr. Moffat frequently visited him and his people after this, and was successful in planting Christianity amongst them.

According to his wish, Sebituane was succeeded in the chieftainship by a daughter, to whom Livingstone and his party applied for leave to settle and travel in the country, which was granted. In company with Mr. Oswell, Livingstone discovered the Zambesi in the end of June, 1851, at a point where it was not known previously to exist. The sight of that noble stream, even in the dry season, flowing majestically eastward, with a breadth of from three to six hundred yards, must have filled Livingstone's mind with the hope of the near approach of the time when commerce and Christianity would flow into the heart of the country along this great natural highway.

As the Makololo between the Chobe and the Zambesi live on the low marshy grounds in the neighbourhood of these rivers and their affluents, as a protection from their numerous enemies, the question of where a mission station could be settled was a serious one. The healthy regions were defenceless and not to be thought of in the then state of the country. So there was no help for it but to move south once more, and after shipping his family for England, return to complete the work which no mere personal considerations would have stopped at this juncture.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Dr. Livingstone's Letters from Central Africa.—Mr. Chapman on the Country and People Round Lake Ngami.—Journey up the Course of the Zambesi or Leeambye.—Preparations for Journey to the West Coast, &c.*

The following letter, dated Banks of the River Zouga, 1st October, 1851, while it repeats to some extent information already given, contains so much interesting matter that we give it entire:—

“ This letter will be forwarded by a party of Griquas who leave this river to-morrow, and proceed direct to Phillippolis. We left our old route at Nahokotsa and proceeded nearly due north, crossed the bed of the Zouga, and certain salt pans remarkable for their extent. One called ‘ Ntivetive ’ was about fifteen miles broad and probably one hundred long. Beyond this we passed through a hard flat country covered with mopane trees, and containing a great number of springs, in limestone rock. A considerable number of Bushmen live in the vicinity, and they seem to have abundance of food. Leaving this district of springs and guided by a Bushman, we crossed an excessively dry and difficult tract of country, and struck a small river called Mabali. Visiting a party of Bushmen and another of Banajoa, we, after some days, reached the Chobe in 18° 20' S., the river on which Sebituane lived. The tsetse (a venomous insect), abounded on the southern bank, and, as the depth is from twelve to fifteen feet, we could not cross with the waggons; the cattle were accordingly taken over to an island, and Mr. Oswell and I proceeded about thirty miles down the river in a canoe. It was propelled by five superior rowers; and to us who are accustomed to bullock waggons, the speed seemed like that of boat races at home.

Sebituane received us kindly, and offered to replace our cattle, which were all believed to be bitten by tsetse. He returned to the waggons with us, and subsequently fell sick, and to our great sorrow, died. He formed one of the party of Mantatees repulsed by the Griquas, at old Lattakoo, and since then he has almost constantly been fighting. He several times lost all his cattle, but, being a man of great ability, managed to keep his people together, and ended his days richer in cattle, and with many more people under his sway, than any other chief we know in Africa. A doctor who attended him interrupted with rudeness when I attempted to speak about death, and his people took him away from the island when not far from his end. Mr. Oswell and I went over to condole

with his people soon after the news of his death came, and they seemed to take our remarks thankfully. We remained two months with them; they are by far the most savage race of people we have seen, but they treated us with uniform kindness, and would have been delighted had we been able to remain with them permanently. Such was my intention when I left Kolobeng, and having understood that there were high lands in that region, to avoid the loss of time which would occur in returning for my family, I resolved that they should accompany me. The deep rivers among which they now live, are a defence to them against the Matabele. To have removed them to the high land would have been rendering them defenceless; and the country itself was so totally different from anything I could have anticipated, I felt convinced that two years alone in it, are required for the successful commencement of a mission. It is for hundreds of miles intersected with numerous rivers, and branches of rivers coming out of these and returning into them again; these are flanked with large reedy, boggy, tracts of country. Where trees abound, if not on an island, the tsetse exists; indeed we seem to have reached the limits of waggon travelling.

“We proceeded on horseback about one hundred miles further than the place where the waggons stood to see the Sesheke or river of the Barotse. It is from three hundred to five hundred yards broad, and at the end of a remarkably dry season, had a very large volume of water in it. The waves lifted the canoes and made them roll beautifully, and brought back old scenes to my remembrance. The town of Sesheke is on the opposite shore; the river itself, as near as we could ascertain by both instruments,  $17^{\circ} 28'$  South. It overflows the country periodically for fifteen miles out, contains a waterfall called Mosiatunya (smoke sounds), the spray of which can be seen ten or fifteen miles off. The river of Bashukolompo is about eighty yards wide, and when it falls into the Sesheke the latter is called Zambesi. There are numerous rivers reported to connect the two, and all along the rivers there exists a dense population of a strong black race. That country abounds in corn and honey, and they show much more ingenuity in iron work, basket work, and pottery, than any of the people south of them.

“That which claims particular attention is the fact that the slave trade only began in this region during 1850. A party of people called Mambari, from the west, came to Sebituane bearing a large quantity of English printed and striped cotton clothing, red, green, and blue baize of English manufacture, and with these bought from the different towns about two hundred boys; they had chains and rivets in abundance, and invited the people of Sebituane to go a marauding expedition against the Bashukolompo by saying, you may take all the cattle, we will only take the prisoners. On that expedition they met with some Portuguese, and these gave them three English guns, receiving in return at least thirty slaves. These Portuguese promised to return during

this winter. The people confessed that they felt a repugnance to the traffic, but (the Mambari and Portuguese) refused cattle for their clothing and guns. It seems to me that English manufactures might come up the Zambesi during the months of June, July, and August, or September, by the hands of Englishmen, and for legitimate purposes, as well as by these slave dealers for their unlawful ends. There is no danger from fever if people come after May, and leave before September. The Government might supply information to traders on the coast. I shall write you fully on this subject, as also on another of equal importance, but at which I can only now hint.

“You will see by this accompanying sketch what an immense region God has in His providence opened up. If we can enter in and form a settlement, we shall be able, in the course of a very few years, to put a stop to the slave trade in that quarter. It is probable that the mere supply of English manufactures in this part of the country will effect this, for they did not like it, and promised to abstain. I think it will be impossible to make a fair commencement unless I can secure two years devoid of family cares. I shall be obliged to go southward, perhaps to the Cape, in order to have my uvula excised and my arm mended. It has occurred to me, that as we must send our children to England soon, it would be no great additional expense to send them now along with their mother. This arrangement would enable me to proceed alone, and devote about two, or perhaps three years to this new region; but I must beg your sanction, and if you please, let it be given or withheld as soon as you conveniently can, so that it might meet me at the Cape. To orphanize my children, will be like tearing out my bowels; but when I can find time to write to you fully, you will perceive it is the only way, except giving up the region altogether.”

In the *Missionary Magazine* for June, we have the continuation of his account of his visit to the interior. He says:—

“The confusion which has for a considerable time prevailed on our borders, contains to those who are intimately acquainted with the native tribes, unmistakable evidence of a state of transition; and though not at all anxious to inflict our simple faith as to the ultimate result of the transition process, on those who can see further into a millstone than ourselves, or even desirous to stave off the blame, which such eagerly heap on the agents of the London Missionary Society, we may hint that the process, when conducted by missionaries, untrammelled by the interference of Government, is incomparably the cheapest at least, both with respect to blood and treasure. And the intentions of Providence seem to indicate a wide extension of the process. The Bible will soon be all translated and printed in the Sichuana. The Providence of God fixed the residence of the translator on a spot which became the city of refuge for individuals and families from nearly every tribe in the country. The translation, by this circumstance, became better

adapted for general use, and contains less of a provincial character than it otherwise would have done. It is owing to this circumstance that if a word is objected to, ten to one but the objector is familiar only with a dialect peculiar to a minority of the Bechuana nation.

“Then there is the extensive prevalence of that language and its grammatical exactitude. It is totally different from all European languages, and the Bush or Hottentot. Its forms and inflections are nearly perfect, and tribes, which have through war or other degrading influences lost much of the expressiveness of their dialects, admire the Sichuana Testament on account of the little loss that language has sustained. Sebituane has planted it on the banks of the Zambesi. It is the court language there, as the Norman-French was in our court some centuries ago. He encountered great difficulties in crossing the Kalahari desert. The extreme thirst which his people and cattle underwent in passing along nearly the same route as that at present pursued in our course to the Lake Ngami, resulted in the loss of nearly all his cattle—hundreds in the frenzy of thirst fled back to Mushue, Lopeps, &c., and were captured by tribes living on this side of the desert. He went before us to prepare our way. The existence of the Kalahari desert excludes the shadow of the shade of foundation for the idea that any white man ever crossed it before Mr. Oswell and myself. Even the Griquas, who were well acquainted with the desert, always attempted to go *through* it. Those who succeeded subsequently to the period of our discovery did so with the entire loss of waggons and oxen. The idea of passing, as it were, round the end of the desert instead of through it, never entered any one’s head until we put it in practice.

“In our late journey to the country of Sebituane, or the region situated about two hundred miles beyond the Lake Ngami, we followed our usual route towards the Zouga until we came to Nahokotsa. From thence our course became nearly due north.

“Early on the morning of the 19th of June we found ourselves on the banks of the River Chobe, lat. 18° 20' south, long. 26° east.

“The extensive regions to the north-north-east and north-west of the Chobe and Sesheke rivers, under the sway of the late Sebituane, and now governed by his people called Makololo, in the name of his daughter, is for hundred of miles nearly a dead level. In passing over one hundred miles from the point where the waggons stood to the River Sesheke, we saw no hill higher than an ant hill. The country is intersected by numerous deep rivers, and adjacent to each of these, immense reedy bogs or swamps stretch away in almost every direction. Oxen cannot pass through these swamps; they sink in up to the belly, and on looking down the holes made by their legs, the parts immediately under the surface are seen to be saturated with water.

“The rivers are not like many in South Africa, mere ‘nullahs,’ con-

taining nothing but sand and stones. All of those we saw contained large volumes of water. The period of our visit happened to be the end of an extraordinary dry season, yet, on sounding the Chobe, we found it to have a regular depth of 15 feet on the side to which the water swung, and of 12 feet on the calm side. The banks below the lowest water mark were more inclined to the perpendicular than those of a canal. It was generally as deep at a foot from the bank as in the middle of the stream. The roots of the reeds and grass seem to prevent it wearing away the land, and in many parts the bank is undermined and hangs over the deep water. Were its course not so very winding, a steam vessel could sail on it. The higher lands in this region are raised only by a few feet above the surrounding level. On these, the people pasture their cattle, make their gardens, and build their towns. The rivers overflow their banks annually. The great drought prevented the usual rise of the water while we were in the country in July, and the people ascribed the non-appearance of the water to the death of their chief. But when the rivers do fill, the whole country is inundated, and must present the appearance of a vast lake with numerous islands scattered over its surface. The numerous branches given off by each of the rivers and the annual overflow of the country, explain the reports we had previously heard of 'Linokanoka' (rivers upon rivers), and 'large waters' with numerous islands in them. The Chobe must rise at least 10 feet in perpendicular height before it can reach the dykes built for catching fish, situated about a mile from its banks, and the Sesheke must rise 15 or 20 feet before it overflows its banks. Yet, Mr. Oswell and I saw unmistakable evidence of that overflow, reaching about 15 miles out. We were fortunate in visiting the country at the end of a remarkably dry year, but even then the amount of zigzag necessary to avoid the numerous branches of the rivers—the swamps and parts infested by the tsetse—would have frittered away the only season in which further progress, by means of waggons, would have been practicable. As the people traverse the country in every direction in their canoes, and even visit their gardens in them, a boat may be indispensable in the equipment of future travellers.

"The soil seemed fruitful. It is generally covered with rank coarse grass; but many large and beautiful trees adorn the landscape. Most of these were to us entirely new. We claimed acquaintance, however, with the gigantic Baobab, which raises its enormous arms high above all the other forest trees, and makes them by the contrast appear like bushes below it. Large numbers of date trees and palmyras grow on the road to Sesheke. The former were in blossom at the time of our visit, and we saw date seeds under them. Of the new trees, some were very beautiful evergreens; and in addition to numbers of large parasitical plants, we observed two of the orchidian family. One splendid fruit tree particularly attracted our notice, but, unfortunately, all the seeds (about the size of peach stones) were broken

by some animal. In addition to the usual grains grown by the natives, they raise large numbers of a kind of earth-nut called 'motuohatsi' (man of the earth). It is sweet when roasted in the ashes and also when boiled. It has grown well at Kuruman, and has been distributed in the colony of the Cape. The people of the Barotse tribe cultivate the sugar-cane and sweet potato. Wheat, maize, peach, and apricot stones, and other garden seeds, have been left with the Makololo, as they willingly promised to make and sow a garden for our use. As the moisture from the river seems to permeate the soil, it is probable that some of these seeds will vegetate and increase the food of the inhabitants; but of this, their stout appearance seemed to indicate no want.

"The people inhabiting these regions are a black race, totally distinct from the Bechuana. The people of Sebituane are called Makololo, and the black race which we found inhabiting the numerous islands is divided into several tribes, which pass by different names; as the Barotse, Banyeti, Batoko, Bashukulompo, &c. The Makololo are a sort of *omnium gatherum*, of different Bechuana tribes, all speaking Sichuana. The providence of God has prepared the way for us, for wherever we went we found the Sichuana, into which the Bible is nearly all translated, in common use. It is the court language. There are besides the different dialects of the black tribes, viz., those of the Barotse, Batoka, &c.; and though the radicals bear some resemblance to the Sichuana, and are of the same family, none of the Bechuana could understand them when spoken. The Barotse are very ingenious in basket making and wood-work generally. The Banyeti are excellent smiths, making ox and sheep bells, spears, knives, needles, and hoes of superior workmanship; iron abounds in their country, and of excellent quality; they extract it from the ore, and they are famed as canoe builders; abundance of fine, light, but strong wood called molompi, enables them to excel in this branch of industry; other tribes are famed for their skill in pottery; their country yields abundance of native corn, &c.; and though their upper extremities and chests are largely developed, they seem never to have been much addicted to wars. They seem always to have trusted to the defences which their deep reedy rivers afford. Their numbers are very large. In constructing the rough sketch of the country given in the map, we particularly requested of the different natives employed, that they would only mention the names of the large towns. As scores of them were employed by Mr. Oswell and myself, and they generally agreed in their drawings and accounts of the towns, &c., we consider what we have put down, to be an approximation to the truth. The existence of the large towns indicated, derives additional confirmation from the fact that in our ride to Sesheke we saw several considerable villages containing 500 or 600 inhabitants each, and these were not enumerated by our informants as being too small to mention.

European manufactures, in considerable quantities, find their way in from

the east and west coasts to the centre of the continent. We were amused soon after our arrival at the Chobe, by seeing a gentleman walking toward us in a gaudily-flowered dressing gown, and many of the Makololo possessed cloaks of blue, red, and green baize, or of different-coloured prints. On inquiring we found that these had been obtained in exchange for slaves, and that this traffic began on the Sesheke only in 1850. A party of another African tribe, called Mambari, came to Sebituane in that year, carrying great quantities of cloth and a few old Portuguese guns marked 'Legitimo de Braga,' and though cattle and ivory were offered in exchange, everything was refused *except boys about fourteen years of age*. The Makololo viewed the traffic with dislike, but having great numbers of the black race living in subjection to them, they were too easily persuaded to give these for the guns. Eight of these old useless guns were given to Sebituane for as many boys. They then invited the Makololo to go on a fray against the Bashukolompo, stipulating beforehand, that in consideration for the use to be made of their guns in the attack on the tribe, they should receive all the captives, while the Makololo should receive all the cattle. While on this expedition the Makololo met a party of slave-dealers on the Bashukolompo or Mauniche river; these were either Portuguese or bastards of that nation, for they were said to be light coloured *like us* (our complexion being a shade darker than wash leather), and had straight hair. These traders presented three English muskets to the Makololo, and the latter presented them with about thirty captives. The Mambari went off with about two hundred slaves, bound in chains, and both parties were so well pleased with their new customers, that they promised to return in 1851. We entertained hopes of meeting them, but they had not yet come when we left. The Mambari came from the north-west, and live in the vicinity of the sea coast on that side; while the other slave dealers come up the Zambesi, from the east coast. Can Europeans not equal the slave dealers in enterprise? If traders from Europe would come up the Zambesi, the slave dealer would soon be driven out of the market. It is only three years since we first opened a market for the people on the river Zouga and Lake Ngami. We know of nine hundred elephants having been killed in that period on one river alone. Before we made a way into that quarter there was no market; the elephants' tusks were left to rot in the sun with the other bones, and may still be seen, completely spoiled by sun and rain; but more than £10,000 worth of ivory has come from that river since its discovery; and if one river helps to swell the commerce of the colony, what may not be expected from the many rivers, all densely populated, which are now brought to light? 'But the blacks will be supplied with fire-arms and give the colonists much trouble afterwards.' Yes they will, and that too, most plentifully by those who make the greatest outcry against the trade in arms, and the sale of gunpowder. But can the trade in fire-arms be prevented? So long as, according to Cumming's state-

ment, 3,000 per cent. can be made by it, it is in vain to attempt to stop it. The result of all our observation in the matter is, the introduction of guns among the natives has the same effect among them as among European nations; it puts an end to most of their petty wars, and renders such as do occur much less bloody than they formerly were. We do not plead for the trade. We only say stop that, and stop the slave trade, by coercion *if you can*. If any one will risk something in endeavouring to establish a trade on the Zambesi, we beg particularly to state that *June, July, and August* are, as far as our present knowledge goes, the only safe months for the attempt. He who does establish a fair trade will be no loser in the end. We had frost on the Chobe in July, but the winter is very short. We saw swallows on Sesheke in the beginning of August, and the trees generally never lose their leaves."

From Mr. Chapman's travels we are tempted to give here a series of extracts supplementing Livingstone's account of the countries to the south of the Zambesi. Near the streams and lakes the abundance of animal life is very striking. In his account of his approach to Leehulatebes town, Mr. Chapman gives a graphic account of animal and plant life on the Botletlie or Zouga river:—

"The vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and the animals seem to revel in it. The birds, in particular, are seen in countless numbers and of endless varieties. We saw some (Jibbaroos) as large as adjutants, with long red beaks turned upward at the extremity, the plumage black and white. Also three kinds of demoisella eranes, and a large magnificent hawk, with black breast and throat. It is dark sepia grey above, snow white underneath, with black spots. Hundreds of grouse and pheasants, with their young broods, ran before us, and hawks are all day snapping them up, while mice and lizards, coming out to bask, are so plentiful that these rapacious birds have no want of food. Wherever the water has pushed over the banks, and formed little swamps and pools, we see hundreds of ducks and geese of several kinds, also the large yellow-billed duck, with glossy green wings, and the large whistling ducks.

"Next morning, which was bitterly cold, with again a southerly wind, I started early, cooped up in a middling-sized ill-shapen canoe, with a Makobo and two little sons with him, one to paddle and the other for company. We poled or paddled, or drifted with the stream, as chance offered, frequently having to tear our way through the dense reeds which shut up our path. For a mile or two the river would be quite free and open, and often so shallow that we had to put back and return by another channel, or get out and drag the boat, so that I somewhat repented that I had not rather undertaken the journey on foot. At times we forced our way through large and picturesque basins, under perpendicular white cliffs, crowned with gigantic over-hanging trees, while the green slopes on the opposite side were clothed with a carpet

of emerald, on which cattle and goats were browsing. The water in these little lakes was almost entirely hidden under the profusion of immense lotus leaves, which lay on its surface, and were buoyant enough to support the weight of stilt legs (a rare bird), snipes, and other aquatic birds, running about in quest of their food. These leaves, large and oblong, are slit at one end as far as the stalk, and though as thin as a sheet of paper, receive their buoyancy from the fact of their outer edges drying and curling up to the sun, so that they float like large ducks in the water; excepting when the wind sometimes lifts one up, causing it to flap like the wings of a bird. Thousands of pretty lotus flowers enliven the scene, while they emit an odour grateful and invigorating to the senses. We passed over some beds of hard sandstone, worn full of round cavities. At times I fancied we were about to bump up against a brown coral-like reef, which, however, yielded before us and proved to be a peculiar aquatic plant. We started some lovely little king fishers, with plumage of most ethereal hues, and I shot a brace of white storks. I got pretty well tired of the boat, and occasionally took a walk on the banks, leaving the boat to pursue its course. . . . By-and-bye we came to a large makuchon tree shading a large circle on the north bank, and I knew another hour would land us at the town. Just here there are many shallows, so that in many parts a waggon can easily cross. There are scarcely any reeds on the banks, and large plains exist which were covered with water and reeds, even so lately as twenty or thirty years ago."

This stream, the Botletlie, or Zouga, Livingstone supposed to be the outlet of Lake Ngami, but Mr. Chapman and others, who have been repeatedly round the lake, have found that it has no outlet, and that it is gradually shrinking in dimensions. During the rainy season a portion of the waters of the Zouga flows eastwards, while another portion flows westwards into the Lake; Livingstone must have seen it when the channel lake-wards was full, and the surplus water of the river was flowing to the east. The change of climate is rapidly reducing the waters which flow into it, and in all probability the country round will, within a few generations, assume the character of the Kalahari desert. To the south there is a large shallow salt lake, and all over the country salt-pans, or the beds of former salt lakes are found. The grass-eating animals frequent these salt-pans just as their congeners in North America visit the salt licks. Mr. Chapman has passed twice between Lake Ngami and Walvisch Bay on the West Coast, and next to Dr. Livingstone, has explored the largest amount of South African territory. His two volumes of "Travels in the Interior of South Africa," are most interesting reading. His descriptions of the flora and fauna of the vast regions he has traversed are most copious and valuable, and we take the opportunity here of acknowledging our indebtedness to his graphic and entertaining pages.

Mr. Chapman had thoughts of settling for a time between Lake Ngami

and the West Coast, and endeavouring to make peace between the various warlike tribes of the district, while he traded in ivory and skins, and made a careful study of the natural history of the district, but the wars between the Namaqua Hottentots and the Damaras, rendered it impossible. The following picture of the scene in which he hoped to settle, will give a good idea of the beauty and fertility of vast tracts in Central Africa:—

“In the course of the ensuing fortnight I removed to Wilson’s old place in the Schwagoup river, where my cattle were grazing. I made a pit for the cattle, and one for ourselves, with a garden, &c., and collected material for building a house, in the hope of yet being able to make peace between the hostile tribes, and bring my wife and family to settle in this country, with a view to prosecute for a few more years my researches in natural history, &c.

“The site at the “shambles,” as the spot was called, was a lovely one for a dwelling, surrounded by a park of most gigantic and graceful anna trees. Over these trees, at the back of my residence, peeps out a large smooth mass of granite mountain, towering a thousand feet above the plain; and on the southern or opposite side is another reddish-looking mountain sparsely covered with green grass and bush. In this hill copper has been found. To the westward the hills are crossed with wavy streaks of quartz through soft grey granite. The werft was overrun with dry burr-grasses, the seeds of which, together with a wild vegetable, or spinach, called omboa, constitutes an article of food of the Damaras. Dark and heavy clusters of a creeping or parasitical plant hang gracefully around the thick stems of the anna trees. To the north there are open, undulating, bush-dotted plains, extending for several miles, and terminated by sharp-angled, serrated hills in the distant north and west. Pheasants run cackling about on my homestead by hundreds, destroying my garden, and guinea-fowls and korhaans are heard. The zebra, the koodoo, the ostrich, and other tenants of the wilds, are to be found on the station. The grazing and the water is good and abundant, and nothing is wanting but peace in the country to make this, and a thousand other equally pleasant spots, a delightful place of residence.

“Continual rumours of immediate attack by the Hottentots, however, forbid anything like repose. We are kept in a state of constant alarm, and all exercise of peaceful industry was rendered impossible. This state of suspense which paralysed all useful effort, was succeeded, after some weeks, by a lull, and it was understood that an accommodation had been come to on the part of the respective leaders, and that the strife between the Damaras and Hottentots was virtually at an end. Encouraged by these reports, and finding it impossible to exist in Damara Land, I resolved upon removing my property into the Hottentot country, and as the Damaras were again gaining courage and moving up to Wilson’s and Bessingthwaite’s places, near the Hottentots, I succeeded in getting a few to accompany me to the matchless

copper-mines near Jonker's place,— where they knew there was abundance of food, and a prospect of trade with the Hottentots. Accordingly, I packed up my things and started, on December 6th, for Otjimbengue; a thousand Damaras met me on the road, and their *moro ! moro !* (good morning) was always accompanied with *tutu lako* (give me tobacco).

“The country eastward was green and flourishing, the valley of the Kaan teeming with guinea-fowl, of which I shot a great number. I reached Rimhoogte on the evening of the 8th, and, with some delays consequent on the necessity of waiting for my cattle to come up, arrived a few days later at my destination. I found the houses at the mines in a terribly tumble-down condition. But as Mr. Andersson, who had a claim to the buildings, had given me permission to occupy any of them if I felt disposed to run the risk of doing so, I set to work at renovating the best of them, and made a garden while waiting the arrival of Jan Jonker, to whom I had notified my presence there. On the 17th, I received a visit from the chief, who was accompanied by his uncle, old Jan Jonker, with an interpreter and one or two attendants. Jan Jonker himself looked very much improved since I had last seen him: he was smartly dressed, had grown stouter and more manly in figure, and exhibited, in the questions he put to me, a degree of shrewdness and general intelligence which I little expected to find in the debauched youth of bygone years. He evidently sought to extract from me all the information at my disposal; and I could not but admire the assumed air of indifference with which he asked the most important questions. We had much conversation on the disturbed state of the country, and the disputed points between the Damara and Hottentot nations. He denied the alleged grievances of the former people, and resented warmly the interference of English traders in native affairs.

“Jan Jonker and his party left me next morning, the chief promising that he would send to warn the Topnaars not to molest my property, intimating at the same time that they were not his subjects, but a perfectly independent people, over whom he had no direct control. I wished to give him a letter, to be forwarded to Amraal's to meet my brother, who is expected from the lake; but he declines taking charge of it, there being at present no communication with that tribe, owing to the small-pox, which, he says, is making dreadful ravages.

“Having now made all the arrangements I thought necessary to ensure the safety of my people, whom I left in charge of my servant, James Harrison, I left, on the 19th, for the Bay, in order to meet my wife, who was determined in future to be my travelling companion. Passing a day at Mr. Bessingthwaite's house (where a pot of honey-beer, or methlegen, the favourite beverage of the Hottentots, was hospitably brewed in my honour) on the way, and descending by Rimhoogte into the valley of the Kann river, I reached Otjimbengue in time to spend the Christmas there.

“ The Kaan, which the road frequently crosses, is a very turbulent mountain torrent; it is one of the largest branches of the Schwagoup river above Otjimbengue, and pours occasionally a large body of water into that river, but, owing to the quick drainage, never offers a long-continued impediment to waggon travelling. When, however, its turbid waves come rolling down with thundering roar after the rains, the traveller has only to wait patiently until its fury is spent

“The Kaan valley offers many a scene of striking interest to the lover of Nature and the pencil of the artist. One of the most striking features in the surrounding scenery is found in the uniform parallel stratifications of schist projecting some distance from the earth, and all bearing in one direction; the intervals are covered with a mixture of last year's crop of dry grass, blending with the incipient crop of this. An occasional white-stemmed gouty-looking motiudi tree, with its large, pointed, oval, pulpy leaves, strongly serrated, and tall aloes, cacti, and euphorbias are seen. The round and sometimes broken and cliffy hills, dotted with verdant sweet-gums, their bases often washed by the flood, offer pictures which it is pleasant to behold, surrounded, as they often are, with pretty forests of blooming, sweet-scented mimosa from whose black stems the silvery gum is trickling, while their bright blossoms perfume the morning air. The blue jay, with heavy wing, hovers mockingly overhead, vociferating in concert with gay-painted but screeching paroquets and discordant guinea-fowls, whose notes are further augmented by the whir—r—r of pheasants and partridges, which rise on every side, while insects of green and gold buzz and boom amongst the foliage.

“The least interesting part of this valley is clothed with dabby (*Tamarisk*), a few pretty ebony trees, aged and wide-spreading mokalas and anna-booms. Here graceful koodoos are still found browsing and the rock buck perches on the highest pinnacles, and the equally agile mountain zebra (the small black one of the Cape), wary as a cat, barely shows his head over the mountains, ere, tossing his mane and rearing back, he suddenly flings out his heels and plunges forward in mad gallop. The steinboks keep on the lower plains, and baboons are found in large gangs grubbing for bulbs (*lunchies*) and the roots of the purple-blossomed sorrel, which is also abundant, and is a nourishing and wholesome vegetable to man as well. Through such a landscape it is an interesting sight to watch the red wheels of the white-tilted waggons dragging heavily after the sturdy team of parti-coloured oxen, often stumbling and kneeling over the sharp flints; now rolling with the roar of distant thunder down the rocky steps of the mountains, with difficulty maintaining its equilibrium; now grating down the quartz slope with the drag on, the oxen dragging sometimes on their haunches; anon grinding over the pebbly bed of the stream, on emerging from which the sore-footed cattle more firmly tread the soft, red, sandy road, cut through a carpet of emerald, until they bury them-

selves out of sight in the blooming groves, while the mountains re-echo with the driver's harsh voice and the crack of his huge whip.

"We halted during the day at a spot where Isaak, a half-witted Hottentot lad by whom I was attended, noticed a plant of the cactus or euphorbia tribe, known by the name of elephant's trunk. Isaak plucked several of the younger shoots of the plants, and, rubbing off the prickles with a stone, set me the example of eating some. Notwithstanding that I knew the plant to be freely eaten by the Namaquas, I thought, on tasting the first mouthful, that Isaak was bent upon poisoning me, and made some horrible wry faces. Isaak however, devoured several pounds of the nauseous plant."

Livingstone, in pursuance of a design intimated at the close of last chapter, and further alluded to in the letter published in this chapter, accompanied his family to the Cape, from whence they were to be conveyed to England. On his return he was delayed at Kuruman for a fortnight by the breaking of a waggon wheel, which prevented him from being present with Sechele and the friendly Bakwains at Kolobeng, when the long-threatened attack of the Boers, already detailed, was carried into effect. Previous to this, Sechele had sent his children to Mr. Moffat at Kuruman to be educated.

The news of the attack of the Boers was brought by Masabele, Sechele's wife. She had herself been hidden in a cleft of rock, over which a number of Boers were firing. Her infant began to cry, and terrified lest this should attract the attention of the men, the muzzles of whose guns appeared at every discharge over her head, she took off her armlets as playthings to quiet the child. She brought Mr. Moffat a letter which tells its own tale; nearly literally translated it is as follows:—

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, although I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing (northwards). I replied: These are my friends, and I can prevent no one (of them). They came on Saturday and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men; and the mother of Baloriling (a former wife of Sechele) they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of waggons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own waggon and that of Macabe, then the number of their waggons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters (certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north) were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved

friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Robus Hae will convey her to you.

“ I am, SECHELE, The son of Mochoasele.”

The report of this disaster raised such a panic among the Bechuanas that Livingstone had great difficulty in engaging any one to accompany him from any of the tribes near Kuruman. At last in conjunction with George Heming, a man of colour, who was on his way to the Makololo country, with the view of opening up a trade with them, half-a-dozen servants were procured. “ They were,” he says, “ the worst possible specimens of those who imbibe the vices without the virtues of Europeans ; but we had no choice, and were glad to get away on any terms.”

At Motilo, forty miles to the north, the travellers met Sechele on his way, as he said, to submit his case “ to the Queen of England.” He was so firmly impressed with a belief in the justice of Englishmen, that they found it impossible to dissuade him from making the attempt. On reaching Bloemfontein, he found some English troops just returned from a battle with the Basutos. The officers were much interested in Sechele, invited him to dinner, and subscribed a handsome sum amongst them to defray his expenses. He proceeded as far as the Cape, when, having expended all his means, he was compelled to return to his own country without accomplishing his object.

If anything had been required to prove that the Dutch Boers on the frontier were actuated by selfish interests only, the fact that they were so assured of their ability to chastise the Bakwains for receiving Livingstone and other Englishmen, that they agreed to wait over the Sunday before attacking them, at Sechele’s request, would be evidence sufficient.

Sechele’s journey was not altogether in vain, as on his return he adopted a mode of punishment he had seen in the colony—the making criminals work on the public roads. As Livingstone had made up his mind to go into the interior, he became the missionary to his own tribe. So popular did he become, that within a very short period numbers of the tribes formerly living under the Boers attached themselves to him, until he became the most powerful chief in the district.

It is facts like these which enable us to form a true idea of the influence of the teaching and example of a noble-minded and self-denying man like Livingstone among the tribes of Central Africa.

On his way to the north, Livingstone found the unfortunate Bakwains suffering severely from the destruction of their property and the plunder of their cattle. Notwithstanding that Sechele had given orders that no violence was to be offered to the Boers during his absence, a band of young men had ventured out to meet a party of Boers, and as the latter were in a minority they ran off leaving their waggons, which the young men brought in triumph to Letubamba, the head-quarters of the tribe. The Boers were alarmed, and sent four of their number to sue for peace, which was granted on their return-



A TROUBLESOME ROAD



ing Sechele's three children, whom Schloz, the Boer leader, had carried off as slaves. One of them had three large unbound open sores on its body, caused by falling into the fire. This, and the general appearance of the poor children, spoke eloquently of the cruel treatment they had been subjected to.

A larger fall of rain than ordinary having taken place, the travellers found little difficulty in crossing the hem of the Kalahari desert. Water melons and other succulent roots were abundant. They met an English traveller, Mr. J. Macabe, who had crossed the desert at its widest part, his cattle on one occasion subsisting on the water melons for twenty-one days. Macabe had, previous to Livingstone's discovery of Lake Ngami, written a letter in one of the Cape papers, recommending a certain route as likely to lead to it. The Trans-vaal Boers fined him five hundred dollars for writing about "onze velt," *our country*, and imprisoned him until it was paid. Mr. Macabe's comrade, a Mr. Maher, fell a victim to the hatred engendered by the Boers. A tribe of Barolongs having taken him for a Boer, shot him as he approached their village. When informed that he was an Englishman their regret at the misadventure was extreme.

At Linyanti the capital of the Makololo, the travellers were heartily welcomed by Sekeletu, the son of Sebituane, who had succeeded to his sister. Mamoschisane had found it impossible to carry out her father's wishes; and this could hardly be wondered at, since one of these was that she should have no husband, but use the men of the tribe or any number of them she chose, just as he himself had done by the women; but these men had other wives, and as Livingstone drily puts it, in a proverb of the country, "The temper of women cannot be governed," and they made her miserable by their remarks. She chose one man who was called her wife, and her son the child of Mamoschisane's wife; but disliking the arrangement, shortly after her father's death she declared she would never govern the Makololo. Sekeletu, who was afraid of the pretensions of Mpepe, another member of the family, urged her to continue as chief, offering to remain with her and support her authority in battle. She wisely persisted in her determination to abdicate, indicating Sekeletu as her successor. "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house."

Sekeletu was afraid of Mpepe, whose pretensions were favoured by the Mambari tribe and the half-caste Portuguese, who carried on the slave trade between the tribes in the interior and the dealers in human flesh on the coast. All their hopes of being able to carry on their trade lay in the success of his rebellion. Previous to Livingstone's arrival at Linyanti, a large party of Mambari had arrived there; but on the receipt of intelligence that Livingstone was approaching, they fled so precipitately as not even to take leave of

Sekeletu. A marvellous evidence truly of the moral influence of England, even when only represented by one resolute man, on savage men who are seldom amenable to anything save superior force! The Mambari retreated to the north, where several half-caste slave traders, under the leadership of a half-caste Portuguese, had erected a stockade. Through the aid of the fire-arms of the slave traders, Mpepe hoped to be able to make himself the head of the Makololo; while they, in the event of his being victorious, expected to be rewarded by the captives he might make in the course of the struggle.

Here and elsewhere the religious services were held in the *Kolla*, or public meeting place, under the trees near the chief hut, and these were always well attended. The meetings were called at Mabotsa and Kolobeng by the chief's herald. As many as seven hundred frequently attended these meetings. At Kolobeng, Sechele's wife frequently came in after service had begun, as if to draw attention, not to her dress, but to *her want of dress*. Sechele, in great displeasure, would send her out again to put on some clothing. As she retired she pouted, and looked the very picture of feminine annoyance. If a woman found that another woman was seated upon her dress, she would give her a shove with her elbow, which the other would return with interest, until several others would join in the fray, the men swearing at them all to enforce silence. If a child cried, it was enough to set a great many of the audience into a fit of laughter; it seemed to them the perfection of a joke for a squalling child to interrupt the grave and earnest missionary.

Mpepe, determining to strike the first blow, had armed himself with a battle-axe, avowing his intention of striking Sekeletu down on the occasion of their first interview, trusting to his being exalted to his position as chief, during the panic which would inevitably take possession of the Makololo on his death. At Livingstone's request, Sekeletu accompanied him on a journey, with a view of ascending the Leeambye, and when they had got about sixty miles on their way they encountered Mpepe. At their first interview Livingstone sat between them, and was thus unconsciously the means of saving the life of Sekeletu. Some of Mpepe's friends having informed Sekeletu of his murderous intentions, he despatched several of his attendants to his hut, who, seizing him by the arms, led him about a mile from the encampment, where they speared him. This summary settlement of a grave political difficulty thoroughly established Sekeletu in his position, and removed what could hardly have failed to become a serious hindrance to the carrying out of Livingstone's cherished schemes. Mpepe's men fled to the Barotse, a tribe living in the district Livingstone and Sekeletu were on their way to visit; and they, considering it unadvisable to go there during the commotion excited by that occurrence, returned to Linyanti for a month, when they again set out for the purpose of ascending the river from Sesheke. They were accompanied by a large number of attendants, who are

thus described:—"It was pleasant to look back along the long extended line of our attendants, as it twisted and bent according to the course of the foot-path, or in and out behind the mounds, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the wind. Some had the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, hussar fashion, and others great bunches of black ostrich feathers, or capes made of lions' manes. Some wore red tunics, or various coloured prints, which the chief had bought from Fleming; the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to carry their shields; while the *machaka*—battle-axe men—carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and expected to run all the way." Sekeletu was closely accompanied in marching by his own *mopato*, or body-guard of young men about his own age, who were selected for the personal attendance and defence of the chief, and seated themselves round him when they encamped.

The Makololo were rich in cattle, and the chief had numerous cattle stations all over the country. In journeying, as on this occasion, his attendants were fed by the chief, an ox or two being selected from his own herds, if there were any in the neighbourhood; if not the headman of the nearest village presented one or two for the purpose. The people of the villages presented the party on their arrival with draughts of the beer of the country and milk. As elands, antelopes, and other kinds of game were frequently met with in the plains between Linyanti and the Leeambye they never wanted for food. The party struck the Leeambye at a village considerably above Sesheke, where it is about six hundred yards broad. After crossing to the north side of the river several days were spent in collecting canoes. During this interval Livingstone took the opportunity of going in pursuit of game to support the party, and to examine the adjacent country. The country is flat, diversified with small tree-covered mounds, which are too high to be covered by the floods during the rainy season. The soil on the flat parts is a rich loam, and this and the abundant floods during the rainy season enable the natives to raise large supplies of grain and ground-nuts. Vast numbers of a small antelope, about eighteen inches high, new to naturalists, named the *tian-yane*, are found on these plains, together with many of the larger antelopes, including a new or striped variety of the eland; buffaloes and zebras were found on the plains, so that there was no difficulty in the way of providing for so large a party.

This journey was undertaken by Livingstone and Sekeletu with the object of finding a healthy spot for establishing the head-quarters of the Makololo within friendly or defensible territory. The low-lying and swampy districts they had been compelled for purposes of safety from their numerous enemies to occupy, was exercising a fatal influence on the physique and the increase of the tribe. Fevers and other diseases incidental to marshy districts were common. Livingstone himself had suffered severely from an attack of fever,

and the intelligent chief and the headmen of the tribe were wise enough to understand the value of the counsel of their missionary friend, when he advised the removal of the bulk of the tribe to a more elevated and healthy locality. Such a position had to be sought for beyond the reach of the annual inundations, which for a period transform the course of the river for miles into lakes and swamps; as when the waters subside, the miasma arising from the wet soil and the rotting vegetation under a tropical sun makes the district a hot-bed of fever and dysentery. Coming from the comparatively cold and hilly region of the south, the Makololo suffered more severely from the effects of the climate than the various tribes of Makalaka Sebituane had found living in the district, and made subject to his rule. From choice they lived in the neighbourhood of the river; as their agriculture is entirely dependent on the annual floods. They cultivate *dura*, a kind of grain, maize, beans, ground-nuts, pumpkins, water-melons, and cucumbers; and in the Barotse valley, along the course of the Leeambye, the sugar-cane, sweet-potato, etc., are added to the agricultural produce, the fertility of the soil being increased by rude efforts at irrigation.

Having collected thirty-three flat-bottomed canoes, capable of conveying one hundred and sixty men, the imposing flotilla, rowed by Makalaka men, who are more skilful watermen than the Makololo, moved rapidly up the broad waters of the Leeambye; the great explorer enjoying an exhilaration of spirits natural to an adventurous man, who, first of all his countrymen, passed up this noble stream, and who saw clearly the great and important part which a magnificent natural highway like this would play in the civilizing of the numerous tribes of Central Africa. At many places the river is more than a mile broad, its surface broken by islands, small and large. The islands and the banks are thickly covered with trees, among which are the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds, and the lofty palmyra, with its feathery mass of foliage towering over all. Elephants and the larger species of game were very abundant, but in consequence of the presence of that destructive insect, the tsetse, the villagers on the banks had no domestic cattle. The inhabitants of the valley of the river here are known as Banyete, and are, from their skill in making various utensils, the handicraftsmen of the neighbouring tribes. They make neat wooden vessels with lids, wooden bowls, and, after Livingstone had introduced the custom of sitting on stools, they exercised their taste and ingenuity in the construction of these in a variety of shapes. Wicker baskets made of the split roots of trees, and articles of domestic and agricultural utility in pottery and iron, were also among the products of their skill. Iron ore is dug out of the earth, and smelted, and fashioned into rude hoes, almost the only implement of husbandry known at the time of his visit.

The Banyete never appear to have been a warlike people. War is either

caused by slavery or the possession of cattle; and as the slave-dealers had never reached their peaceful habitations, and the tsetse rendered the possession of cattle impossible, they had lived secure from the ambitious and selfish designs of more powerful and warlike tribes. Tribute was regularly paid to Sekeletu in the simple articles constructed by their industrial skill, and in exchange they lived contented and happy under his protection. When the river is low, a series of rapids make navigation difficult for considerable distances, but the travellers met with no serious obstacle until they reached the falls of Gonye, where the river, narrowing into a space of seventy or eighty yards wide, falls a distance of thirty feet. There they had to carry the canoes for about a mile over land.

At this place Livingstone heard of a tradition of a man who took advantage of the falls to lead a portion of the river over the level country below for the purposes of irrigation. His garden or farm was pointed out, and though neglected for generations, they dug up an inferior kind of potato, which was found to be bitter and waxy. If properly cultivated and irrigated, Livingstone appears to think that the valleys through which the great rivers and their affluents flow might be made as productive as the valley of the Nile, to which that of the Zambesi bears a striking resemblance. The intelligent and generally peaceable character of the tribes visited by Livingstone in Central Africa is a guarantee that, with the introduction of agricultural implements, and the humanising influence of contact with civilization, such a desirable state of matters may speedily follow the opening up of the country for purposes of legitimate trade with Europeans.

The valley of the Barotse, a district inhabited by a people of that name, subject to the Makololo, which extends west to the junction of the Leeambye and Leeba, is about one hundred miles in length, and from ten to thirty miles in width, with the Leeambye winding down the middle. The whole of this valley is inundated, not by local rainfall, but by the flooding of the river, just as the Nile valley is flooded by the overflow of that river, caused by rains falling within the tropics. The villages of the Barotse are built on mounds, which are at a sufficient elevation to be secure from the annual floods. These mounds are for the most part artificial, and are said to have been raised by a famous chief of the Barotse, named Santuru, who planted them with trees, which give a grateful shade besides adding to the beauty of the scenery. As this portion of the valley is free from the dreaded tsetse, the Barotse have plenty of cattle, which find abundant food in the rich pasturage. At the approach of the floods they retire to the high grounds, where food being less abundant, they rapidly fall off in condition. Their return to the low ground on the subsidence of the river is a season of rejoicing among the people, because the time of plenty has returned once more.

In one of the Barotse towns Mpepe's father lived, and as he and another

man had counselled Mamochisane to kill Sekeletu and marry Mpepe, they were led forth and tossed into the river. On Livingstone remonstrating against this off-hand shedding of human blood, Nokwane, who had been one of the executioners on this occasion, and had also assisted in slaying Mpepe, excused the act by saying, "You see we are still Boers; we are not yet taught." Surely a terrible sarcasm coming from a savage on the doings of so-called civilized men! At Naliele, the capital of the Barotse, which is built on a great mound raised by Santuru, the party were visited by some of the Mambari. The pure Mambari are as black as the Barotse, but many of them were half-caste Portuguese, and could read and write. The head of the party Livingstone believed to be a true Portuguese. Mpepe had given them full permission to trade in his district, and they had not been slow to take advantage of the permission in exchanging the commodities they brought with them for slaves, assuring the people they were only to be employed by them to cultivate the land, and that they would take care of them as their own children. The notion that they were taken and sold across the sea was new to these simple people, and the lesson taught by Livingstone could not fail to be useful in circumscribing the abominable traffic among themselves and the other tribes he visited on his way to the west coast. Santuru was once visited by the Mambari, but he and his headmen refused them permission to buy any of his people. The Makololo in expelling them from the country quoted this as a precedent.

Finding that Katonga, as the high ground beyond Naliele was called, was extensive, and free from the annual inundations, Livingstone visited it, but although exceedingly beautiful, and abounding in gardens of great fertility, cultivated with much care by the Barotse, it was found to be equally unhealthy with the low ground. The view from Katonga is thus described: "We could see the great river glancing out at several points, and fine large herds of cattle quietly grazing on the green succulent herbage, among numbers of cattle-stations and villages which are dotted over the landscape. Leches (a kind of antelope) in hundreds fed securely beside them, for they have learned only to keep out of bow-shot, or two hundred yards. When guns come into a country, the animals soon learn their longer range, and begin to run at a distance of five hundred yards." As the current of the river was here about four and a half miles an hour, a sure sign of a rapidly increasing rise in the country, Livingstone determined on pushing still further up the stream in search of a healthy location which he might make his headquarters.

Leaving Sekeletu at Naliele, he proceeded up stream, the chief having presented him with men and rowers, and also a herald to announce his arrival at the villages with proper effect, by shouting at the top of his voice, "'Here comes the lord, the great lion,' the latter phrase being *tau e tona*,

which in his imperfect way of pronunciation became *saw e tona*, and, so like the great sow, that I could not have the honour with becoming gravity, and had to entreat him, much to the annoyance of my party, to be silent." At all the villages the party met with a hearty welcome, as being to them messengers of peace, which they term "sleep." After pushing his way to the junction of the Leeba with the Leeambye, and failing to find a suitable spot for a mission settlement, the party descended to Naliele, but not before Livingstone had made a guess that there lay the high road to the west coast, and that its head waters must be within a hundred and twenty miles of the Coanza, which would lead them down to the coast near Loanda. The Coanza, as he afterwards found, does not come from anywhere near the route he afterwards followed to Loanda.

The following extract from "The Missionary Travels" will give some idea of the abundance of large game in this region, and their want of fear of man. "Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before our fire one evening, within gun-shot; and hundreds of splendid elands stood by day without fear at two hundred yards' distance. They were all of the striped variety, and with their fore-arm markings, large dewlaps, and sleek skins, were a beautiful sight to see. The lions here roar much more than in the country further south. One evening we had a good opportunity of hearing the utmost exertions the animal can make in that line. We had made our beds on a large sandbank, and could be easily seen from all sides. A lion on the opposite shore amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could, putting, as is usual in such cases, his mouth near the ground, to make the sound reverberate. . . . Wherever the game abounds, these animals exist in proportionate numbers. Here they were frequently seen, and two of the largest I ever saw seemed about as tall as common donkeys; but the mane made their bodies appear rather larger."

Coming down the river to the town of Ma Sekeletu (the mother of Sekeletu) they found the chief awaiting them. After a short stay, the party started on their voyage down the river, and reached Linyanti after an absence of nine weeks. This being the first visit paid by Sekeletu to that portion of his dominions, the travellers were received with the utmost enthusiasm everywhere, the headmen of the villages presenting him with more eatables and drinkables than even his numerous followers could devour, notwithstanding their wonderful powers in that way. The enthusiasm of the people usually wound up with an extraordinary dance, which Livingstone describes: "It consists of the men standing, nearly naked, in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamp heavily twice with it, then lift the other, and give one stamp with that; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction; and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigour. The continued

stamping makes a cloud of dust around, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood. If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate even as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain ; but the grey headed men joined in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration stream off their bodies with the exertion. . . . The women stand by clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances into the circle composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires."

The effect the experience gained in this journey had upon him, and the reflections induced thereby, are indicated in the following extract. "I had been," he says, "during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before ; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarreling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effect of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits which, to a casual observer lie beneath the surface, and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them."

The following account, written by the great traveller of his first passage up the Leeambye, forms a very valuable supplement to the brief narrative we have already given. It is dated Town of Sekeletu, Linyanti, 20th September, 1853 :—

"As soon as I could procure people willing to risk a journey through the country lately the scene of the gallant deeds of the Boers, I left Kuruman ; and my companions being aware of certain wrathful fulminations uttered by General Piet Scholtz to deter me from again visiting the little strip of country which the Republicans fancy lies between Magaliesberg and Jerusalem, our progress was pretty quick till we entered lat. 19°, at a place that I have marked on my map as the Fever Ponds. Here the whole party, except a Bakwain lad and myself, was laid prostrate by fever. He managed the oxen and I the hospital, until, through the goodness of God, the state of the invalids permitted us again to move northwards. I did not follow our old path, but from Kamakama travelled on the magnetic meridian (N.N.W.), in order to avoid the *tsetse* (fly). This new path brought us into a densely wooded country, where the grass was from 8 to 10 feet high. The greater leafiness of the trees showed we were in a moist climate, and we were most

agreeably surprised by the presence of vines growing luxuriantly, and yielding clusters of dark purple grapes. The seeds, as large as split peas and very astringent, leave but little room for pulp, though the grape itself is of good size. The Bakwain lad now became ill; but, by the aid of two Bushmen, we continued to make some progress. I was both driver and road-maker, having either the axe or whip in hand all day long till we came to lat. 18° 4'. Here we discovered that the country adjacent to the Chobe was flooded: valleys looked like rivers, and after crossing several we came to one, the Sanshureh, which presented a complete barrier to further travelling with waggons. It was deep, half a mile broad, and contained hippopotami. After searching in vain for a ford, our two Bushmen decamped. Being very anxious to reach the Makololo, I took one of the strongest of our invalids, crossed the Sanshureh in a small pontoon, kindly presented by Messrs. Webb and Codrington, and went N.N.W. across the flooded country in search of the Chobe. After splashing through about 20 miles of an inundated plain, we came to a mass of reed, which towards the N.E. seemed interminable. We then turned for a short distance in the direction of our former waggon-stand, and from a high tree were gratified by a sight of the Chobe; but such a mass of vegetation grew between the bank and the flowing river, that our utmost efforts failed in procuring a passage into it. The water among the reeds either became too deep, or we were unable to bend down the barrier of papyrus and reed bound together by a kind of convolvulus. You will understand the nature of our struggles, when I mention that a horrid sort of grass, about 6 feet high, and having serrated edges which cut the hands most cruelly, wore my strong moleskin 'unmentionables' quite through at the knees, and my shoes (nearly new) at the toes. My handkerchief protected the former; but in subsequent travelling through the dense grass of the plains the feet fared badly. Though constantly wet up to the middle during the day, we slept soundly by night during the three days we spent among this mass of reeds, and only effected a passage into the open water of the Chobe river on the fourth day. After paddling along the river in the pontoon about 20 miles, we discovered a village of Makololo. We were unexpected visitors, and the more so since they believed that no one could cross the Chobe from the South bank without their knowledge.

“In their figurative language they said, ‘I had fallen on them as if from a cloud, yet came riding on a hippopotamus’ (pontoon). A vague report of our approach had previously reached the chief, and two parties were out in search of us; but they had gone along the old paths. In returning to the waggons, which we did in canoes and in a straight line, we found the distance not more than 10 miles. Our difficulties were now ended, for a great number of canoes and about 140 people were soon dispatched from the town. They transported our goods and waggons across the country and river, and when

we had been landed on the other side of the Chobe, we travelled northward till within about one day from Sesheké, in order to avoid the flooded lands adjacent to the river. We there struck upon the path which Mr. Oswell and I travelled on horseback in 1850, and turning into it proceeded S.W. until we came to Sekeletu's town Linyanti. Our reception here was as warm as could have been expected. The chief Sekeletu, not yet 19 years of age, said he had got another father instead of Sebituane; he was not quite sure, however, about learning to read: 'he feared it might change his heart and make him content with one wife only, as in the case of Sechele.' It is pleasant to hear objections frankly stated.

"About the end of July we embarked on our journey to the North, embarking at Sekhose's village on the Zambesi, or, as the aborigines universally name it, the Leeambye, viz., *the river*. This village is about 25 miles West of the town of Sesheké. When I proposed to Sekeletu to examine his country and ascertain if there were any suitable locality for a mission, he consented frankly; but he had not yet seen me enough. Then he would not allow me to go alone; some evil might befall me, and he would be accountable. This and fever caused some delay, so that we did not get off till about the end of July. In the meantime I learned particulars of what had taken place here since my last visit in 1852.

"The daughter of Sebituane had resigned the chieftainship into (Sekeletu's) her brother's hands. From all I can learn she did it gracefully and sincerely. Influential men advised her to put Sekeletu to death, lest he should become troublesome when he became older. She turned from their proposals in disgust, called a meeting, and with a womanly gush of tears, said she had been induced to rule by her father, but her own inclination had always been to lead a domestic life. She therefore requested Sekeletu to take the chieftainship, and allow her to marry.

"He was equally sincere in a continued refusal during several days, for he was afraid of being cut off by a pretender, who had the audacity to utter some threatening words in the assembly. I, who had just come from a nine weeks' tour, in company with a crowd who would have been her courtiers, do not now wonder at the resolution of Sebituane's daughter: there was no want of food, oxen were slaughtered almost every day in numbers more than sufficient for the wants of all. They were all as kind and attentive to me as they could have been to her, yet to endure their dancing, roaring, and singing, their jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, murdering, and meanness, equalled a pretty stiff penance.

"The pretender above referred to, after Sekeletu's accession, and at the time of my arrival, believing that he could effect his object by means of a Portuguese slave-merchant and a number of armed Mambari, encouraged them to the utmost. The selling of children had been positively forbidden by the

lawful chief Sekeletu, but his rival transported the slave-trading party across the Leeambye river, and gave them full permission to deal in all the Batoka and Bashukulompo villages to the East of it. A stockade was erected at Katongo, and a flag-staff for the Portuguese banner planted, and in return for numerous presents of ivory and cattle, that really belonged to Sekeletu, the pretender received a small cannon. Elated with what he considered success, he came down here with the intention of murdering Sekeletu himself, having no doubt but that, after effecting this, he should, by the aid of his allies, easily reduce the whole tribe."

The circumstances connected with the failure of the conspiracy have already been related, and need not be repeated.

"Another Portuguese slave-merchant came also from the West. He remained here only three days, and finding no market, departed. A large party of Mambari was encamped by Katongo, about the time of our arrival at Linyanti. No slaves were sold to them; and when they heard that I had actually crossed the Chobe, they fled precipitately. The Makololo remonstrated, saying I would do them no harm, but the Mambari asserted that I would take all their goods from them because they bought children. The merchant I first spoke of had probably no idea of the risk he ran in listening to the tale of a disaffected under chief. He was now in his stockade at Katongo, and influential men proposed to expel both him and the Mambari from the country. Dreading the results which might follow a commencement of hostilities, I mentioned the difficulty of attacking a stockade, which could be defended by perhaps forty muskets. 'Hunger is strong enough,' said an under chief—'a very great fellow is he.' As the chief sufferers in the event of an attack would be the poor slaves chained in gangs, I interceded for them, and as the result of that intercession, of which of course they are ignorant, the whole party will be permitted to depart in peace: but no stockading will be allowed again.

"Our company, which consisted of 160 men, our fleet of 33 canoes, proceeded rapidly up the river towards the Barotse. I had the choice of all the canoes, and the best was 34 feet long and 20 inches wide. With six paddlers we passed through 44 miles of latitude, by one day's pull of 10½ hours: if we add the longitude to this, it must have been upwards of 50 miles' actual distance. The river is indeed a magnificent one. It is often more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from 3 to 5 miles in length. These and the banks, too, are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands at a little distance seem rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless

sky. The banks are rocky and undulating; many villages of Kanyeti, a poor but industrious people, are situated on both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively. At the bend of Katima Molelo the bottom of the river bed begins to be rocky, and continues so the whole way to about lat. 16°, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts, which are dangerous when the river is low. The rocks are of hard sandstone and porphyritic basalt. The rapids are not visible when the river is full; but the cataracts of Kale Bombwe and Nambwe are always dangerous. The fall of them is from 4 to 6 feet in perpendicular height; but the cataracts of Gonye (hard by) excel them all. The main fall of these is over a straight ledge of rock, about 60 or 70 yards long and 40 feet deep.

“Tradition reports the destruction in this place of two hippopotami hunters, who, too eager in the pursuit of a wounded animal, were with their prey drawn down into the frightful gulf. We also dugged some yams in what was said to have been the garden of a man, who of old came down the river and led out a portion of it here for irrigation. Superior minds must have risen from time to time in these regions, but ignorant of the use of letters, they have left no memorial. One never sees a grave nor a stone of remembrance set up. The very rocks are illiterate; they contain no fossils. All these beautiful and rocky parts of the valley of the river are covered with forest, and infested with the *tsetse* fly; but in other respects the country seems well adapted for a residence. When, however, we come to the northern confines of lat. 16°, the *tsetse* suddenly ceases, and the high banks seem to leave the river and to stretch away in ridges of about 300 feet high to the N.N.E. and N.N.W., until between 20 and 30 miles apart; the intervening space, 100 miles in length, is the Barotse country proper: it is annually inundated not by rains but by the river, as Lower Egypt is by the Nile, and one portion of this comes from the Northwest and another from the North. There are no trees in this valley, except such as were transplanted for the sake of shade by the chief Santuru; but it is covered with coarse succulent grasses, which are the pasturage of large herds of cattle during a portion of the year. One of these species of grass is 12 feet high, and as thick as a man’s thumb. The villages and towns are situated on mounds, many of which were constructed artificially.

“I have not put down all the villages that I visited, and many were seen at a distance; but there are no large towns, for the mounds on which alone towns and villages are built are all small, and the people require to live separate on account of their cattle. Nailele, the capital of the Barotse country, does not contain 1,000 inhabitants; the site of it was constructed artificially. It was not the ancient capital. The river now flows over the site of that, and all that remains of what had cost the people of Santuru the labour of many years, is a few cubic yards of earth. As the same thing has happened to another ancient site, the river seems wearing eastwards. Ten feet of rise above low-water mark

submerges the whole valley, except the foundations of the huts, and 2 feet more would sweep away the towns. This never happens, though among the hills below the valley the river rises 60 feet, and then floods the lands adjacent to Sesheke on both sides. The valley contains, as I said, a great number of villages and cattle-stations. These, and large herds of cattle grazing on the succulent herbage, meet the eye in every direction. On visiting the ridges, we found them to be only the commencement of lands which are never inundated: these are covered with trees and abound in fruitful gardens, in which are cultivated sugar-cane, sweet potato, two kinds of manioc, two kinds of yam-bananas, millet, &c. Advantage is taken of the inundation to raise large quantities of maize and Kaffre corn, of large grain and beautiful whiteness. These, with abundance of milk and plenty of fish in the river, make the people always refer to the Barotse country as the land of plenty. No part of the country can be spoken of as salubrious. The fever must be braved if a mission is to be established; it is very fatal even among natives. I have had eight attacks of it; the last very severe: but I never laid by. I tried native remedies in order to discover if they possessed any valuable means of cure; but after being stewed in vapour baths, smoked like a red herring over fires of green twigs in hot potsherds, and physicked *secundum black artem*, I believe that our own medicines are safer and more efficacious. I have not relinquished the search, and as I make it a rule to keep on good terms with my professional brethren, I am not without hope that some of their means of re-establishing the secretions (and to this, indeed, all their efforts are directed) may be well adapted for this complaint.

“I did not think it my duty to go towards *Mosioatunya*, for though a hilly country, the proximity to Moselekatse renders it impossible for the Makololo to live there; but I resolved to know the whole Barotse country before coming to the conclusion now reached that the ridge East of Nailele is the only part of the country that can be fixed on for a mission. I therefore left Sekeletu's party at Nailele, the Barotse capital, and went northwards. The river presents the same appearance of low banks, without trees, till we come to 14° 38' lat. Here again it is forest to the water's edge, and *tsetse*. I might have turned now; but the river Londa, or Leeba, comes from the capital of a large state of the former name, and the chief being reported friendly to foreigners, if I succeed in reaching the West coast, and am permitted to return by this river, it will be water-conveyance for perhaps two-thirds of the way. We went, therefore, to the confluence of the Leeba or Londa (not Lonta as we have written it) with the Leeambye: it is in 14° 11' South. The Leeba comes from the North and by West or N.N.W.; while the Leeambye there abruptly quits its northing and comes from the E.N.E. (The people pointed as its course due East. Are the Maninche or Bashukulompo river and Leeambye not one river, dividing and meeting again

down at the Zambesi?) The Loeti, with its light-coloured water, flows into the Leeambye in  $14^{\circ} 18'$ . It comes from Lebale, which is probably a country through which a Portuguese merchant informed me he had passed, and had to cross as many as ten considerable rivers in one day: the Loeti comes from the W.N.W. The current of the Leeambye is rapid; 100 yards in 60 seconds of time, or between 4 and 5 miles an hour. Our elevation must have been considerable; but I had to regret having no means of ascertaining how much it was. The country flooded by the river ends on the West bank before we reach the Loeti, and there is an elevated table-land, called Mango, on which grows grass, but no trees. The Barotse country, when inundated, presents the appearance of a lake from 20 to 30 miles broad and 100 long.

“The Makololo quote the precedent of Santuru, who, when he ruled this country, was visited by Mambari, but refused them permission to buy his people as slaves. This enlightened chief deserves a paragraph, and as he was a mighty hunter, you will glance at it with no unfriendly eye. He was very fond of rearing the young of wild animals in his town, and, besides a number of antelopes, had two tame hippopotami. When I visited his first capital, the people led me to one end of the mound and showed me some curious instruments of iron, which are just in the state he left them. They are surrounded by trees, all of which he transplanted when young. ‘On these,’ said the people, ‘Santuru was accustomed to present his offerings to the gods’ (Barimo—which means departed souls too). The instruments consisted of an upright stem, having numerous branches attached, on the end of each of which was a miniature axe, or hoe, or spear. Detached from these was another, which seemed to me to be the guard of a basket-hilted sword. When I asked if I might take it as a curiosity, ‘O no, he refuses.’ ‘Who refuses?’ ‘Santuru.’ This seems to show a belief in a future state of existence. After explaining to them the nature of true worship, and praying with them in our simple form, which needs no offering on the part of the worshipper except that of the heart, we planted some fruit-tree seeds, and departed in peace.

“I may relate another incident which happened at the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye. Having taken lunar observations, we were waiting for a meridian altitude for the latitude, before commencing our return. My chief boatman was sitting by, in order to bind up the instruments as soon as I had finished. There was a large halo round the sun, about  $20^{\circ}$  in diameter. Thinking that the humidity of the atmosphere which this indicates might betoken rain, I asked him if his experience did not lead him to the same view. ‘O no,’ said he, ‘it is the Barimo who have called a picho (assembly). Don’t you see they have placed the Lord (sun) in their centre?’

“On returning towards Nailele, I went to the eastern ridge in order to examine that, and to see the stockade of the Portuguese slave-merchant, which was at Katongo. He had come from the furthest inland station of the

Portuguese, opposite Benguela. I thought of going westward on my further travels in company with him, but the sight of gangs of poor wretches in chains at the stockade induced me to resolve to proceed alone.

“Some of the Mambari visited us subsequently to their flight, of which I spoke before. They speak a dialect very much resembling the Barotse. They have not much difficulty in acquiring the dialects, even though but recently introduced to each other. They plait their hair in threefold cords, and arrange it down by the sides of the head. They offered guns and powder for sale at a cheaper rate than traders can do who come from the Cape Colony; but the Makololo despise Portuguese guns, because different from those in the possession of other Bechuanas—the bullets are made of iron. The slave-merchant seemed anxious to show kindness, influenced probably by my valuable passport and letter of introduction from the Chevalier Duprat, who holds the office of arbitrator in the British and Portuguese mixed commission in Cape Town. This is the first instance in which the Portuguese have seen the Leeambye in the interior. The course of Pereira\* must be shifted northwards. He never visited the Barotse: so the son and companions of Santuru assert; and the event of the visit of a white man is such a remarkable affair among Africans, it could scarcely be forgotten in a century.

“I have not, I am sorry to confess, discovered a healthy locality. The whole of the country of Sebituane is unhealthy. The current of the river is rapid as far as we went, and showed we must have been on an elevated tableland; yet the inundations cause fever to prevail very extensively. I am at a loss what to do, but will not give up the case as hopeless. Shame upon us missionaries if we are to be outdone by slave-traders! I met Arabs from Zanzibar, subjects of the Imaum of Muscat, who had been quite across the continent. They wrote Arabic fluently in my note-book, and boldly avowed that Mahomet was greatest of all the prophets.

“At one time, as I mentioned above, I thought of going West in company with the slave-traders from Katongo, but a variety of considerations induced me to decide on going alone. I think of Loanda, though the distance is greater, as preferable to Benguela, and as soon as the rains commence will try the route on horseback. Trees and rivers are reported, which would render travelling by means of a waggon impossible. The Portuguese are carried in hammocks hung on poles; two slaves carry a man. It does not look well.

“I am sorry to say that the Boers destroyed my celestial map, and thereby rendered it impossible for me to observe as many occultations as I had intended. I have observed very few; these I now send to Mr. Maclear, in order that he may verify my lunars. If I am not mistaken, we have placed

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\* A Portuguese traveller.

our rivers, &c., about 2° of longitude too far East. Our waggon-stand, instead of being 26° East, is not more than 23° 50' or 24°. It is probable that an error of my sextant, of which I was not aware, deranged the calculations of the gentleman who kindly undertook to examine them. I send many lunar observations too, and hope it may be convenient for Mr. Maclear to examine them, and let you know whether I am right or wrong in my calculations.

“Sportsmen have still some work before them in the way of discovering all the fauna of Africa. This country abounds in game; and, beyond Barotse, the herds of large animals surpass anything I ever saw. Elands and buffaloes, their tameness was shocking to me: 81 buffaloes defiled slowly before our fire one evening, and lions were impudent enough to roar at us. On the South of the Chobe, where Bushmen abound, they are very seldom heard: these brave fellows teach them better manners. My boatman informed me that he had seen an animal, with long wide spreading horns like an ox, called *liombikalela*—perhaps the modern bison; also another animal, which does not live in the water, but snorts like a hippopotamus, and is like that animal in size—it has a horn, and may be the Asiatic rhinoceros. And we passed some holes of a third animal, which burrows from the river inland, has short horns, and feeds only by night. I did not notice the burrows at the time of passing, but I give you the report as I got it.

“The birds are in great numbers on the river, and the sand-martins never leave it. We saw them in hundreds in mid-winter, and many beautiful new trees were interesting objects of observation; but I had perpetually to regret the absence of our friend Mr. Oswell. I had no one to share the pleasure which new objects impart, and, instead of pleasant conversation in the evenings, I had to endure the everlasting ranting of Makololo.”

In 1849, the Royal Geographical Society awarded Livingstone a gold chronometer watch for his discoveries, and in 1850 he was awarded a royal premium of 25 guineas for the discovery of Lake Ngami. Several attempts to reach the Lake from the east and from the west, one of which was specially instituted by the Geographical Society, had failed, and many people had begun to look upon the existence of the Lake as a myth, until they were startled by its discovery by Livingstone and his fellow travellers—Messrs. Murray and Oswell. From this time, as his intention of penetrating further into the country was well known, great expectations were formed of the additions he would make to our knowledge of these hitherto unvisited regions; and, as we shall see, these were not disappointed, but more than abundantly gratified.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Starts for the West Coast.—Ascends the Leeambye and the Leeba.—Abundance of Animal Life.—Two Female Chiefs.—Visits Shinte.*

THIS, the longest journey he had yet undertaken, and during which for many months his safety was to be a matter of painful speculation to his friends and the thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the civilized world who had been watching the doings of the intrepid missionary,—extended from the south coast to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast; and from thence across the continent to Killimane, on the East Coast of Africa.

As Sekeletu and the headmen of the Makololo were as alive to the advantages which would accrue to them from the opening out of trade with the west coast, as Livingstone was for these and higher purposes which they could not comprehend, every assistance was rendered which could help a traveller in carrying out his bold and daring attempt to make his way across the country. A *picho*, or conference of the headmen of the tribe presided over by the chief, was held to discuss the adventure, and the best way of assisting in it. One of the old men, who was famed as a croaker, said, “Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments already smell of blood.” This foreboding had no influence on Sekeletu or any of his men; they were too much accustomed to hearing his prognostications of evil from every enterprise; and it was decided that a band of twenty-seven picked men, principally Barotse—they being best acquainted with the tribes to the west—should accompany Livingstone, as the contribution of the chief and his people towards the accomplishment of an object so desirable to all.

In answer to the question, whether, “In the event of your death, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unhealthy and unknown country of enemies?” Livingstone replied that none of his friends “would blame them, because he would leave a book with Sekeletu, to be sent to Mr. Moffat in case I did not return, which would explain to him all that had happened until the time of my departure.” This book was a volume of his journal, and months afterwards, when the Makololo were despairing of ever seeing or hearing anything of him again, it was delivered, along with a letter, by Sekeletu to a trader to be delivered to Mr. Moffat. No trace of this

journal could be found on his return, which was a matter of much regret, as it contained valuable notes on the habits of wild animals, etc.

The following illustrates admirably the spirit which animated this extraordinary man when ready to start on his dangerous enterprise. "The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world thus came before me in a pretty plain matter-of-fact form; and it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children, to break up all connection with earth, and enter on an untried state of existence; I find myself in my journal pondering over that fearful migration which lands us in eternity; wondering whether an angel will soothe the fluttering soul, sadly flurried as it must be on entering the spirit world, and hoping that Jesus might speak but one word of peace, for that would establish in the bosom an everlasting calm. But as I had always believed that, if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care, as I was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will; and considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be the plundered party than one of the plunderers."

Wisely resolving that his baggage should be so limited in quantity as not to excite the cupidity of any unfriendly tribe, he took with him only three muskets, a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, with the necessary ammunition; a few biscuits, several pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee, a beverage greatly relished by the natives. Of wearing apparel, independent of what they wore, they had a small tin canister filled with shirting, trowsers, and shoes, to be donned when the party should reach the neighbourhood of civilization, and another supply in a bag was for use during the journey.

Another tin can contained a stock of medicines. A third contained his books, consisting of a nautical almanac, Thomson's Logarithms, and a Bible; and a fourth box contained a magic lantern, a sextant and artificial horizon, a thermometer, a chronometer watch with a stop for seconds, and a small but powerful telescope, with a stand capable of being screwed to a tree, and two compasses, one of them for the pocket, were carried apart. A small gipsy tent to sleep in, a blanket, and a horse-rug, from the simplicity of the other impedimenta, might be termed the luxuries of his baggage roll. As the country so far as explored by him abounded in game, he trusted to his good rifle and double-barrelled gun for furnishing the bulk of the food required; but in case of having to pass through a country where these were not plentiful, twenty pounds of beads of the value of forty shillings, were set apart for the purchase of such necessities in the way of food as they might require. In addition to the absolutely necessary baggage, the party carried with them

four elephants' tusks belonging to Sekeletu, by the sale of which they were to test the value of the market on the coast.

Surely never was so formidable a journey undertaken with so little preparation in the way of mere personal comfort and convenience; but the want of hundreds of those things usually supposed to be "indispensable to travellers" undertaking journeys of trifling danger and extent in comparison, were more than made up by a large stock of pluck and endurance, and the courage and resolve which are born of an enterprise which had for its object no thought of personal interest, vain glory, or aggrandisement, but was undertaken in the noblest spirit, solely in the interest of the physical and spiritual welfare of the savage tribes of Central Africa.

Scouts were sent to examine the country to the west, to discover an outlet from Linyanti by a nearer route than the one taken on the previous journey, but none could be found free from the plague of tsetse, and such as were defiled by the existence of the slave trade; and a passage through the latter for an expedition, the leading material purpose of which was the extinction of that detestable traffic, was out of the question. The expedition started for the Chobe on the 4th November, 1853, and commenced their voyage down that river at the island Manuka, where Livingstone had first met Sebituane. Here Sekeletu and several of his principal men, who had accompanied them thus far, took leave of them, wishing them success. After paddling at the rate of five miles an hour for forty-two hours, they reached the Leeambye, and proceeding up the river, they reached Sesheke on the 19th of November.

Moriantane, a brother-in-law of Sebituane, the chief of the various tribes in and around Sesheke, supplied Livingstone with milk, honey, and meal, and sent scouts up the river to the villages he was to stop at, enjoining the headmen to have food ready for him and his party. The chief and large numbers of the people assembled in the open air to listen to religious addresses from Livingstone. The audiences were very attentive, and appeared anxious to profit by the instruction received, betraying their interest by asking explanations of those things which were beyond their comprehension. Moriantane acted as a kind of amateur beadle in keeping order, on one occasion hurling his staff at some young man he saw toying with a skin instead of listening to the speaker.

In their passage up the river abundance of food and fruit was provided, and several varieties of the latter are worthy of notice. A fruit about the size of an orange contains a number of seeds or pips imbedded in layers of a pleasant juicy pulp. From the pips and bark are derived a variety of nuxvomica, from which strychnia is extracted. A fruit called *mobola*, about the size of the date, when stripped of the seeds and dried forms a very palatable dish, with a flavour of strawberries; in a dried state it can be preserved for a considerable period. The most palatable fruit of the district is called the

*mamosho*; it is about the size of a walnut. These fruits, which in the Leeambye valley grow on trees, some of them attaining a great size, are found in the Kalahari desert, where they exist as small herbaceous plants. In the well-watered country, plants which in the dry regions of the south are mere shrubs, become great trees; illustrating in a remarkable manner, the effect of the drying up of the numerous water courses in regions once as rich in vegetation as the valleys of the Zambesi and its tributaries. A number of his attendants, with the baggage and oxen of the party, marched by land, the canoe party regulating their advance to suit their rate of progress.

As the trees were putting on their fresh green leaves, the banks of the river were much more beautiful than on the occasion of his previous visit. In case of accident from the attack, or the sudden uprising near them, of the hippopotami, they hugged the banks, often passing under the grateful shade of giant trees, among whose branches the ibis, turtle-doves, and many other birds were perched, careless of the near neighbourhood of the canoes and their occupants. Plovers of various kinds wheeled overhead, raising a great clamour. One of these, from its hard metallic cry called *setula-tsipi*, or hammering wire, is the bird famous for its friendship with the crocodile of the Nile, which it invariably accompanies, boldly entering its terrible jaws, and eating water insects which attach themselves to the roof of the mouth of the brute, and cause it much annoyance. It is provided with a spur on its shoulder (the top of the wing) about half an inch in length, which it uses as a weapon of defence. This bird and its habits were known to Herodotus, and up till twenty years ago, when Mr. St. John actually witnessed it feeding within the iron jaws of the huge reptile, the account was looked upon as fabulous. In places where the banks are steep, several species of birds build their nests in holes which they dig with their bills. Among these, the most notable is the bee-eater, a pretty little bird, a species of sand-martin, and several varieties of king-fishers, one of them as large as a pigeon.

Song birds in endless variety, some of them new to science, enlivened the passage of the river, and flocks of green pigeons rose from the trees as they passed. In some districts several species of canaries were as common and as destructive to garden produce as sparrows are in England. The natives tame them, and keep them in wicker cages; their notes are clear and sweet. Tame pigeons were also common. This love for birds would appear to have been initiated by Santuru in the Leeambye valley, who kept a great many tame animals; among others, a couple of hippopotami—ungainly pets enough.

The *boomslang*, a species of tree-snake, preys upon the small birds; the noise and chattering of a number of birds fluttering round a tree usually indicate its presence. The birds are unable or unwilling to keep aloof from the dangerous proximity of this reptile, which with its body coiled round a branch,

its head and about a foot of its neck erect, quietly waits until one of them, more reckless than the rest, comes within reach of its spring.

The snake-bird, so called because in swimming the whole body is submerged, and only the head and neck appear above water, floated about them. The fish-hawk and the pelican preyed on the finny tribe on the shoals, the former sometimes relieving the pouch of the latter of its prey when its ungainly bill was temptingly open. Guinea fowls were common on the banks, while snipes, herons, spoon-bills, scissor-bills, flamingoes, cranes, geese, and various other aquatic birds, were met with in great numbers, especially in the uninhabited districts. Vast shoals of fish descended the river with the floods, the rainy season having set in. These are taken by the natives in the shallow creeks, in baskets, nets, and by clumsy hooks. When not eaten fresh, they are preserved by smoke-drying for future use. Several species of mullet are very abundant, and are the most in favour as food. Crocodiles and iguanas, a species of lizard, the flesh of which is greatly relished by the natives, plunged into the water at the approach of the canoes; while in creeks and shady parts hippopotami floundered about, the females carrying their young upon their backs.

Elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, zebras, etc., were abundant on land, and as a consequence lions, leopards, and other carnivorous animals were common.

When nearing Naliele, Livingstone heard that a party of Makololo, headed by Lerimo, an under chief, had carried out a successful foray against Masiko, a son of Santuru, the chief of a tribe who had settled with his people to the north of Naliele. This expedition was undertaken with the full sanction of Mpololo, the uncle of Sekeletu, and head chief of the district. Some prisoners had been taken and several villages destroyed. As this was in the direction Livingstone was going, and as Sekeletu had strictly forbidden that such forays should be undertaken, he determined, in the name and by the authority of Sekeletu, to condemn the transaction and compel restitution of the prisoners, he undertaking to conduct them to their homes.

At Ma Sekeletu's town he found Mpololo himself, and being supported by the mother of Sekeletu, he succeeded in getting the captives returned to their homes, and an apology sent to Masiko. A fresh foray, for which a number of men had been collected, was abandoned; and through the influence of Livingstone a cowardly warfare, undertaken for the purpose of plunder, was prevented, and a knowledge of the peaceful and wise designs of Sekeletu disseminated, which could not fail to be of much value to the comfort and happiness of the district.

Mosantu, a Batoko man, was despatched to Masiko with the captives of his tribe, with a message that he (Livingstone) was sorry to find that Santuru had not borne a wiser son; Santuru loved to govern men, but Masiko wanted

to govern wild beasts. Several captives belonging to other tribes further to the north were taken with the party.

Passing up the placid Leeba he saw a tree in flower which brought the pleasant fragrance of hawthorn hedges back to memory; its leaves, flowers, perfume, and fruit, resembled those of the hawthorn, only the flowers were as large as dog-roses, and the "haws like boys' marbles." On the banks of the Leeba and Leeambye, and further to the north, the flowers are distinguished for their sweet perfume; a pleasant contrast to many of those further to the south, which emit either no smell, or only a nauseous odour.

Crocodiles were very numerous; and as it was the season for hatching, large numbers of young ones, from a foot long and upwards, were met with; the little creatures biting savagely at the spears with which his attendants impaled them. The natives search for and eat the eggs when they are fresh, so that an increase of population would greatly diminish the number of these dangerous reptiles. They feed on fish and the smaller species of game which come to the water to drink; now and again picking a child, a woman, or a man off the banks, or seizing them in the water when bathing. The natives have little dread of them; and when armed with a knife or javelin, go into the water and attack and kill them. One of Livingstone's attendants, in swimming across a creek, was seized by one; but being armed with a javelin, he wounded it severely behind the shoulder, and escaped with a severe teeth-wound in the thigh where the brute had seized him.

In the south, where some tribes hold the animal sacred, when a man has been bitten by a crocodile he is shunned by the rest of his tribe as being unclean; but further north no such custom is known, and they voluntarily hunt it for the sake of its flesh, which they eat.

At the village of Manenko, two Balonda men visited Livingstone, and informed him that one of his party was believed to have acted as a guide to Lerimo during his foray in the district. Having a captive boy and girl with him whom he was conducting back to their people, to show that neither he nor Sekeletu had anything to do with the sins of inferior men, they were so far satisfied that his intentions were peaceable, and departed to report the conversation to Manenko, the first female chief they had come across. After waiting two days an answer came from this African amazon, accompanied with a basket of manioc roots, telling them that they were to remain until she should visit them. Other messengers arrived with orders that he should visit her; but having lost four days in negotiations, he declined going at all, and proceeded up stream to the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo. Here one of the party picked up a bit of a steel watch-chain; and its being there was explained by the information that it was here the Mambari crossed in going and coming to Masiko.

Among other articles of commerce the Mambari bring Manchester goods

into the valley of the Leeba and Leeambye, which seem so wonderful in the eyes of the simple natives that they could hardly believe that they were the work of mortal hand. No explanation satisfies them. "How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully? Truly, ye are Gods!" It was impossible for them to understand the hard and prosaic toil endured in the manufacture of similar fabrics for years by the white man who stood before them— toil sweetened by the opportunity the remuneration for it gave it to prepare himself for the great work he was to accomplish on their behalf, a work which to the worldly and unthinking brought no adequate reward for these early trials and toils.

Sheakondo, chief of the village of the same name at the mouth of the Lonkonye, visited the bivouac of the party with two of his sons. The people who accompanied him had their teeth filed to a point, by way of beautifying themselves. They were tattooed and marked on the body with stars formed by the skin being raised in small cicatrices. They wear little or no clothing, and anoint their bodies with butter or ox-fat, and when these fail them, with oil they extract from the castor-oil plant. Sheakondo, who appears to have been a fine specimen of an unsophisticated savage, seemed awe-struck when told some of the "words of God." The elder of his wives presented some manioc roots, begging for butter to anoint herself in exchange, which was given to her; and, as she had little clothing and was not very clean, he says: "I can readily believe that she felt her comfort greatly enhanced thereby." The younger and more favoured wife also begged for butter; and she had numbers of iron rings on her ankles, to which were suspended small pieces of sheet-iron, which made a tinkling as she walked mincingly in African style— simple ornaments which appeared to give her a great deal of pleasure. Livingstone drily remarks, "The same thing is thought pretty by our own dragoons in walking jauntily."

Wending their way up stream, they arrived at the village of another female chief, Nyamoana, the mother of Manenko and the sister of Shinte, the greatest Balonda chief of the Leeba district. Nyamoana gave Livingstone an audience. She was seated alongside of her husband, on skins, on a raised couch, surrounded by a trench. Round this trench sat about a hundred of her people of all ages, the men armed with bows, spears, and broad swords. After a palaver, Livingstone drew their attention to his hair, which was always a subject of curiosity in the district. They imagined it a wig made of a lion's mane, and could hardly believe it to be hair. He explained to them that his was the real original hair, "Such as theirs would have been, had it not been scorched and frizzled by the sun." In proof of what the sun could do, he uncovered his bosom, and showed them the contrast between its white hue, and his bronzed face and hands. As they go nearly naked and exposed to the sun, this practical lesson enabled them readily to grasp the

idea of a common origin for whites and blacks. This was a familiar illustration of Livingstone's in addressing the natives.

Nyamoana's people were very superstitious, and it was here that he first saw evidence of the existence of idolatry. The idol was a human head rudely carved on a block of wood. His watch and pocket compass were scanned with much curiosity; but although invited to look at them by her husband, the chief appeared to be afraid of them, and could not be persuaded to approach near enough to see them.

On expressing his intention of proceeding up the Leeba, which appeared still to come from the direction he wished to go, Nyamoana urged him not to do so, as there was a cataract in front, and the Balobale, whose country lies to the west of the river, might kill the party. As the Balobale were unfriendly to the Makololo, his attendants joined with her in urging that they should proceed by land, and visit her brother Shinte. In the midst of the discussion, Manenko appeared upon the scene, and, throwing her influence into the scale, carried the day against the further ascent of the river.

Manenko was a tall, well-formed, hardy, and masculine woman, about twenty years of age; a profusion of ornaments and medicines, supposed to act as charms, being suspended about her person. She scarcely wore any clothing, and her body was smeared with a mixture of fat and red ochre, as a protection against the weather. When asked why she, who could procure plenty of clothing, went about in a state of nudity, she replied that it was necessary for her as chief to show her indifference to the weather. She was a splendid pedestrian, and on a march made her attendants and companions glad when she proposed a halt. Livingstone's people succumbed at once to the strong will of this female ruler: and Livingstone himself, though resolute and inflexible in carrying out his own purposes in his own way, was compelled to give way to her wishes. What could he do or say when a difference arose, when, approaching him, she put her hand on his shoulder in a motherly way, and said, "Now my little man, just do as the rest have done?"

As the tribes in the districts where he now found himself had no cattle, the party suffered severely from the want of food. All they had had for several days was a small dole of manioc roots every evening from Nyamoana. This was the state of affairs when Mosantu arrived from his visit to Masiko, accompanied by an imposing embassy, consisting of his under chiefs, who brought a fine elephant's tusk, two calabashes of honey, and a large piece of blue baize, as presents. He sent his expressions of pleasure at the return of the captives, and at the prospects of a peaceful alliance with the Makololo.

An ox was given by Livingstone as a return for his gifts; but the poor under chiefs were so hungry that they wished to kill and eat it. On asking

his permission to do this, he was reluctantly compelled to decline, as he had nothing he could send instead, and had no food to offer them.

Manenko and her husband Sambanza, accompanied by a drummer, whose duty it was to thump regularly on his drum, in order to acquaint all people they might meet with the fact that a personage of importance was coming, started to escort Livingstone and his party to Shinte's town. The rain poured in torrents, notwithstanding that her husband endeavoured to stop it by various incantations and vociferations. Manenko marched on unconcernedly at such a rate as made it difficult for the men to keep up with her. Livingstone being still weak from fever, which was aggravated by the low diet of the last few days, was on oxbaek, the indomitable Manenko walking by his side, keeping up a lively conversation. All suffered from want in this journey; the bulk of what they got was begged from the inhabitants of the villages they passed, and they were a sad contrast to the kindly Makololo, for on several occasions they refused to give them even the scantiest supply. Even when, on one occasion, Manenko herself went to beg something for Livingstone she only managed to procure five ears of maize, and this notwithstanding that the headman of the village was a subject of her uncle's.

In the forests they came upon artificial beehives, which are formed by removing the bark whole from a tree, which is then sewn up, closed at both ends, and after a hole is perforated in each for the bees to pass in and out by, they are hung upon the trees. The bees, finding so suitable a place for the deposit of their honey and wax, take possession of it, and at the proper season their store is removed by the natives. In this way all the honey and wax exported from Loanda is collected. A piece of medicine (a charm) is attached to the tree, and proves a sufficient protection. Their idolatry is the result of fear only; and their dread of unknown and terrible consequences keeps the people honest under such circumstances.

To the west of the Leeba, Livingstone and his men found it useless to follow the fluttering flight of the bee eater, or honey bird, as all the bees of the district were artificially provided with hives; and he would not permit any of the hives to be interfered with.

Great quantities of edible mushrooms were found in the forest, and as they were pleasant to eat, some of them even when raw, they proved a great blessing in their present half-starved condition. Some of these grow to a great size—as large as the crown of a hat—and several of them are of colours unknown to Europe, one being dark blue. In this district he first saw signs of the insecurity of life and property. The huts were closed with upright stakes, which were removed and replaced as the inmates went in or departed. The dealings with the Mambari in slaves, and the over-reaching nature of their bargainings, had introduced a lower state of morals than he found prevailing among the Beehuanas and the Makololo, where theft and over-reaching

were all but unknown in their transactions with each other, and the relations between the members of each tribe were conducted with primitive simplicity and justice. In all ages and at all times, wherever slavery exists and is fostered by white men, the vices of civilization, without its virtues, become rampant.

Kabompo, Shinte's town, stands in a pleasant green valley with a limpid brook running through it. The town was embowered in trees, and the huts were well built, and had square walls (the first he had seen), and circular roofs. The streets were straight, and each hut had its patch of ground, in which tobacco, sugar-cane, and bananas were carefully cultivated, the whole being surrounded by a straight fence of upright poles a few inches apart, with grass, or leafy branches interwoven between. Outside these fences trees of the *Ficus Indica* family, which they hold in veneration, form a grateful shade. Two native Portuguese traders, and a large number of Mambari were in the town, dealing in their wares, and trading in human flesh. For the first time the Makololo men saw slaves in chains. "They are not men," they exclaimed, "who treat children so."

Shinte gave Livingstone a grand reception in the Kotla, or place of assemblage. About a hundred women were present; this was the first occasion in which he had seen women present in the Kotla on a formal or state occasion. A party of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the marimba, filled up the intervals with music. The marimba "consists of two bars of wood placed side by side, here quite straight, but farther north, bent round so as to resemble half the tire of a carriage wheel; across these are placed about fifteen wooden keys, two or three inches broad, and fifteen inches long; their thickness is regulated according to the deepness of the note required; each of the keys has a calabash beneath it; from the upper part of each a portion is cut off to enable them to embrace the bars, and form hollow sounding-boards to the keys; and little drumsticks elicit the music. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear."

After a man had imitated "the most approved attitudes observed in actual fight, as of throwing one javelin, receiving another on the shield, springing to one side to avoid a third, running backwards and forwards, leaping, etc. Sambanza (Manenko was indisposed) and the spokesman of Nyamoana, stalked backwards and forward before Shinte, giving him a full and true account, so far as they knew, of the white man and his object in passing through the country, recommending him to receive him well and send him on his way. Several speakers among his own headmen also delivered orations, the women bursting into a plaintive melody between each. This over, Shinte stood up, and the reception was at an end. The power and standing of Shinte among the Balonda chiefs was borne out by the numbers present, there being about a thousand people and three hundred armed men."

On this occasion no communication passed between Livingstone and Shinte. By some mistake, the former was permitted to take a seat at a considerable distance from the latter; and the one being too dignified to approach his guest, and the other imagining that all was according to etiquette at Kabompo, they parted without exchanging a word; but it was remarked by his attendants that Shinte scarcely took his eyes off Livingstone during the interview. Next day Livingstone was commanded to visit him, and found him frank and straightforward; he was about fifty-five years of age, about the middle height, and of dignified bearing. After discussing Livingstone's plans, he signified his approval of them. After the business was over, Livingstone inquired if he had ever seen a white man before. "Never; you are the very first man I have seen with a white skin and straight hair; your clothing, too, is different from any we have ever seen."

On receiving a hint that "Shinte's mouth was bitter for want of tasting ox-flesh," Livingstone presented him with one to his great delight, recommending him to trade in cows with the Makololo, as his country was so well adapted for them. When he visited him on the return journey Livingstone found that this shrewd savage had followed his advice. When Manenko, who was busy preparing a hut and court-yard suitable to her pretensions, heard that the white man had presented her uncle with an ox, she was very wroth. "This white man belonged to her. She had brought him, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinte's," and ordering her men to bring it, she had it slaughtered, only sending her uncle a leg, with which he appeared to be quite contented. She evidently had her own way with him, as with all others with whom she came in contact.

The magic lantern was a never-failing source of interest and instruction everywhere; the simple savages never tired of looking at the pictures, many of them travelling miles to see them; chiefs and people inquiring minutely as to the meaning of every picture. As many of them were illustrations of Scripture subjects, he found it a ready means of introducing them to Bible truths. A kind of beer or mead is largely drunk among the Balonda, and many cases of intoxication,—a thing unknown further south,—were observed. Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, got hopelessly tipsy on one occasion, and staggered towards the hut of his wife; and although, as Livingstone says, she "had never promised 'to love, honour, and obey him,' she had not been 'nursing her wrath to keep it warm,' so she coolly bundled him into the hut, and put him to bed."

At their last interview, Shinte presented Livingstone with a string of beads, and the end of a common sea-shell mounted with string, "which is considered in regions far from the sea of as great value as the Lord Mayor's badge in London. He hung it round my neck, and said, 'There, now you have a proof of my friendship.'" For two such shells he afterwards found a

slave could be bought, and five of them were considered a handsome price for an elephant's tusk worth ten pounds.

The following extract from Livingstone's first letter to Sir Roderick Murchison supplements the above account of his interview with Shinte :—

“We were received in what they consider grand style. The old chief sat under a species of *Ficus Indica*, on a raised seat, having some hundreds of women behind him, all decked out in their best, and that best was a profusion of red baize. Some drums and primitive instruments made of wood, were powerfully beaten; and different bands of men, each numbering about fifty or eighty persons, well armed with large bows and iron-headed arrows, short broadswords and guns, rushed yelling towards us from different quarters. As they all screwed up their faces so as to look very fierce and savage, I supposed they were trying whether they could not make us take to our heels. But they knelt down and made their obeisance to Shinte, which in all this country consists in rubbing dust on the upper and front part of the arms and across the chest. When several hundreds had arrived, speeches were delivered, in which my history, so far as they could extract it from my companions, was given. ‘The Bible containing a message of peace.’ ‘The return of two captives to Shinte.’ ‘The opening of a new path for trade,’ &c., were all described. ‘Perhaps he is fibbing, perhaps not; they rather thought he was.’ ‘But as they were good-hearted, and not at all like the Balobale, or people of Sekeletu, and had never done any evil to any one, Shinte had better treat him well and send him on his way.’ The women occasionally burst forth with a plaintive ditty, but I could not distinguish whether it was in praise of the speakers or of themselves; and when the sun became hot the scene closed.

“Shinte came during the night and hung around my neck a particular kind of shell, which is highly valued as a proof of the greatest friendship; and he was greatly delighted with some Scriptural pictures which I showed him from a magic lantern. The spirit of trade is strong in all Africans, and the Balonda chiefs we visited all highly approved of our journey. Each expressed an earnest hope that the projected path might lead through his town. Shinte facilitated our progress to the next important chief, named Katema.”

After furnishing him with guides, and a stock of provisions, they parted with mutual good wishes, each being serviceable to the other to an extent of which Shinte had little idea.

The great explorer was now in regions where his knowledge of the language of the Bechuanas and the Makololo was of no service to him; and he speaks bitterly of the inconvenience and drawbacks of speaking through an interpreter.

From Kabompo to Katema's town, Livingstone and his party passed across a country rich in woods and fertile plains, the latter covered from a

depth of a few inches to several feet with water, the result of the incessant rains which fell daily. In this vast plain the rivers which unite to form the Zambesi take their rise. The people at the various villages were very friendly, presenting Livingstone and his party with abundance of food, and even striving who should have the pleasure of entertaining them. The people were very superstitious, their superstition taking the form of a dread and terror of some being or beings unseen, and supposed to be near and dangerous. In the forests medicines were found fixed to the trees as charms; human faces cut out of the bark, and propitiatory gifts hung in the branches, and bundles of twigs, to which every passer by added his or her quota, all designed as offerings to the unseen powers, who draw them by fear and not by love, were frequently met with.

Several remarkable chiefs and headmen were met and conversed with during this stage of the journey. Mozinkwa, a headman of Katema's and his wife (he had only one), were above the ordinary run in character and intelligence. They had a large and well-kept garden, hedged round. The hut and courtyard were surrounded by a living and impenetrable wall of banyan trees. Cotton grew round all the premises. Plants used as relishes to the insipid porridge of the district, castor-oil plants, Indian brignalls, yams, and sweet potatoes were carefully and successfully cultivated. Several large trees planted in the middle of the yard formed a grateful shade to the huts of the family, who were fine specimens of the negro race at its best. Livingstone was much touched by the worth and kindness of this family, and amongst other things promised to bring the wife a cloth from the white man's country on his return; but alas! before his return she was dead, and Mozinkwa and his family had forsaken their pleasant huts and gardens, as a Balonda man cannot live in a spot where a favourite wife has died.

In speaking to these people on religious subjects, he found that nothing made so much impression upon them as the fact that the Son of God came down from heaven to die for men, and really endured death in our stead out of pure love, and to tell about God and the place from whence He had come. If this method of interesting them did not succeed, he found it impossible to move them. As human sacrifices had been at one time common among the Balonda, and at the time of Livingstone's visit were still practised to a limited extent, on the occasion of the death of great chiefs, &c., they readily appreciated the extent of the sacrifice made by a great being in submitting himself to death in the place of others.

Quendende, the father-in-law of Katema, a fine old man with long woolly hair reaching to the shoulders, plaited on either side, and the back hair gathered into a lump on the nape of the neck, received a visit which gratified him much. Quendende was a snuff-taker and prepared the titillating powder in a primitive fashion; the leaves of the tobacco plant after being dried at the

fire were pounded in a mortar, after which it was ready for use. The whole party were hospitably entertained by him, and he took great interest in all that the white man told him, and gave him much information as to the Balonda and their habits in return. Speaking of Matiamvo, a powerful chief of the district, he said that so absolute was he, that when any of the mountain traders arrived, he would select a large portion of their goods, and hand over a number of his people, or even the inhabitants of an entire village, as payment. He was a man of violent temper and appeared to have been really insane, as "he sometimes indulged in the whim of running a muck in the town, and beheading whomsoever he met, until he had quite a heap of human heads." That these people have some notion of a future state is evident from the answer of an ambassador of Matiamvo when he was rebuked for his cruelty, and told that he would be judged in company with those he destroyed. "We do not go up to God as you do; we are put into the ground."

Katema received the party seated on a sort of throne, with about three hundred of his principal men around him, and thirty women, said to be his wives, seated behind. The main body of the people were seated in a semi-circle about fifty yards distant. Intemese, the chief guide sent with Livingstone by Shinte, in a speech, gave the history of the white man, his doings and intentions. Katema placed twelve large baskets of meal, half a dozen fowls, and a dozen eggs before them, telling them to "go home, and cook and eat, and you will then be in a fit state to speak to me at an audience I will give you to-morrow." Katema was described by Livingstone as "a tall man, about forty years of age, and his head was ornamented with a helmet of beads and feathers. He had on a well worn snuff-brown coat, with a broad band of tinsel down the arms, and carried in his hand a large tail made of the caudal extremities of a number of gnus," which had charms attached to it.

He had a great idea of his own importance, and did not fail to give Livingstone the benefit of it on the morrow. "I am the great Moene (lord) Katema, the father of Matiamvo. There is no one in this country equal to Matiamvo and me; I have always lived here, and my forefathers too. There is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place where you encamped. I never killed any of the traders, they all come to me, I am the great Moene Katema, of whom you have heard."

Livingstone presented him with several small articles, apologising for the meagreness of his gift, and asking him what he should bring him from the coast, hinting that it might not be bulky. Everything (he said laughing) of the white people would be acceptable, and he would receive anything thankfully; but the coat he had then on was old and he would like another.

Unlike the chiefs farther to the south, he had a herd of cattle, reared from two he had bought from the Balobale when he was young. They were

fine animals, almost white, and as handsome and nearly as active as Elands. As he did not milk them they were in a semi-wild state; and when he wanted to kill one it had to be stalked and shot.

Livingstone explained to him how to milk them. The Balonda are remarkable for a formal etiquette which will not permit them to eat meat prepared by others, or to eat in the presence of strangers; and when an inferior meets a superior he drops on his knees and puts handfuls of dust on his breast.

Here several of Livingstone's people suffered from fever, and he had another attack himself. These frequent seizures had reduced his strength, but had not impaired in the slightest degree that resolute and iron will which allowed nothing to interfere with the great end he had in view. Before he was quite recovered he was on the move again accompanied by three guides given by Katema. While here and at Shinte's town they had wanted for nothing the people had to give, and they were able to return the compliment, as while there they killed an ox, a share of which was a great boon to people who seldom tasted flesh meat. The want of cattle throughout a district so admirably adapted for them, on account of the abundance of grass and water, and its freedom from tsetse struck him as singular.

Pushing on through flooded plains and dank forests, the party reached the narrow end of Lake Dilolo, which at its widest is about three miles broad, and is about seven miles long. Livingstone's weak state rendered it undesirable that he should examine it carefully, even although this only involved a few miles of travel. The frequent attacks of fever from which he had suffered made him anxious to loiter as little by the way as possible. His passionate desire was to reach the coast; and the only dread that seemed to possess him was, that he might succumb before accomplishing his purpose, in which case his long and toilsome journey would have been useless to mankind. On reaching the unflooded higher lands beyond the plain, Livingstone discovered to his joy and surprise that he now stood on an elevated plateau which formed the water-shed both of the northern and the southern rivers. The streams running north fell into the Kasai, or Loke, and those to the south united to form the Zambesi (under the names of the Leeba and the Leeambye), the upward course of whose waters he had followed with so much ease and comfort. Unwittingly he had also reached the western extremity of the water-shed of the great Lualaba, about which he had so much to tell us years afterwards.

Here the valleys were deeper and more beautiful than any he had yet seen, their steep sides were seamed with water courses; and as each of these valleys was drained by a running stream, the growth of the trees was not impeded by the accumulation for months annually of stagnant water. Many of these trees grew to a great height—sixty and eighty feet of clean straight

trunk ere the branches were reached being not uncommon. The ground underneath was covered with a luxuriant crop of green grass, through and over which beautiful flowers of all colours stood out, gladdening the sight and perfuming the air.

Turning westwards through such scenery as this, Livingstone found himself among tribes who owed allegiance to Katema, and whose dealings with the Mambari had taught them to give nothing to strangers out of friendship. Gunpowder or calico was demanded for everything; and as he had none of these to spare, and as his last parcel of beads was about all he had to traffic with during the long and arduous journey still before him, he began to dread that the expedition was doomed to suffer more from hunger than it had yet done. Kangenke, a chief whose village is near the Kasai, although not inclined to play the generous host, readily furnished guides, enabling the party to proceed at once. They crossed the Kasai in canoes, the men pointing out its course, saying, "Though you sail along it for months, you will turn without seeing the end of it." The Kasai and its tributaries unite and form the Congo, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean four degrees to the north of Loanda, whither the expedition was bound, so that its course was long enough to give these untravelled savages a high notion as to its unknown extent. Speaking of the stream where the party crossed it, Livingstone likens it to his native Clyde, which in its lower reaches above Glasgow is richly wooded.

Food was now getting scarce, as none could be got unless in exchange for something out of their little store. One of the guides caught a blue mole and two mice, which he dressed for his supper, a distinct indication that larger game was scarce, or not to be had. Since his entrance into the country of Balonda the sight of herds of game and even single individuals had become few and far between; and these had become so shy from being hunted, that there was no chance of getting within gun-shot of them without horses and other hunting appliances which he had not got. The weakness caused by the frequent attacks of fever, and the bad setting of his shoulder, which had been shattered by the lion that attacked him at Chouane, left him hardly able to carry or hold his gun straight. Katende, a chief, sent a message to Livingstone that he must give him either a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell, before he would be allowed to pass; to which demand an explanation of his circumstances, and one of his remaining shirts, was sent, together with a message that if he liked he might come and take anything else, in which case he would reach his own chief naked and have to account for it by telling that Katende had taken them. The shirt was detained, and a little meal and manioc, and a fowl sent in exchange to the famishing band.

They passed onward without seeing Katende, and reached a river with



LIVINGSTONE WEAK FROM FEVER ESCORTED TO SHINTE'S TOWN



a wooden bridge across it, which Livingstone was surprised to find in the possession of a "pikeman" who demanded toll—a functionary he had not expected to meet with so far from the confines of civilization. A payment of three copper bracelets secured the passage of the party. For days their route was across a country intersected by valleys through each of which flowed a flooded stream, more or less difficult to cross. In passing one of these Livingstone lost his hold of the tail of an ox, and swam unassisted to the other side, to the great joy of his men, who leaped into the water to save him. They had not known till then that he could swim, and expressed their satisfaction and contempt for future difficulties of a similar nature by saying, "We can all swim. Who carried the white man across the river but himself?"

Livingstone's men, who had accompanied him from the Leeambye and the Chobe, and passed through so many miles of country not half so fertile as the region they had been passing through for days, expressed their astonishment at the want of cattle and the non-cultivation of the soil, especially as the country was about as thickly peopled as their own. He came to the conclusion that when wild game was abundant in the district it had been afflicted with tsetse, and that now, on account of the introduction of guns &c., these becoming scarce, the insect plague had ceased, a state of matters of which, up to that time, Shinte, Katemo, and Matiamvo, were the only chiefs who had had the wisdom to take advantage.

The travellers were now in the country of the Chiboque, a people who, through their connection with the Mambari had imbibed a passion for plundering all strangers by way of toll for the right of passage through their country, which subjected the party to much danger and inconvenience. Wishing to be on good terms with Njambi, a chief of some consequence, the hump and ribs of an ox they had slaughtered were sent to him. The gift was accepted, and a present of food was promised next day, which resolved itself into a small quantity of meal and a demand for a man, an ox, a gun, some powder, or cloth. About mid-day the young men of the tribe began to gather round the party; and as they were overheard remarking that they had only five guns, it was evident they intended plundering and perhaps murdering them. Livingstone's men stood on the defensive, while the young Chiboque brandished their swords and pointed their guns at Livingstone, who sat quietly on a camp stool with his double barrelled gun across his knees.

The resolute and calm demeanour of the party had its effect; and the chief consented to take a seat along with several of his headmen beside Livingstone to talk matters over. He complained that one of his men, Pitsane, had spat upon one of the Chiboque, and that the matter might be settled by the present of a man, an ox, or a gun. It was no use explaining to them that the offence was a pure accident, they were determined to have

all they could get, and after a bunch of beads and a large handkerchief had been given, they were more clamorous than ever. Feeling certain that he and his men could give a good account of these plundering savages, but being determined to avoid bloodshed unless driven to extremity, Livingstone maintained his coolness, which had its effect upon his men as well as upon the Chiboque. Before the chief and his counsellors were aware of it, they found themselves cut off from their people and surrounded by Livingstone's party. This induced a more friendly understanding, and taught them unmistakably that any attempt at plunder would be met with a most formidable defence. Being desirous of satisfying them as far as possible, a tired ox was given to the chief, who promised to send food in return,—but all he sent was a small basket of meal and a few pounds of the flesh of his own ox. As they could now depart, Livingstone forbore remonstrating against the shabby treatment they had received, and pushed on.

For several days he suffered severely from fever, being scarcely able to sit upon his ox, and when quite prostrate from its effects, a mutiny arose among his men, who were dissatisfied on account of some presents he had made to his guides and chief men, who had become disheartened, and whose goodwill and courage were so necessary to the safety of the expedition. Having explained the matter to them, and promised to slay an ox at the next village they reached, he imagined that harmony was restored. Some time after, on recovering from a stupor induced by fever, he found matters in a worse state than ever. Feeling how necessary it was that order should be restored, he staggered from his bed armed with his double-barrelled pistol, and, partly by threats and cajolery, restored amity amongst them. Several days afterwards, the exactions of the Chiboque and the dangers with which they were daily beset sapped the courage of his men, and they demanded to be led back to their homes, as they saw no hope of being able to reach the coast. After using all his power of persuasion without avail, he announced his intention in the event of their deserting him, of proceeding to his destination alone. This had the desired effect; some of them made answer: "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

Those who had accompanied him all the way, said "they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and they would die for me." At every step of his journey we are called upon to admire the wisdom and courage of this heroic man. On many occasions the slightest indiscretion or rashness would have ruined the expedition by exciting the jealous and suspicious nature of those savage tribes; and when real danger threatened, his cool and resolute bearing—offering no violence, but showing unmistakably that if such were absolutely necessary it would be forthcoming—saved them frequently

from plunder and a violent death. A man like this, who knows his own powers thoroughly, and possesses the unusual faculty of commanding himself, his passions and feelings, in all cases, illustrates our highest idea of what "a leader of men" should be. To such men few undertakings, however dangerous, are impossible; their courage and honesty conquer the stranger, while their followers cannot help imbibing these qualities to an extent which makes them capable of efforts they would have shrunk from under inferior guidance.

The travellers passed rapidly over the remainder of their route to the Quango, avoiding villages, as the visiting of these only led to delays, no food being procurable without making sacrifices of their now scanty necessaries. On passing a village, swarms of children would rush out, and run for long distances alongside of them, viewing them with wonder. They suffered greatly from hunger; but the near prospect of reaching Portuguese territory and finding friends, kept them up, and induced them to strain every nerve to reach it as speedily as possible.

On the 30th of March, when so weak from fever and hunger that he had to be led by his men to prevent his falling, Livingstone looked down from the high land upon a valley about a hundred miles wide, through which the broad Quango wound its way to the north-west. This great valley is nearly covered with dark forest excepting along the course of the river, which gleamed here and there from the midst of the green meadows which extend a considerable way from its banks. On the further side lofty mountains rose indistinctly through the haze, while the high ground from which he viewed the magnificent scene was about a thousand feet above the level of the stream. Weary and worn with want and disease, one can readily imagine the feelings of this remarkable man, as he surveyed the magnificent valley spread out before him, and had his eyes refreshed and his spirit stirred by the sight of blue mountain summits, after hundreds of miles of travel through a country all but flat. Beyond that broad stream lay friendly territory! A few days more of trial and difficulty and he would be among a people who would aid him in the completion of his great enterprise, and esteem it an honour to supply him with the comforts and necessaries of which he stood so much in need!

The chief of the Bashinje, a people on the east bank of the Quango, made himself as troublesome as possible, as Livingstone would neither give him a man nor one of the tusks belonging to Sekeletu. Everything they had possessed, save the tusks and his instruments, was gone, and the clothes of the travellers were hanging about them in tatters. The chief, a young man of pleasing countenance, visited Livingstone, who showed him his watch, which so excited his fear and wonder that he declined to see the magic lantern and his pocket compass. Hunger and the near prospect of succour had made the whole party determined to march on, even if they should have to cut their

way through these unfriendly people. In answer to the threats and demands of the chief, he was told firmly that they "should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities, the blame before God would be his;" and Livingstone's interpreter added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" meaning, "You have never killed any white man, and you will find one more difficult to manage than you imagine."

Arrived at the Quango, another Bashinje chief insisted upon having an ox, a man, or a gun, before he would permit them to be ferried across. Livingstone's men stripped off the last of their copper rings and gave them to him; but he still insisted upon a man. While in the midst of this difficulty, a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abreu, who had crossed from the other side to purchase beeswax, made his appearance, and joined with Livingstone in inducing his men to go down to the river bank. There Cypriano succeeded in arranging matters with the ferryman, and to their great joy they found themselves in Portuguese territory. They passed with light hearts through the tall grass, which in the valley of the Quango is frequently over six feet in height. Three miles to the west of the river they came to several neat square houses, before which many cleanly looking half-caste militiamen, part of Cypriano's command, stood and saluted them.

Livingstone's tent was pitched in front of Cypriano's dwelling, and in the morning his men were plentifully supplied with pumpkins and maize, while Livingstone was entertained to a breakfast in his dwelling, of ground nuts, roasted maize, and boiled manioc roots, with guavas and honey as a dessert. "I felt sincerely grateful," says Livingstone, "for such a breakfast." Several of Cypriano's friends joined them at dinner, before partaking of which, each guest had water poured on his hands to wash them, by a female slave.

One of the guests cut up a fowl with a knife and fork, the only set in the house, so that they all partook of the fowl with their fingers, their hands being washed at the conclusion of the dinner as at the commencement.

During the few days they remained with Cypriano, he killed an ox for their entertainment, and stripped his garden of its produce to feed them; nor did his kindness end here, as he furnished them with as much food as would serve them during the four or five days' journey to Cassange.

All these half-caste militiamen could read and write; they were Roman Catholics, but knew nothing about the Bible. The militia are quartered among the Bangala, the people of the district, on account of their having, at one time, made themselves troublesome to the Portuguese traders—killing one of them. When the governor of Angola had reduced them to obedience, the militia were established amongst them to enforce their good behaviour. These militia receive no pay, but maintain themselves by trade and agriculture.

As the party had crossed several streams and had marched for miles among wet grass which grew two feet over their heads, they had a very forlorn appearance as they entered Cassange, the farthest east Portuguese settlement, and presented themselves to the gaze of civilized men. The first gentleman Livingstone met asked him for his passport, "and said it was necessary to take me before the authorities. As I was in the same state of mind in which individuals are who commit a petty depredation in order to obtain the shelter and food of a prison, I gladly accompanied him to the house of the commandant, Senor de Silva Rego. Having shown my passport (letters of recommendation from the Chevalier Du Prat, of Cape Town) to the gentleman, he politely asked me to supper; and as we had eaten nothing except the farina of Cypriano, from the Quango to this, I suspect I appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table." One can readily sympathise with him, when he adds, "Had they not been present, I might have put some in my pocket to eat by night; for after fever the appetite is unusually keen, and manioc is one of the most unsatisfying kinds of food." One of the guests, Captain Antonio Rodrigues Neves, took the worn and exhausted traveller to his house with him, where he remained during his stay, and presented him with a decent suit of clothing. This kindly man also furnished food for the famishing party.

The Portuguese traders in Cassange numbered about forty, and were all officers in the militia; they were exceedingly kind to the coloured people about them—their half-caste and full-coloured clerks and assistants in the business sitting at table with them. None of them had European wives with them, but most of them had families by native women whom they treated with every kindness and consideration, seldom or never deserting them, and providing for them as if they were legitimately born.

At Cassange the tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold, and as two muskets, three small barrels of gunpowder, and English baize and calico sufficient to clothe the whole party, with several large bunches of beads, were received for one tusk, Livingstone's companions were quite delighted, as in their own country they only received one gun for two tusks. Another tusk was sold for calico with which to pay their way to the coast, as it is the chief currency of the district, and the remaining two were sold for money to buy a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda.

Livingstone was astonished to find that the traders at Cassange had an accurate knowledge of the country and the courses of the rivers far to the east, although this information had never appeared on any European map.

The commander handsomely sent a soldier with the party as a guide to Ambaca, entertained Livingstone to a farewell dinner, and presented his companions with an ox to regale themselves with. The merchants accompanied him some distance in hammocks carried by slaves, and having given him

letters of introduction to their friends in Loanda, they parted with mutual expressions of good-will. Livingstone's guide was a man of colour, a native of Ambaca, and a full corporal in the militia. He was attended by three slaves, two of whom carried his hammock, in which he always reclined in state on entering and leaving a village; the third slave carried a box which contained his dishes, clothing, and writing materials, for he could both read and write, as nearly all his brethren could. Although a pure native himself, when he lost his temper in dealing with any of his slaves, he called him a "negro," as if he meant it as a term of reproach.

Crossing the high lands which bounded the Quango valley to the west, Livingstone found no difficulty in procuring abundance of food from the inhabitants of the numerous villages in exchange for pieces of calico and beads. The rains and night dews brought on another attack of fever; and a considerable portion of the journey was made in pain and misery. The skin of his body became abraded in various places; and his strong courage almost failed him even when the hour of his success was so near at hand.

Arrived at Ambaca, Livingstone was hospitably entertained by the commandant, who recommended wine for his debility; and here he took the first glass of that beverage he had taken in Africa. While sleeping in the house of the commandant he was bitten by an insect called the *tampan*, a kind of tick, varieties of which range in size from a pin's head to a pea. It invariably attacks the parts between the toes, sucking the blood till quite full. Its bite is poisonous, and causes a sensation of pain and itching, which passes up the limb until it reaches the abdomen, when it causes purging and retching. When these effects do not follow, fever often sets in, which frequently results in death. Before starting, the commandant gave them two militia soldiers as guides, to replace their Cassange corporal, who left them here; and provided them with as much bread and meat as would serve them until they reached the next station. With characteristic liberality, Livingstone tells us that the ability of so many of the people of Ambaca to read and write, "is the fruit of the labours of the Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries, for they taught the people of Ambaca; and ever since the expulsion of the teachers by the Marquis of Pombal, the natives have continued to teach each other. These devoted men are held in high estimation throughout the country to this day. All speak well of them; and now that they are gone from this lower sphere, I could not help wishing that their own Roman Catholic fellow Christians had felt it their duty to give the people the Bible, to be a light to their feet when the good men themselves were gone."

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the journey. The Portuguese, without exception, treated the party with the utmost consideration and kindness, which was all the more gratifying to him on account of his debilitated condition. Parties of Mambari were met who did not seem

pleased at finding Makololo men so far from their native Zambesi, and so near a market where they would discover the true value of their elephants' tusks. They tried to induce them to return, by repeating the legend that the white men lived in the sea, and that harm would happen to them. But Livingstone's companions were now proof against such fables; and although full of wonder and doubt as to the new world they were about to enter, and the treatment they might receive, they determined to stand by him to the last.

On catching their first glimpse of the sea, the astonishment of his companions was boundless; speaking of their first sight of it, on their return to their friends, they said: "We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished, there is no more of me.'"

There was only one Englishman in Loanda—which had then a population of eleven thousand souls—Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade, and he gave his countryman a warm welcome. He had sent an invitation to meet him on the way from Cassange, whence intelligence of the arrival of an Englishman from the interior of Africa,—a region from which no European had ever before come,—had reached Loanda; but it had missed him on the way. After partaking of refreshments, and noticing how ill his guest looked, he conducted him to bed. "Never shall I forget," says he, "the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep, and Mr. Gabriel coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

He had achieved his purpose: the mystery of South Africa was solved. Instead of being a vast barren desert, he had found it to be a populous and fertile region, watered by splendid streams, navigable for hundreds of miles, abounding in animal life of all kinds, and inhabited by tribes capable of benefiting from the civilizing and humanizing influences of honest commerce, and the teaching of the Gospel. What are the triumphs of arms compared with the great work this heroic man had achieved? On these vast fertile plains, there is room for millions of human beings living peaceful and industrious lives. Is it too much to hope, that within a period not very remote, the tribes of South and Central Africa will have become all that he believes them capable of becoming, and that they will hold in reverence the name and memory of the undaunted Englishman who first introduced them and their country to the knowledge of the civilized world?

Livingstone and his party started from Linyanti on the 11th of November, 1853, and reached Loanda on the 31st of May, 1854, the journey thus occupying something more than six months, during which period none of his friends, either savage or civilized, heard anything of him. He had disappeared into the wilderness; and, like many more daring spirits, it was

supposed that he had fallen a victim to the climate or the cruelty of some savage chief. Not the least remarkable fact connected with his journey was, that he had not lost a man in the long and toilsome journey; and, as we shall see, he was equally fortunate in returning.

Instead of burning and parched plains, he had found, as he had shrewdly suspected he would, that, with the exception of a portion of the Bechuana country and the Kalahari desert, the vast districts between the confines of civilization at Kuruman and St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast—and from all he could see and learn of the northern watersheds, equally vast districts to the north of his line of march,—were seamed with rivercourses which poured their waters into magnificent streams which found their way to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and were for many hundred miles of their course navigable for flat-bottomed vessels. The long rainy season gave to the earth a fertility which the abundant animal life of these districts could not master; and the tall grass lay rotting on the ground in the flooded districts, a tangled mass impeding the progress of the traveller, the dense swathes of which were used by the various species of antelopes for hiding their young from their numerous enemies.

Save in the immediate neighbourhood of the rivers and swamps the natives are subject to fewer diseases than Europeans. In return for the comforts and industrial appliances of civilized life they could give cotton, indigo, skins, ivory, etc.; and a legitimate and mutually helpful trade of this kind with the civilized centres of the world would do more in ten years towards the suppression of the traffic in human flesh than all the money Great Britain has spent for this object since the abolition of slavery in her dependencies.

This great district he found as thickly populated as the Bechuana country by tribes ranking high among savages in intelligence, who, in the main, led peaceable and blameless lives,—cultivating their gardens, feeding their cattle, catching the fish in the rivers, and hunting the game of the plains, and cherishing traditions of wise and distinguished forefathers of their tribes. To the west, through their connection with the slave traders of the coast, and the evil passions which invariably follow this inhuman traffic, he found a people who had lost the peaceful and patriarchal simplicity of their brethren of the interior; but amongst them he found wise and intelligent chiefs and headmen, with whom it appeared to him easy, given the opportunity of bringing the proper teaching and experience before them through missionary and commercial effort, to introduce a purer and nobler life.



ST PAUL DE LOANDA



## CHAPTER VIII.

*Dr. Livingstone's Letters Home Detailing his Discoveries.—Receives the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medal for the Year.—The Province of Angola, &c.*

THE *Missionary Magazine* for October, 1855, was able to give the following brief account of Dr. Livingstone's great journey :—

“Our enterprising missionary has, since the early part of 1853, been engaged on his fourth tour of exploration in the interior of Africa. Arriving at the town of the Chief Sekeletu, on the river Linyanti, in September of that year he proceeded in a north-westerly direction, in company with a detachment of the followers of that chief, in search of an outlet on the west coast, and, after surmounting great difficulties and hardships, he at length reached St. Paul de Loanda at the end of May, 1854.

“In consequence of the loss of some of Dr. Livingstone's letters, by the wreck of the vessel in which they were despatched, the detailed account of his extended journey has not yet come to hand ; but our readers will be gratified by the notice of its more recent incidents embodied in the subjoined extracts from his last communication.

“Under date, Cassange, Angola, West Africa, 14th January, ult., Dr. Livingstone writes :—

“As soon as I was sufficiently recovered from the severe indisposition which kept me prostrate for a long time after my arrival at Loanda, I wrote you a full account of the journey, concerning which you have probably received information from other sources. I regretted that you had not received the earliest intelligence directly from my own hand, and that regret was increased on learning a few days ago at Punjo Andonjo, that all my letters and maps had been lost in the wreck of the ‘*Forerunner*,’ off Madeira.

“Having left the river Zambesi or Leeambye in latitude 14°11' S., and longitude 23°40' E., we ascended the Leeba until we had the country at Lobale on our left, and Loanda on our right. We then left the canoes and travelled N.N.W. on oxback till we reached the latitude of this place, viz., 9°37', whence proceeding westwards we at last reached Loanda.

“In passing through a part of Loanda we found the people exceedingly kind, and generally anxious that we should succeed in opening up a new road to the coast ; they belong to the negro race and are more superstitious than any of the southern tribes ; they would not eat with us, and near every village we

observed an idol, consisting either of a clay figure of a lion or alligator, or a block of wood on which a human face was rudely carved. In cases of sickness or failure in any pursuit, offerings of food are presented and drums beat before them during whole nights. The Balonda invariably go armed with short broadswords, large bows and arrows, and guns, and seem to possess but little sense of security in their own country. Cases of kidnapping of children occurred while we were passing, and these with persons who flee from one chieftain to another are generally sold to half-blood Portuguese who visit the country as slave dealers. The country appeared to contain a large population, and it abounds in the necessaries of life. The soil is fertile, and the climate admits of the crops appearing in all the different stages all the year round.

“The time of our visit was unfortunately the season of the heavy rains, which appear to follow the course of the sun in his progress north. Our experience can scarcely be considered a fair criterion of what may occur during the rest of the year: perpetual drenchings, a hot sun (the temperature never under 84° in the shade), quickly drying our clothing, and frequently sleeping in damp beds, prevented my forming a reliable idea of the salubrity of the climate. My companions, all native Zambesians, had nearly as much sickness as myself—intermittent fever being the complaint from which we all suffered most. The country, however, is elevated, and, abounding in flowing streams, is moreover of great fertility and beauty. The time spent in the way was also longer than may be required at other seasons, because we had to halt early in the afternoons, in order to allow the men to build little huts for shelter during the night. The dense-tangled forests, however, presented an insurmountable obstacle to travelling in waggons, but the plains on our west may not be similarly obstructed.

“When we came into the vicinity of the Portuguese settlements, the native tribes treated us rather badly. Some levied heavy fines on the most frivolous pretences; others demanded payment for leave to pass at all. I parted with everything I could dispense with, and my men gave all their ornaments and most of their clothes, either for food, fines, or ferries. But when we explained we had nothing to part with besides, it did not in the least appease the violence of the mobs which surrounded us, we must pay either a man, an ox, or a gun, and were looked upon as interlopers, wishing to cheat them out of their dues. At last, on reaching the river Quango, by the generous assistance of a young Portuguese sergeant of Militia, we entered the territory of Portugal, and received the kindest treatment from all classes all the way to Loanda.

“In that city I arrived nearly knocked up, and suffering from fever and dysentery. Edmund Gabriel, Esq., Her Majesty's Commissioner for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, and the only Englishman I know in the city, most generously received me and my twenty-seven companions into his house.

I shall never forget the delicious pleasure of lying down on his bed, after sleeping six months on the ground, nor the unwearied attention and kindness, through a long sickness, which Mr. Gabriel invariably showed. May God reward him! My companions were struck with awe at the sight of a city, and more especially when taken on board Her Majesty's ships of war. The kindness of the officers of the cruisers removed the last vestige of fear from their minds; for finding them to be all my countrymen, they saw the fallacy of the declarations of the negroes of every village we came to west of Cassange, 'that the white man was taking them to the sea, and would sell them all, to be taken on board ship, fattened, and eaten.' They were afterwards engaged in discharging coals from a ship for wages, and will marvel to the end of their lives at the prodigious quantity of 'stones that burn' one ship could contain. They previously imagined their own little canoes on the Zambesi the best vessels, and themselves the most expert sailors in the world.

"His excellency the Bishop of Angola, then the acting governor of the province, received my companions with great kindness, and assured them of his protection and friendship as well as desire to promote commercial intercourse with the country of Sekeletu. He also sent a present of a horse and handsome dress for that chief, and showed very great attention to myself in my sickness. The merchants too, of Loanda, took the opportunity of our return, to send presents to Sekeletu; and as they give much more for the produce of his country than can be or is done by merchants from the Cape colony, it is to be hoped that intercourse with either Cassange or Loanda, will promote the civilization of the interior. . . . I have been remarkably well treated by the Portuguese. The Government did everything in its power to facilitate my progress through the province. . . . I visited several of the 'extinct convents,' or, as we should say, deserted missionary stations. The churches are standing in some instances, and would require but little to put them in good repair. South American fruit trees grow in the neat gardens which the missionaries laid out, the bedsteads stand in the dormitories as they left them, and the chests in which the brethren stowed their provisions; but there were no books nor any inscriptions on the graves which would enable one to learn something of the dust which sleeps beneath. But turning to the people we soon recognise their memorials in the great numbers who can both read and write. There are few of the people of Ambaca who cannot use their pen, and the sight is not uncommon in that district of a black man sitting in the evening with a fire-stick in one hand, and a pen in the other, writing in a beautiful hand a petition to a commandant. I looked upon these relics of former times with peculiar interest. . . . Among the benefits conferred on the country by the missionaries may be mentioned coffee. A few mocha seeds were planted, and it has now extended itself over the whole country. Plantations of it are daily discovered in the forests, and only require to be

cleaned to yield as good quality of fruit as can be found in the world. A few months ago it was discovered at Cassange, 300 miles inland. . . . I return because I feel that the work to which I set myself is only half accomplished. The way out to the eastern coast may be less difficult than I have found that to the west. If I succeed, we shall at least have a choice. I intend, God helping me, to go down the Zambesi or Leeambye to Killimane. I may, in order to avoid the falls of Mosioatunya, and the rapid and rocky river above that part, go across from Sesheke to the Mauniche-Loeuge or river of the Bashokolompo, and then descend it to the Zambesi. If I cannot succeed I shall return to Loanda, and thence embark for England. I expected letters at Loanda, and feel much disappointed at receiving none. I asked my friends to write to that place, and now suppose they believed I should never reach it. I shall feel obliged if you will send a letter to Killimane. I know not whether I shall reach it. I mean to try."

The following extracts from a letter written by Dr. Livingstone to Dr. Tidman give a graphic account of the countries and peoples he had visited previous to October, 1855, the date of the letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—The excessive heat and dust which prevail previous to the commencement of the rainy season, have prevented my departure from the town of Sekeletu, as I intended at the beginning of this month, in order to descend the Leeambye or the Zambesi. And though often seized with sore longing for the end of this pilgrimage, the certainty that the present weather would soon lay me up with fever, at a distance from friends, almost reconciles the mind to the delay. As I now possess considerable knowledge of the region to which I have devoted some years of toil, I will employ my present comparative leisure in penning a sort of report, which may enable you to form a clear idea of inter-tropical Africa as a missionary field.

#### "PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

"It may be advantageous to take a glance at the physical features of the country first, in order to be able to appreciate the nature of the obstacles which will have to be surmounted by those whom God may honour to introduce Christianity into this large section of the heathen world. The remarks made for this purpose must be understood as applying exclusively to the country between 18° and 10° S. latitude, and situated towards the centre of the continent. The region thus indicated may be described as an extensive plain, intersected in every direction by large rivers, with their departing and re-entering branches. They bear on their bosoms volumes of water, such as are totally unknown in the south, and never dry up as the Orange and most other African rivers do. They appear as possessing two beds, one of inundation, and another cut out exactly like the Clyde above Bothwell bridge. They overflow annually during the rainy season in the north, and then the beds of

inundation—the haughs or holms—are all flooded, though, as in the Barotse valley, they may be more than 20 miles broad. The main body of the water still flows in the now very deep low water bed, but the rivers look more like chains of lakes than streams. The country between this and Sheseke was, during the present year, nearly all under water. The parts which remained dry are only a few feet above the general level, and canoes went regularly from Linyanti to Sheseke, the distance being in a straight line more than 120 miles. It was an unusually wet year, and the plains are not yet free from large patches of stagnant, foul-smelling water; though we expect the rains of another season to begin during the present month. The inundation, if I may judge from my own observation, is by no means partial. The exceptions are where overtopping rocks form high banks, and there we have rapids and cataracts, which impede navigation, and have probably been the barriers to inland trade. When the supply of water from the north diminishes, the rivers are confined to the low water channels, and even at their lowest are deep enough to prevent invasion by enemies who cannot swim or manage canoes. Numerous lakes, of considerable size, are left on the lately flooded meadows by the retiring rivers, and these are either fringed with reeds or covered with mat rushes, papyrus plants, the Egyptian arum, the lotus, and other water-loving plants. They are always drying up, but are never altogether dry ere the next wet season begins.

“The country over which the rivers never rise is nearly two hundred feet higher than the holms.

“THE INHABITANTS, THEIR ACCESSIBILITY TO CHRISTIANITY.

“In regard to the people inhabiting this large and populous territory, it is difficult in the absence of all numerical data to present a very precise idea. The tribes are large, but divided into a great number of villages. So thickly were these dotted over the country, that in travelling in a straight line in which we could rarely see more than a mile on each side, we often passed ten or twelve hamlets in a single day. Occasionally, however, we marched ten miles without seeing any. In no part of the south I have visited is such a population seen. Angola contains 600,000 souls, and Loanda seemed more populous and of larger extent than it. The Cape Colony, with 200,000 souls, possesses some hundreds of missions and other Christian instructors and schoolmasters, but it will bear no comparison with Loanda as a missionary field. The Makololo territory has several tribes—Batoka, Barotse, Bashubca, Banyeti, Makalaka, &c.—and there is no impediment to immediate occupation by missionaries; and to such as aspire to the honour of being messengers of mercy to the actual heathen, there is no more inviting field in South Africa. I am not to be understood as meaning that any of these people are anxious for the Gospel. They are quite unlike the intelligent inquiring race of the Punjaub, or the

vivacious islanders of the Pacific. But there is not such callous indifference to religious truth as I have seen elsewhere, nor yet that opposition which betokens progress in knowledge. But there is a large population, and we are sure, if the word of life is faithfully preached, in process of time many will believe. I repeat again, that I know of no impediment to immediate efforts for their instruction. Every headman and chief in the country would be proud of the visit or residence of a white man. There is security generally for life and property. I left by mistake a pontoon in a village of Loanda, and found it safe eighteen months afterwards. Some parcels sent by Mr. Moffat, by means of Matebele, lay a whole year on an island in the Zambesi, near Mosioatunya. It is true, it was believed, that they contained medicine, which might bewitch, but regular rogues are seldom scared by such preservatives. The Balonda are a friendly industrious race, and thousands of the Balobale find an asylum among them from the slave-dealing propensities of their chiefs. They seem to possess a more vivid conviction of their relation to the unseen world than any of the southern tribes. In the deep dark forests near their villages, we always met with idols and places of prayer. The latter are spots about four feet broad and forty long, kept carefully clear of vegetation and falling leaves. Here, in the still darkness of the forest night, the worshipper, either male or female, comes alone and prays to the gods (Barimo) or spirits of departed relatives, and when an answer to the petition seems granted, meal or other food is sprinkled on the spot as a thank offering.

“The Balonda extend to 7° south latitude, and their paramount chief is always named Matiamvo. There are many subordinate chiefs all nearly independent. The Balobale possess the same character, but are more warlike, yet no prudent white man would be in the least danger among them. It seems proper to refer to the Chiboque, Bashingo, and Bangala, who treated us more severely than any I had previously met with in Africa. Sometimes they levelled their guns at us, and it seemed as if we must fight to prevent entire plunder and reduction to slavery. But I thank God we did them no harm, and no one need fear vengeance on our account. A few more visits on this principle would render them as safe as all other tribes, concerning which it may confidently be stated, that if one behaves as a Christian and a gentleman he will invariably be treated as such. Contrary conduct will give rise to remarks and treatment of scorn.”

#### LANGUAGES.

“Reference has been made to the Barotse, Batoka, &c., as of the true negro race which occupies the interior of the continent. By their subjection to the Makololo, they have acquired considerable knowledge of the Sichuana language. We have thus a very important field open in a tongue into which

the whole of the Sacred Scriptures will, it is hoped, soon be translated, and the time necessary for learning and reducing the negro language may not be so barren as is usually the case. The Barotse, Batoka, Balonda, and Ambonda dialects (or language spoken by the Angolcse), with those spoken in Luba and beyond, as also those of the people on the east coast, are all undoubtedly cognate with the Bechuana tongue and Kaffre. The very considerable number of words exactly alike or only slightly varied in their inflections, can only be explained on that hypothesis, for there has been no intercourse between these tribes, at least for centuries past. Each of the negro tribes readily learns the language of the others. The Bechuanas, however, often fail to acquire that of the negroes though living among them. Yet my companions acquired it in Angola as readily as I could a smattering of Portuguese, and failed entirely in the latter. The influence of the Sacred Scriptures in the true negro language will be immense. If we call the actual amount of conversion the *direct* results of missions, and the wide diffusion of better principles the *indirect*, I have no hesitation in asserting that the latter are of infinitely more importance than the former. I do not undervalue the importance of the conversion and salvation of the most abject creature that breathes, but viewing our work of wide sowing of the good seed, relatively to the harvest when all our heads are low, there can, I think, be no comparison.

“It might be premature to contemplate the probability of any results from the circulation of the edition of the Testament which was furnished to Park; but the circumstances are somewhat similar, seeing that all the Arabs I have met with are able to read and write. We may accomplish that which he was not permitted to do. It will, at all events, be working in the right direction.

#### OPENINGS FOR THE ULTIMATE SPREAD OF CIVILIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY.

“The Africans are all deeply imbued with the spirit of trade. We found great difficulty in getting past many villages; every artifice was employed to detain us, that we might purchase our suppers from them. And having finished all the game, they are entirely dependent on English calico for clothing. It is retailed to them by inches; a small piece will purchase a slave. If they had the opportunity of a market they would raise on their rich soil abundance of cotton, and zingoba beans for oil. I cannot say they were lazy, though they did seem to take the world easy. Their hair was elaborately curled; many of their villages were models of neatness, and so were their gardens and huts. Many were inveterate musicians. The men who went with me to Loanda did so in order to open up a path for commerce, and without any hope of payment from me. Though compelled to part with their hard-won earnings in that city for food, on our way home I never heard a murmur. The report they gave of the expedition, both in public and

private, and very kind expressions towards myself, were sufficiently flattering. A fresh party was dispatched with ivory, under the guidance of an Arab from Zanzibar, and two days only given for preparation; and when they return, or even sooner, my companions are to start again. That their private opinions are in accordance with their public professions, I have evidence in the number of volunteers who offer themselves to go to the east with me, knowing I have not wherewith to purchase food even. And they are not an enthusiastic race either; there is not the least probability of any mere adventurer attaining much influence among them. If the movement now begun is not checked by some untoward event, the slave trade will certainly come to a natural termination in this quarter, our cruisers have rendered slaves so little value now on the coast. Commerce has the effect of speedily letting the tribes see their mutual dependence. It breaks up the sullen isolation of heathenism. It is so far good. But Christianity alone reaches the very centre of the wants of Africa and of the world.

“Theoretically I would pronounce the country about the forks of the Leeba and Leeambye, or Kabompo, and the river of the Bashukolompo, as a most desirable central point for the spread of civilization and Christianity. And unfortunately I must mar my report by saying I feel a difficulty as to taking my children there without their own intelligent self-dedication. I can speak for my wife and myself only—we will go whoever remains behind.”

We give a few extracts from an interesting letter written by Dr. Livingstone, and addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison. It is the earliest of that series of letters between these two distinguished men we have been able to recover:—

“The commerce of the country over which Sekeletu now reigns, and that of numerous tribes situated more to the East, have been until lately completely neglected by Europeans. A large waterfall, called Mosioatunya, is conjectured to have prevented the Portuguese from ascending the Zambesi; and the Desert presented an insurmountable obstacle to commercial enterprise in the south. Accordingly, when we first visited the country we saw many instances in which valuable ivory had been allowed to rot with other bones, just where the animal had fallen. Indeed tusks went by the name of “mere bones” (marapohela= bones only); and, though the inhabitants soon acquired an idea of their superior value, they have not, up to the present time, received prices sufficient to stimulate them to proper efforts to procure large supplies. Elephants abound in the land, and there are many daring hunters; but a few pieces of cloth present only a very small indication that the tusks are of more value than the flesh. The elephants have always been killed more for food than for profitable barter; and other articles of trade, such as beeswax, which abounds in some parts of the country, are thrown aside as useless.

“The common methods of killing elephants may be mentioned. The

hunters having observed the path by which certain elephants or a herd go to water, select the highest overhanging trees as best adapted for their purpose. They are armed with spears having very long handles, made of very light wood, and blades about two feet long, furnished with a barb on the shaft. As the animals generally drink during the night, the men perch themselves on branches hanging nearly over the path, and, when the elephant comes unsuspectingly along, plunge their spears into his body. The wounded animal rushes madly away, and, as the spear is held in by the barb, the motion of the body causes the long handle to swing in different directions. Contact with trees produces the same effect; and, as the motions of the blade are uniform with those of the handle, the numerous internal gashes soon bring this strong animal to the ground. Another method is by means of a log of wood, having a poisoned spear-head inserted. It is suspended on a branch above the elephant's path by means of a cord, which again is secured to a small wooden catch on the ground. When the catch is touched by the foot of the elephant in passing along, the beam falls on his back, and the barbed spear-head remains. In this case the trust of the hunter lies in the poison. Still another method is that of deep, wedge-shaped pitfalls, carefully covered over and plastered, so as to have the same appearance as the rest of the path. Many females and young animals are destroyed by this last means; but it is evident that with better arms and the prospect of a speedy and profitable sale of the ivory, much more produce would appear. The present means are often rendered futile by one elephant helping another out of a pitfall, or by the sagacious beast snuffing danger in the wind, and abruptly leaving the country. Even when successful, it can only be with one animal, for the others at once forsake the district if one of their number falls a victim.

“The inhabitants of the Balonda country, belong to the true woolly-headed negro race, and differ remarkably from the Bechuanas and other tribes in the south in their treatment of females and in the practice of idolatry. They swear by their mothers, and never desert them; they allow the women a place and voice in their public assemblies, and frequently elevate them to the chieftainship.

“The Bechuanas, on the contrary, swear by their fathers, glory in the little bit of beard which distinguishes them from the sex which they despise, and, though they have some idea of a future state, it exerts but little influence on their conduct. Their supreme God is a cow, and they never pray.”

After giving details of his intercourse with Shinte, which we have already quoted, Dr. Livingstone goes on to explain the river system of the country. He struck the Leeba after leaving Shinte's town:—“It had,” he says, “assumed the same easterly and westerly course as the Leeambye. After crossing it we were obliged to go almost due North, in consequence of the

plains of Lobale on our West being flooded and impassable. It happened to be the rainy season, and never did twenty-four hours pass without frequent drenching showers. All the streams were swollen, so as to appear considerable rivers; but as they were generally furnished with rustic bridges, we may infer their flow to be perennial. Several extensive plains were crossed with the water standing more than a foot deep; and broad valleys also, along which the water flowed fast towards the Leeba, deep enough to wet our blankets, which we used as pads on the oxen instead of saddles. Both this and the water in the rivers were so clear, that, in using the bridges over the latter, though they were submerged breast-deep, we could easily see the sticks on which to place our feet. This clearness of the water, which we observed in the Zouga, Chobe, and Leeambye, at the times of inundation, is the result of the rains falling on a mat of grass so thick as to prevent the abrasion of the soil. As the tropical rains cause the plains of Lobale to present a similar phenomenon, it may not be unreasonable to conclude that the water of inundation of the Barotse valley and lower parts of the Zambesi, is supplied by copious rains in the North, and, as the natives reported, comes chiefly from Lobale.

“We suffered less detention than might be expected from the swollen state of the rivers; for though we had to swim some of them, all except two boys knew the art; and we never stopped to dry our clothes, unless it were in the afternoons. We got drenched, either by rains or rivers, two or three times every day; but the sun was hot, and we suffered no inconvenience. If, however, we arrived at our sleeping-place damp, or got our blankets wet, intermittent fever was sure to follow.

“The country of the Balonda through which we passed was both fertile and beautiful. Dense forests alternate constantly with open valleys covered with grass resembling fine English meadows. The general surface, though flat, seems covered with waves disposed lengthways from N.N.E. to S.S.W. The crest of each of these earthen billows is covered with forest 4 or 5 miles broad; while the trough, about a mile wide, has generally a stream or bog in the centre, with the habitations and gardens of the inhabitants on the sides. The forests consist of lofty evergreen trees, standing close together, and interlaced with great numbers of gigantic climbers. The trees, covered with lichens, and the ground with mosses and ferns, indicate a much more humid climate than is to be found in the south. The only roads through these dense thickets are small winding footpaths; and as an attempt to stop an ox suddenly, only makes him rush on, we were frequently caught by the overhanging climbers, and came to the ground head foremost. On this account I never trusted to the watch alone for longitudes.

“The streams with which the country is well supplied differ remarkably in the directions in which they flow. Many were flowing southwards; but a

distance of about 20 miles brought us to streams running N.E., and in much deeper valleys. I suspected that we were travelling on an elevated table-land, because the current of the Zambesi and other rivers was rapid, and we had large Cape-heath and rhododendrons, which grow on elevated positions, together with a wonderful lack of animal life. This proved to be the fact, for when we were about 40 miles E.S.E. of the Quango we came upon a sudden descent, perhaps about 2000 feet, which to me seemed about the same height as Table Mountain at the Cape. Ninety or one hundred miles West from this descent appeared as it were a range of mountains; but it is only the edge of a similar table-land, identical with that on the margin of which we stood. This presents the same mountainous appearance to a person coming from the West. The intervening valley is called Cassange, and through it flows the Quango and other rivers.

“Only when we reached the declivity which forms the valley of Cassange could I conceive why all the rivers that flowed North N.E., or N.W., ran in much deeper valleys than those which followed an opposite course. The slopes down to the feeders of the Kasai and Quango are more than 500 yards long and pretty steep, while the beds of the branches of the Leeba are never more than 10 yards below the level of the surrounding country. The whole valley of Cassange seems to have been a work of denudation, for on all sides the declivity presents the same geological peculiarities, viz., a covering of brown hæmatite, mixed with quartz pebbles, lying upon bright-red friable clay slate. This, differing only in hardness and paleness of colour, continues to the bottom; but towards the centre of the valley it takes the form of argillaceous schist. A detached mountain, 7 or 8 miles S.S.W. of Cassange, called Kasala, and having perpendicular sides all round, possesses the same structure. I regret much having no instruments to measure the elevations of these parts; but, after ascending again at Tala Mungongo, we appeared to descend again all the way to Ambaca, where we met primitive and secondary rocks, the latter containing metals.

“This country, as compared with that to the South, is well peopled. We came to villages every few miles, and often passed as many as ten in a day. Some were extremely neat; others were so buried in a wilderness of weeds, that, though sitting on the ox in the middle of the village, we could see only the tops of the houses. There is no lack of food; manioc or the tapioca plant is the staff of life, and requires but little labour for its cultivation. The seasons seemed to allow of planting or reaping all the year round. The Balonda were all extremely kind; and, indeed, had they been otherwise, we should have starved; for there is no game, and all the goods which I had brought from the Cape were expended before we started, excepting a few beads.

“When we came near to the Portuguese possessions, the tribes altered very

much for the worse; and the Chiboque so annoyed us by heavy fines levied on the most frivolous pretences, that we changed our course from N.W. to N. This did not relieve us long, for, when we came nearer Cassange, we found our route obstructed by the M'bangala, who demanded payment of 'a man, an ox, or a gun,' for leave to pass at all. A refusal on our part was sometimes followed by a whole tribe surrounding us, brandishing their swords, arrows, and guns, and tumultuously vociferating their demands. The more we yielded, the more unreasonable the mob became, till at last, in order not to aid in robbing ourselves, we ceased speaking, after telling them that they must strike the first blow. My men, who were inured to fighting by Sebituane, quickly surrounded the chief and councillors. These felt their danger, and speedily became more amicable. They never disputed the proposition that the ground they cultivated alone belonged to them, and all the rest of the country to God. This being the idea in the native mind, they readily admitted that they had no right to demand payment for treading on the soil of our common Father. But they pleaded custom; 'slave-traders always gave them a slave.' My companions being all free subjects of Sekeletu, had as good a right to give me as I had to give one of them; and the affair usually ended by our agreeing to give each other food in token of friendship. I had to part with an ox; and their part of the contract was sometimes fulfilled by sending us two or three pounds of the meat of our own animal, with many expressions of regret at having nothing else to give. It was impossible to avoid laughing at the coolness of the generous creatures. I had paid away my razors, shirts, and everything I could dispense with; but, though I showed these extortioners the instruments and all we had, as being perfectly useless to them, the oxen, men and guns still remained. 'You may as well give what we ask for, as we shall get the whole to-morrow, after we have killed you;' or, 'You must go back from whence you came, and say we sent you;' were some of the witticisms, which, with hunger, were making us all sulky and savage. If Sekeletu had allowed my companions to bring their shields, I could not have restrained them; but we never came into actual collision, and, as far as we are concerned, the way is open for our return. On the last occasion on which we parted with an ox, objections were raised against one which had lost his tail, because they imagined a charm had been inserted in the stump, which might injure them; and the remaining four, still in our possession, very soon exhibited the same peculiarity of their caudal extremities. Attempts have frequently been made by the Balonda and other distant tribes to open up commercial intercourse with the Portuguese, and these have always been rendered abortive by the borderers."

The value and magnitude of the discoveries made by Dr. Livingstone left the members of the Royal Geographical Society in no dubiety as to who should be the gold medallist for the year. At the annual meeting the president of the

Society, Lord Ellesmere, after handing the medal to Dr. Tidman, who represented the London Missionary Society, said :—

“After the observations which have been addressed to this Meeting, on the subject of Dr. Livingstone’s merits, by a Right Reverend Prelate, the Bishop of Oxford, a Fellow of this Society, it has become scarcely necessary for me to say anything in justification of an award, which I know will meet with an assent as unanimous in this assembly as it did in our Council-room. If its further vindication were necessary, I should appeal rather to the eye than the ear. I should point to the pregnant sketches of the routes of recent South African discoverers on our walls; and borrowing from the epitaph of Wren the simple word ‘Circumspice,’ request you to search for yourselves, where Dr. Livingstone entered on the terra incognita of South Africa, and where, at Loanda, he emerged. The satisfaction with which I pronounce the award of our Society, unanimous as I am sure it is, is only alloyed by the circumstance that Dr. Livingstone is not here in person to receive it, as he might have been, but for that noble spirit of perseverance and fidelity to his engagements with a native chief, which has launched him again on his adventurous career. It is some consolation to feel that, in his absence, I could not more appropriately confide this Medal than to the hands of Dr. Tidman, the distinguished Secretary of the London Missionary Society, which has found and sent forth an instrument for their sacred purposes, so illustrious as Dr. Livingstone. Your character, Sir, and your functions remind me, that if Dr. Livingstone has incidentally done that for science which has deserved from us, as a scientific Society, our highest reward, he has gone forth with even higher objects than those which we specially pursue. Your presence here reminds me that his object has been the introduction of Christian truth into benighted regions, and that the means and method of his action have been strictly appropriate to his ends. Within these two days a volume in the Portuguese language has been placed in my hands, the record of a Portuguese expedition of African exploration from the East Coast. I advert to it to point out the contrast between the two. Colonel Monteiro was the leader of a small army—some 20 Portuguese soldiers and 120 Kaffres. I find in the volume no reason to believe that this armed and disciplined force was abused to any purpose of outrage or oppression; but still the contrast is as striking between such military array and the solitary grandeur of the missionary’s progress, as it is between the actual achievements of the two; between the rough knowledge obtained by the Portuguese of some 300 leagues of new country, and the scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted Englishman has left his mark on so many important stations of regions hitherto a blank, over which our associate Mr. Arrowsmith\* has sighed in vain. To you then, Sir, I gladly confide this mark

\* Mr. Arrowsmith, a great Geographer and Constructor of Maps.

of our Society's appreciation of Dr. Livingstone's merits; and I would fain hope that our award will add somewhat to the satisfaction, you and your fellow-labourers must indulge, in having selected and sent forth such an instrument of your high and holy designs."

The Rev. Dr. Tidman replied:—

"My Lord,—In receiving this mark of honour on behalf of Dr. Livingstone, I can but very inadequately express the gratification which I feel that my intrepid and devoted friend should have secured the distinguished commendation of the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society.

"When I had the pleasure on a former occasion of receiving, as Dr. Livingstone's representative, the award of a chronometer watch from your Society, I ventured to express the sanguine expectation that, if his life were spared, he would hereafter accomplish more extended labours for the exploration of the interior of Southern Africa. That expectation was founded on the knowledge I have long possessed of the indefatigable industry and dauntless courage of Dr. Livingstone; his ardent love of science; and above all, his disinterested Christian benevolence toward the aboriginal tribes of that hitherto unexplored region: for I need not inform your lordship and this meeting, that, how anxious soever our missionary traveller may be to ascertain the geographical facts and physical features of the country, his first and ultimate object is with *the people*, by introducing them to a knowledge of that inspired volume which is the true source of civilization and happiness in the present life, no less than of immortal hope and joy beyond it.

"When Christian missionaries half a century since commenced their work of mercy in Southern Africa, the native tribes possessed no symbol, or visible form of thought; and the Rev. Robert Moffat and others had to acquire the knowledge of their rude speech, not by the eye, but by the ear; to make the hut of the savage their study, and by a nice comparison of utterances and sounds, to learn, by slow degrees, the thoughts and feelings of the natives. But over these difficulties their ardour and perseverance triumphed; and they have given back to these aborigines, in their own tongue, various treatises on education and useful knowledge, together with that inspired volume which can make men wise unto salvation.

"Dr. Livingstone, in the course of his extended journey, found his knowledge of the *Sichuana* language invaluable; for notwithstanding the variety of dialects which prevailed among different tribes, he was able to hold easy and intelligent intercourse with all; but, in addition to the charm which the traveller bears about him who can speak the language of the people whom he visits, Dr. Livingstone carries with him the stronger charm of truthfulness, rectitude, and disinterestedness—these have secured for him a good name, and throughout his journey, with rare exceptions, he was received with confidence and treated with kindness by the natives.

“ I sympathise deeply in the pleasure expressed by the Bishop of Oxford, who moved the adoption of your report, that this most successful effort to explore the *terra incognita* of Southern Africa has been accomplished by a Christian missionary; and I can confidently assure your lordship and this meeting, that you will find in these devoted labourers, in every field of their efforts, the true friends of science and social improvement, no less than the faithful teachers of religion.

“ It would be premature to offer an opinion on the probable results of Dr. Livingstone's researches in the future extension of civilization and Christianity in South Africa; but it is a benevolent and noble enterprise to seek out these myriads, who have remained for ages unknown to the great family of man; and as they are now brought within our sympathy, so we may hope, by God's help, to extend to them hereafter the blessings of knowledge and of true religion.”

In his annual address delivered to the members of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Ellesmere alluding again to the labours and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, said :—

“ Dr. Livingstone's unparalleled journey from the Cape of Good Hope through the interior has, since the last anniversary, been continued with perfect success as far as Loanda in the Portuguese territory on the West coast. His map arrived here safely, but unfortunately the journals and communications which had been transmitted to the Society through our associate Lieut. Bedingfield, R.N., were lost in the ‘Forerunner.’ Dr. Livingstone had left his friend Sekeletu with 27 men and oxen, as well as a consignment of ivory, entrusted to him by that chief. With this party he ascended the Leeambye and a portion of the Leeba flowing from the northward, as far as the Balonda country, which he found populous and well governed under a powerful chief named Matiamvo. Here the party left the boats and proceeded on oxback. The natives continued to exhibit great kindness as far as the borders of the Portuguese settlements, when exorbitant payments for passage were demanded, in accordance with the practice of these border tribes, which has hitherto effectually obstructed commerce, but which, it is hoped, will be overruled. After vainly endeavouring to avoid these plunderers, he succeeded in reaching the Quango, where a fortunate meeting with a Portuguese settler obtained him protection till he reached Cassange, in lat. 9° 37' 30" South and long. 23° 43' East. From thence he proceeded without difficulty to Loanda, where he was received with unbounded favour and hospitality by the Portuguese authorities and the whole population.

“ Heavy rain constantly occurred throughout the journey. The whole route passed over a plateau of extreme fertility, well watered, and populous, and great hopes are entertained of its being laid open to commerce and civilisation.

“Dr. Livingstone has left Loanda to return with his party to Sekeletu, with a present of trade goods for that worthy chief from the Portuguese merchants. From thence it was the traveller’s intention to follow the Leeambye, in the expectation of reaching Killimane on the West coast, where he hoped to find some means of returning to England, and begged that inquiries might be made for him by one of H.M.’s ships on the station.

“In connection with Dr. Livingstone’s adventures, a communication has just been received by the London Missionary Society from his father-in-law, the veteran missionary Robert Moffat, who is stationed at Kuruman, and has spent nearly forty years in South Africa. Finding that letters and parcels which had been transmitted for Livingstone through a native chief had been detained, Dr. Moffat started from Kuruman with supplies for his brave son-in-law in June, 1854, accompanied by two traders, Messrs. Chapman and Edwards. This journey occupied seven months, and it is alone of great interest, relating to a beautiful, wooded, and well-watered country, occupied by a very powerful chief and warlike people. The dominions of this ruler, named Moselekatse, extend from the river Zambesi southwards, over an immense territory, to the river Limpopo, and eastwards towards the river Shash, a tributary of the Limpopo. It is inhabited by Matabele, or Zulus of the original stock, and by several other tribes, including the Bakone on the South, the Mashona on the North, the Batonga, &c. The town of Matlokotloko in the Mashona country, where Moselekatse was residing, is ten days to the southward of the Zambesi river. The Mashona speak the language of the Makalaka, a dialect of the Sichuana, which was reduced to a written form by Dr. Moffat, who has also translated and printed the Bible in that widely-spread tongue. Dr. Moffat succeeded in forwarding the supplies for Dr. Livingstone to his friend Sekeletu at Linyanti. He learned that the traveller was still on his journey to the West coast, and was expected to return when the summer rains commenced. Dr. Moffat established the most friendly relations with Moselekatse, who could scarcely be persuaded to part with him, and at last gave him an escort and supplies for the entire journey to Kuruman. Further accounts of this interesting journey will, we hope, be made known from Dr. Moffat’s journals.”

The Senatus Academicus of Glasgow University—Livingstone’s *Alma Mater*—unanimously conferred upon him the degree of M.D. immediately after the receipt of the intelligence of his arrival at Loanda had reached this country.

The Portuguese would appear to have been more successful in their colonising efforts on the west coast of Africa than they have been on the east coast, as we shall see when we follow Dr. Livingstone to the mouth of the Zambesi. The following is his account of Angola:—

“The province of Angola possesses great fertility and beauty, and its

capabilities, both agriculturally and commercially, are of a very high order ; indeed, I do not fear contradiction in asserting it to be the richest in resources of Western Africa.

“ As I have now had the advantage of passing through the province twice, and have honestly endeavoured to obtain correct knowledge of the country, I venture to give you my impressions, as not calculated to mislead any except those whose general views of the world are much more gloomy than mine.

“ As we proceed from the coast inland, the country, except in the vicinity of rivers, presents a rather arid appearance. There are not many trees, but abundance of hard, coarse grass. But the low meadow-lands, of several miles width, lying adjacent to the rivers, are sufficiently fertile, and yield annually fine crops of sugar-cane, different vegetables and manioc (the staff of life through all this part of Africa), also oranges, bananas, and mangoes, of excellent quality. Proceeding eastwards, we enter on a different sort of country, about longitude 14° E. It is mountainous, well watered with perennial streams, and mollified by fogs deposited from the western winds, which come regularly to different places at different hours every day. Near the Muria we enter dense forests, whose gigantic trees, covered with scarlet or other coloured blossoms, and giving support to numerous enormous climbers, with the curious notes of strange tropical birds, present the idea of excessive luxuriance, and recall the feelings of wildness produced when standing in similar sylvan scenery in the interior of Brazil. The palm which yields the oil of commerce grows everywhere. Pine apples, bananas, and different kinds of South American fruit-trees first introduced by the missionaries, flourish in the woods, though apparently wild and totally uncared for. Most excellent coffee, from a few seeds of the celebrated Mocha, propagates itself spontaneously in the forests which line the mountain-sides. Cotton of rather inferior quality finds itself so well suited with climate and soil, that it appears as if indigenous. Provisions are abundant and cheap. Ten pounds of the produce of the manioc plant, which, under the *classical* appellation ‘ Revalenta Arabica,’ sells in England for twenty-two shillings, may, in the district referred to, be purchased for one penny. Labour, too, is abundant and cheap ; twopence per day is considered good wages by carpenters, smiths, potters, &c., as well as by common labourers. The greatest drawback the population has in developing the resources of the country, is the want of carriage-roads for the conveyance of produce to markets. The slave-trade led to the neglect of every permanent source of wealth. All the merchandise of the interior was transported on the shoulders and heads of the slaves, who, equally with the goods, were intended for exportation. And even since the traffic has been effectually repressed by our cruisers, human labour for transport has alone been available. This is a most expensive and dilatory system, as the merchants and persons of smaller means, on whose industry access to a

proper market would have a most beneficial effect, possess no stimulus for exertion in cultivation. Some use is made of the river Zenza by means of canoes, and considerable trade is carried on between the districts on the Coanza and Loanda by the same means; but the bars at the mouths of both rivers present serious obstacles to speedy transit.

“The country still further inland becomes gradually more open. Ambaca presents an undulating surface, with ranges of mountains on each side in the distance. It possesses a great number of fine little streams, which might be turned to much advantage for water-power and irrigation. Both it and Pungo Adongo abound in cattle. The latter seems more elevated; for, as we cross the Lotete, the boundary between the two districts, we enter upon the same vegetation and trees which characterise Lunda. Wheat, grapes, and European vegetables, grow in nearly the same spots with bananas and other tropical fruits. Indeed, by selecting proper localities, cotton, sugar, coffee, and other products of hot climates, might be raised to any amount in this fine and beautiful country, together with many of the grains and fruits of colder regions. No attempts have hitherto been made to develop its internal resources. It is but lately that coffee-plantations were turned to as a source of wealth. Some were discovered during my progress, and the actual extent of the tree is still unknown: I saw it at Tala Mungongo, nearly 300 miles from the coast. Different kinds of gum abound, as gum elemi, *India rubber*, &c., and, among metals, very superior iron is found all through the country. Rich copper ore exists in the interior of Ambriz, and there are indications of coal.

“Cassange is at present the farthest inland station of the Portuguese. It may be called the commercial capital of the interior. Trade in ivory and wax is carried on with great vigour and success; and large quantities of English cotton goods are sent into the country beyond, by means of natives or half-blood Portuguese. The merchants treat their customers with great liberality. At the time I write, Captain Neves is preparing presents, consisting of cloth, beads, carpets, furniture, &c., of upwards of £50 value, for Matiamvo, the most powerful potentate east of this. This chief lives about long. 24°, and monopolises the trade which, but for him, might pass to tribes called Kanyika beyond him.

“The deep valley of Cassange is wonderfully fertile, but success in trade prevents the merchants from paying any attention to agriculture. The soil, so far as present experience goes, would place Mr. Mechi's pipes for liquid manure at a discount, for it requires nothing but labour; the more it is worked, the more fruitful it becomes.

“The government of the country may be described as a military one, and closely resembles that which Sir Harry Smith endeavoured in vain to introduce among the Kaffres. The imposts are exceedingly light, consisting of a tax of eightpence on each hearth, and sixpence on each head of cattle. Something

is also levied on gardens near the coast, and on weavers and smiths. The population is large, between 500,000 and 600,000 souls being under the sway of the Portuguese; and of this large number, the majority are free-born. In those districts to the statistics of which I had access, the slaves did not form 5 per cent. of the entire population, and a very large proportion was dependent on agriculture alone. There are very few whites comparatively; and, from the polite way in which persons of colour are addressed and admitted to the tables of the more affluent, it might be inferred that there is as little prejudice against colour as in any country in the world. Nothing struck me as more remarkable than the change produced on convicts by their residence in this colony. No sooner do they arrive than they are enlisted into the 1st regiment of the line, and perform similar duties to our Foot Guards in London. The 11,000 inhabitants of Loanda go comfortably to bed every night, although they know that the citadels and all the arms of Loanda are in the hands of convicts, many of whom have been transported for life. The officers are not supposed to have been guilty of any offence against the laws of their country, and probably they may have considerable influence with the men; but their testimony even is, that the men perform their duty well, and are excellent soldiers. Some ascribe the remarkable change to the utter hopelessness of escape, the certainty of detection and punishment of any crime, and the fear of being sent to the deadly district of St. Jose de Encoge (something like our Norfolk Island, but not so bad); but, however accounted for, the beneficial change in the men is unquestionable.

“Another pleasing feature in the population is the ability of many to read and write. It is considered a disgrace in Ambaca for a free man of either colour to be unable to write. This general diffusion of education is the result of the teaching of the Jesuit missionaries, who were expelled the country by the Marquis of Pombal. If the results of their teaching have been so permanent, without anything like a proper supply of books, we may be allowed to indulge the hope that the labours of Protestants of all denominations, who endeavour to leave God’s word behind them, will be not less abiding.

“The commerce of Angola has been remarkably neglected by the English; for, though the city of Loanda contains a population of 11,000 souls, clothed chiefly in the produce of English looms, and though, in many parts of the interior, cheap Glasgow and Manchester goods constitute the circulating medium, there is not a single English house established at the capital. For this anomaly various reasons are assigned: the most cogent of these appears to be, that those who first attempted to develop a trade, unfortunately accepted bills on Rio Janeiro in part payment of their cargoes, at a time when the increased numbers and vigilance of our cruisers, caused the bankruptcy of many houses both in Rio and Loanda. Heavy losses were sustained,

and Angola got a bad name in the mercantile world in consequence. No attempt has ever been made since. Still, with the same difficulties and burdens as the English encountered, the Americans carry on a flourishing trade with Loanda. A very large proportion of the goods imported in other ships are English manufactures, taken in exchange for colonial produce, which has gone by the expensive and circuitous route of Lisbon, *i. e.* produce on which the expense of port-dues, freight, commission, &c., is paid from Loanda to Lisbon, and again thence to London. As the same round of expenses is incurred on English manufactures, a British merchant carrying merchandise direct to and from England, and dealing in Loanda in a liberal spirit, would almost certainly establish a lucrative trade."

Several of Dr. Livingstone's letters which we have drawn upon so largely in this chapter were written after his return to Linyanti, but as they refer to the journey, the first part of which he had at this stage of our narrative so successfully completed, we have given them a place here. We must now accompany him and his native party on their way back to Linyanti, where they had been given up as lost. We cannot too much admire the spirit which impelled him to return from whence he had come in redemption of the pledge he had given to Sekeletu and his people. After months of arduous travel, and constant attacks of sickness, we could scarcely have blamed him if he had been tempted to go home to England for a time to recruit. The great secret of his success as a traveller, and the confidence the native tribes reposed in him, was the dependence they felt they could place in his word. With few exceptions, his word was never doubted by a native African. Higher compliment than is conveyed in this fact could not be passed upon him.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Stay at Loanda.—Starts on return Journey.—Dr. Livingstone again attacked with Fever.—The Makololo suffer from Sickness.—Descent of the Leeba and Leeambye.—Arrival at Linyanti.—Dr. Moffat's Visit to Moselekatse's Country.*

AS Livingstone's illness was of so serious a nature as to require a considerable period of rest and treatment, he remained at the house of Mr. Gabriel, where he was treated with every kindness and attention; nor was the comfort and well-being of his attendants forgotten. Mr. Gabriel presented them with red caps and striped cotton jackets, in which costume they were presented by Dr. Livingstone to the bishop, who was acting as provisional Governor. The bishop, who took a warm interest in Livingstone and his attendants, offered the latter a free passage to Loanda as soon as they might wish to return. Two British ships of war, engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, having come into the harbour, their commanders, Captain Skene and Commander Bedingfield, invited the party to visit their ships. Nearly the whole of them went, although filled with misgivings as to what might befall them. The kindness of the sailors, who gave them a share of their dinners, put them at their ease. The firing of a cannon gave them a high idea of the power and the determination of the countrymen of Livingstone in their endeavour to put down the slavery. The size of the ship filled them with amazement. "It is not a canoe, it is a town," they said of the brig of war; "and what sort of town is this which you must climb up into with a rope?"

The respect in which Livingstone was held by every one in authority increased their reverence for him, and added to their own importance as the servants and companions of a man so highly esteemed among white men. This tended to enhance their devotion for him; and as this and the other wonders they saw did not lose in the rehearsing to their friends on the Chobe and the Leeambye, the influence and standing of Livingstone among the tribes of Central Africa were greatly increased.

Compassionating Livingstone's emaciated condition, Captain Bedingfield, of H.M.S. *Pluto*, who was returning to England on board the *Forerunner*, an African mail steamer, in consequence of the shattered state of his health, which had suffered through a long and arduous service on the coast, offered him a passage home. This kind offer Livingstone, true to his idea of duty, was compelled to decline. The twenty-seven subjects of Sekeletu had come

thus far with him on the understanding that he should take them back again to their own country if that were possible. In addition to this, he felt that the long land journey through swamps and forests from the Leeba to the Quango, made the passage from the centre of the continent to the west coast one of extreme difficulty; and he had already begun to think of a more easy route down the valley of the Zambesi to the east coast, which he could explore after his return to Linyanti.

During his convalescence, his attendants of their own accord employed themselves in gathering firewood in the neighbouring forest, which they sold in the town. Through the interest of Mr. Gabriel, who was delighted with this evidence of their industrious habits, they were employed in unloading a coal vessel, which had come from England, at sixpence a day. In speaking of this to their friends on their return, they endeavoured to convey some idea of the size of the vessel by stating that "they had laboured every day, from sunrise to sunset, for a moon and a half, unloading, as quickly as they could, stones that burn, and were tired out, still leaving plenty in her." The money they earned was spent in purchasing clothing and ornaments to take back with them to their own country; their good sense being shewn in selecting plain, strong calico, instead of the more coloured and flaring fabrics.

Through the intelligent kindness of the authorities and merchants at Loanda, the expedition left that place handsomely provided with comforts and necessities. The authorities sent a colonel's uniform and a horse for Sekeletu, and gave suits of clothing to all the men. The public subscription among the merchants provided two donkeys, in the hope of introducing the ass into districts where its insensibility to the poison of the tsetse would make it invaluable as a beast of burden. His man-of-war friends provided Livingstone with a good new tent, manufactured by the crew of the *Philomel*. Livingstone provided each man with a musket, and procured a good stock of ammunition, beads, and cotton cloth. They set out on the 20th of September, 1854, having remained at Loanda nearly four months. Their baggage was as heavy as it was valuable; and they were much beholden to the bishop, who furnished them with twenty carriers, to assist them to the nearest station, and ordered the commandants of the districts they had to pass through to give Livingstone and his party all needful help.

The hard dry ground tried the feet of his attendants severely; and on account of this, and an attack of malaria, from which several of them suffered, their progress was slow. Towards the middle of December, they reached the estate of Colonel Pires, which is situated to the south of the Lucalla, one of the tributaries of the Coanza, in the district of Pungo Andongo, where he learned to his great sorrow and regret that the *Forerunner* was lost, and that his dispatches, journals, and maps had gone to the bottom with her. It was matter for congratulation to him that his friend, Captain Bedingfield, was among

the saved; and with characteristic energy he set to work, while under the hospitable roof of Colonel Pires, to re-write his journal. Colonel Pires had two estates, and was the most energetic and successful planter of the district. His slaves, in consequence of being so well treated, might readily, from their zeal and efficient service, have been taken for free servants. Through his exertions the district has become the garden of Angola, producing abundant crops of figs, grapes, wheat, butter, cheese, &c., &c. Coming to the country as a servant on board ship, Colonel Pires, by his skill and perseverance, had become the richest merchant in the country. He could number his cattle by thousands, and, if need were, could have defended himself and his property with several hundred armed slaves, who would have fought for him with willing devotedness.

The fort and village of Pungo Andongo are situated in the midst of a group of rocky columns, several of which are over three hundred feet in height, and about one hundred feet in width at the base. As the village is situated in an open space in the centre of these rocks, and is only reached by narrow and circuitous roads, commanded by the rocks, it must have been a place of great strength when the country was in an unsettled state under the Jingas, the original possessors of the country. This warlike tribe, which was driven out of their territory by the Portuguese, have settled farther to the north, where they maintain an independent existence.

Crossing the Coanza and several of its tributaries, they reached Tala Mungongo, where they made a short stay, and suffered from a plague of red ants, which were so numerous and so formidable that slaves were obliged to sit up all night burning fires of straw round the slaughtered carcase of a cow, otherwise the insects would have devoured it. These march in a compact band, several inches wide, and attack man and every animal crossing their track with determined pugnacity. The stinging pain caused by their bites is compared by Livingstone to that produced by sparks of fire falling upon the bare skin. They perform considerable service in devouring any carrion they come across, and by eating the white ants, rats, and mice, small snakes, and even the large pythons, when they find them in a state of surfeit. They do not form hills like the white ants, but construct their nests in burrows at some distance from the surface of the ground.

At Cassange he was again hospitably entertained by Captain Neves; and during his short stay he finished the re-writing of his journal, and to his great joy received a packet of the *Times* newspaper, which gave him, among other news, "an account of the Russian war up to the terrible charge of the light brigade. The intense anxiety I felt to hear more may be imagined by every true patriot; but I was forced to live on in silent thought, and utter my poor prayers for friends who, perchance, were now no more, until I reached the other side of the continent." When he next came within reach of news from

home, the Russian war was ended, and the Indian mutiny was the absorbing topic of interest and anxiety among his countrymen. This complete isolation from all news from the civilized quarters of the world was not the least of the trials to which his adventurous career exposed him.

But for the prevalence of fever, which perhaps improved cultivation might tend to diminish, Livingstone speaks of Angola as being "in every other respect an agreeable land, and admirably adapted for yielding a rich abundance of tropical produce for the rest of the world." He further says that, "had it been in the possession of England, it would now have been yielding as much or more of the raw materials of her manufactures, as an equal extent of territory in the cotton-growing states of America. A railway from Loanda to this valley (the Quango) would receive the trade of most of the interior of South Central Africa." Livingstone's men, during their passage through Angola, collected better breeds of fowls and pigeons than those in their own country. The native tribes of Angola are very superstitious; and notwithstanding the vigilance of the Portuguese government, practise many of their inhuman rites,—notably the ordeal for witchcraft, which consists in the accused party drinking the sap of a poisonous tree, a test which very frequently proves fatal.

After partaking of the hospitality of their good friends in Portuguese territory, they bade adieu to civilized society, and crossed the Quango, reducing the ferryman's charge from thirty yards of callico to six, their more prosperous appearance and better armament having its effect in expediting their progress where they had previously suffered so much. Sleeping on the damp ground during the incessant rains brought on a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which delayed his journey for twenty days, as the faithful Makololo would not stir during his weak state. Petty chiefs endeavoured to extract handsome presents for permission to pass through their small territories, but experience had taught the Explorer to set them at defiance, the wisdom of which course was shown when the party were attacked in a forest by a chief and his braves, whom they confronted so resolutely as to make them glad to be permitted to depart with whole skins.

As the Makololo suffered from sickness, their progress was slow,—about two-thirds of their time being taken up with stoppages to recruit or to collect provisions. Making a detour to the south the party came in contact with several tribes who had not been contaminated by connection with slave traders; and amongst these they procured abundance of food on reasonable terms. The men were great dandies, the oil dripping from their hair on to their shoulders, until every article of clothing was saturated with it. These tribes amused themselves with various kinds of musical instruments of most primitive manufacture, and never went out save armed to the teeth; their guns and bows were ornamented with strips of the hides of the various animals they had shot. Their women

tended pet lap-dogs with as much care as their civilized sisters, with a better excuse for their peculiar taste in pets, as these were fattened for eating. Flesh meat was so scarce with them that they were always pleased to give something in return for the smallest piece of ox flesh. Rats, mice, lizards, and birds, especially the latter, were so diligently hunted and trapped for food, that they were seldom seen. Parasitic plants were so plentiful, that in many places a man had to precede the party in the forests armed with a hatchet to cut a passage. The luggage on the backs of the oxen was frequently entangled by them and thrown to the ground,—the same fate frequently overtaking the leader of the party himself. Provisions were exceedingly cheap,—a fowl and 20 lbs. of manioc meal costing a yard of calico, worth threepence. From the Quango valley the party had been accompanied by Paseval and Favia, two half-caste slave traders. It was instructive to notice that they could not carry on their peculiar traffic without paying heavy black-mail in the shape of presents to every petty chief whose village they visited; nor could they trust their native bearers, who seemed to consider it the right thing to plunder them on all occasions. They were compelled to wink at these irregularities, as the safety of their merchandise was entirely in their hands.

Kawawa, a Balonda chief, being balked in his endeavours to extract black-mail from the party, sent forward four of his men to the ferry across the Kasai, with instructions to the ferrymen that they should not be carried across the stream, which was about a hundred yards broad and very deep, unless they got a man, an ox, a gun, and a robe. At night, Pitsane, who had seen where the canoes were hidden among the reeds on the opposite side of the stream, secured a canoe, in which they all passed safely across, to the chagrin of the ferrymen and Kawawa's messengers, who could hardly guess how they managed to cross, as the canoes were all safe on their side of the stream,—Pitsane had replaced the canoe after it had done its work, and swam across to join his comrades, some beads being left in it as payment for a small quantity of meal got from the ferryman on the previous day. In their mortification at being so completely worsted Kawawa's people shouted across to them, "Ah, you are bad!" to which the Makololo returned for answer, "Ah, ye are good! and we thank you for the loan of your canoe."

The country before them might now be considered as friendly territory in which the simple inhabitants could be trusted to assist them in their onward progress, and whose generous kindness would render less serious the exhausted condition of their stores of baggage and ornaments, which had disappeared through the exactions of the unfriendly chiefs and tribes whose territory they had passed through since crossing the Quango, and the payment for provisions during the long delays caused by the ill health of the party. The goods and ornaments the Makololo had received in presents, or had purchased out of

their earnings at Loanda, had nearly all gone, together with the iron they had purchased for Sekeletu.

The open plains of the Balonda country were comparatively clear of water, save in low-lying spots, and as the vegetation was less dense than they had found it farther to the east, their progress was more easy. Animal life became more abundant as they proceeded, giving cheering token of the land of plenty to which they were approaching—vultures sailed overhead; swifts and several varieties of swallows flitted about; wild ducks and other water-fowl were seen in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood of the streams and pools; small herds of the larger game, rendered very shy in consequence of being regularly hunted by the natives, were frequently seen; and jet black larks made the air musical with their song in the early mornings. The plain was radiant with flowers; one Livingstone specially noticed which grows in such numbers as to give its hue to the ground. The variety of colour of this flower was remarkable. A broad band of yellow on being closely examined would resolve itself into individual flowers, exhibiting every variety of colour from the palest lemon to the richest orange. A hundred yards of this rich carpeting would be succeeded by another broad band of the same flower of a blue colour, made up of every variation of that tint from the lightest to the darkest blue, and even purple. The colour of the birds was as variable in this and other districts as that of the flowers.

On the second day's journey from the Kasai, Livingstone suffered from his twenty-seventh attack of fever; and after an exhausting journey he reached Lake Dilolo. "The sight of the blue waters," he tells us, "and the waves lashing the shore, had a most soothing influence on the mind, after so much of lifeless, flat, and gloomy forest. The heart yearned for the vivid impressions which are always created by the sight of the broad expanse of the grand old ocean." Livingstone's old friend, Katema, entertained the party most hospitably, presenting them with a cow and abundance of meal. According to promise, Livingstone presented him with a cloak of red baize, a cotton robe, a quantity of beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. Katema had come from his hunting ground to meet the party, to which he returned after his interview with Livingstone, leaving instructions with his headmen to attend to their wants, and provide them with a guide to the Leeba.

At Shinte's town the party were most hospitably entertained by that intelligent chief; and Nyamoana, his sister, who had changed the site of her village in consequence of the death of her husband, treated them with every kindness and gave them the loan of five small canoes in which to proceed down the Leeba. Livingstone's companions also bought several light sharp-prowed canoes for hunting animals in the water. Manenko was unable to visit the party in consequence of a burn in the foot, but her husband, Sambanza, came

instead, and as an earnest of good-will performed the ceremony called *kasendi*—Pitsane and Sambanza being the parties engaged. The hands of the parties were joined, and small incisions sufficient to cause bleeding made in the hands, on the pits of the stomachs, the right cheeks, and the foreheads. Drops of blood were conveyed from the wounds of each on a stalk of grass and dipped in beer—the one drinking the beer mixed with the other's blood. During the drinking of the beer members of the party beat the ground with clubs and muttered sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. This ceremony constitutes the parties engaging in it blood relations, each being bound to warn the other of impending evil, even if it involved the disclosure of an intended attack on the tribe of the other by his own chief. After the ceremony they exchanged presents—Pitsane getting an abundant supply of food and two shells, and Sambanza receiving Pitsane's suit of green baize, faced with red.

Below the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye the party met some native hunters, well provided with the dried flesh of the hippopotamus, buffalo, and the crocodile. They stalk these animals among the reeds with a cap made of the skin of the head of an antelope, with the horns attached, and the breast and shoulder skin, or with the neck and head attached, of a species of crane. By adopting these stratagems, they get within bow shot of the animal they wish to kill. They presented Livingstone with three fine water turtles, one of which had upwards of forty eggs in its body. The eggs and flesh of these turtles are most excellent, and were joyfully accepted by the party. Here Livingstone had a narrow escape from a bull buffalo, which charged him at full speed. In rounding a bush the animal exposed his shoulder into which he sent a bullet. "The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded past me into the water, where he was found dead."

At Libonta they were received with every demonstration of joy and thankfulness for their return. For months they had been given up as dead; such a scene of kissing and hand-shaking ensued, as made Livingstone glad when they were all quietly seated in the kotla to hear the report of their adventures. He wisely declined to be the spokesman of the party himself, but Pitsane enlarged for a whole hour on the wonders they had seen, and the adventures they had come through. The members of the party had with pardonable vanity throughout all their trials preserved a suit of white European clothing with red caps, and these were donned for the occasion and excited the admiration of their friends. Next day they had two religious services in the kotla, where Livingstone "addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease." The men presented them with two fine oxen, and the women brought abundance of milk, meal, and butter. They explained the total expenditure of their means

in the return journey, as a reason for their giving nothing in return ; and the good Libontese answered—" It does not matter ; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep (peace)."

All the way down the Barotse valley they were received with the same enthusiasm, and as generously treated. At Chitlane's village they were invited to collect a colony of yonubi linkololo, a long-legged bird about the size of a crow, which breeds among the reeds on the banks of the Leeambye. They secured a hundred and seventy-six of them, and when roasted they made capital eating. All along their route it was a continuous feast of joy—the donors partaking with the party of the meats they furnished.

At Sesheke Livingstone found several packages sent up the river to him by Dr. Moffat, whose long and fatiguing journey in search of him, already briefly related, will be found fully described further on. In these, which had been carefully kept by the Makololo in a hut on an island in the river, as they feared witchcraft on the part of the Matabeles (their enemies) who had brought them, he found English newspapers and magazines, and some preserved eatables. Amongst other information the papers contained, was the explanation by Sir Roderick Murchison, after a study of Mr. Barnes' geological map, and discoveries made by Livingstone and Mr. Oswell, of the peculiar conformation of the continent of Central Africa. Speaking of this wonderful prediction of the physical characteristics of a country of which Sir Roderick had no knowledge, save that supplied by induction, Livingstone says:—" There was not much use in nursing my chagrin at being thus fairly cut out by the man who had foretold the existence of Australian gold before its discovery, for here it was, in black and white. In his easy chair he had forestalled me by three years, though I had been working hard through jungle, marsh, and fever, since the light dawned in my mind at Dilolo. I had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that I should be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than flanking hill ranges !"

Arriving at Linyanti in September, Livingstone found his waggon and goods standing where he had left them more than twelve months before. Not an article had been touched, although they all possessed great value in the eyes of the Makololo. Chief and people were loud in their demonstrations of joy at the unlooked-for return of the wanderers. A great meeting was held to receive their report and the presents sent from the Governor and merchants of Loanda. The wonderful story of their adventures lost nothing in the telling at the hand of the Makololo who had accompanied him ; and the presents sent to the chief filled them with unbounded admiration. Sekeletu was proud of his colonel's uniform, and when he donned it at the first religious service held after their arrival, his splendid suit attracted more attention than the sermon. The two donkeys were greatly admired, as they promised to be the

parents of a flock of domestic animals of great value. They had borne the long journey with that patient and untiring endurance so characteristic of their species, and took very kindly to the abundant vegetation of their new home.

For a great part of the journeys now so happily closed, Dr. Livingstone, on account of his weakness, rode on ox-back. The back of an ox is a very uneasy seat, and slow and sedate as the animal usually appears, he can be skittish and mischievous enough. Sinbad, Dr. Livingstone's ox, was not by any means free from the vices of his kind. "He had," he says "a softer back than others, but a much more intractable temper. His horns were bent downwards, and hung loosely, so he could do no harm with them; but as we wended our way slowly along the narrow path, he would suddenly dart aside. A string tied to a stick put through the cartilage of the nose serves instead of a bridle; if you jerk this back, it makes him run faster on; if you pull it to one side, he allows his head and nose to go, but keeps the opposite eye directed to the forbidden spot, and goes in spite of you. The only way he can be brought to a stand is by a stroke with a wand across the nose. When Sinbad ran in below a climber stretched over the path, so low that I could not stoop under it, I was dragged off and came down on the crown of my head; and he never allowed an opportunity of the kind to pass without trying to inflict a kick, as if I neither had nor deserved his love."

Before reaching the Leeba on the return journey when food was scarce, the question of devouring Sinbad was frequently mooted, but the traveller had come to like this dumb companion of his wanderings. Possibly as he always liked to be overcoming something, the daily encounters with Sinbad helped to relieve the tedium of his journey. Never was so long a journey accomplished with so few accidents. Near Naliele his canoe was nearly upset by a hippopotamus. When proceeding along the shore, he says:—

"At midnight, a hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one half of it quite out of the water, so as nearly to overturn it. The force of the butt she gave, tilted Mashanana out into the river; the rest of us sprang to the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, I saw her come to the surface a short way off, and look to the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. It was a female, whose young one had been speared the day before. This is so unusual an occurrence, when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that my men exclaimed, 'Is the beast mad?' There were eight of us in the canoe at the time, and the shake it received shows the immense power of this animal in the water."

The buffalo is at all times a dangerous animal, and one of the Makololo men had a narrow escape from one on the outward journey. Three buffaloes on a wild stampede dashed through their lines. "My ox," Livingstone says, "set off at a gallop, and when I could manage to glance back, I saw one of the men

up in the air about five feet above a buffalo, which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When I got back to the poor fellow, I found he had lighted on his face, and, though he had been carried about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced nor was a bone broken. When the beasts appeared he had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and, before he could use a tree for defence, carried him off. We shampooed him well, and then went on, and in about a week he was able to engage in the hunt again."

Save an unsuccessful attack on one of the party by a crocodile, already alluded to, and a severe bite received by another from a non-poisonous snake, there are no other mishaps to chronicle. Hunger and fever and unfriendly tribes were the most dangerous enemies they had to encounter, and they had passed safely through them all.

Having been so long separated from his family, and having come through so many trials and difficulties, which left him feverish and enfeebled, no one would have blamed him if he had harnessed his oxen to his waggon and departed for Kuruman or the Cape, to rest and recruit before attempting another journey. But this was not in accordance with Livingstone's sense of duty. His popularity gave him hopes of being able to make an impression on the Makololo by his religious teaching; and their kindness, and their confidence in him made him desirous of serving them in other ways. The road to Loanda was long and difficult; and so much of it passed over land inhabited by unfriendly tribes, that he felt this was not the proper outlet for the merchandise of Central Africa. For months his mind had wandered down the course of the great Zambesi, to the East coast; and the more he thought over the matter, the more he became convinced that that was the proper route, and that it was his duty to settle the point without delay.

He was all but destitute, and was indebted to the faithful Makololo for everything he required while amongst them; and he could not carry out his intention of passing to the coast without their aid in men, oxen, and material. Nor were these wanting. Explaining to Sekeletu the method of preparing sugar, the latter asked him if he could purchase a mill for him at the East coast. On his replying that he had nothing with which to buy a mill, Sekeletu and his councillors said, "The ivory is all your own; if you leave any in the country, it will be your own fault." Sekeletu then gave him an order for a sugar mill, "and for all the varieties of clothing he had ever seen, and especially a Mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass wire, etc., and any other beautiful thing you may see in your own country." As he had found the two horses left with him when Livingstone started for Loanda of great use, especially in hunting, he was anxious to have more; and these Livingstone expected to be able to get for him at the nearest Portuguese settlements.

The mother of Sekeletu, who had joined her son at Linyanti, prepared a

bag of ground nuts, by frying them in cream with a little salt, as a sort of sandwich for the journey; and every one seemed anxious to contribute something for the use of the party. One hundred and fourteen men, principally volunteers, were selected to accompany him and carry the ivory, with which they were to pay their way to the coast, and purchase the articles they meant to bring back. Sekwebu, who had been captured by the Matabele when a boy, had travelled along with the tribe in which he was captive to the district near Tete, and was intimately acquainted with the country on both sides of the Zambesi and the dialects spoken, was appointed the head of the expedition. Mamire, a chief who had married the mother of Sekeletu, since Livingstone's departure for the west coast, a man of great wisdom and prudence, on bidding Livingstone farewell, said, "You are now 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 ever heard before; and 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 bestowed a great favour upon me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit, and be visited by other tribes, and by white men!" On Livingstone mentioning his inability to pay the men who would accompany him, the sagacious chief replied, "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 men to carry it."

As the wives of many of his companions in the journey to Loanda had given their husbands up as lost and taken to themselves other helpmeets, Livingstone had some difficult questions as to possession to settle. In cases where the man had only one wife, he decided without hesitation that she should go back to the original husband; but when a man had more than one he declined to decide what should be done, in case it should be thought that he favoured polygamy. Some of the men consoled themselves for the loss of their wives by taking others.

Soon after his arrival a picho was held to consider the propriety of settling in the Barotse valley, to be nearer the west coast for the purpose of trade with the new market the expedition had opened to them. At this "picho" Sekeletu said, addressing Livingstone, "I am perfectly satisfied as to the great advantages for trade of the path which you have opened, and think that we ought to go to the Barotse, in order to make the way for us to Loanda shorter; but with whom am I to live there? If you were coming with us, I would remove to-morrow; but now you are going to the white man's country to bring Ma-Robert (Mrs. Livingstone); and when you return you will find me near to the spot on which you wish to dwell."

Dr. Moffat's account of his expedition through the country of Moselekatse, and his intercourse with that great chief and his people, already alluded

to by Dr. Tidman in his speech before the members of the Geographical Society, is so interesting that we find room for several lengthy extracts. The influence Dr. Moffat had over this powerful and cruel savage chief is evidenced by his consenting to visit his enemies the Makololo with him. We cannot help regretting that difficulties—as we shall see—prevented their reaching Linyanti. It would have been interesting to notice how the Makololo and Matabele, who had been enemies for nearly forty years, would have deported themselves, when meeting in their unwonted character of friends. Mr. Chapman, whose travels we have drawn upon so frequently, and Mr. Edwards, another English traveller, accompanied Dr. Moffat. The party started in June, 1854; on June 20th they reached Sekomi's town:—

“This morning, at an early hour, Sekomi, who had been often heard to say that he would not give up the letters and papers until Livingstone himself should come with a large reward, sent down the parcels, the very sight of which grieved me. Most of them ought to have been sent a twelvemonth ago. Soon after a number of men presented themselves before my waggon, and a rather insignificant person saluted me, to which I answered by remarking that I was going to see the chief. He laughed, and added, ‘I am Sekomi!’ I remarked that he was beforehand with me, as it was my duty to wait on him as my superior, according to custom. He admitted this with something like a smile, but appeared quite at a loss to know what to say. He felt he had got into a difficulty and lost my esteem (if ever I had any for him), by not forwarding Livingstone's parcels, for which he knew well he would be rewarded. He tried to get out a sentence or two in palliation of his ungrateful conduct to Livingstone, who, I knew, had been kind to him, but made such a bungling excuse, that I recommended him to confess at once that he had behaved badly, and I should then hope he would improve some day. I tried to convince him how sorry I was, but he only laughed, and tried to divert my thoughts from the subject, by telling me how glad he was to see me. The subject of Christian instruction was introduced, and its importance enlarged upon, but it proved most unwelcome.”

On the 10th of July they came across several Bamangwato—subjects of Moselekatse.

“We got two of them to guide our waggons to a neighbouring village of the same people, where they said were some cattle, and an officer belonging to Moselekatse. With grateful hearts we saw that all was right, and much sooner than we yesterday anticipated. After advancing several miles we were met by a company of the same people, who requested us to halt till they should communicate with a chief man at a village about five miles beyond. To their inquiries as to what they were to say to the chief man, they were told that I was Moffat, or Moshete, as they pronounce it, of the Kuruman. Though no one of the scores who were standing round had seen me, they

appeared quite familiar with the name, and all knew that their sovereign was anxious to see me. The messenger must have been a swift one, as the Matabele made his appearance in an hour and a half with several attendants. He saluted with rather an awkward, but hearty shake of the hand. He assured me, again and again, of the delight Moselekatse would have on hearing of my long looked-for arrival. On mentioning the names of some Matabele I knew, and inquiring about their welfare, he snapped his fingers apparently with great satisfaction, as this was an additional proof that I was the veritable Moffat, for, as I afterwards learned, if he had taken a counterfeit Moffat to his master, his days would have been numbered in a few seconds. He said he would send messengers to head-quarters to request that persons should be sent who knew me; that he had seen me when he was a boy, but I had then a long black beard. We started again for the village where he was residing *pro tempore* to collect taxes, which we reached the same evening.

“Mr. Edwards and I took our guns and walked out to the woody heights and cornfields lately harvested, to seek pheasants and guinea fowls. We were struck with the beauty and fertility of the country. We also found hundreds of acres of new ground prepared for next year’s sowing. The trees were hewn down and the branches laid round the bottom of the trunks to be burned when sufficiently dry. The ground is all made up in ridges about 15 in. high, and from 4 to 6 ft. apart, so as to allow the water to run off. The grain is sown on the tops of the ridges, where it appears to grow luxuriantly. The whole country, as far as the eye can reach, is very mountainous, and these mostly isolated, and frequently composed of enormous blocks and boulders. Blocks may be seen 30 or 40 ft., standing on one end on the top, and sometimes on the brow of hills, which the slightest touch of an earthquake would bring thundering down hundreds of feet. Though these mountains are rugged, they look fine, being partially or nearly wholly covered with trees, many of which are evergreens, or in leaf nearly the whole year. Trees may be seen, chiefly of the ficus tribe, growing on the solid granite rock, and with trunks running up perpendicular walls of a great height, and adhering so close to the rocks, and being of the same colour, it requires a near approach to convince one that they are not parts of the rock itself. A fine field for the botanist as well as the geologist! I saw some trees and shrubs entirely new to me, but, not being in flower at the time, could not tell to what genus they belonged. Granite of various grain predominates; indeed the foundations of the whole country appear to be granitic, with enormous blocks of quartz, which is also found filling up large rents and furrows in the solid rock; also slaty gneiss and pieces of basalt in the bottoms of rivers, as if washed down from higher places. It would appear as if grain might be cultivated anywhere, even at the tops of hills, where the soil is frequently very rich. Though rain has not fallen for months I found some places quite damp, and the *débris* of the

granite hills and the sand afford an easy passage for the water to the numberless small rivers, so that the water is, except during the rainy season, undergoing a constant filtration. In the evening two Matabele women came down from the village to see the friend of their chief. They are altogether different in their dress to that of the other tribes. On asking if they knew me, they said, 'We know your size, your nose, and your eyes, but what has become of the long black beard?' they inquired. I found that these two respectable-looking matrons, and two others, had been charged with bewitching at headquarters, and were banished to this distant outpost. This, to say the least, is a merciful punishment for the Matabelian tyrant.

"Having got in readiness we started again with a company of Bamanguato, who were to be our guides and assistants under one who is their chief, called Mapongko (words or news), and, being as familiar with the Matabele language as his own, he will serve as interpreter. After having passed through a picturesque country—fine water and abundance of pasture—we halted at what is called the M'akue river, having travelled 18 miles in 9 hours, with frequent hindrances from cutting down trees and seeking roads across ravines. Last night we slept near some large masses of granite, near a range of pools; the night cold, with heavy dew, although the atmosphere appeared dry during the day. The country exceedingly picturesque, and the mountains and trees numberless as their shapes. Wherever the eye is directed nothing but hills on hills rise in endless succession; nearly all are covered with enormous granite blocks and trees, though, to a superficial observer, there appears to be scarcely any soil. We also passed hills, some not less than 6 miles in circumference, exactly resembling the half or third part of a perfect sphere above the ground, solid granite, and, to the eye, as smooth as an orange, without a single tuft of grass or loose pebble on the whole surface. Having scrambled part of the way up such granite globes it appeared to me that not a particle, not even grains of sand had lain on them since washed by the waters of the flood. The alluvial deposits accumulated in the valleys between these hills are exceedingly rich, and send forth luxuriant brushwood and grass. Sometimes the granite crops out in large flat masses, and having been washed by the rains of some thousand summers, these are employed as threshing-floors, in the vicinity of the native gardens. Blocks rising above trees, on the tops of hills, might, without much effort of the imagination, be taken for ancient castles, surrounded with broken ramparts. I examined a single block near to where we passed, on an entirely level surface of rich soil. It exhibited a perpendicular face of 50 by 40 ft., smooth as if it had been chiseled, and looked as if intended for a base to some stupendous monument. Among the débris of the surrounding hills are large quantities of quartz, blue stone, mica, slate. It is very evident, from the appearance of these mountains, that there have been no earthquakes here since a very remote period, or otherwise thousands of boulders of great

magnitude would have been hurled from the dizzy heights, where they seem to tremble with a breath of air.

“Last night, when about retiring to rest, two messengers from Moselekatse arrived, who had left yesterday morning, and had travelled most of the night. The principal one delivered the message with great animation, and with many extravagant expressions about the delight the news of my arrival had imparted to the sovereign. Observing him to be evidently much fatigued with his run, I remarked that, instead of starting early to-morrow, we should defer till the afternoon following, that he might rest. To this he would on no account agree, adding, ‘No rest for me. I want none till I see you in the presence of Moselekatse.’ We accordingly started early, and, after much winding, got through a range of high precipitous hills. All the rivers we passed, since leaving the Banguaketse, run to the East and E.S.E. We have passed to-day rivers which all flow to the N.N.W., while farther to the right there are still tributary streams going to the Limpopo. We are thus travelling along the backbone, or highest place of this part of Africa, between 27° and 29° E. long. All the rivers to the N.W. turn North and fall into the Zambesi.

“Last night, after having all got fast asleep, a man arrived from the town with an ox to be slaughtered. The native idea was, that we must kill and eat the whole night, and start on the coming morn. It was kindly intended, but not according to our way of doing things. On we went, and as we passed some towns, out rushed men and women to see us. It was a favourable opportunity; for no one dares to come to head-quarters, except on special business, so they made the best of the time they had. Early in the forenoon, as we approached the royal residence, we met men with shields and spears coming in procession to inform us of the king’s happiness at our arrival. We, as a matter of course, expected to see some such display as I had witnessed on my former visits. Being considerably in advance of the waggons we entered the large public fold, and, following a chief man, were led to the opposite side, where sat in different parties about 60 chief men. The town appeared new, or rather half finished. There was nothing like the finish I had seen before in regal towns. We stood for some minutes at a doorway in the fence, which seemed to lead to premises behind, where some kind of preparations were going on. While our attention was directed to the waggons, Moselekatse had been moved to the entrance where we were standing. On turning round there he sat on a kaross, but how changed! The vigorous and active monarch of the Matabele, was now aged, lame in the feet, incapable of standing, or even moving himself along the floor. I entered, and he grasped my hand, gave me an impressive look, drew his mantle over his eyes, and wept. Some time elapsed before he could even speak or look at me. In the meantime Mr. Edwards, who had gone to direct the waggons,

came up, little expecting to see the hero of so many battles, and the conquering tyrant of so many tribes, bathed in tears, which he endeavoured in vain to hide, probably from some of his wives who stood behind him, and his nobles who stood waiting in silence without. After some minutes spent in this way he repeated my name several times, adding, 'Surely I am only dreaming that you are Moffat.' I remarked that God, whom I served, had spared us both, and that I had come once more to see him before I should die, and, though very sorry to see him so ill, I was thankful to God that we were permitted to meet again. He pointed to his feet, which I had observed to be dropsical, and said that they, as well as other parts of his body, were *killing* him, adding, 'Your God has sent you to help me, and heal me.'

"Moselekatse's dominion extends from the Shashe River on the South to the Zambesi on the North, and all the numerous canoes and boatmen on the southern bank acknowledge his authority. On account of the tsetse, or fly, much of the country towards the Zambesi cannot possibly be occupied with cattle; they are swept off immediately by that small but overwhelming insect. The scattered inhabitants have abundance of game, and are able to keep sheep and goats, which do not suffer; it is remarkable that this should be the case, for though their hair or wool is thicker than other animals, there are vulnerable parts, which the tsetse can easily reach; dogs immediately fall victims.

"This morning I said to my interpreter, and to another who might be called the king's aide-de-camp, that I wished to convey to Moselekatse all my plans, and what I wished to accomplish during my stay. When I mentioned Linyanti, and that, as I had goods, &c., for Livingstone, I intended to go thither, or as near the Makololo as I could, in order to forward his supplies, the proposal seemed to operate on them like an electric shock, and they supplicated me most humbly, for the sake of their lives, not to send them to their master with such a message; that I must on no account whisper such a thing—the king must first see me for a month or two to come. The day had been so windy, cold, and damp, his majesty had kept within doors, and one or two, who might be considered sheriffs, being absent, some women from the harem, and others who had brought beer, &c., to the town, took the favourable opportunity of drawing near to have a look at me. Though cold, they had nothing like dress on the upper part of their bodies, and, according to the Matabele custom, very little anywhere else. They appeared very cheerful and happy, most of them with arms over each other's necks. They acted with great decorum, and when they retired they said they were glad I had come, and were thankful for the opportunity of seeing me. By far the greater part of his people are not pure Matabele, but belong to the tribes whom Moselekatse had subjugated during his long career.

"The Mashona have more or less intercourse with the Portuguese, and

with tribes contiguous, for they barter from that quarter coarse cottons, though they themselves make garments of cotton of a very coarse texture. I also saw among them two musical instruments, consisting of about forty notes, composed of as many strips of iron fastened to a small board within a large calabash, into the opening of which the two hands are introduced, playing in the same manner as one would on the pianoforte. The instrument exhibits considerable ingenuity, and, for a people so barbarous, is a successful one. Their dress, though rude enough, is much more decent than that of the Matabele, and indeed they seem to be an entirely different people. Their language is the same as the Makalaka tribe, of which, though a branch of the Sichuana, I could understand but little. The Mashona say their fathers emigrated from the south-east, beyond the land of the Baraputsi. Some of their customs are peculiar, and different from any other tribe I know.

“I had some conversation with Moselekatse, and tried to make him understand that the world moved, and not the sun; that the earth was a globe, and not a flat; that people could go round and round, and, were a hole pierced through its centre to the other side, he would find people on what would also appear to him a plain or sea. He looked rather bewildered at these facts, for he had no idea that I was deliberately telling falsehoods. I described to him the speed with which waggons travelled in England, and ships on the sea; but it seemed like multiplying words to no purpose, as it was far above his conception. He, however, freely admitted the superior wisdom of the white men, which afforded me an excellent text to explain to him the process by which the Maengelise, as he calls them, have reached their present state of refinement and wisdom.

“In the course of another conversation with Moselekatse I had handed to him some tin vessels I had made, which he admired, and no doubt viewed me as a perfect genius of a tinker. I had before conversed with him about Livingstone, and now stated plainly that it was my purpose to go to Sekeletu's country, or as near it as I could get, in order to hear if he had returned from the journey to the west coast, and to convey goods and letters I had brought for him. This resolution was to him like a dose of assafœtida; he replied that he was my son, and I must not leave him, especially as he was sick—that there was no one, even among his own people, whom he loved and confided in like myself, and he could not give his consent to my undertaking such a journey. He then began to number up bugbears, with the hope of frightening me, and talked of fevers which pervaded all the rivers and swamps through which I must pass—crocodiles, and savage hordes. Putting on a very grave face, I said, ‘Moselekatse, Livingstone is my child, and he is a servant of God; if I return without seeing him, or hearing certainly about him, I shall return with a heavy heart, and tell my friends Moselekatse does not love me.’ I added, that if he had any fears of my perishing on the road, I should

leave a letter, which he could send to the Kuruman, which would tell Mamele, as he called Mrs. Moffat, that it was entirely my own fault.

“Two young girls, about ten years of age, daughters of Moselekatse, of different mothers, came from a neighbouring town to see him, or rather me. He kissed each of them on the brow and then on each cheek. I observed others kiss them on each cheek, the brow, and chin. This seems to be the mode of Matabele kissing; it is done by men, too, when they meet after a long absence. The girls seemed the very picture of health; though they drank beer daily, their countenances exhibited great childish sweetness, while their bodies, well washed and anointed with oil, presented the most perfect female symmetry; but the women in general are no beauties.

“Moselekatse said, that as he had sent men to inquire respecting the road, and as they would go till they could learn something about Livingstone, he would wish me to defer my journey till they had returned. Supposing this to be a plan, like others, to prolong my stay, I could not agree, especially as the hot weather would soon commence, and the rainy season in the month of October, which would render travelling in a country like this next to impossible. He showed me a number of elephants' tusks, which he said he intended to present to me as a token of the gratitude he felt for the kindness he had received from me since he first knew me. I replied, that though I could fully appreciate his kind intentions, I felt I could not accept of anything of the kind till I should have accomplished my purpose in getting Livingstone's goods, &c., conveyed to him, and, if it were possible, seeing him myself. I added, that if he aided me in this undertaking, I should esteem his help more valuable than his present, and that I should be more ready to make him a present than to receive one, and that I should return to the Kuruman rich without a single tusk. These remarks made him look unusually grave, and, after a pause, he said, ‘Verily you love Livingstone, and you love me too;’ and, taking me by the hand, said, ‘You shall go.’ I snapped my fingers in Matabelian fashion, and thanked him with all my heart.

“In the morning, when about to start in search of Livingstone, Moselekatse got into my waggon, followed by some parcels of presents which he had received from one and another, and which were deposited within. He sat down very composedly, and requested that the waggons might start. I supposed he was intending to go only to the next town, as he was followed by most of the men, some of them rather too advanced in years to proceed far. Bidding adieu to my kind-hearted fellow-traveller—who would have been happy to accompany me, but, being in partnership with Mr. Chapman, he felt it his duty to remain a while longer—away we went, with about 100 men and nearly half that number of dogs, large and small. Passing the first town without halting, we came to a pass between two hills, commanding a beautiful and

rather extensive view. Here we halted under an ancient sycamore till the chief's own waggon, which he had sent for, should arrive. To my surprise, the waggon no sooner arrived, than he requested that we should proceed to where there were bushes and firewood. On its joining us we again set off—his sable majesty keeping possession of my bed or stretcher, which, by its creaking, gave token that it had got an unusual load. After winding through considerable thickets along the base of hills, we descended into a pretty valley, where was every requisite for a comfortable bivouac. During the last two hours we had been followed by some carrying karosses, others food, and about twenty women with large calabashes of beer on their heads. Moselekatse's waggon being placed alongside of mine, the people then, as at every halting-place during the journey, commenced hewing and tearing down branches from trees, principally evergreens. Of these, very commodious booths were formed in all directions, leaving an open space in the centre for the cattle to sleep in. On the left of my waggon was a booth for my four men, in which Moselekatse chooses to sleep, and not in his waggon, or among his own people. To the right of my waggon was what may be called a royal pavilion of evergreens, where he sometimes sat, and his personal attendants reposed. Immediately in front of my waggon was another large circular fence, where there were about nine of his wives, and twenty other women—beer-carriers. Several large companies occupied other portions of the encampment, which, lighted up by the blazing fires, presented an animated spectacle. Before dark a troop of fat cattle were brought, of which two were slaughtered, and strips of meat soon garnished the live coals at every fire-place; and if human masticators were busy, tongues were performing their part to some purpose, which never seemed to incommode the sovereign of all, who walked about evidently much pleased.

“After passing half the night meditating plans, I got up and found our governor in excellent spirits. When I asked him what he thought we were to do, ‘Let us go on,’ was the reply. While we were sitting together, eating a royal dish of meat—paunch cooked with fat, not invitingly clean, but such as travellers get accustomed to—the men who had been sent to ascertain the state of the country arrived. Their intelligence at once settled the point as to our advance. Water was not to be had for oxen until the fourth day, and then only amongst the tsetse. We talked and reasoned long on the subject, till I asked the chief what he thought was best to be done. He replied, ‘I am here to serve you; you must say what you wish, and I shall do it or order it.’ The idea of sending men with Livingstone's goods at that moment struck me, on which I inquired how far it was to Linyanti; and if messengers were sent, when would they return; or, if I were to go on foot, how long should I be absent? ‘Twenty or thirty days,’ was the reply; and if to the Barotse country, where Sekeletu might be, it would be a much longer time. I rose,

and said, 'I must think alone,' and I should tell him the result of my cogitations. I soon after received the same testimony from William, and another individual upon whose word I could rely; for I knew well that if Moselekatse said Linyanti was just three steps on the other side of the moon, all his people would say so too. I returned to Moselekatse and proposed to go on foot if he would give me a certain number of his men. To this he would on no account agree; and declared that if I went he would go too, and would be carried when he could no longer walk. I then made the proposal that, if he would give me men sufficient to carry all Livingstone's goods and papers to Linyanti, I should divide them into packages such as they could manage. To this he promptly agreed, and the next moment ordered a man to make a selection of individuals best acquainted with the country. The whole day was employed in making arrangements, and orders were given for twenty men and an officer to be in readiness. There were seventeen packages. The men, after hearing my instructions, repeated and re-repeated them, placed the bags, boxes, &c., some on their heads, others on their shoulders, and, taking their shields and spears, marched off. They were well supplied with food to enable them to pass through perhaps as wild and desolate a region as can well be found; to go through forests, over mountains and morasses to the country of those who are their enemies. No persons of any tribe with which I am acquainted would have dared to attempt such a thing. It is more than I had anticipated. Having thus done all in my power to supply the wants of Livingstone, who doubtless will find all most acceptable should he be spared to receive them, I began to think how I could make the best of my time in the company of Moselekatse, who had given such unmistakeable proofs of his willingness to serve me. On the departure of the men, I turned to him and said, 'How happy and how thankful I now feel! for with one word you have rolled off the big stone which lay on my heart.' This remark made him smile with unwonted cheerfulness. We soon unyoked and returned about twelve miles by the way we came. He remained with me at my waggon most of the evening, which afforded the opportunity of talking to him on the all-important subject of religion. He had heard me say that, but for the desire I felt to show him how grateful I was for his kindness, I should prefer taking a direct course homewards, instead of returning to Matlokotloko, but that now I should return with him thither with all my heart. He remarked that he wished to show me still more kindness. I replied that the greatest kindness he could now show was to allow me to deliver to him and his people the message of God, which was the great object I had in view in my present journey; that if he consented to this, I should desire nothing else. On hearing this he appeared thoughtful, stood up, and walked off to another part of the encampment.

"I have just now learned, with thankfulness, that Livingstone had, with

extraordinary perseverance, reached St. Paul de Loanda, and was to return to Linyanti. It affords me no little gratification to see that I was directed by a wisdom, far other than that of man, in what I was able to accomplish on his account. If he be spared to return to Linyanti, he will have the satisfaction of receiving supplies for the outer, as well as the inner man.

“As to whether the countries through which I have passed are likely soon to become fields for missionary operation, I am anything but sanguine. Of the willingness of the natives themselves to receive instruction no doubt need be entertained; but at present the prospect is anything but encouraging. Past events show to a demonstration that between the natives and the Trans-Vaal Boers there can be no peace, until the former, as far as they can be reached, shall become the vassals of the latter, whose transactions have hitherto been characterised by a deep-rooted enmity to all missionary operations. To me the case appears more hopeless than ever, since the inhabitants of the Sovereignty, or Free State, have with heart and hand espoused the cause of the Trans-Vaal Republic, and are lending their aid in the work of exterminating the Aborigines. If a road were opened up from Sebituane's or Moselekatse's country to the East coast, and permission obtained there for free intercourse with the interior, a wide field would be opened for missionary enterprise. The Matabele having traded with Englishmen, who come up the Zambesi from the coast in boats, shows what could be done. Between the country of Moselekatse and the Zambesi, there is, however, an insuperable barrier to travelling with either oxen or horses, on account of the tsetse, so often referred to in these pages, and described by Livingstone in his former journeys. They commence South of the Limpopo river, run North till near the Zambesi, and then stretch along between that and the country which I traversed towards the country of Sebituane. The Makalaka, Bakurutse, Mashona, Becuabi, Masuase, Batonga, and other tribes, with whom I came into contact among the Matabele, did not appear to exhibit anything very savage in their disposition.

“It is the character of the Matabelan warfare, and the nature of their government, that make them a terror to the surrounding tribes.

“Nothing remains but to seek to reach the interior tribes by the East or West coast, and any missionary who has witnessed the deteriorating influence of a juxtaposition with the civilized communities would a thousand times prefer isolation, notwithstanding the difficulties it would involve in obtaining supplies. The most part of Moselekatse's country I should suppose to be healthy, especially the higher portion of it, principally of granite foundation. That the fever prevails in the more northern portions, especially in wet seasons, there is no doubt; but not with the virulence witnessed by Livingstone farther to the N.W. On the whole the country is beautiful, and would present a rich treat to the geologist, as well as to the botanist—but how

much more to the Christian missionary, with its numerous inhabitants, living and dying under a twofold tyranny!"

With the following extracts we exhaust Dr. Livingstone's allusions to his memorable journey to Loanda and back, and its results and probable consequences. The letter from which these extracts are taken was addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

"By a note dated Cabango, in August last, I endeavoured to convey an idea of the country between Cassange and that point, and, if the rough tracing enclosed reached its destination, you will have remarked that there was little absolutely new to communicate. The path followed is that usually trodden by native Portuguese, who are employed by Angolese merchants to trade with Matiamvo—the 'Muata-ya-nvo' of some—the paramount chief of the negro tribes called Londa (Lunda) or Balonda. There is another and straighter course situated a little farther north, and I suppose it is there the scarcity of water mentioned by others is experienced. We never found it necessary to carry a supply, and almost always spent the night at villages situated on streams or rivulets. A Portuguese merchant and planter, Senhor Graca, of Monte Allegre, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, was once a visitor to Matiamvo; and his notes, having been published in the Government Gazette or 'Boletim' of Loanda, might, I conceive, still be found in Lisbon. A severe and long-continued attack of fever, soon after crossing the Quango, made me so very feeble and deaf, that I was glad to avail myself of the company and friendly aid of three native Portuguese, whose employer, Senhor Neves of Cassange, very politely enjoined them by letter to forward my plans by every means in their power. The virtue of the Chiboque was thereby not much exposed to temptation to take advantage of my weakness—a temptation which often proves rather too powerful for the goodness of more enlightened specimens of humanity. The most then I could effect in the circumstances was to put down the rivers with greater precision than any of my predecessors, who have uniformly been unfurnished with instruments.

"The rate of travelling of such traders may be interesting to those who examine their accounts of journeys to otherwise unknown regions. I found the average between a great number of regular sleeping stations to be 7 geographical miles. The average time required was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and the speed 2 geographical miles an hour. The stoppages from all causes amounted to 20 days monthly; so that a month's journey means actually one of 10 days, or 70 miles. The carriers are very unwilling to help each other; hence the sickness of one man often stops the march of the whole party. When we parted with them, our own rate was  $10\frac{1}{2}$  geographical miles per day. This required an average of five hours' march at the rate of two geographical miles an hour, and we travelled twenty days each month. The negro step was quicker than ours, but we generally overtook them while resting, and arrived in equal times.

If we kept going for 6 successive days, both men and oxen showed symptoms of knocking up, although they were a most willing company, and all were anxious to get home. It was therefore necessary to give another day weekly for rest, besides Sunday. The starchy nature of the food had, I believe, considerable influence on the rate of progress. In winding through forest, I could not make any approach to a reckoning of distance; an observation was always necessary. The zigzag would make the day's march to be probably not much under 20 miles in these cases.

"I had indulged the hope of proceeding to the head-quarters of Matiamvo, who seems to be located 19 days east-north-east of Cabango, or on lat.  $8^{\circ} 20' S.$ , long.  $22^{\circ} 32' E.$  But the long delay had now made such an inroad into our stock of goods that we saw clearly, by the time of our arrival there, we should be unable either to give a suitable present to the prince, or pay our way afterwards to the south. This alone would not have proved a barrier, for a branch of the Leeambye or Zambesi is reported to flow southwards from a part a few days east of his town,  $23^{\circ}$  or  $24^{\circ} E.$  long. (?), and it would have been of great importance to have discovered water conveyance all the way down to the country of the Makololo. But it is universally asserted and believed that Matiamvo will on no account permit any white man, or even native trader, to pass in that direction; it is his own principal resort for ivory. The tribes living there kill many elephants, and bring the ivory to him as tribute. They are called Kanyika and Kanyoka, or Banyika and Banyoka. Having but slender acquaintance with the Londa dialect, we felt that neither pay nor persuasion could be effectively employed to secure permission to follow our object; so we decided on leaving Cabango to proceed south-east to our friend Katema, and thence down the Leeba.

"The people among whom we now travelled being Balonda only, we got on very comfortably, except in one instance, in which a chief named Kawawa, who had heard of our treatment by the Chiboque in going north, presumed on his possessing the fords of the Kasai, so far as to demand tribute from the white man. Nothing could exceed the civilities which passed between us on the Sunday of our stay in his town. But when we offered to cross the river he mustered all his forces to compel payment of 'a gun, an ox, a man, a barrel of powder, a *black coat!* or a book which would tell him if Matiamvo had any intention of sending to cut off his head.' Unless we had submitted to everything, as the Mambari do, and given a bad precedent for all white men afterwards, we were obliged to part with 'daggers drawn.' The canoes were all concealed among the reeds, but my men were better sailors than his; and having taken the loan of one by night, in order to show how scrupulously honest we were, we left it and a few beads on their own side of the river, and thanked them next morning for their kindness amidst shouts of laughter.

"The route we followed to Katema, being considerably to the east of that

by which we went to Loanda, a curious phenomenon, which then escaped our notice, was now discovered, viz., that of the river Lotembwa flowing in two nearly opposite directions. By the tracing sent from Angola, you will see it as if rising in the small lake Dilolo. Such seemed the fact as far as the southern portion of the river is concerned. Our former route having led us to the Kasai, at some distance west of the northern portion, we were not aware of its existence. In returning, however, we were surprised at being obliged to cross the Lotembwa before we reached Lake Dilolo. It was more than a mile broad, three or four feet deep, and full of *Arum Egyptiacum*, lotus, papyrus, mat-rushes, and other aquatic plants. Not being then informed of the singular fact that it actually flows N.N.W. into the Kasai, I did not observe the current, simply concluding it was a prolongation of the Lotembwa beyond the lake, and that it rose in a long flat marsh, as most of the rivers in this quarter do. But we were positively informed afterwards that the flow was to the Kasai, and not into Dilolo. I have no reason to doubt the correctness of this information. I could not ascertain whether Lake Dilolo gives much water to the northern Lotembwa; but if there had been a current of one-fourth the strength of that which flows into the southern Lotembwa, I must have observed it. It looks like an arm of the lake where I crossed it, and probably flows faster when nearer the Kasai. The southern Lotembwa proceeds from an arm of the lake, half a mile broad, and at the part where most of the water flows it is chin deep. We crossed the river above its confluence with the latter arm, and the great body of flowing deep water it contained there (from 80 to 100 yards wide) made me suppose that it receives a supply from the northern as well as from the southern end of Dilolo. The fever having there caused vomiting of large quantities of blood, I could not return and examine the curious phenomenon more minutely; but I consider it as almost quite certain that Lake Dilolo divides its waters between the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. A portion flows down the Kasai—Zaire, or Congo, and another down the Leeba to the Zambesi. The whole of the adjacent country is exceedingly flat. In coming to the Lotembwa from the north we crossed a plain 24 miles broad, and so level that the rain-water stands on it for months together; and when going north we waded through another plain to the south of the northern Lotembwa, 15 miles broad, with about a foot of water on it, and the lotus flowers in bloom therein.

“As the Royal Geographical Society receives geographical information from every quarter, and then acts on the eclectic principle of securing the good and true from the heaps of materials which travellers abroad and loungers at home may send to the crucible, I have, with less diffidence than I should otherwise have felt, resolved to state some ideas which observation and native information have led me to adopt as to the form of the southern part of the continent. It is right to state also distinctly that I am now aware that the same views were clearly expressed in the anniversary speech of 1852, by the

gentleman to whom this letter is addressed. Yet having come to nearly the same conclusions about three years afterwards, and by a different method, the reasons which guided my tortoise pace may, though stated in my own way, be accepted as a small contribution to the inferences deduced by you (Sir Roderick Murchison) from the study of the map of Mr. Barnes.

“In passing northwards to Angola, the presence of large Cape heaths, rhododendrons, Alpine roses, and more especially the sudden descent into the valley of the Quango, near Cassange, led me to believe we had been travelling on an elevated plateau. I had hopes then of finding an aneroid at Loanda; but having been disappointed in this, from my friend Colonel Steel having gone to the Crimea, I had to resort, on my return, to observations of the temperature of boiling water as a means of measuring elevations.

“The highest point in the district of Pungo Andongo is given to show that it is lower than the ridge, which I believe is cut through by the valley of Cassange, in which the Quango now flows. And the top of the ascent of Tala Mungongo—which, to the eye, looks much higher than the eastern ascent, if we may depend on the point of ebullition as an approximation—is in reality much lower; indeed not more elevated than Lake Ngami, which is clearly in a hollow. In coming along this elevated land towards the Quango, we were unconsciously near the crest of a large oblong mound, or ridge, which probably extends through 20° of latitude, and gives rise to a remarkable number of rivers: thus, the Quango on the north; the Coanza on the west; the Langebongo, which the latest information identifies with the Loeti, and the numerous streams which unite and form the Chobe, on its south-east; all the feeders of the Kasai and that river itself on the east; and probably also the Embara or river of Libebe on the south. Yet this elevation is by no means mountainous. The general direction of all these rivers, except the Coanza and Quango, being towards the centre of the continent, with a little northing or southing in addition, according as they belong to the western or eastern main drains of the country, clearly implies the hollow or basin form of that portion of intertropical Africa. The country about Lake Dilolo seems to form a partition in the basin; hence the contrary direction of its drainage.

“Viewing the basin from this (Linyanti) northward, we behold an immense flat, intersected by rivers, in almost every direction, and these are not the South African mud, sand, or stone rivers either, but deep never-failing streams, fit to form invaluable bulwarks against enemies who can neither swim nor manage canoes. They have also numerous departing and re-entering branches, with lagoons and marshes adjacent, so that it is scarcely possible to travel along their banks without the assistance of canoes. We brought two asses as a present from certain merchants in Loanda to Sekeletu, and as this animal is not injured by the bite of the tsetse, they came as frisky as kids through all the flowing rivers of Loanda; but when we began to descend

the Leeambye, dragging them almost hourly through patches of water or lagoons, they were nearly killed, and we were obliged to leave them at Naliele. These valley rivers have generally two beds, one of low water and another of inundation. The period of inundation does not correspond with the rainy season here, but with a period in the north subsequent to that. The flood of the Leeambye occurs in February and March, while that of the Chobe, from its being more tortuous, is a month later. We hear of its being flooded 40 miles above Linyanti, eight or ten days before it overflows there. When these rivers do overflow, then the valley assumes the appearance of being ornamented with chains of lakes. This is probably the geologically recent form which the great basin showed, for all the low-water channels in the flats are cut out of soft calcareous tufa, which the waters of this country formerly deposited most copiously. The country adjacent to the beds of inundation is, except where rocks appear, not elevated more than from 50 to 100 feet above the general level.

“That the same formation exists on the eastern side of the country appears from the statements of Arabs or Moors from Zanzibar. They assert that a large branch of the Leeambye flows from the country of the Banyassa (Wun’yassa) to the south-west, and passes near to the town of Cazembe; it is called Luapula. The Banyassa live on a ridge parallel to the east coast; and though they have no lake in their own country, they frequently trade to one on their N.N.W. My Arab informants pass this lake on their way back to Zanzibar. It is said to be ten days’ north-east of Cazembe, and is called Tanganyika, and is said to be connected with another named Kalague (Garague?). Both are stated to be so shallow that the canoes are punted the whole way across, and the voyage occupies three days. Will it be too speculative to suppose that these large collections of fresh water are the residue of greater and deeper lakes, just as Lake Ngami is, the openings in the eastern ridge not being deep enough to drain those parts of the basin entirely?”

“In a foray made by the Makololo to the country about east of Masiko’s territory, during our visit to Loanda, they were accompanied by the Arab Ben Habib, from whom I received much of the above information. This party saw another river than the Luapula, coming from the north-east, with a south-west course, to form a lake named Shuia (Shooea). A river emerges thence, which, dividing, forms the Bashukulompo and Loangwa rivers. There is a connection between these and the Leeambye too, a statement by no means improbable, seeing the country around Shuia (lat. 13°, long. 27° or 28° E.?) is described as abounding in marshes and reedy valleys. When there, the Arab pointed to the eastern ridge, whence the rivers come, and said, ‘When we see that, we always know we are about to begin the descent of ten or fifteen days to the sea.’”

“I am far from craving implicit faith in those statements, for my

informants possess a sad proneness to 'amiability,' and they will roundly assert whatever they think will please you. For example:—'Are you happy as a slave?' 'O, infinitely more so than when I was free;' and then run away from their masters. But my object in making inquiries was unknown; and, when supported by the testimony of the Makololo, the statements may be taken as supporting the view that the central parts of Africa south of the equator, though considerably elevated above the level of the sea, form really a hollow in reference to two oblong ridges on its eastern and western sides. As suggestive of further inquiry only, I may mention, though not pretending to have examined the pretty extensive portions of the country which came under my observation with the eye and deep insight of a geologist, that the general direction of the ranges of hills appears to be parallel to the major axis of the continent. The dip of the strata down towards the centre of the country led to the conclusion, before I knew of the existence of the ridges, that Africa had in its formation been pressed up much more energetically at the sides than at the centre. The force which effected this, I supposed, may have been of the same nature as that which determined most recent volcanoes to be in the vicinity of the sea. This seems to have been the case in Angola at least; and having probably been in operation over a vast extent of coast, decided the very simple littoral outline of Africa. I am induced to make this suggestion because, when the ridges are situated far from the coast, they do not seem to owe their origin to recently erupted rocks. There is a section of the western ridge, near Cassange, nearly a thousand feet in height; and except a capping of hæmatite mixed with quartz pebbles, it is a mass of the red clay shale termed in Scotland 'keel,' the thin strata of which are scarcely at all disturbed. This keel is believed to indicate gold. Had I met with a nugget I would have mounted a mule instead of the ungainly beast (his ox Sinbad) I rode.

"I have mentioned the locality of Lake Dilolo as forming a sort of partition in the central valley, but it is not formed by outcropping rocks, as one may travel a month beyond Shinte's without seeing a stone; but in proceeding south of Ngami, the farther we go the greater has been the filling up by eruptive traps. The 25th parallel of latitude divides a part of the valley, containing 1000 feet more filling up than that north of Kolobeng; and, strangely enough, the only instance of a large transported boulder occurs just at the edge of the more hollow part. The plains to the south of that are elevated perhaps 5000 feet above the level of the sea. But the erupted rocks, as that on which Kuruman stands, have brought up fragments of the very old bottom rocks in their substance.

"As I am not aware that the late Dr. Buckland made any public use of a paper which I sent to him in 1843, on the gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country, it may not be improper to mention, in support of the actual drying up of all the rivers which have a westerly course, that I had pointed

out the bed of a still more ancient river than those trickling rills which now pass by the name. It flowed from north to south, exactly as the Zambesi does now, and ended in a large lake, which must have been discharged when the fissure was made through which the Orange river now flows. At the point of confluence between river and lake some hills of amygdaloid caused an eddy, and in the eddy we have a mound of tufa and travertin full of fossil bones. From these I had hopes of ascertaining the age of the river; but, in addition to my time being much restricted by sacred duties, I had no instrument with me when I discovered these beautiful fossils, which stand out in relief on the rock. On the second occasion I was called off by express to the child of another missionary, and galloped a hundred miles to find him in his grave. To crown all, some epiphyses and teeth, which I sent with specimens to illustrate the geology of the interior, though taken to England by the Rev. H. H. Methuen, were stolen from the railway before reaching Dr. Buckland's hands. As it is not likely that I shall ever visit the spot again, I may mention that the mound is near Bootschap, and well known to the Rev. H. Helmore, who would willingly show it to any one desirous of procuring specimens. They are perfectly fossilised, and about the same size as zebras or buffaloes.

“With respect to the spirit in which our efforts have been viewed by the Makololo, I think there is no cause for discouragement. The men of my company worked vigorously while at Loanda, and their savings appeared to them to be considerable. But the long journey back forced us to expend all our goods, and on arriving at the Barotse we were all equally poor. Our reception and subsequent treatment were, however, most generous and kind. The public reports delivered by my companions were sufficiently flattering to me, and their private opinions must have been in unison, for many volunteers have come forward unasked to go to the east. A fresh party was despatched with ivory for Loanda, and only two days were allowed for preparation. They are under the guidance of the Arab from Zanzibar already alluded to, and the men have no voice in the disposal of the goods; they are simply to look and learn. After my late companions have rested some time, it is intended for them to return as independent traders. This was not my suggestion—indeed I could scarcely have expected it, for the hunger and fatigue they endured were most trying to men who have abundance of food and leisure at home. But the spirit of trade is strong in the Africans, and they are much elated with the large prices given at Loanda.

“If no untoward event interferes, a vigorous trade will certainly be established. The knowledge of the great value of ivory puts a stop to the slave-trade in a very natural way. As our cruizers on the west coast render property in slaves of very small value there, the Mambari, who are generally subjects of Kangombe of Bihe, purchase slaves for domestic purposes only; but to make such a long journey as that from Bihe to the Batoka country, east

of the Makololo, at all profitable, they must secure a tusk or two. These can only be got among certain small tribes who depend chiefly on agriculture for subsistence, and are so destitute of iron that they often use hoes of wood. They may be induced to part with ivory and children for iron implements, but for nothing else. The Mambari tried cloth and beads unsuccessfully, but hoes were irresistible. The Makololo wished to put a stop to their visits by force, but a hint to purchase all the ivory with hoes was so promptly responded to, that I anticipate small trade for the Mambari in future. If any one among the tribes subject to the Makololo sells a child now, it is done secretly. The trade may thus be said to be pretty well repressed. A great deal more than this, however, is needed. Commerce is a most important aid to civilisation, for it soon breaks up the sullen isolation of heathenism, and makes men feel their mutual dependence. Hopes of this make one feel gratified at the success which has attended my little beginning. But it is our blessed Christianity alone which can touch the centre of the wants of Africa. The Arabs, it is well known, are great in commerce, but not much elevated thereby above the African in principle. My Arab friend Ben Habib, now gone to Loanda, was received most hospitably by an old female chief called Sebola Makwaia; and she actually gave him ivory enough to set him up as a trader; yet he went with the Makololo against her to revenge some old feud with which he had no connexion."

The Victoria Falls were viewed with dread by the natives living at a distance. They supposed them to be the haunt of some powerful and mysterious deity. Dr Livingstone says:—

"The former name of the spot was Shongwe, the meaning of which I cannot ascertain. The Makololo, in passing near it, said, "Mosi oa tunya," "smoke does sound." Very few of them ever went near to examine the cause before my visit. When the river is in flood, the vapour is seen and the sound heard ten or more miles distant. Although I have not felt at liberty to act on my conviction on the subject of names, I think all rivers and hills discovered by Englishmen ought to have English names. The African name is known only to people in the locality. I could not get the name Zumbo lately from the people among the ruins, and passed Dambarari on the opposite side of the river, nobody having ever heard the name before. The same would have happened of course had they been English or Portuguese names, but we should not have the nonsense with which, by mis-spelling, we and the printers disfigure the maps. See how many ways Bechuanas are mentioned—Booshuanas, Bootjouanas, Bertjouanas, &c.: Makrakka for Makabe; Marelata for Moretele; Wanketzens for Bangwaketse; Beza (God) for Reza. We on the spot are often misled getting information from (native) foreigners, who pronounce names according to their own dialects, and are thereby often guilty of leading those at home astray. English names, too, are surely better than the round Dutch

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names,—‘sand,’ ‘stone,’ ‘mud,’ or ‘reed’ rivers. I do not urge the point, but I think it merits consideration.”

The value of ivory showed clearly how far the slave-traders had advanced. Where ivory was common and had no value attached to it, it was a certain indication that the place had not been visited by half-caste traders from the east or west coast. No traders had been at or near the Falls prior to his visit. He says :—

“That trade has never extended thus far from either the east or western coasts, is, I believe, extremely probable from the grave of the elder Sekote being still seen on Kalai Island, ornamented with seventy large elephants’ tusks planted round it, and there are about thirty tusks over the resting-places of his relatives. Indeed, ivory was used only to form the armlets and grave-stones of the rich, and it is now met with in a rotten state all over the Batoka country. This fact I take as corroborative of the universal assertion, that no trader ever visited the country previous to the first and unsuccessful attempt of the Mambari to establish the slave trade with Santuru, the last chief of the Barotse.”

## CHAPTER X.

*Start for the East Coast.—The Victoria Falls.—The Batoka Tribes.—Reaches Zumbo, a Deserted Portuguese Settlement.*

ON the 3rd of November, 1855, Livingstone and his fellow-adventurers, accompanied by Sekeletu with 200 of his followers, who were to accompany them as far as Kalai, on the Leeambye, started from Linyanti. The whole party were fed at Sekeletu's expense,—the cattle for the purpose being taken from his cattle stations, which are spread over the whole territory owing him allegiance. Passing through a "tsetse" district when dark, to escape its attacks, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which thoroughly drenched the party. Livingstone's extra clothing having gone on, he was looking forward ruefully to the prospect of passing the night on the wet ground, when Sekeletu gave him his blanket, lying uncovered himself. He says, "I was much touched by this little act of genuine kindness. If such men must perish by the advance of civilization, as certain races of animals do before others, it is a pity. God grant that ere this time comes they may receive that gospel which is a solace for the soul in death!"

Writing to Sir Roderick Murchison about this touching incident and the general kindness of Sekeletu, he uses words which, at the risk of repetition, are worth quoting:—"When passing Sheseke on our way down the river in November last, Sekeletu generously presented ten slaughter-cattle and three of the best riding oxen he could purchase among his people, together with supplies of meal and everything else he could think of for my comfort during the journey. Hoes and beads were also supplied to purchase a canoe, when we should come to the Zambesi again, beyond the part where it is constricted by the rocks. These acts of kindness were probably in part prompted by the principal men of the tribe, and are valuable as showing the light in which our efforts are viewed; but as little acts often show character more clearly than great ones, I may mention that—having been obliged to separate from the people who had our luggage, and to traverse about 20 miles infested by the tsetse during the night—it became so pitchy dark, we could only see by the frequent gleams of lightening, which at times revealed the attendants wandering hither and thither in the forest. The horses trembled and groaned, and after being thoroughly drenched by heavy rain we were obliged to give up

the attempt to go farther, and crawled under a tree for shelter. After the excessive heat of the day one is peculiarly sensitive to cold at night. The chief's blanket had fortunately not gone on; he covered me with it, and rested himself on the cold, wet ground until the morning. If such men must perish before the white race by an immutable law of heaven, we must seem to be under the same sort of 'terrible necessity' in our 'Kaffre wars' as the American professor of chemistry said he was when he dismembered the man whom he murdered."

On the island of Kalai, they found the grave of Sekote, a Batoka chief, who had been conquered by Sebituane, and had retreated to this place, where he died. The ground near the grave was garnished by human skulls, mounted on poles, and a large heap of the crania of hippopotami—the tusks being placed on one side. The grave was ornamented with seventy large elephants' tusks, planted round it with the points inwards, forming an ivory canopy; and thirty more were placed over the graves of his relatives. As they neared the point from which the party intended to strike off to the north-east from the river, Livingstone determined to visit the falls of Mosioatunya, known as the falls of Victoria since his visit. He had often heard of these falls from the Makololo. None of them had visited them, but many of them had been near enough to hear the roar of the waters and see the cloud of spray which hangs over them. The literal meaning of the Makololo name for them is, "smoke does sound there," or "sounding smoke."

He visited them twice on this occasion, the last time along with Sekeletu, whose curiosity had been aroused by his description of their magnificence. Just where the sounding smoke of which Sebituane and the Makololo had told him, rises up for several hundred feet into the sky, and is visible for over twenty miles—a spectacle of ever changing form and colour—the mighty stream, nearly a mile in width, plunges in a clear and unbroken mass into a rent in the basaltic rock which forms the bed of the river and the low hills which bound the river in front and on either side for a considerable distance of its course. This chasm is from eighty to a hundred feet in width, and of unknown depth, the thundering roar of the falling waters being heard for a distance of many miles. The throbbing of the solid ground, caused by the immense weight and force of the falling water is felt at a great distance from the tremendous chasm in which the great river is engulfed.

After a descent of several yards, the hitherto unbroken mass of water presents the appearance of drifted snow, from which jets of every form leap out upon the opposite side of the chasm. For about a hundred feet, its descent can be traced to where it reaches the seething surface of the water below; from which it arises, in jets of water like steam. A dense smoke cloud of spray which, descending on all sides like rain, wets the on-looker to the skin, maintains a constant green verdure within the reach of its influence.

The depth of the narrow chasm, which draws off such a vast volume of water must be very great. At one place it has been plumbed to a depth more than twice that of the pool into which the St. Lawrence falls at Niagara. The great smoke clouds are formed by five distinct columns of spray which ascend from the gulf to a height of from two to three hundred feet. Three of these columns—two on the right, and one on the left of Garden Island, which overlook the falls, appeared to Livingstone to contain as much water in each, as there is in the Clyde at the fall of Stonebyres during a flood. The waters are drained off near the eastern end of the falls by a prolongation of the rocky chasm, which pursues its way, with little variation as to breadth, in a zigzag course through the mass of low hills for over thirty miles, when the tormented waters break into the plain and spread out to their former width, to be here and there narrowed by the several rapids which interrupt its navigation, in some cases even to the light canoes of the bold and skilful Makalaka and Batoka men.

The scene round the falls is exceedingly beautiful. The banks and islands are covered with vegetation, through which the giants of the African forest rear their lofty crests. The baobab, each of whose arms would form great trees, the palmyra, with its feathery leaves, the mohonou, in form like the cedars of Lebanon, the cypress-like motsouri, and other varieties of trees similar to our own oaks, elms, and chestnuts, stand out clear against the background of smoke cloud, which during the day glows in the sun, and is surmounted by magnificent rainbows, and at night shines with a yellow sulphurous haze, shadowed by clouds of pitchy blackness, as if belched from the crater of a burning mountain. No wonder the ignorant natives look upon this scene, so grand and so terrible in its beauty and majesty, as the abode of their God Barimo; it is the highest manifestation of the power and grandeur of nature with which they are acquainted. The untutored savage worships power and mystery; and here these are presented to him in a form which cannot fail to impress his imagination.

Previous to the formation of the immense fissure into which the Zambesi falls, the plains above must have been the bed of a vast lake, and its whole course from the falls upwards, previous to Livingstone's visit, had been popularly supposed to be a parched desert. The great traveller notices that while he was engaged in resolving this a writer in the *Athenæum*, dealing with the previous discoveries and guesses as to the extent of this river, placed its source in the neighbourhood of the falls, on the edge of a great desert, and made its upper waters, the Leeba and the Leeambye, turn sharply to the south, and lose themselves in the arid wastes of the Kalahari desert; so difficult is it to get mere theorists to give up a long-existing notion. To this writer a central desert must exist, and all other physical facts, however new and strange, must conform to it.

We cannot resist giving Dr. Livingstone's account of the Victoria Falls, as furnished to Sir Roderick Murchison :—

“Our convoy down to Mosioatunya consisted of the chief and about 200 followers. About 10 miles below the confluence of the Chobe and Leeambye or Zambesi, we came to the commencement of the rapids. Leaving the canoes there, we marched on foot about 20 miles further, along the left or northern bank, to Kalai, otherwise called the island of Sekote. It was decided by those who knew the country well in front, that we should here leave the river, and avoid the hills through which it flows, both on account of tsetse and the extreme ruggedness of the path. By taking a north-east course the river would be met where it has become placid again. Before leaving this part of the river I took a canoe at Kalai, and sailed down to look at the falls of Mosioatunya, which proved to be the finest sight I have seen in Africa. The distance to the ‘Smoke-sounding’ Falls of the Zambesi was about 8 miles in a S.S.E. direction, but when we came within 5 miles of the spot we saw five large columns of ‘smoke’ ascending 200 or 300 feet, and exhibiting exactly the appearance which occurs on extensive grass-burnings in Africa. The river above the falls is very broad, but I am such a miserable judge of distances on water that I fear to estimate its breadth. I once showed a naval officer a space in the bay of Loanda which seemed of equal breadth with parts of the river which I have always called 400 yards. He replied, ‘That is 900 yards.’ Here I think I am safe in saying it is at least 1000 yards wide. You cannot imagine the glorious loveliness of the scene from anything in England. The ‘Falls,’ if we may so term a river leaping into a sort of straight-jacket, are bounded on three sides by forest-covered ridges about 400 feet in height. Numerous islands are dotted over the river above the falls, and both banks and islands are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form.

“At the period of our visit many of the trees were spangled over with blossoms, and towering above them all stands the great burly baobab, each of whose (syemite-coloured) arms would form the bole of a large ordinary tree. Groups of graceful palms, with their feathery-formed foliage, contribute to the beauty of the islands. As a hieroglyphic, they always mean ‘far from home;’ for one can never get over their foreign aspect in picture or landscape. Trees of the oak shape and other familiar forms stand side by side with the silvery Mohonono, which in the tropics looks like the cedar of Lebanon. The dark cypress-shaped Motsouri, laden with its pleasant scarlet fruit, and many others, also attain individuality among the great rounded masses of tropical forest. We look and look again, and hope that scenes lovely enough to arrest the gaze of angels may never vanish from the memory. A light canoe, and men well acquainted with the still water caused by the islands, brought us to an islet situated in the middle of the river and forming the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Creeping to the verge, we

peer down into a large rent which has been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and there we see the stream of a thousand yards in breadth suddenly compressed into a channel of fifteen or twenty. Imagine the Thames flanked with low tree-covered hills from the tunnel to Gravesend, its bed of hard basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a rent or fissure made in the bed, from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, to a depth of 100 feet, the lips of the fissure being from 60 to 80 feet apart. Suppose farther, the narrow rent prolonged from the tunnel to Gravesend along the left bank, and the Thames leaping bodily into this gulf, compressed into 15 or 20 yards at the bottom, forced to change its direction from the right to the left bank, then turning a corner and boiling and roaring through the hills, and you may conceive something similar to this part of the Zambesi.

“In former days the three principal falls were used as places where certain chiefs worshipped the Barimo (gods or departed spirits). As even at low water there are from 400 to 600 yards of water pouring over, the constancy and loudness of the sound may have produced feelings of awe, as if the never-ceasing flood came forth from the footstool of the Eternal. It was mysterious to them, for one of their canoe songs says,

‘The Leeambye—nobody knows  
Whence it comes or whither it goes.’

“Perhaps the bow in the cloud reminded them of Him who alone is unchangeable and above all changing things. But, not aware of His true character, they had no admiration of the beautiful and good in their bosoms. Secure in their own island fortresses, they often inveigled wandering or fugitive tribes on to others which are uninhabited, and left them there to perish. The river is so broad, that, when being ferried across, you often cannot see whether you are going to the main land or not. To remove temptation out of the way of our friends, we drew the borrowed canoes last night into our midst on the island where we slept, and some of the men made their beds in them.

“Before concluding this account of the falls, it may be added that the rent is reported to be much deeper further down, perhaps 200 or 300 feet; and at one part the slope downward allows of persons descending in a sitting posture. Some Makololo, once chasing fugitives, saw them unable to restrain their flight, and dashed to pieces at the bottom. They say the river appeared as a white cord at the bottom of an abyss, which made them giddy and fain to leave. Yet I could not detect any evidence of wear at the spot which was examined, though it was low water, and from seven to ten feet of yellow discolouration on the rock showed the probable amount of rise. I have been led to the supposition by the phenomena noticed by both Captain Tuckey and

Commander Bedingfield in the Congo or Zaire, that it, as well as the Orange River, seems to be discharged by a fissure through the western ridge. The breadth of the channel among the hills, where Captain Tuckey turned, will scarcely account for the enormous body of water which appears farther down. Indeed, no sounding can be taken with ordinary lines near the mouth, though the water runs strong and is perfectly fresh.

“On the day following my first visit I returned to take another glance and make a little nursery garden on the island; for I observed that it was covered with trees, many of which I have seen nowhere else; and as the wind often wafted a little condensed vapour over the whole, it struck me this was the very thing I could never get my Makololo friends to do. My trees have always perished by being forgotten during droughts; so I planted here a lot of peach and apricot stones and coffee-seed. As this island is unapproachable when the river rises, except by hippopotami, if my hedge is made according to contract, I have great hopes of Mosioatunya’s ability as a nurseryman. On another island close by, your address of 1852 remained a whole year. If you had been a lawyer, instead of a geologist, your claims to the discovery would have been strong, as ‘a bit of your mind’ was within sight and sound of the falls very long before the arrival of any European.\* I thank you for sending it.”

Mr. Chapman, who visited the falls several times, gives the following as his impression on the second visit. His introduction to the falls at a distance occurred under the following circumstances:—

“When we halted for the night, under a gigantic tree by the path-side, we had no idea that we were so near the falls, but as the boisterous laughter and merry frolicking of our little Makalaka subsided, there gradually arose in the air a murmuring, and at length a roaring sound, increasing as the night advanced, and sounding like the dashing of a mighty surf upon a rock-bound coast. So much does the sound resemble this, that a stranger, unacquainted with the existence of a waterfall here, and unaware of his distance from the sea, could not be persuaded to the contrary. It was one everlasting roar, broken occasionally by the thundering, like successive cannonading in the distance; and thus it sounded all through the night. . .

“I should remark that on sailing down the river, one ignorant of the fact may approach to within a very few yards of the falls, without dreaming of being on the verge of such a chasm, owing to the strange and mysterious manner in which the whole stream, of nearly a mile in breadth, has suddenly disappeared before the eyes, vanishing as if it had been swallowed by the earth. In all falls that I have seen, a perspective view of the water

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\* Sir Roderick’s address was contained in the packages sent by Dr. Moffat from Moselekatse’s country, all of which Livingstone found carefully preserved on an island in the Zambesi on his return from the west coast.



VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI



below has always been visible, but there is nothing of the kind here. You see land before you on your own level, which seems as if springing out of the stream on which you are sailing, and proceed in utter unconsciousness of the danger ahead, discovering at length that it is on the opposite side of the rent. But for this circumstance, the Victoria Falls, presenting one unobstructed view, would not alone have been the most magnificent, but the most stupendous sight of the kind on the face of the globe."

In another place he says:—

"As I neared the falls from the north, the sound issuing from the crack is more subdued; the smoke during the heat of the day less; but although we can sometimes hardly hear the roaring of the water, though within half a mile of it, we can feel very distinctly a quivering sensation in the earth, like the distant rumbling of an earthquake. But the sound of the waters is very different under the various circumstances in which it is heard, whether from a height or from a valley; wake up at any time during the night, and you may hear it like the roaring of a mighty wind, or the commotion of a strong sea. I have since heard it at the distance of fifteen miles on an elevated region in the south.

"There are a thousand beauties to be seen here which it is impossible to describe. My senses became truly overwhelmed with crowding sensations while gazing on these wondrous works of God, but I cannot describe them. In passing, we again peep down into the depths of the yawning chasm at the west end, belching forth its dense clouds of vapour, and follow with our eyes through the blinding brilliancy of the rainbow the boiling, roaring, dashing, splashing, gushing, gleaming, bounding stream, and exclaim, 'How beautiful!' 'How terrible!' These rainbows, seen from a distance of about two miles at 4 p.m., their depth being then very much enlarged on the rising spray, impart a most startling effect. On observing it for the first time from this point, it looked so much like sulphurous fire issuing from the bowels of the earth, that I was on the point of exclaiming to my companion, 'Look at that fire.' The many streams of vapour flying fast upwards through the broad and vivid iris of the rainbows looked so like flames, that even I was for the moment mistaken. We passed the Three Rill Cliff, and came again to the first extensive fall of water. Here the stream, pouring over the edge of the precipice, tumbles like gigantic folds of drapery. I have never seen anything with which I can compare it. Here green, there convolute streams pour down in heavier volumes, bearing behind in their flight a thousand comet-like sparkles of spray. . . Here and there a deeper channel has been worn, down which a larger body of water falls into the basin below, again to rebound, boiling, to the surface, over which rose swift volumes of smoke from the falling mass, puffed out like great discharges of musketry, and enveloping the scene in an aerial misty shroud, through which the oblique rays of the sun

are seen in ever-shifting perspective. But while watching intently to catch every charm of these falls, it vanishes on the instant. The view is always changing, yet ever recurring. Creep again to the uppermost pinnacle over the outlet—a giddy height—and peer into the crack to the right and left; here large, heavy, fleecy masses chase one another down like phantoms chasing phantoms, and then dissolve into thin air before they are overtaken. Wherever the large broad masses fall, the height does not seem so stupendous as where the streams are smaller.”

At some points the spectator can look down into the chasm for a distance of three hundred feet, but when a large body of water raises clouds of spray the eye can penetrate only to about a third of that area. From the surface of the water to the bottom of the rent, the distance must be very great, considering the enormous quantity of water which flows into it. Before the disruption of the earth which formed the crack, the whole of the Makololo country and the valley of the river, as Dr. Livingstone pointed out, must have been under water; and, from his observations and those of others, it is evident that the falls are of recent formation, and may not date many generations back.

Taking leave of Sekeletu and his followers, the party pushed northwards through the Batoka country. This powerful and numerous tribe had been conquered and decimated by Sebituane and the Matabele, until vast tracts of fruitful hill and plain, in which the larger game abounded, were almost devoid of human life. The Batoka people are of a low type, and are of a cruel and vindictive disposition, evil qualities, probably fostered by the wars they have been forced to wage against more powerful tribes. They have a barbarous habit of knocking out the front teeth in the upper jaw, which gives to their faces a hideous expression. They explained that they did this in order to look like oxen, and not like zebras, as they hold the latter animals in detestation.

Speaking of the country he was now passing through in his letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Livingstone says :—

“ The sources of the rivulets, which have all a mountain-torrent character, as well as the temperature of the boiling water, showed that we were ascending the eastern ridge. The first stream is named Lekone, and is perennial. It runs in what may have been the ancient bed of the Zambesi, before the fissure was made. I could examine it only by the light of the moon, but then it seemed very like an ancient river channel. The Lekone runs contrary to the direction in which the Zambesi did and does now flow, and joins the latter five or six miles above Balai. If little or no alteration of level occurred when the fissure was formed; then, the altitude of the former channel being only a little higher than Linyanti, we have a confirmation of what is otherwise clearly evident, that the Zambesi was collected into a vast lake, which included

not only Lake Ngami in its bosom, but spread westwards beyond Libele, southwards and eastwards beyond Nehokotsa. Indeed, in many parts south of Ngami, when an anteater makes a burrow, he digs up shells identical with those of mollusca now living in the Zambesi. And all the surface indicated is covered by a deposit of soft calcareous tufa, with which the fresh waters of the valley seem to have formerly been loaded. The water in the Barotse valley was probably discharged by the same means; for Gonye possesses a fissure character, and so does another large cataract situated beyond Masiko in the Kabompo country.

“It would be interesting to ascertain if these rents were suddenly made and remain in their original state, or whether they are at present progressive. I had a strong desire to measure a point of that of Mosioatunya, but had neither the means of accurate measurement, nor of marking the hard rock afterwards. They have proved drains on a gigantic scale; and if geologists did not require such eternities of time for their operations, we might hazard a hint about a salubrious millenium for Africa.

“Shall we say that they are geologically recent, because there is not more than 3 feet worn off the edge subjected to the wear of the water? and that they are progressive, as the gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country shows a slow elevation of the ridges? No one will probably think much of the negative fact, that there is no trace of a tradition in the country of an earthquake. The word is not in the language; and though events, centuries old, are sometimes commemorated by means of names, I never met any approach to a Tom Earthquake or Sam Shake-the-ground among them. Yet they do possess a tradition which is wonderfully like the building of the Tower of Babel, ending differently, however, from that in the Bible, the bold builders having got their heads cracked by the giving way of the scaffolding. There is also the story of Solomon and the harlots; and all trace back their origin to a time when their forefathers came out of a cave in the north-east in company with animals. The cave is termed Loe (Noe?), and is exceptional in the language, from having masculine pronouns.”

In the valley of the Lekone, a considerable river which falls into the Zambesi below the falls, they rested a day at the village of Moyara, whose father had been a powerful chief, with many followers and large herds of cattle and goats. His son lives among the ruins of his town, with five wives and a handful of people, while the remains of his warlike and more powerful father are buried in the middle of his hut, covered with a heap of rotting ivory. Bleached skulls of Matebele, evidences of his power and cruelty, were stuck on poles about the village. The degraded condition of the Batoka among the more powerful tribes was exemplified by the fact that a number of them were introduced into his party by Sekeletu to carry his tusks to the nearest Portuguese settlement.

The open plains and the short grass and firm ground made travelling a luxury compared with their experiences in going to the west coast, and the party marched on in the highest spirits. Fruit trees, yielding edible fruit, were abundant; several of them were similar to those they had seen on the coast near Loanda. Large regiments of black soldier ants were seen; they are about half an inch in length, and march in close column headed by leaders, which are considerably larger than the others. They prey upon the white ants, which are stung by the leaders, the sting producing a state of coma, during which they are carried away to be eaten by the marauders. When disturbed in their march, they utter a distinct hissing or chirping sound. But for the black ants, the white ants would increase to an alarming extent, and make the country a desert by eating up everything vegetable. The white ants perform several useful functions. The soil, after being manipulated by them in forming their houses and nests, becomes exceedingly fertile, and they remove all decaying vegetation, just as the black ants do all putrid flesh and excrement.

The Batoka, like the Makololo and other inland tribes, smoke the *mutokwane*, a species of hemp, which produces a kind of intoxication, which sometimes leads to a fit of mad frenzy. So strongly are they addicted to this practice, that even Sekeletu and his head men could not be persuaded by Livingstone to abandon it.

Buffaloes, antelopes, elephants, zebras, and lions and other felines abounded in the district crossed by them during the early part of their journey. In consequence of being little disturbed, the larger game were very tame. Livingstone shot a bull buffalo among a herd. When wounded, the others endeavoured to gore it to death. This herd was led by a female; and he remarks that this is often the case with the larger game, as the leader is not followed on account of its strength, but its wariness, and its faculty of discerning danger. The cow buffalo-leader, when she passed the party at the head of the herd, had a number of buffalo birds seated upon her withers. By following the honey-birds, his attendants procured abundance of honey, which formed an agreeable addition to their meals.

The ruins of many towns were passed, proving the density of the population before the invasion of the country by Sebituane, and his being driven out of it by the Matabele and other rival tribes. At the river Dila they saw the spot where Sebituane had lived. The Makololo had never ceased to regret their enforced departure from this healthy, beautiful, and fertile region; and Sekwebu had been instructed by Sekeletu to point out to Livingstone its advantages as a position for their future head quarters. Beyond the Dila they reached a tribe hostile to the Makololo, but, although they assumed a threatening attitude, the party, owing to Livingstone's courage and firmness, passed through unharmed. Save on this occasion, the Batoka were most

friendly, great numbers of them coming from a distance with presents of maize and fruit, and expressing their great joy at the first appearance of a white man amongst them. The women clothe themselves much as the Makololo women do, but the men go about *in puris naturalibus*, and appeared to be quite insensible to shame. The country got more populous the farther east they advanced, but the curiosity and kindness of the people fell off as they proceeded. Food was abundant; the *masuka* tree was plentiful, and its fruit was so thickly strewn about the ground that his men gathered and ate it as they marched. Everywhere among these unsophisticated sons of nature, who had all they wished for in their genial climate—plentiful herds, and abundant crops of maize and fruit—the cry was for peace. Before the advent of Sebituane the country had been swept by a powerful chief named Pingola, who made war from a mere love of conquest; and the memory of their sufferings had entered deeply into their hearts. A sister of Monze, the head chief of the tribes in the district they were now traversing, in expressing her joy at the prospect of being at peace, said “It would be so pleasant to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing them with a spear.”

Monze visited the party wrapped in a large cloth, and rolled in the dust, slapping the outside of his thighs with his hands—a species of salutation Livingstone had a strong repugnance to, especially when performed by naked men; but no expression of his feelings tended to put a stop to it. Monze gave them a goat and a fowl, and a piece of the flesh of a buffalo which had been killed by him, and was greatly pleased with a present of some handkerchiefs; the head men of the neighbouring villages also visited them, each of them provided with presents of maize, ground nuts, and corn. Some of these villagers had the hair of their heads all gathered in a mass, and woven into a cone, from four to eight inches in width at the base, ending in a point more or less prolonged.

Livingstone's own sketch of the country, and the mode of travel, etc., in one of his letters, merits a place here:—

“Still ascending the western side of the ridge (to the north of the Zambesi), we cross another rivulet named Unguesi, which flows in the same direction as Lekone, and joins the Zambesi above the point where the rapids begin. The next tributary, called Kalomo, never dries; and being on the top of the ridge, runs south, or south and by east, falling into the Zambesi below the falls. Lastly, we crossed the Mozuma, or Dela, flowing eastwards. We continued the eastern descent till we came to the Bashukulompo River, where it may be said to terminate, for we had again reached the altitude of Linyanti. We intended to have struck the Zambesi exactly at the confluence, but we were drawn aside by a wish to visit Semalembue, who is an influential chief in that quarter. The Bashukulompo River is here called Kehowhe, and further down it is named

Kafue. Passing through some ranges of hills, among which the Kafue winds, we came to the Zambesi, a little beyond the confluence. It is here much broader than that part of it called Leeambye, but possesses the same character of reedy islands, sandbanks, and wonderful abundance of animal life. It was much discoloured by recent rains; but as we came down along the left bank, it fell more than two feet before we had gone thirty miles. It is never discoloured above Mosioatunya. Hence I conclude the increase or flood was comparatively local, and effected by numerous small feeders on both banks east of the ridge. When we ascended the Zambesi, towards Kabompo, in January, 1854, the annual flood which causes inundation had begun, and with the exception of sand, which was immediately deposited at the bottom of the vessel, there was no discolouration. Ranges of hills stand on both banks as far as we have yet seen it. The usual mode of travelling is by canoe, so there are generally no paths, and nothing can exceed the tedium of winding along through tangled jungle without something of the sort. We cannot make more than two miles an hour; our oxen are all dead of tsetse, except two, and the only riding ox is so weak from the same cause as to be useless. Yet we are more healthy than in the journey to Loanda. The banks feel hot and steamy both night and day, but I have had no attack of fever through the whole journey. I attribute this partly to not having been 'too old to learn,' and partly to having had wheaten bread all the way from the waggon at Linyanti. In going north we braved the rains, unless they were continuous; and the lower half of the body was wetted two or three times every day by crossing streams. But now, when rain approaches, we halt, light large fires, and each gets up a little grass shed over him. Tropical rains run through everything, but, though wetted, comparatively little caloric is lost now to what would be the case if a stream of water ran for an hour along the body. After being warmed by the fire, all go on comfortably again, and the party has been remarkably healthy. In the other journey, too, wishing to avoid overloading the men, and thereby making them lose heart, I depended chiefly on native food, which is almost pure starch, and the complete change of diet must have made me more susceptible of fever. But now, by an extemporaneous oven, formed by inverting a pot over hot coals, and making a fire above it, with fresh bread and coffee in Arab fashion, I get on most comfortably. There is no tiring of it. I mention this because it may prove a useful hint to travellers who may think they will gain by braving hunger and wet.

"From the longitudes, I estimate the distance from top to top of the ridges to be about 600 geographical miles. I purposely refrain from mentioning any of my own calculations of lunar observations, because it would appear so presumptuous to allow them to appear on the same page with those of Mr. Maclear, who, moreover, undertakes the labour with such hearty good-will, that I fear the appearance even of undervaluing his disinterested aid.

“The eastern ridge seems to bend in to the west at the part we have crossed, and then trends away to the north-east, thereby approaching the east coast. It is fringed on some parts by ranges of hills, but my observations seem to show they are not of greater altitude than the flats of Linyanti. I cannot hear of a hill *on* either ridge, hence the agricultural phrase I employ. And if the space between the ridges is generally not broader than 600 miles, instead of calling the continent basin-shaped, it may be proper to say that it has a furrow in the middle, with an elevated ridge on each side, each about 150 or 200 miles broad, the land sloping on both sides thence to the sea.

“I have referred to the clay-shale, or ‘keel’ formation, of which I got a glance in the western ridge. In the eastern we have a number of igneous rocks, with gneiss and mica-slate, all dipping westwards; then large rounded masses of granite, which appear to change the dip to the eastward. I bring specimens of both classes of rocks along with me. Is this granite the cause of elevation?

“I shall refer to but one topic more. The ridges are both known to be comparatively salubrious, closely resembling in this respect that most healthy of healthy climates, the interior of Southern Africa, adjacent to the desert. The grass is short; one can walk on it without that high, fatiguing lift of the foot necessary among the long tangled herbage of the valley. We saw neither fountain nor marsh on it; and, singularly enough, we noticed many of the plants and trees which we had observed on the slopes of the western ridge.

“If my opinion were of any weight, I would fain recommend all visitors to the interior of Africa, whether for the advancement of scientific knowledge, or for the purposes of trade or benevolence, to endeavour to ascertain whether the elevated salubrious ridges mentioned are not prolonged farther north than my inquiries extend, and whether sanatoria (health stations) may not be established on them. At present I have the prospect of water-carriage up to the bottom of the eastern ridge. If a quick passage can be effected thither during a healthy part of the season, there is, I presume, a prospect of residence in localities superior to those on the coast. Did the Niger expedition turn back when near such a desirable position for its stricken and prostrate members?

“I have said that the hills which fringe the ridge on the east are not of great altitude. They are all lower than the crest of the ridges, and bear evident marks of having been subjected to denudation on a grand scale. Many of the ranges show on their sides, in a magnified way, the exact counterparts of mud-banks left by the tides. A coarse sandstone rock which contains banks of shingle and pebbles, but no fossils, often exhibits circular holes, identical with those made by round stones in rapids and water-falls. They are from 3 to 4 feet broad at the brim; wider internally, and 6 or 8 feet deep. Some are convenient wells, others are filled with earth; but there is no agency now in operation in the heights in which they appear which could

have formed them. Close to the confluence of the Kafue there is a forest of silicified trees, many of which are five feet in diameter; and all along the Zambesi to this place, where the rock appears, fragments of silicified wood abound. I got a piece of palm, the pores filled with silica, and the woody parts with oxide of iron. I imagined it was one of the old bottom rocks, because I never could see a fossil in it in the valley; but at and about Tete I found it overlying beds of coal!"

As buffaloes and elephants were plentiful, one was now and again shot, so that the party seldom wanted flesh meat. A party of his men on one occasion slaughtered a female elephant and her calf with their spears, native fashion. The mother had much the appearance of a huge porcupine, from the number of spears sticking into her flesh when she fell exhausted by the loss of blood. This was a needlessly cruel method of recruiting their stores of food, and Livingstone did not encourage it; although he found shooting the larger game for food both trying and hazardous, as he could make little use of the arm which had been fractured by the lion when among the Bakwains. His skill was very much impaired, and was provokingly enough at its lowest ebb when meat was most wanted.

"I never before saw," he says in one of his letters, "elephants so numerous or so tame as at the confluence of the Kafue and Zambesi. Buffaloes, zebras, pigs, and hippopotami, were equally so, and it seemed as if we had got back to the time when megatheriæ roamed about undisturbed by man. We had to shout to them to get out of the way, and then their second thoughts were—'It's a trick.' 'We're surrounded'—and back they came, tearing through our long-extended line. Lions and hyænas are so numerous that all the huts in the gardens are built on trees, and the people never go half a mile into the woods alone."

They had now got into a district where rains were frequent, and so much had they been spoiled by the beautiful dry weather and fine open country they had passed through, that at first, as he has told us above, they invariably stopped and took shelter when it fell.

It was on the 18th December they reached the Kafue, the largest tributary of the Zambesi they had yet seen. It was about two hundred yards broad, and full of hippopotami. Here they reached the village of Semalembue, who made them a present of thirty baskets of meal and maize, and a large quantity of ground nuts. On Dr. Livingstone explaining that he had little to give in return for the chief's handsome gift, he accepted his apologies politely, saying that he knew there were no goods in the country from which he had come. He professed great joy at the words of peace which Livingstone addressed to him, and said, "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hope of eating and sleeping in peace." The preaching of the gospel amongst these people gave them the idea of living at peace with one another as one of its effects. It was not

necessary to explain to them the existence of a Deity. Sekwebu pointed out a district, two and a half days' distance, where there is a hot fountain which emits steam, where Sebituane had at one time dwelt. "There," said he, "had Sebituane been alive, he would have brought you to live with him. You would be on the bank of the river, and by taking canoes, you would at once sail down to the Zambesi, and visit the white people at the sea."

The country they were now in was diversified by low hills, and every available piece of ground in the valleys in the neighbourhood of the villages was carefully tilled. The gardens near the river are surrounded by pitfalls, to prevent the inroads of the hippopotami, which are very numerous and quite tame, showing no fear when any of the party approached them. As they required meat, they shot a cow hippopotamus, and found the flesh tasted very much like pork. The range of hills amongst which they now were, rose from six to nine hundred feet above the level of the river, and these were but the outer and lower fringe of a higher range beyond. From the top of the outer range of hills, they had a splendid view of the surrounding country. The course of the Kafue, through hills and forests, could be followed towards its confluence with the Zambesi, and beyond that lay a long range of dark hills, and above the course of the Zambesi floated a line of fleecy clouds. Elephants, zebras, and buffaloes were met with in vast herds, which showed no dread at their approach. They also saw large numbers of red-coloured wild pigs.

As they approached the Zambesi, the ground became more and more thickly covered with broad-leaved brush-wood, and water-fowl rose out of the pools and streams and flew overhead in large numbers. On again reaching the river, they found it greatly increased in volume, and flowing at the rate of four and a half miles an hour. When Sekwebu was a boy, this region was thickly inhabited, and all the natives had plenty of cattle. The return to it of the larger game, after the depopulation of the country, had introduced the dreaded insect, "tsetse," which rapidly destroyed the cattle.

Every village they passed furnished two guides, who conducted them by the easiest paths to the next. Along the course of the Zambesi, in this district, the people are great agriculturists—men, women, and children were all very busily at work in their gardens. The men are strong and robust, with hands hardened by toil. The women disfigure themselves by piercing the upper lip, and inserting a shell. This fashion universally prevails among the Maran, which is the name of the people. The head men of the villages presented the party freely with food, and one of them gave Livingstone a basinful of rice, the first he had seen for a long time. He said he knew it was white man's meal, and refused to sell a quantity unless for a man. Strange that his first introduction to one of the products of civilisation in this, to him, new region, should be simultaneous with the appearance of a hateful

commerce, fostered by a race holding themselves so much superior to the savage tribes of the interior through which they had passed, who held it in abhorrence.

Previous to Livingstone's arrival in this part of the country, Sinatomba, an Italian slave-dealer, who had married the daughter of a neighbouring chief, had ascended the river in canoes with fifty armed slaves, and carried off a large number of people and a quantity of ivory from several inhabited islands. At the instigation of his father-in-law, several chiefs assembled their followers and attacked him as he descended the river, defeating and slaying him and liberating his prisoners. Selole, a great chief, hearing of the approach of a white man with a large following, imagining that this was another Italian slave-trader, or Sinatomba himself risen from the dead, made great preparations for attacking the party. A timely explanation of the object of their journey put matters to rights at once. At Mburumba's village his brother came to meet them, and in explanation of the delay caused by the threatened attack, told them that the Italian had come among them, talking of peace as they did, and had kidnapped slaves and bought ivory with them, and that they were supposed to be of the same calling. As they had been unsuccessful in hunting the day before, an elephant having got clear off with from seventy to eighty spears fixed in his flesh in addition to the last dozen of Livingstone's bullets, he said, "The man at whose village you remained was in fault in allowing you to want meat; for had he only run across to Mburumba, he would have given him a little meal, and, having sprinkled that on the ground as an offering to the gods, you would have found your elephant." Among these tribes, the chiefs are all supposed to possess supernatural power.

Mburumba did not visit the party himself, and, although he sent presents of meal, maize, and native corn, the conduct of his people was very suspicious, as they never came near them unless in large numbers, and fully armed with bows and spears. The party were suspicious of the intentions of the guides sent by Mburumba to take them to his mother's village; but they reached their destination in safety, and were hospitably treated by Ma-Mburumba, who furnished them with guides, who conveyed them to the junction of the Loangwa and the Zambesi. As the natives assembled in great force at the place where they were to cross the Loangwa, they were still in dread of being attacked; but whatever were their reasons for this formidable demonstration, they allowed the party to pass safely to the other side.

Beyond the river they came upon the ruins of stone houses, which were simply constructed, but beautifully situated on the hill-sides commanding a view of the river. These had been the residences of Portuguese traders in ivory and slaves when Zumbo, which they were now approaching, had been a place of considerable importance as a Portuguese trade settlement. Passing

Zumbo, they slept opposite the island of Shotanaga in the Zambesi, and were surprised by a visit from a native with a hat and jacket on, from the island. He was quite black, and had come from the Portuguese settlement of Tete, which they now learned to their chagrin was on the other side of the stream. This was all the more awkward, as he informed them that the people of the settlement had been fighting with the natives for two years. Mpende, a powerful chief, who lived farther down the river, had determined that no white man should pass him. All this made them anxious to cross to the other bank of the river; but none of the chiefs whose villages lay between their present position and Mpende's town, although in every other way most friendly, dared to ferry them across, in dread of offending that powerful chief.

All but unarmed as they were, and dependent upon the kindness of the people through whose country they were passing, their progress being retarded by the feebleness of their tsetse-bitten oxen, there was no help for it but to proceed and trust to Providence for the reception they might receive from the dreaded chief who was at war with the Portuguese in their front. Trusting in the purity of his motives, and that dauntless courage, tempered with discretion, which had never deserted him, Livingstone passed on, the fear of what awaited him in front not preventing him from admiring the beauty of the country and its capability under better circumstances of maintaining a vast population in peace and plenty. Nearing Mpende's village, where a conical hill, higher than any he had yet seen, and the wooded heights and green fertile valleys commanded his admiration, he all but forgot the danger of his situation, until forcibly reminded of it by the arrival of a formidable number of Mpende's people at his encampment, uttering strange cries, waving some red substance towards them, and lighting a fire on which they placed chains—a token of war—after which they departed to some distance, where armed men had been collecting ever since daybreak.

Fearing a skirmish, Livingstone slaughtered an ox, according to the custom of Sebituane, with the view of raising the courage of his men by a plentiful meal. Although only half-armed, in rags, and suffering from their march, yet inured as they were to fatigue, and feeling a confidence in their superiority over the Zambesi men, notwithstanding all drawbacks in comfort and circumstances, Livingstone had little fear of the result if fight he must; but in accordance with his constant policy, he was bound to accomplish his object in peace, if that were possible. His men were elated at the prospect of a fight, and looked forward to victory as certain, and the possession of corn and clothes in plenty, and of captives to carry their tusks and baggage for them. As they waited and ate the meat by their camp-fire, they said, "You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men."

By the time breakfast was dispatched, Mpende's whole tribe was assembled

at about half a mile distance from their encampment; spies, who refused to answer any questions, advanced from among the trees which hid the position of the main body came up to the encampment of the party. To two of these Livingstone handed the leg of an ox, desiring them to carry it to Mpende. This brought a visit from two old men, who asked Livingstone who he was. "I am a Lekoa" (Englishman), he replied. "We don't know the tribe," they said; "we suppose you are Mozunga (Portuguese), with whom we have been fighting." As the Portuguese they knew were half-castes, Livingstone bared his bosom and asked if they had hair and skin like his. "No," they replied, "we never saw skin so white as that. Ah! you must be one of that tribe that loves the black man."

Through the intercession of one of these men, Sindese Oalea, the head man of a neighbouring village, Mpende, after a long discussion with his councillors, was induced to believe Livingstone's account of himself and his intentions, and to treat him and his party with great generosity and kindness. Skwebu was sent to the chief with a request that he might be permitted to buy a canoe to convey one of his men who was ill. Mpende said, "That white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions." "Ah!" said Sekwebu, "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 you shall cross." And cross they did, leaving the place in very different spirits from those with which they had approached it.

The people here and lower down the river he found well-supplied with cotton goods, which they purchased from the Babisa, a tribe farther to the east, who had been doing all the trade with the interior during the two years the war with the Portuguese had lasted. Beyond the range of hills to the north lived a tribe called Basenga, who are great traders in iron ore; and beyond them again, in a country where the Portuguese had at one time washed for gold, lived a people called Maravi, who are skilful agriculturists, raising in addition to corn and maize, sweet potatoes, which grow to a great size in the fertile soil of the district, and which they have learned to preserve for future use by burying them in the ground, embedded in wood ashes. The ground on the north side of the river appeared to be much more fertile than that in the south. In many places he found evidence that coal was abundant.

A little way down the river they arrived opposite an island belonging to a chief called Mozinkwa; here they were detained by heavy rains, and the

illness of one of the Batoka men, who died. He had required to be carried by his fellows for several days, and when his case became hopeless they wanted to leave him alone to die; but to such an inhuman proposal Livingstone could not of course give his consent. Here one of the Batoka men deserted openly to Mozinkwa, stating as his reason, that the Makololo had killed both his father and his mother, and that he would not remain any longer with them.

Towards the end of January they were again on their way; and early in February, as his men were almost in a state of nudity, Livingstone gave two tusks for some calico, marked Lawrence Mills, Lowell, U.S. The clayey soil and the sand-filled rivulets made their progress slow and difficult. The sand rivers are water-courses in sandy bottoms, which are full during the rainy seasons and dry at other times, although on digging a few feet into the bed of the stream, water is found percolating on a stratum of clay. "This," Livingstone says, "is the phenomenon which is dignified by the name of rivers flowing underground." In trying to ford one of these sand rivers—the Zingesi—in flood, he says, "I felt thousands of particles of coarse sand striking my legs, and the slight disturbance of our footsteps caused deep holes to be made in the bed. The water . . . dug out the sand beneath the feet in a second or two, and we were all sinking by that means so deep that we were glad to relinquish the attempt to ford it before we got half way over; the oxen were carried away down to the Zambesi. These sand rivers remove vast masses of disintegrated rock before it is fine enough to form soil. The man who preceded me was only thigh deep, but the disturbance caused by his feet made it breast deep for me. The stream of particles of gravel which struck against my legs gave me the idea that the amount of matter removed by every freshet must be very great. In most rivers where much wearing is going on a person diving to the bottom may hear literally thousands of stones knocking against each other. This attrition, being carried on for hundreds of miles in different rivers, must have an effect greater than if all the pestles and mortar mills of the world were grinding and wearing away the rocks."

The party were now in a district where a species of game-law exists. If an elephant is killed by a stranger, or a man from a neighbouring village living under another chief, the under half of the carcase belongs to the lord of the soil, nor must the hunter commence to cut it up until the chief claiming the half, or one of his headmen, is present. The hind leg of a buffalo, and a large piece of an elephant must be given in like circumstances to the occupier of the land on which they were grazing when shot. The number of rivulets and rivers enable them to mark out their territory with great exactness. In this district the huts are built on high stages in the gardens, as a protection from the attacks of lions, hyenas and leopards.

Before leaving the land of a chief named Nyampungo, who had enter-

tained them hospitably, Livingstone's men killed a bull elephant, and had to wait a day until some of the chief's people came to superintend the cutting up and secure his half of the animal. Nyampungo's men brought with them a basket of corn, a fowl, and a few strings of handsome beads as a thank-offering for his having killed the elephant. While they were cutting up and cooking the carcase, a large number of hyenas collected round them at a respectful distance, "and kept up a loud laughter for two nights. I asked my men what the hyenas were laughing at, as they usually give animals credit for a share of intelligence; they said that they were laughing because we could not take the whole, and that they would have plenty to eat as well as us."

Speaking of the birds of Central Africa, he says, "These African birds have not been wanting in song, they have only lacked poets to sing their praise, which ours have had from the time of Aristophanes downwards. Ours have both a classic and a modern interest to enhance their fame. In hot dry weather, or at mid-day, when the sun is fierce, all are still; let, however, a good shower fall, and all burst forth at once into merry lays and loving courtship. The early mornings and the cool evenings are the times for singing."

In the Mopane country they met with numbers of a red-beaked variety of hornbill, which builds its nest in an aperture in a tree. When the nest is built the female retires into it, while the male covers the orifice with clay, all save a narrow slit for the introduction of air and for feeding her, which the devoted bird does until the eggs are hatched. As the female is very fat at such times, the natives search for their nests, and capture and eat them. Lions were abundant, and were treated as privileged animals by the natives, no one attempting to hunt them, as it is supposed that when a chief dies, he can metamorphose himself into a lion.

At the village of a chief called Monina, Monahin, one of Livingstone's men disappeared during the night. As he had been ill for some time and had complained of his head, Livingstone imagined that he had wandered in an insane state, and been picked up by a lion. They prowled about the native settlements at night with great boldness, making it dangerous for any one to be about after dark. He had proved very valuable to Livingstone, and he felt his loss greatly. The general name of the people of this district is Banyai; they are ruled over by several chiefs, the government being a sort of feudal republican. The people of a tribe, on the death of their chief, have the privilege of electing any one, even from another tribe, to be his successor, if they are not satisfied with any of the members of his family. The sons of the chiefs are not eligible for election among the Banyai. The various chiefs of the Banyai acknowledge allegiance to a head chief. At the time of Livingstone's visit, this supreme position was held by a chief called Nyatewe. This custom appears to prevail in South and Central Africa; and if the chief

who wields supreme power is a wise and prudent ruler, the result is highly beneficial.

Among the Banyai the women are treated with great respect, the husband doing nothing that his wife disapproves. Notwithstanding this, a barbarous custom prevails amongst them if a husband suspects his wife of witchcraft or infidelity. A witch-doctor is called, who prepares the infusion of a plant named *goho*, which the suspected party drinks, holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. If the infusion causes vomiting, she is declared innocent; but if it causes purging, she is held to be guilty, and burned to death. In many cases the drinking of the infusion causes death. This custom prevails, with modifications, amongst most of the tribes of Central Africa, and is found as far west as Ambaca. When a Banyai marries, so many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents; and unless the wife is bought in this way, the husband must enter the household of his father-in-law and do menial offices, the wife and her family having exclusive control of the children. The Banyai men are a fine race; but the superior courage and skill Livingstone's men displayed in hunting, won the hearts of the women; but none of them would be tempted into matrimony, where it involved subjection to their wives.

Several of the chiefs through whose villages they passed occasioned some trouble by disbelieving the statement of Livingstone, that he was unable to make presents. A powerful chief, Nyakoba, who sympathised with their condition, gave them a basket of maize, and another of corn, and provided them with guides to Tete, advising them to shun the villages so as to avoid trouble. This they succeeded in doing till within a few miles of Tete, where they were discovered by a party of natives, who threatened to inform Katolosa, the head chief of the district, that they were passing through the country without leave. A present of two tusks satisfied them, and they were allowed to depart.

Within eight miles of Tete, Livingstone was so fatigued as to be unable to go on, but sent some of his men with his letters of recommendation to the commandant. About two o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of March, the encampment was aroused by the arrival of two officers and a company of soldiers sent with a supply of provisions for the party by the commandant. As Livingstone and his men had been compelled for several days to live on roots and honey, their arrival was most timely. He says, "It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.' The pleasure experienced in partaking of that breakfast was only equalled by the enjoyment of Mr. Gabriel's bed when I arrived at Loanda. It was also enhanced by the news that Sebastopol had fallen, and the war was finished."

Major Sicard, the Portuguese commandant at Tete, treated Livingstone and his men with the greatest generosity. He clothed himself and his men, and provided them with food and lodgings, declining to receive several tusks which were offered in compensation. As the most of his men were to be left here, Major Sicard gave them a portion of land on which to cultivate their own food, and permission to hunt elephants—the money they made from the tusks and dried meat to be used for the purchase of articles to take to Sekeletu on their return.

Had Livingstone set out on his journey several months earlier he would have arrived in the neighbourhood of Tete during the war between the natives and the Portuguese, when he would have had little chance of escaping with his life. His arrival was not unexpected at Tete, as through Lord Clarendon and the Portuguese minister, Count de Lavradio, the Portuguese authorities on the Zambesi were warned of his expected appearance. A short time previous to his arrival, some natives came down the river to Tete and said, alluding to the sextant and artificial horizon, “that the Son of God had come;” and that he was “able to take the sun down from the heavens and place it under his arm.” Major Sicard then felt sure that this was the man mentioned in Lord Clarendon’s despatch.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Stay at Tete.—Senna.—Arrival at Kilimane.—Letters to Sir Roderick Murchison Concerning the People of South and Central Africa, their Language, etc., etc.—Departure for England.*

AS Livingstone was in a very emaciated state, and fever was raging at Kilimane, the point on the coast to which he was bound, he was induced to remain at Tete for a month, during which time he occupied himself by making several journeys in the neighbourhood, visiting a coal-field, etc., etc. The village of Tete he found to consist of a large number of wattle-and-daub native huts with about thirty European houses built of stone. The place had declined greatly in importance through the introduction of the slave trade. In former times considerable quantities of wheat, maize, millet, coffee, sugar, oil, indigo, gold dust, and ivory were exported, and as labour was both abundant and cheap the trade was profitable. Livingstone says, "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 agriculture; and they continued to export them until they had neither hands to labour nor to fight for them. . . . The coffee and sugar plantations and gold-washings were abandoned, because the labour had been exported to the Brazils." The neighbouring chiefs were not slow to take advantage of the impoverished state of the Portuguese and half-caste merchants of Tete. "A clever man of Asiatic and Portuguese extraction, called Nyaude, had built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and Zambesi; and when the commandant of Tete sent an officer with his company to summon him to his presence," they were surrounded and bound hand and foot. The commandant "then armed the whole body of slaves and marched against the stockade of Nyaude," but before they reached it, Nyaude despatched a strong party under his son Bonga, who attacked Tete, plundered and burned the whole town, with the exception of the house of the commandant and a few others, and the church and fort. The women and children having taken refuge in the church were safe, as the natives of this region will never attack a church. The news of this disaster caused a panic among the party before the stockade of Nyaude, and they fled in confusion, to be slain or made captives by Katolosa the head chief of the district to the west of Tete.

Another half-caste chief, called Kisaka, on the opposite bank of the river, near where the merchants of Tete had their villages and principal plantations,

also rebelled, and completed the defeat and impoverishment of the Portuguese. "An attempt was made to punish this rebel, but it was unsuccessful, and he has lately been pardoned by the home government. One point in the narrative is interesting. They came to a field of sugar-cane so large that 4,000 men eating it during two days did not finish the whole. Nyaude kept the Portuguese shut up in their fort for two years, and as he held the command of the river, they could only get goods sufficient to buy food by sending to Kilimane by an overland route along the north bank of the Zambesi." The memory of one man's sufferings in this affair evoked the following from Livingstone—"The mother country did not, in these 'Kaffre wars,' pay the bills, so no one became rich or blamed the missionaries. Major Sicard from his good character had great influence with the natives, and put a stop to the war more than once by his mere presence on the spot. We heard of him among the Banyai as a man with whom they would never fight, because he had a good heart." No doubt the influence of this good and generous man helped Livingstone and his party in their march through the districts which had so recently been disturbed.

In consequence of a sudden change of temperature, Major Sicard and Livingstone and nearly every person in the house suffered from an attack of fever; Livingstone soon recovered, and was unremitting in his attention to the others. His stock of quinine becoming exhausted, his attention was drawn by the Portuguese to a tree called by the natives *kumbanzo*, the bark of which is an admirable substitute. He says, "there was little of it to be found at Tete—while forests of it are at Senna, and near the delta of Kilimane. It seems quite a providential arrangement, that the remedy for fever should be found in the greatest abundance where it is most needed. . . . The thick soft bark of the root is the part used by the natives; the Portuguese use that of the tree itself. I immediately began to use a decoction of the bark of the root; and my men found it so efficacious that they collected small quantities of it for themselves, and kept it in little bags for future use."

On the 22nd of April Livingstone started on his voyage down the river to Killimane, having selected sixteen men from among his party who could manage canoes. Many more wished to accompany him, but as there was a famine at Kilimane in consequence of a failure of the crops, during which thousands of slaves were dying of hunger, he could take no more than was absolutely necessary. The commandant sent Lieutenant Miranda with Livingstone to convey him to the coast. At Senna, where they stopped, they found a more complete ruin and prostration than at Tete. For fifteen miles from the head of the delta of the Zambesi, the Mutu, which is the head waters of the Kilimane river, and was then erroneously supposed to be the only outlet to the Zambesi, was not navigable, and the party had to walk under the hot sun. This together with the fatigue brought on a severe attack

of fever, from which Livingstone suffered greatly. At Interra, where the Pangaze, a considerable river, falls into the Muto, navigation became practicable. The party were hospitably entertained by Senhor Asevedo, "a man who is well known by all who ever visited Kilimane and who was presented with a gold chronometer watch by the Admiralty for his attentions to English officers." He gave the party the use of his sailing launch for the remainder of the journey, which came to its conclusion at Kilimane, on the 20th of May, 1856, "which wanted (Livingstone says) only a few days of being four years since I started from Cape Town." At Kilimane, Colonel Galdino Jose Nunes received him into his house, and treated him with marked hospitality. For three years he had never heard from his family direct, as none of the letters sent had reached him; he had now the gratification of receiving a letter from Admiral Trotter, "conveying information of their welfare, and some newspapers, which were a treat indeed. Her Majesty's brig, the *Frolic*, had called to inquire for me in the November previous, and Captain Nolloth of that ship had most considerately left a case of wine, and his surgeon, Dr. James Walsh, divining what I should need most, left an ounce of quinine. These gifts made my heart overflow. . . . But my joy on reaching the coast was sadly embittered by the news that Commander McLune, of Her Majesty's brigantine *Dart*, in coming into Kilimane to pick me up had, with Lieut. Woodruffe and five men, been lost on the bar. I never felt more poignant sorrow. It seemed as if it would have been easier for me to have died for them, than that they should all have been cut off from the joys of life in generously attempting to render me a service." In speaking of the many kind attentions he received while at Kilimane, he says—"One of the discoveries I have made is that there are vast numbers of good people in the world; and I do most devoutly tender my unfeigned thanks to that gracious One who mercifully watched over me in every position, and influenced the hearts of both black and white to regard me with favour."

Ten of the smaller tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold to purchase calico and brass wire for the use of his attendants at Tete, the remaining twenty being left with Colonel Nunes, with orders to sell them and give the proceeds to them in the event of his death or failure to return to Africa. Livingstone explained all this to the Makololo, who had accompanied him to Kilimane, when they answered, "Nay, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekeletu." Their mutual confidence was perfect; they promised to remain at Tete until he returned to them, and he assured them that nothing but death would prevent his rejoining them. The kindness and generosity of the Portuguese merchants and officers have already been alluded to; a continuance of the same was promised to his men during his absence, and it was understood that the young King of Portugal, Don Pedro, as soon as he heard of their being in his territory, sent orders that they

should be maintained at the public expense of the province and Mozambique, until Livingstone should return to claim them.

The following remarks on the influence of locality on the character of peoples, as exemplified by the African tribes he had come in contact with, their language, habits, etc., are extracted from Dr. Livingstone's letters to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

“Perhaps nowhere else do hills seem to exert a more powerful and well-marked influence on national character than they do in Africa. Every one is aware of the brave resistance offered by the Kaffre mountaineers to the British soldiers, than whom I believe there are none more brave beneath the sun. And the whole of the hill tribes, with but few exceptions, possess a similarity of character. They extend chiefly along the eastern side of the continent. Those among whom I have lately travelled have been fighting with the Portuguese for the last two years, and have actually kept the good men of Tete shut up in their fort during most of that time. They are a strong, muscular race, and, from constant work in the gardens, the men have hands like those of English ploughmen. Like hill people in general, they are much attached to the soil. Their laws are very stringent. The boundaries of the lands of each are well defined, and, should an elephant be killed, the huntsman must wait till one comes from the lord of the land to give permission to cut it up. The underlying tusk and half of the carcase are likewise the property of him on whose soil the elephant fell. They may well love their land, for it yields abundance of grain, and here superior wheat and rice may be seen flourishing side by side. Their government is a sort of republican-feudalism, which has decided that no child of a chief can succeed his father. A system of separating the young men from their parents and relatives would have pleased the author of the *Cyropædia*: yet the frequent application of the ordeal to get rid of a wife no longer loved shows that Xenophon's beau ideal does not produce gallantry equal to that which emanates from the birch of a wrathful village dominie among ourselves. The country towards Mozambique supports people of similar warlike propensities; and if these are owing to an infusion of Arab blood in their veins, that mixture does not seem to have had much influence on their customs, for those are more negro than aught else. They all possess a very vivid impression of the agency of unseen spirits in human affairs, which I believe is especially characteristic of the true negro family.

“Situated more towards the centre of the continent, we have the Bechuana tribes, who live generally on plains. Compared with the Kaffre family, they are all effeminate and cowardly; yet even here we see courage manifested by those who inhabit a hill country. Witness, for example, Sebituane, who fought his way from the Basuto country to the Barotse and to the Bashukulompo. Moshesh showed the same spirit lately in his encounter with English troops. These stand highest in the scale, and certain

poor Bechuanas, named Bakalahari, are the lowest. The latter live on the desert, and some of their little villages extend down the Limpopo. They generally attach themselves to influential men in the Bechuana towns, who furnish them with dogs, spears, and tobacco, and in return receive the skins of such animals as they may kill either with the dogs or by means of pitfalls. They are all fond of agriculture, and some possess a few goats; but the generally hard fare which they endure makes them the most miserable objects to be met with in Africa. From the descriptions given in books, I imagine the thin legs and arms, large abdomens, and the lustreless eyes of their children, make the Bakalahari the counterparts of Australians.

“But though it is all very well, in speaking in a loose way, to ascribe the development of national character to the physical features of the country, I suspect that those who are accustomed to curb the imagination in the severe way employed to test for truth in the physical sciences would attribute more to race or breed than to mere scenery. Look at the Bushmen—living on the same plains, eating the same food, but oftener in scantier measure, and subjected to the same climatorial and physical influences as the Bakalahari, yet how enormously different the results! The Bushman has a wiry, compact frame; is brave and independent; scorns to till the ground or keep domestic animals. The Bakalahari is spiritless and abject in demeanour and thought, delights in cultivating a little corn or pumpkins, or in rearing a few goats. Both races have been looking at the same scenes for centuries. Two or three Bechuanas from the towns enter the villages of the Bakalahari, and pillage them of all their skins of animals without resistance. If by chance the Bechuanas stumble on a hamlet of Bushmen, they speak softly, and readily deliver up any tobacco they may have as a peace-offering, in dread of the poisoned arrow which may decide whether they spoke truly in saying they had none.

“Again, look at the river Zouga, running through a part of the Bushman and Bakalahari desert. The Bayeiye or Bakoba live on its reedy islets, cultivate gardens, rear goats, fish and hunt alternately, and are generally possessed of considerable muscular development. Wherever you meet them they are always the same. They are the Quakers of the body politic in Africa. They never fought with any one, but invariably submitted to whoever conquered the lands adjacent to their rivers. They say their progenitors made bows of the castor-oil plant, and they broke; ‘*therefore* (!) they resolved never to fight any more.’ They never acquire much property, for every one turns aside into their villages to eat what he can find. I have been in their canoes and found the pots boiling briskly until we came near to the villages. Having dined, we then entered with the pots empty, and they looked quite innocently on any strangers who happened to drop in to dinner. Contrast these Friends with the lords of the isles, Sekote and others, living among identical circumstances, and ornamenting their dwellings with human skulls.

“The cause of the difference observed in tribes inhabiting the same localities, though it spoils the poetry of the thing, consists in certain spots being the choice of the race or family. So when we see certain characters assembled on particular spots, it may be more precise to say we see the antecedent disposition manifested in the selection, rather than that the part chosen produced a subsequent disposition. This may be evident when I say that, in the case of the Bakalahari and Bushmen, we have instances of compulsion and choice. The Bakalahari were the first body of Bechuana emigrants who came into the country. They possessed large herds of very long-horned cattle, the remains of which are now at Ngami. A second migration of Bechuanas deprived them of their cattle and drove them into the desert. They still cleave most tenaciously to the tastes of their race; while, for the Bushman, the desert is his choice, and ever has been from near the Coanza to the Cape. When we see a choice fallen on mountains, it means only that the race meant to defend itself. Their progenitors recognised the principle, acknowledged universally, except when Kaffre police or Hottentots rebel, viz., that none deserve liberty except those who are willing to fight for it. This principle gathers strength from locality, tradition develops it more and more, yet still I think the principle was first, foremost, and alone vital.

“In reference to the origin of all these tribes, I feel fully convinced, from the very great similarity in all their dialects, that they are essentially one race of men: the structure, or we may say the skeletons, of the dialects of Kaffre, Bechuana, Bayeiye, Barotse, Batoka, Batonga or people of the Zambesi, Mashona, Babisa, the negroes of Londa, Angola, and people on the west coast are all wonderfully alike. A great proportion of the roots is identical in all.

“The Bushman tongue seems an exception, but this, from the little I can collect of it, is more apparent than real. While all the others are developed in one and nearly the same direction, this deviates into a series of remarkable clicks. The syllable on which, in other dialects, the chief emphasis is put, in this sometimes constitutes the whole word. But though the variations lie in clicks, the development is greater than in the other dialects. They have for instance, the singular, plural, and dual numbers; the masculine, feminine, and neuter genders; and the aorist tense; which the others have not.

“Tending in the same way as this indisposition to diseases which decimate tribes which are passing away, is the fact that the Africans are wonderfully prolific. The Bushmen are equally so, but the Bechuanas are an exception which the introduction of Christianity may remove. As this has not, it is reported, happened in the Pacific, the data on which our hopes are founded may prove deceptive.

“With respect to the perpetuity of the African race, we have stronger hope than in the case of the South Sea Islanders, and other savage nations in

contact with Europeans. The well-known preference that fever manifests for the natives of Northern Europe, and the indisposition it exhibits to make victims of Africans, would lead persons resident in one region of this continent to say that the white race was doomed to extinction. However to be explained, the Africans who have come under my observation are not subject to many of the diseases which thin our own numbers. Smallpox and measles paid a passing visit through the continent some thirty years ago; and though they committed great ravages, they did not remain endemic nor return. They did not find a congenial soil; and though the period preceding the rains is eminently epidemic in its constitution, excepting hooping cough, no epidemic known in Europe appears. There is an indisposition independent of climatic influences, which becomes, I imagine, evident, when a certain loathsome disease is observed to die out spontaneously in Africans of pure blood; and those of mixed blood are subjected to all its forms with a virulence exactly proportioned to the amount of European blood in their veins.

“Strangers are so liable to be unintentionally misled by the careless answers of uninterested inhabitants, I would fain have subjected every important point to the test of personal examination, but except in the cases of gold, coal, iron, and a hot fountain, which did not involve any additional fatigue, I had to rely on the information of others alone. The difference of climate must account for the disproportionate exhaustion experienced by myself and companions from marches of a dozen miles, compared with that produced in our naval officers by those prodigious strides we read of having been performed in the Arctic Circle. Indeed I was pretty well ‘knocked up’ by not much more than a month on foot; the climate on the river felt hot and steamy, water never cools, clothes always damp from profuse perspiration; and as the country is generally covered with long grass, bushes, and trees, the abundance of well-rounded shingle everywhere renders it necessary to keep the eyes continually on the ground. Pedestrianism under such circumstances might be all very well for those whose obesity calls for the process of Pressnitz; but for one who had become as lean as a lath, the only discernible good was that it enabled an honest sort of man to gain a vivid idea of ‘a month on the treadmill.’”

Dr. Livingstone soon concluded that Kilimane was not the proper position for the port of the Zambesi, but he was not then aware that another and a better mouth of the river, only known to themselves, was used for the exportation of slaves. He says:—

“The Portuguese, in extenuation of the apparent disadvantage of building the ‘capital of the rivers of Senna’ (Kilimane) where it possesses such slender connection with the Zambesi, allege that the Mutu in former times was large, but it is now filled up with alluvial deposit. The bar, too, was safer then than it is now. To a stranger it looks remarkable that the main stream of the

Zambesi, sometimes called Cuama and Luabo, which is, at least, three quarters of a mile broad at the mouth of the Mutu, should be left to roll on to the ocean unused. It divides, it is true, below that into six or seven branches; but two of these named, near the sea, Melambe and Catrina, present comparatively safe harbours at their mouths and free passage into the interior for large launches during the entire year. These harbours are not more insalubrious than Kilimane and Senna.

“With respect to Kilimane, one could scarcely have found a more man-killing spot than it. The village is placed on a large mudbank, so moist that water is found by digging two feet deep, and it is surrounded by mango-bushes and marsh. The walls of the houses, too, sink gradually, so as to jam the doors against the floors. That the subject of securing a better harbour for the commerce of the magnificent country drained by the Zambesi merits the attention of the Portuguese Government, as interested in its prosperity, a glance at the articles which might be exported to a great amount will sufficiently show.

“*Coal.*—The disturbances effected by the eruptive rocks in the grey sandstone have brought many seams of coal to the surface. There are no fewer than nine of these in the country adjacent to Tete, and I came upon two before reaching that point. One seam in the rivulet Muatise is 58 inches in diameter; another is exposed in the Morongoze, which, as well as the Muatize, falls into the Revubue, and that joins the Zambesi from the north about two miles below Tete. The Revubue is navigable for canoes during the whole year, and but for a small rapid in it, near the points of junction with these rivulets, canoes might be loaded at the seams themselves. Some of the rocks have been ejected in a hot state since the deposition of the coal, for it is seen in some spots converted into coke, and about ten miles above Tete there is a hot fountain emitting abundance of acrid steam; the water at the point of emergence is 158° Fahr., and when the thermometer is held in it half a minute it shows steadily 160°. When frogs or fish leap into it from the rivulet in which it is situated, they become cooked, and the surrounding stones were much too hot for the bare feet of my companions.

“The remarks about the absence of any tradition of earthquakes in my last letter must be understood in reference to the country between the ridges alone, for I find that shocks have frequently been felt in the country of the Maravi, and also at Mozambique, but all have been of short duration, and appeared to pass from east to west.

“*Iron.*—In addition to coal, we have iron of excellent quality in many parts of the country. It seems to have been well roasted in the operations of nature, for it occurs in tears or rounded masses, admitting of easy excavation with pointed sticks, and it shows veins of the pure metal in its substance. When smelted it closely resembles the best Swedish iron in colour and tough-

ness. I have seen spears made of it strike the crania of hippopotami and curl up instead of breaking, the owner afterwards preparing it for further use by straightening it, while cold, with two stones.

“*Gold.*—If we consider Tete as occupying a somewhat central position in the coal-field, and extend the leg of the compasses about  $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , the line which may then be described from north-east round by west to south-east nearly touches or includes all the district as yet known to yield the precious metal. We have five well-known gold-washings from north-east to north-west. There is Abutua, not now known, but it must have been in the west or south-west, probably on the flank of the eastern ridge. Then the country of the Bazizula, or Mashona, on the south, and Manica on the south-east. The rivers Mazoe, Luia, and Luenya in the south, and several rivulets in the north, bring gold into the coal-field with their sands; but from much trituration it is generally in such minute scales as would render amalgamation with mercury necessary to give it weight in the sand, and render the washing profitable. The metal in some parts in the north is found in red clay-shale which is soft enough to allow the women to pound it in wooden mortars previous to washing. At Mashinga it occurs in white quartz. Some of the specimens of gold which I have seen from Manica and the country of Bazizula (Mosurus) were as large as grains of wheat, and those from rivers nearer Tete were extremely minute dust only. I was thus led to conclude that the latter was affected by transport, and the former showed the true gold-field as indicated by the semicircle. Was the eastern ridge the source of the gold, seeing it is now found not far from its eastern flank?

“We have then at present a coal-field surrounded by gold, with abundance of wood, water, and provisions—a combination of advantages met with neither in Australia nor California. In former times the Portuguese traders went to the washings accompanied by great numbers of slaves, and continued there until their goods were expended in purchasing food for the washers. The chief in whose lands they laboured expected a small present—one pound’s worth of cloth perhaps—for the privilege. But the goods spent in purchasing food from the tribe was also considered advantageous for the general good, and all were eager for these visits. It is so now in some quarters, but the witchery of slave-trading led to the withdrawal of industry from gold-washing and every other source of wealth; and from 130 to 140 lbs. annually, the produce has dwindled down to 8 or 10 lbs. only. This comes from independent natives, who wash at their own convenience, and for their own profit.

“A curious superstition tends to diminish the quantity which might be realised. No native will dig deeper than his chin, from a dread of the earth falling in and killing him; and on finding a piece of gold it is buried again, from an idea that without this ‘seed’ the washing would ever afterwards prove unproductive. I could not for some time credit this in people who know right

well the value of the metal; but it is universally asserted by the Portuguese, who are intimately acquainted with their language and modes of thought. It may have been the sly invention of some rogue among them, who wished to baulk the chiefs of their perquisites, for in more remote times these pieces were all claimed by them.

“*Agriculture.*—The soil formed by the disintegration of igneous rocks is amazingly fertile, and the people are all fond of agriculture. I have seen maize of nearly the same size of grain as that sold by the Americans for seed in Cape Town. Wheat, for which one entertains such a friendly feeling, grows admirably near Tete, in parts which have been flooded by the Zambesi, and it doubles the size of the grain at Zumbo. When the water retires the sowing commences. A hole is made with a small hoe, a few grains dropped in, and the earth pushed back with the foot. This simple process represents all our draining, liming, subsoil-ploughing, &c.; for with one weeding a fine crop is ready for the sickle in four months afterwards.

“Wheat, sugar, rice, oil, and indigo were once exported in considerable quantities from Tete. Cotton is still cultivated, but only for native manufacture. Indigo of a large kind grows wild all over the country. There are forests of a tree which acts as the cinchona near Senna. Does not this show the Divine care over us?—where fever prevails the remedy abounds. We have also sarsaparilla, calumba-root, and senna leaves in abundance; the last I believe to be the same as is exported from Egypt.

“It may not be out of place here to call attention to native medicines as worthy the investigation of travellers. I have always had to regret the want of time to ascertain which were efficacious and which were not, and whether there are any superior to our own. It is worthy of note that the bark, which is similar in properties to that which yields the quinine, has been known as a potent febrifuge by the natives from time immemorial. Our knowledge of the virtues of the bark is comparatively recent. Some may think we have more medicines in the Pharmacopœia than we know well how to use, but the fact of well-educated persons resorting to Homœopathy, Holloway’s ointment, Morison’s pills, and other nostrums, may indicate an actual want, to be supplied by something more potent than either raillery or argument. Few such I imagine would in cool blood prefer Parr’s life pills to quinine in intermittent fever; and if we had a remedy for cholera only half as efficacious as quinine in Kilimane fever, it would be esteemed a universal blessing. Many native remedies are valueless, perhaps the majority are so; but they can cure wounds inflicted by poisoned arrows. In Inhambane and Delagoa Bay a kind of croup prevails: it is probably the *Laringismus stridulus*, as it attacks and proves very fatal to adults. Singularly enough, it was unknown till the first visit of Potgeiter’s Boers to Delagoa Bay, who brought it from parts to the south-west where it prevails, and left it there, though none of

them were suffering from it at the time. It is still unknown here. This case is analogous to ships leaving diseases at the South Sea Islands. After many had perished, a native doctor pointed out a root which, when used in time, effects a speedy cure. The Portuguese now know the remedy and value it highly. I am not disposed to believe everything marvellous; but from excoriations having been made, by means of the root, on the tongue of the patient, and abstraction of blood so near the seat of the disease having been successful in this very intractable disease, I think the black doctor deserves some credit. The fact, too, that certain plants are known by widely separated tribes all over the country as medicinal, is an additional reason for recommending those who have nothing but travel and discovery on hand to pick up whatever fragments of aboriginal medical knowledge may come in their way.

“In addition to the articles of commerce mentioned above, I saw specimens of gum copal, orchilla-weed, caoutchouc, and other gums. There are two plants, the fibres of which yield very strong thread and ropes. Bees abound beyond Tete, but the people eat the honey and throw the wax away. There are several varieties of trees which attain large dimensions, yielding timber of superior quality for durability in shipbuilding. I saw pure negroes at Senna cutting down such trees in the forest, and building boats on the European model, without the superintendence of a master. Other articles of trade are mentioned by writers, but I refer to those only which came under my personal observation.

“I feel fully persuaded that, were a stimulus given to the commerce of the Zambesi by a small mercantile company proceeding cautiously to develop the resources of this rich and fertile country, it would certainly lead to a most lucrative trade. The drawbacks to everything of this sort must, however, be explicitly stated: and though anxious to promote the welfare of the teeming population of the interior by means of the commercial prosperity and intercourse of the coasts, I should greatly regret any undue expectations from unconsciously giving a too high colouring to my descriptions. I shall therefore try to explain the causes of the miserable state of stagnation and decay in which I found the Portuguese possessions.

“I have already stated that the slave-trade acted by withdrawing labour from every other source of wealth in this country, and transferring it to the plantations of Cuba and Brazil. The masters soon followed the slaves; hence this part of Africa contains scarcely any Europeans possessing capital and intelligence or commercial enterprise. Of those who engaged in the slave-trade in both eastern and western Africa, it is really astonishing to observe how few have been permanently enriched by it. There seems a sort of fatality attending these unlawful gains, for you again and again hear the remark, ‘He *was* rich in the time of the slave-trade.’ Beyond all question, it has impoverished both the colonists and the country. And when our cruisers, by their

indomitable energy, rendered the traffic much more perilous than any other form of gambling for money, they conferred a double benefit. The slave was prevented from being torn from his home and country, and the master was compelled to turn to more stable sources of income and wealth. But when this took place it was found that the strong arms which washed for gold and cultivated coffee, cotton, wheat, indigo, sugar, earthnuts for oil, &c., were across the Atlantic, and a civil war breaking out completed the disorder.

“Our explanations were, however, considered satisfactory; indeed, when we could get a palaver, they were never unreasonable until we came close to Tete; but it was unpleasant to be everywhere suspected. The men belonging to some chiefs on the Zambesi never came near us unless fully armed; others would not sit down, nor enter into any conversation, but after gazing at us for some time with a sort of horror they went off to tell the chief and great men what they had seen. We appeared an uncouth band, for the bits of skins, *alias* fig-leaves, had in many cases disappeared, and my poor fellows could not move about without shocking the feelings of the well-clothed Zambesians. The Babisa traders (Muizas) bring large quantities of cotton cloth from the coast to the tribes beyond Zumbo. Both Moors and Babisa had lately been plundered too. They could not have taken much from us, for the reason contained in the native proverb, ‘You cannot catch a humble cow by the horns.’ We often expected bad treatment, but various circumstances conspired to turn them from their purposes.

“It is impossible to enumerate all the incidents which, through the influence of our Divine protector on the hearts of the heathen, led to our parting in friendship with those whom we met with very different sentiments; but I must not omit the fact that, if our cruisers had accomplished nothing else, they have managed to confer a good name on our country. I was quite astonished to find how far the prestige had spread into the continent; and in my case they had ocular demonstration of more than a hundred evidently very poor men going with one of ‘that white tribe’ without either whip or chain. My headman speaks the language perfectly, and being an intelligent person, he contributed much by sensible explanations to lull suspicion. We had besides no shields with us; this was often spoken of, and taken as evidence of friendly intentions; and for those who perversely insisted that we were spies, we had forty or fifty gallant young elephant-hunters, and the extraordinary bravery they sometimes exhibited seemed to say it would scarcely be wholesome to meddle with such fellows. The personal character of some chiefs led at once to terms of friendship. With others we spent much time in labouring in vain to convince them we were not rogues and vagabonds: they were in the minority, as the utterly bad are everywhere else. With fair treatment the inhabitants on the Zambesi would, I believe, act justly; they are not powerful as compared with our Kaffres of the Cape.”

After waiting about six weeks at Kilimane, the *Frolic* arrived, bringing abundant supplies for all his needs, and £150 to pay his passage home, from the agent of the London Missionary Society at the Cape. The admiral at the Cape sent an offer of a free passage to the Mauritius, which Livingstone gladly accepted. As six of the eight of his attendants who had accompanied him to Kilimane had, by his instructions, gone back to Tete to await his return, while the other eight who had accompanied him as far as the delta of the Zambesi had also returned, only two were left with him when the *Frolic* arrived. One of these was Sekwebu, who had been so useful throughout the journey that he determined to take him to England with him, so that he might be able to tell Sekeletu and the Makololo what sort of country England was, and further increase the confidence and trust already reposed in him and in his countrymen generally. The other one begged hard to be permitted to accompany them, and it is a matter for regret that the expense alone prevented Livingstone from acceding to his wishes. There was a heavy sea on when they crossed the bar to the *Frolic*, and as this was Sekwebu's first introduction to the ocean he appeared frightened. On board ship he seemed to get accustomed to his novel situation, picked up a few words of English, and ingratiated himself with the crew, who treated him with great kindness.

During all this time there was, although unnoticed, a strain upon his untutored mind, which reached its climax when a steamer came out to tow the *Frolic* into the harbour at the Mauritius. The terror evoked by the sight of the uncouth panting monster with its volume of smoke culminated in madness, and he descended into a boat alongside. On Livingstone following him to bring him back, he said, "No! no! it is enough that I die alone. You must not perish; if you come I shall throw myself into the water." Noticing then that his mind was affected, Livingstone said, "Now Sekwebu, we are going to Ma-Robert." This had a calming effect upon his mind, and he said "Oh, yes; where is she? and where is Robert?" (Livingstone's son). The officers proposed to put him in irons for a time; but Livingstone, fearing that this would wound his pride, and that it might be said in his own country that he had bound him like a slave, unfortunately would not consent to this. "In the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred; he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down hand under hand, by the chain cable. We never found the body of Sekwebu."

At the Mauritius, Livingstone was hospitably entertained by Major-Gen. C. M. Hay, and was induced to remain some time there to recruit his shattered health. On the 12th of December, 1856, he arrived in England after an absence of seventeen years, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company generously refunding his passage money, when made aware of the distinguished personage they had had the honour of carrying. On the day pre-

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ceding his arrival the *Times* informed the country that—"The Rev. Dr. Livingstone had arrived at Marseilles from Tunis, on the 6th inst., and was then in good health; his left arm is, however, broken and partly useless, it having been torn by a lion. When he was taken on board the *Frolic* on the Mozambique coast, he had great difficulty in speaking a word of English, having disused it so long while travelling in Africa. He had with him a native from the interior of Africa. This man, when he got to the Mauritius, was so excited with the steamers, and various wonders of civilization, that he went mad, and jumped into the sea and was drowned. Dr. Livingstone had been absent from England seventeen years. He crossed the great African continent almost in the centre, from west to east, has been where no civilized being has ever been before, and has made many notable discoveries of great value. He travelled in the twofold character of missionary and physician, having obtained a medical diploma. He is rather a short man, with a pleasing and serious countenance, which betokens the most determined resolution. He continued to wear the cap which he wore while performing his wonderful travels. On board the *Candia*, in which he voyaged from Alexandria to Tunis, he was remarkable for his modesty and unassuming manners. He never spoke of his travels except in answer to questions. The injury to his arm was sustained in the desert while travelling with a friendly tribe of Africans. A herd of lions broke into their camp at night, and carried off some of their cattle. The natives, in their alarm, believed that a neighbouring tribe had bewitched them. Livingstone taunted them with suffering their losses through cowardice, and they then turned to face and hunt down the enemy. The Doctor shot a lion, which dropped wounded. It afterwards sprang on him, and caught him by the arm, and, after wounding two natives who drew it off him, it fell down dead. The wounded arm was not set properly, and Dr. Livingstone suffered excruciating agony in consequence."

## CHAPTER XII.

*Dr. Livingstone in England—Special Meeting of the Geographical Society—Enthusiastic Reception—Farewell Banquet—Sir Roderick Murchison's Estimate of Dr. Livingstone and his Labours.*

AT Cape Town a meeting was held on the 12th of November, 1856, for the purpose of taking steps to express the public sense of the eminent services rendered to science, civilisation, and Christianity by Dr. Livingstone. Sir George Grey, the governor, who occupied the chair, said:—"I think no man of the present day is more deserving of honour than Dr. Livingstone—a man whom we indeed can hardly regard as belonging to any particular age or time, but who belongs rather to the whole Christian epoch—possessing all those qualities of mind, and that resolute desire at all risks to spread the gospel, which we have generally been in the habit of attributing solely to those who lived in the first ages of the Christian era. Indeed, that man must be of almost apostolic character, who, animated by a desire of performing his duty to his Maker and to his fellow-men, has performed journeys which we cannot but regard as altogether marvellous." The Bishop of Cape Town, the judges, and other government officials took part in the proceedings, which were of a most enthusiastic character. The meeting resolved to enter into a subscription for a testimonial to the great traveller, which Sir George Grey headed with a donation of £50.

In England, curiosity had been excited by the appearance of short paragraphs in the newspapers treating of his discoveries, but it was not until a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on which occasion the Society's gold medal was presented to the distinguished traveller, that the magnitude of his discoveries and the heroic character of the man came to be properly understood.

It was on the 15th of December, 1856, that the special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held to receive and do honour to Dr. Livingstone. The proceedings at this meeting were of so singularly exceptional a character, that we do not hesitate to re-produce the report of it here as it appeared in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society."

Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the Society, was in the chair, and the room was filled with a distinguished assemblage. In opening the meeting the President said:—

GENTLEMEN,—We are now specially assembled to welcome Dr. Living-

stone, on returning from Southern Africa to his native country after an absence of sixteen years, during which, while endeavouring to spread the blessings of Christianity through lands never before trodden by the foot of a British subject, he has made discoveries of incalculable importance, which have justly won for him, our Victoria or Patron's Medal.

When that honour was conferred in May, 1855, for traversing South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami and Linyanti to Loanda on the west coast, the Earl of Ellesmere, then our president, spoke with eloquence of the "scientific precision, with which the unarmed and unassisted English missionary had left his mark on so many important stations of regions hitherto blank."

If for that wonderful journey, Dr. Livingstone was justly recompensed with the highest distinction we could bestow, what must be our estimate of his prowess, now that he has re-traversed the vast regions, which he first opened out to our knowledge? Nay, more; that, after reaching his old starting point at Linyanti in the interior, he has followed the Zambesi, or continuation of the Leeambye river, to its mouths on the shores of the Indian Ocean, passing through the eastern Portuguese settlements to Kilimane—thus completing the entire journey across South Africa. In short, it has been calculated that, putting together his various journeys, Dr. Livingstone has not travelled over less than eleven thousand miles of African ground.

Then, how does he come back to us? Not merely like the far-roaming and enterprising French missionaries, Huc and Gabet, who, though threading through China with marvellous skill, and contributing much to our knowledge of the habits of the people, have scarcely made any addition to the science of physical geography; but as the pioneer of sound knowledge, who, by astronomical observations, has determined the site of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all hitherto unknown to us.

In obtaining these results, Dr. Livingstone has farther seized upon every opportunity of describing to us the physical features, climatology, and geological structure of the countries he has explored, and has made known their natural productions, including vast breadths of sugar-cane and vine-producing lands. Pointing out many new sources of commerce, as yet unknown to the enterprise of the British merchant, he gives us a clear insight into the language, manners, and habits of numerous tribes, and explains to us the different diseases of the people, demonstrating how their maladies vary with different conditions of physical geography and atmospheric causes.

Let me also say that he has realised, by positive research, that which was necessarily a bare hypothesis, and has proved the interior of Southern Africa to be a plateau traversed by a network of lakes and rivers, the waters of which, deflected in various directions by slight elevations, escape to the eastern and western oceans, by passing through deep rents in the hilly,

flanking tracts. He teaches us that these last high grounds, differing essentially from the elevated central region, as well as from the rich alluvial deltas of the coasts, are really salubrious, or, to use his own language, are perfect *sanatoria*.

I have thus alluded, in the briefest manner, to the leading additions to our knowledge which have been brought before you by Dr. Livingstone. The reading of the last letters, addressed to myself, was, by the direction of my lamented predecessor, Admiral Beechey, deferred until the arrival of the great traveller; in order that the just curiosity of my associates might be gratified by having it in their power to interrogate him upon subjects of such deep importance; and, above all, that we might commit no mistakes in hastily constructing maps from immature data; certain sketch maps having been sent to us, before it was possible to calculate his observations and reduce them to order.

Passing then from this meagre outline of the results to science, what must be our feelings as men, when we mark the fidelity with which Dr. Livingstone kept his promise to the natives who, having accompanied him to St. Paul de Loando, were reconducted by him from that city to their homes? On this head my predecessors and myself have not failed, whenever an opportunity occurred, to testify our deep respect for such noble conduct. Rare fortitude and virtue must our medallist have possessed, when—having struggled at the imminent risk of life through such obstacles, and escaping from the interior, he had been received with true kindness by our old allies the Portuguese at Angola—he nobly resolved to redeem his promise, and retrace his steps to the interior of the vast continent. How much, indeed, must the moral influence of the British name be enhanced throughout Africa, when it has been promulgated that our missionary has thus kept his plighted word to the poor natives who faithfully stood by him!

Turning to Dr. Livingstone, the PRESIDENT then said—Dr. Livingstone, it is now my pleasing duty to present to you this our Patron's or Victoria Medal, as a testimony of our highest esteem. I rejoice to see on this occasion, such a numerous assemblage of geographers and distinguished persons, and that our meeting is attended by the ministers of foreign nations. Above all, I rejoice to welcome the representative of that nation whose governors and subjects, in the distant regions of Africa, have treated you as a brother, and without whose aid many of your most important results could not have been achieved. Gladdened must be the hearts of all the geographers present, when they see you attended by men, who accompanied and aided you in your earliest labours. I allude particularly to our own fellows, Colonel Steele, Mr. Cotton Oswell, and Captain Vardon, who are now with us. As these and other distinguished African travellers are in this room, and among them Dr. Barth, who alone of living men, has reached Timbuctoo and returned, may

not the Geographical Society be proud of such achievements? I therefore, heartily congratulate you, sir, on being surrounded by men, who certainly are the best judges of your merits, and I present to you this medal, as a testimony of the high admiration with which we all regard your great labours.

DR. LIVINGSTONE replied:—Sir, I have spoken so little in my own tongue for the last sixteen years, and so much in strange languages, that you must kindly bear with my imperfections in the way of speech-making. I beg to return my warmest thanks for the distinguished honour you have now conferred upon me, and also for the kind and encouraging expressions with which the gift of the gold medal has been accompanied. As a Christian missionary, I only did my duty, in attempting to open up part of southern inter-tropical Africa to the sympathy of Christendom; and I am very much gratified by finding in the interest, which you and many others express, a pledge that the true negro family, whose country I traversed, will yet become a part of the general community of nations. The English Government and the English people, have done more for Central Africa than any other, in the way of suppressing that traffic, which has proved a blight to both commerce and friendly intercourse. May I hope that the path which I have lately opened into the interior, will never be shut; and that in addition to the repression of the slave trade, there will be fresh efforts made for the development of the internal resources of the country? Success in this, and the spread of Christianity, alone will render the present success of our cruisers in repression, complete and permanent. I cannot pretend to a single note of triumph. A man may boast when he is pulling off his armour, but I am just putting mine on; and while feeling deeply grateful for the high opinion you have formed of me, I fear that you have rated me above my deserts, and that my future may not come up to the expectation of the present. Some of the fellows of your society—Colonel Steele, Captain Vardon, and Mr. Oswell, for instance—could, either of them, have effected all that I have done. You are thus not in want of capable agents. I am, nevertheless, too thankful now, that they have left it to me to do. I again thank you for the medal, and hope it will go down in my family as an heirloom worth keeping.

The RIGHT HON. H. LABOUCHERE, M.P., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, then said,—Sir Roderick Murchison, I thought it a great privilege to be allowed to attend to-night upon your invitation; and certainly with little expectation that I should be called upon to address you on this interesting occasion. I am happy to say, however, that the resolution which has been put into my hands, and which I have been requested to propose to the meeting, is one that I am sure will require no arguments of mine to recommend it to your very cordial adoption. You have heard from the president, how the distinguished traveller, who is here to-day to give an account of the achievements which he has performed on the field of Africa,

you have heard, how cordially and usefully he was assisted by the Governors of the Portuguese Establishments on the coast of Africa. There is, perhaps, no nation which can boast more than Portugal, of having largely contributed to early geographical enterprise, to our better knowledge of the globe which we inhabit, and to the spread of commerce throughout the earth. I may also say that the mention of the name of Portugal, is always agreeable to British ears, because there is no country with which we are united by an older, by a closer, and, I trust, by a more enduring connection. I think it is fortunate and gratifying to us, on the present occasion, that we have the advantage of having among us, the distinguished nobleman who represents Portugal in this country; therefore, we shall be able to convey to the Portuguese authorities, through him, the acknowledgment which, I am sure, we must be all anxious to make on the present occasion. I am too well aware of the value of your time, and of the superior claims that others have upon it, to be desirous of addressing you at any length. Of the importance of the discoveries made in Africa, I am sure we must all feel the strongest and deepest sense; it is, at all events, a matter of liberal curiosity to all men, to obtain a better knowledge of our earth. But there are interests very dear to the people of this country, which are closely connected with everything that relates to a better knowledge of Africa. There is none, I believe, which has taken a faster hold on the people of Britain than, not only to put a stop to the horrible traffic in slaves, which was once the disgrace of our land as much, if not more than of any other; but also, as far as possible, to repay to Africa the debt which we owe her, by promoting in every manner, with regard to her inhabitants, the interests of civilization and commerce. We must feel how important a better knowledge of the internal resources and of the condition of Africa must be, in all the efforts which Parliament or statesmen can make in that direction. I will not trespass longer upon your time, but conclude by reading the resolution which has been placed in my hands, and which is one that I am sure will meet from you, a very cordial reception:—

“That the grateful thanks of the Royal Geographical Society be conveyed, through his Excellency Count de Lavradio, the Minister of the King of Portugal, to His Majesty's Authorities in Africa, for the hospitality and friendly assistance they afforded to Dr. Livingstone, in his unparalleled travels from St. Paul de Loanda to Tete and Kilimane, across that continent.”

Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, F.R.G.S., then said—Sir, I could have wished that the task of seconding the resolution had been confided to abler hands; but since the president has issued his orders—orders which are equivalent to the laws of the Medes and the Persians, with which I am tolerably well acquainted,—I am obliged humbly to bow to the task. After the eloquent description you have heard of the merits of the Portuguese nation, it would

ill become me to intrude long upon your time ; but I would wish to call your attention to the really great obligations which science is generally under to the Portuguese, especially with regard to the geography of Africa. We are too apt to forget the debt of gratitude which we owe to them for our knowledge of the interior of Africa, almost up to the present time, when Dr. Livingstone has completed the chain of their discoveries. We must remember that it was Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese, in the first instance, who doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The Portuguese have established settlements throughout Southern Africa from the earliest times down to the present, and until Dr. Livingstone has laid down all his discoveries upon the map, the old Portuguese maps of the interior of Africa, especially the southern portion, are the best available. It is singularly interesting and gratifying to find, that it should be to the Portuguese Governors, that we are indebted for the hospitable reception, which they gave to our distinguished traveller, Dr. Livingstone, and which has enabled him to return home in safety, and acquaint us with the results of all his discoveries. As you are about to hear from Dr. Livingstone some brief account of his travels, I will not longer trespass on your time, but merely second the resolution which has been submitted to your notice.

The resolution having been put from the chair, was carried unanimously.

The Count de Lavradio then rose, and after a brief apology in English for his want of fluency in our language, thus spoke in French :—

“MR. PRESIDENT,—As I did not expect to have the honour of speaking before you, it is with great hesitation and timidity that I rise to address a few words to you, in order to express my gratitude for the resolution you have just adopted. My first duty is to return my sincere and hearty thanks to the Right Hon. Mr. Labouchere, in the name of the Sovereign, whom I have the honour to represent, and in that of the Portuguese nation, to which I belong, not only for the resolution which he has proposed—that the Royal Geographical Society should adopt—but also for the sentiments of admiration and esteem which he has so well expressed for the memory of the intrepid and learned Portuguese navigators, who, in discovering seas and lands, till then unknown, carried everywhere the germs of civilization, and rendered very great services to science. I also beg Sir H. Rawlinson to accept my best thanks for the kindness with which he has supported the proposition of Mr. Labouchere, in recalling to the remembrance of the society the important discoveries made by the Portuguese. My warmest thanks are also due to you, Mr. President, for the good-will with which you have submitted the proposition of Mr. Labouchere to the society ; and to you, gentlemen, the members of the Royal Geographical Society, for the unanimity of your approbation. I assure you, I shall hasten to transmit to my Government the resolution just adopted, and I feel sure it will be much flattered by it. When

I learned that Dr. Livingstone was going to endeavour to traverse Southern Africa from the western to the eastern shore, I wrote to my Government, praying it to dispatch the most positive orders, that all the Portuguese colonies should lend Dr. Livingstone all the protection he should require, to enable him to pursue his travels in a safe and comfortable manner. I am happy to learn that the orders of my Government have been executed. And now, Mr. President, and gentlemen, the members of the Royal Geographical Society, permit me to thank you in my own name, for the honour you have conferred upon me in inviting me to this assembly. At any time I should be very happy and highly honoured to find myself among the *elite* of the learned English geographers and travellers; but, to-day, my happiness is still greater since this august assembly is particularly called to celebrate the return of Dr. Livingstone to Europe—this courageous savant—this friend of humanity, who, braving the greatest dangers, exposing himself to all sorts of privations, employed the best years of his life in exploring Central Africa, with the single-minded and noble aim of enriching science and of diffusing in far-off lands the morality of the Gospel, and with it, the benefits of true civilization. Men, such as Dr. Livingstone, are, permit me the expression, veritable Providences, which Heaven, in its mercy grants us, to console us for the many useless or wicked persons who inhabit a part of the earth. Everybody knows that it is nearly four centuries and a half since some Portuguese navigators, as courageous, and as learned, undertook and accomplished some great discoveries. The names of Zamo, of Prestrillo, of Dias, of the great Vasco de Gama, and of many others, are well known; but everybody does not know, that, at the same time that these navigators were crossing the seas, surveying the coasts, and trying to make the tour of Africa in order to reach Asia, others were endeavouring to arrive at the same result, by crossing the interior of Africa. Before the year 1450, by the orders and instructions of the great and immortal Infante Don Henri of Portugal, the greatest and most learned prince of his time, Jean Fernandez penetrated into the interior of Africa, where, shortly after, he was joined by Anton Gonsalves. Some years after, several other Portuguese penetrated into the interior of Africa; some searching for Timbuctoo, and others in various other directions. History has preserved the names of several of these travellers, and it may be said that the Portuguese have never relinquished their endeavours to penetrate into the interior of Africa. Towards the end of the last century, the learned Dr. Lacerda, furnished with good instruments, proposed to traverse Southern Africa, from the eastern to the western shore; unfortunately, death surprised him in the midst of these learned travels, in the country of the King of Cazembe. Afterwards, other travellers undertook to cross Africa, and from 1806 to 1811, Pedro Jean Baptista and Amaro Jose, with the instructions of Colonel Francisco de Castro, went from the western to the eastern shore, and

returned to Loanda by the same road, after an absence of more than four years. The journal of their travels has been printed, but, unfortunately, they were not sufficiently well-informed to be able to determine astronomically the position of the different places they had crossed.\* Gentlemen, I must conclude, and if I have cited these facts and these names, it is by no means for the purpose of diminishing the glory that belongs to Dr. Livingstone; but, on the contrary, to recognise that he has obtained results more complete than those who preceded him. The name of Dr. Livingstone is already inscribed in the history of the civilization of Southern Africa, and it will always occupy a very distinguished place there.

“Honour then to the learned Dr. Livingstone!

“Mr. President and gentlemen, I beg your pardon for having trespassed so long on your time and attention, and thank you for the kindness with which you have condescended to listen to me; but before sitting down, allow me to ask you to accept of my best wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Geographical Society, which has rendered so many and such great services to science, to commerce, and to civilization. Accept also my best wishes for the British Empire—may this land of order and of liberty—this country, where all the unfortunate find a safe and generous asylum, always preserve its power! I offer these wishes as the representative of the oldest, most constant, and most faithful ally of England; I offer them also as a private individual.”

The SECRETARY then read extracts from the three last communications, addressed by Dr. Livingstone from Africa to Sir Roderick Murchison, which had been reserved for that occasion. They were full of minute and graphic details relating to the regions explored by the traveller, and were listened to with the utmost interest. (In the preceding chapter we have drawn largely upon these letters.)

The PRESIDENT said: We return thanks to Dr. Livingstone for having communicated these able documents to us, a very small portion of which has been read by Dr. Shaw. It is impossible, on an occasion like the present, fully to estimate the value of Dr. Livingstone's communications; but there are so many subjects, some of them of deep interest to persons here assembled, and others of vast importance to the world at large, that I hope Dr. Livingstone will explain to us, *viva voce*, some of those remarkable features in his travels, on which he would wish most to dwell. I particularly invite him to indicate to the meeting, those portions of the country, the produce of which is likely to

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\* In regard to this Dr. Livingstone said afterwards:—“After the first European had traversed the African continent the Portuguese Minister claimed the honour for two black men (trading persons of colour), and these blacks, in the memory of a lady now living at Tete, came thither dressed and armed as the people of Loanda, but proceeded no further. They thus failed by about 400 miles of what was claimed for them.”

be rendered accessible to British commerce. I wish him to point out, on the diagram made for this occasion by Mr Arrowsmith, the lines of those ridges which he describes as perfect *sanatoria* or healthy districts, distinguished from the great humid or marshy region in the interior, and as being equally distinguished from the deltas on the coast, in which the settlements of Europeans have hitherto been made. It is important to observe that large tracts of this country are occupied by *coal-fields*, of which we have had the first knowledge from our distinguished traveller. There are indications throughout the flanking ranges, of great disturbance of the strata, by the intrusion of igneous rocks which have very much metamorphosed them. The strata upon the two sides of Africa, dip inwards, and the great interior region thus forms an elevated plateau arranged in basin-shape. This vast basin is occupied by calcareous tufa, the organic remains in which seem to indicate that at a period not remote in the history of the globe, this great marshy region has been desiccated, leaving in these broad plateaus of calcareous tufa, the remains of lacustrine and land animals, which are still living in the country. I hold in my hand a geological map of the Cape territory as prepared by Mr. Bain, which, coupled with the discovery of Lake Ngami, led me to offer to you that speculation on the probable physical condition of the interior of Africa which the observations of Dr. Livingstone have confirmed.

DR. LIVINGSTONE then rose, and, pointing to the diagram of Africa, said : The country south  $20^{\circ}$  is comparatively arid ; there are few rivers in it, and what water the natives get, is chiefly from wells. But north of  $20^{\circ}$ , we find a totally different country, wonderfully well watered, and very unlike what people imagine Central Africa to be. It is covered by a network of waters, which are faintly put down in the map, and chiefly from native information. The reason why we have trusted to native information in this case, is this : when Mr. Oswell and I went up to the Chobe in 1851, we employed the natives to draw a part of the Zambesi in the centre of the country, which had hitherto been unknown to Europeans. They drew it so well, that although I have since sailed up and down the river several times, and have taken observations all along, I have very little to add to that native map. The natives show on their maps that you can go up one river and get into another. You can go up the Kama, for instance, and get into another, the river of the Banyenko. You can go up the Simah and get into the Chobe, and can come down into the Zambesi, or Leeambye. You can go up the river Teoge, and round again by the Tzo to Lake Ngami. If you go up the Loi, you can get into the Kafue. And they declare that if you go up the Kafue in a canoe, you can get as far as the point where that river divides from the Loangua. All these rivers are deep and large, and never dry up as the South African rivers do. Some will say that the natives always tell you that one river comes out of another. Yes, if you do not understand the language you may

say so. I remember when Colonel Steele and I were together, the natives pointed him out as still *wild*, and said I was *tame*, because I understood the language. Now, I suppose, when a geographer tells you that, when the natives say, "one river runs into or out of another," they don't mean what they say; but, in reality, the natives mean that the geographer is still *wild*, he is not *tame*, *i. e.* he does not know the language. I found the natives to be very intelligent; and, in this well watered part, to be of the true Negro family. They all had woolly hair, and a good deal of it, and they are darker than those who live to the south. The most remarkable point I noticed among them, was the high estimation in which they hold the women. Many of the women become chiefs. If you ask a man to do something for you, he will perhaps make some arrangements about payment; but before deciding to do it, he is sure to say, "Well, I will go home and ask my wife." If the wife agrees to it, he will do what you want; but if she says no, there is no possibility of getting him to move. The women sit in the public council, and have a voice in the deliberations. Among the Bechuanas the men swear by their fathers, but among the true negroes they swear by their *mothers*. Any exclamation they make is, "Oh, my mother!"—while among the Bechuanas and the Kaffres they swear by their father. If a woman separate from her husband, the children all go with the mother—they all stick by the mother. If a young man falls in love with a young woman of another village, he must leave his own village and live with her; and he is obliged to keep his mother-in-law in firewood. If he goes into her presence, he must go in a decent way, clapping his hands in a supplicatory manner; and if he sits, he must not put out his feet towards her—he must bend his knees back, and sit in a half-bent position. I was so astonished at this, that I could scarcely believe their own statements as to the high estimation in which they held the ladies, until I asked the Portuguese, if they understood the same, as I did. They said, exactly the same; they had been accustomed to the natives for many years, and they say that the women are really held in very great estimation. I believe they deserve it; for the whole way through the centre of the country, we were most kindly treated by them. When I went up the Zambesi, I proceeded as far as the 14th degree, and then returned to Linyanti. I found the country abounding in all the larger game. I know all the country through which Mr. Gordon Cumming and others have hunted, and I never saw anything before like the numbers of game that are to be found along the Zambesi. There are elephants all the way to Tete, in prodigious numbers, and all the other large game, buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, and a great variety of antelopes. There are three new species of antelope that have never been brought to Europe.

Seeing the country was well supplied with game, I thought it was of little use burdening my men with other provisions; I thought I could easily

supply our wants with the gun, and I did not wish to fire them and make them desire to return before we had accomplished our journey; so we went with scarcely anything. All the way up the river we had abundance of food, and any one who is anything of a shot, may go out and kill as much in two or three hours, as will serve for three or four days. The animals do not know the gun, and they stand still, at bowshot distance. We got on very well in this way, until we came to Shinte. There we found that the people, having guns, had destroyed all the game in the district, and that there was nothing left but mice; you see the little boys and girls digging out the mice. I did not try to eat them, but we were there obliged to live entirely upon what the people gave us. We found the women remarkably kind to all of us; the same in going down the Zambesi. Whatever they gave, they always did it most gracefully, very often with an apology for its being so little. Then, when coming to the eastward, we found it just the same. They supplied us liberally with food wherever we went, all the way down, till we came near to the settlements of the Portuguese. In the centre of the country, we found the people generally remarkably civil and kind; but as we came near to the confines of civilization, then they did not improve. We had a good deal of difficulty with different tribes, as they tried to make us pay for leave to pass. It so happened that we had nothing to pay with. They wanted either an ox, a gun, or a man. I told them that my men had just as good a right to give me, as I had to give one of them, because we were in the same position—we were all *free men*. Then they wanted an ox, and we objected to it, saying, "These oxen are our legs, and we cannot travel without them; why should we pay for leave to tread upon the ground of God, our common Father?" They agreed it was not right to ask payment for that, but said it had always been the custom of the slave-traders, when they came in, to give a slave or an ox, and we ought to do the same. But I said, "We are not slave-dealers, we never buy nor sell slaves." "But you may as well give us an ox," they replied, "it will show your friendship; we will give you some of our food, if you give us some of yours." If we gave them an ox, they very often gave us back two or three pounds of our own food; this is the generous way they paid us back. But with the women we never found any difficulty.

Let me mention the punishment which women inflict upon their husbands in some parts. It is the custom of the country for each woman to have her own garden and her own house. The husband has no garden and no house, and his wives feed him. I have heard a man say, "Why, they will not feed me; they will give me nothing at all." A man may have five wives, and sometimes the wives combine and make a strike against him. When he comes home he goes to Mrs. *One*. She says, "I have nothing for you; you must go to Mrs. *Two*." He then goes to Mrs. *Two*, and she says, "You can go to the one you love best;" and in this way the husband is sent from one

to the other, until he gets quite enraged. In the evening I have seen the poor fellow get up in a tree, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole village, cry out, "I thought I had married five wives, but I find I have married five witches; they will not let me have any food." The punishment a woman receives for striking her husband, I thought very odd, the first time I saw it in the town of Sechele. The chief's place is usually in the centre of the town. If a woman happens to forget herself so far as to give her husband a blow, she is brought into the centre of the town, and is obliged to take him on her back and carry him home, amid the jeering and laughter of the people, some of the women crying out, "Give it to him again."

Slavery exists in the country, *i. e.*, domestic slavery; but the exportation of slaves is effectually repressed. I found in Angola, that slaves could scarcely be sold at all. I saw boys of 14 years of age, sold for the low sum of 12s. If they could send these to Brazil, they would fetch a very much higher price, perhaps 60 dollars. In passing along, we went in company with some native Portuguese, who were going into the interior, and who had eight slave women with them, and were taking them towards the centre of the country to sell them for ivory. It shows that the trade is turning back towards the interior. In passing through the country, I found that the English name had penetrated a long way in. The English are known as the tribe "*that likes the black man.*" The Portuguese, unfortunately, had been fighting with them near Tete; but the natives had been aided by half-breeds, and kept the Portuguese shut up at Tete, two whole years. In coming down the river, I knew nothing of this war. Once we saw great numbers of armed men going along the hills and collecting into a large force, and all the women and children sent out of the way. When we got to where they were, some of the great men came to ask what I was? "Are you a Mozungo?"—that is the name they apply to the Portuguese; I did not know it, however, at that time. "No," I said, "I am a Lekoa." "Then," they said, "they did not know the Lekoa." I showed them my arm. I could not show my face as anything particularly white, but I showed my arm, and said, "Have the Mozungo skin like that?" "No, no; we never saw such white skin." "Have they long hair like mine?"—the Portuguese make a practice of cutting the hair short. "No; you must then be one of the white tribe 'that loves the black man.'" "Yes, I am." I was then in the midst of the belligerents, without having any wish to engage in the quarrel. They finally allowed me to pass.

Once when we came to a tribe, one of my head men seemed to have become insane and ran away, and we lost three days seeking for him. This tribe demanded payment for leave to pass, and I gave them a piece of cloth. In order to intimidate us they got up the war dance, and we made them another offer, and gave another piece of cloth. But this was not satisfactory, and then they got up their war dance in full armour, with their guns and drums and

everything quite warlike, in the sight of our encampment. My men had been perfectly accustomed to fighting; they were quite veterans, but in appearance they were not near so fine as these well-fed Zambesians. They thought they were intimidating us, but my men were perfectly sure of beating them. One of my chief men seemed to be afraid, because they never make a war dance without intending to attack, and got up during the night and said, "There they are, there they are!" and ran off, and we never saw him again.

The country is full of lions, and the natives believe that the souls of their chiefs go into the lion, and consequently when they meet a lion they salute and honour it. In travelling, the natives never sleep on the ground; they always make little huts up in the trees. We had a good many difficulties of the nature I have described, with the different tribes on the confines of civilization. The people in the centre of the country seem totally different from the fringe of population near the coast. Those in the centre are very anxious to have trade. You may understand their anxiety in this respect when I inform you, that the chief of the Makololo furnished me with 27 men and 15 oxen, canoes, and provisions, in order to endeavour to form a path to the West Coast; and on another occasion the same man furnished 110 men, to try and make another path to the East Coast. We had found the country so full of forest, and abounding with so many rivers and so much marsh, that it was impossible to make a path to the west, and so we came back and endeavoured to find one to the east. In going that way, we never carried water a single day. Any one who has travelled in South Africa, knows the difficulty of procuring water, but we were never without water a single day. We slept near water, passed by water several times during the day, and slept near it again.

The western route being impracticable for waggons, we came back, and my companions returned to their friends and relatives. I did not require to communicate anything about our journey, or speak even a word about what we had seen; as my men got up in all the meetings which were held, and told the people of what had passed. One of the great stories they told was, "We have been to the end of the world. Our forefathers used to tell us that the world has no end, but we have been to the end of the world. We went marching along, thinking that what the ancients had told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me; there is only sea in front.' All my goods were gone when I got down into the Barotse valley, among the Makololo, and then they supplied me for three months; and in forming the eastern path, which I hope will be the permanent one into the interior of the country, the chief furnished me with twelve oxen for slaughter and abundance of other provisions, without promise or expectation of payment. At one time it was thought, instead of going down the way we came, we should go on the other

or south side of the river. But this river forms a line of defence against the Matabele, where my father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, went. I was persuaded by some to go in that direction. But when I had heard the opinions of all who knew the country, and those who had lived in that direction, I resolved to go north-east, and strike the Zambesi there.

In passing up towards Loanda, we saw that the face of the country was different, that it was covered with Cape heaths, rhododendrons, and Alpine roses, showing that we must be on elevated ground. Then we came to a sudden descent of 1,000 feet, in which the river Quango seemed to have formed a large valley. I hoped to receive an aneroid barometer from Colonel Steele, but he had gone to the Crimea. In going back, therefore, I began to try the boiling point of water, and I found a gradual elevation from the west coast until we got up to the point, where we saw the Cape heaths and rhododendrons; then, passing down inland, we saw the rivers running towards the centre of the country, and the boiling point of water showed a descent of the surface in that direction too. This elevated ridge is formed of clay slate. In going north-east, towards the Zambesi, we found many rivulets, running back towards the centre of the country. Having gone thither, we found the elevation the same as it was on the western ridge, and the other rivers, as described by the natives, flowing from the sides into the centre, showing that the centre country is a valley—not a valley compared to the sea, but a valley with respect to the lateral ridges. There were no large mountains in that valley; but the mountains outside the valley, although they appeared high, yet, actually, when tried by the boiling point of water, were not so high as the ridges, and not much higher than the valley.

THE PRESIDENT: Will you describe the White Mountains?

DR. LIVINGSTONE: They lie to the north-east of the Great Falls. They are masses of white rock somewhat like quartz, and one of them is called "Tabacheu," which means "white mountain." From the description I got of its glistening whiteness, I imagined that it was *snow*; but when I observed the height of the hill, I saw that snow could not lie upon it.

THE PRESIDENT: The society will observe that this fact has an important application.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: I observed to them, "What is that stuff upon the top of the hill?" They said it was stone, which was also affirmed to me while I was at Linyanti, and I have obtained pieces of it. Most of the hills have this coping of white quartz-looking rock. Outside the ridges the rocks are composed of mica and mica-slate, and crystalline gneiss at the bottom. Below we have the coalfield, which commences at Zumbo. Higher up there are very large fossil trees, of which I have brought specimens.

THE PRESIDENT: The point to which I called your attention with reference to the white rocks, is important, as it may apply to the mountains

towards the eastern coast of Africa, which have been supposed to be covered with snow, and are commonly called the "Mountains of the Moon." It seems that the range of white-capped hills, which Dr. Livingstone examined, trended towards those so-called mountains, and it may prove that the missionaries, who believe that they saw snowy mountains under the equator, have been deceived by the glittering aspect of the rocks under a tropical sun. I would also ask Dr. Livingstone if he has formed any idea of that great interior lake, which is said to be 600 or 700 miles long; and whether the natives gave him any information respecting it?

DR. LIVINGSTONE: When I was on my way from Linyanti to Loanda, I met with an Arab, who was going to return home towards Zanzibar across the southern end of the lake "Tanganyika," and who informed me that in the country of the Banyassa (Wun' Yassa?) there is an elevated ridge which trends towards the N.N.E. The lake lies west of it, and in the northern part is called Kalague. They cross the southern end of it, and when crossing they punt the canoe the whole way, and go from one island to another, spending three days in crossing. It seems, from the description I got from him, to be a collection of shallow water, exactly like Lake Ngami, which is not deep either, as I have seen men punting their canoes over it. It seems to be the remnant of a large lake, which existed in this part, before the fissure was made to allow the Zambesi to flow out. That part of the country is described by many natives as being exceedingly marshy. The Makoloko went up to the Shuia Lake and found all the country exceedingly marshy, and a large lake seems to be actually in existence, or a large marsh with islands in it. But it can scarcely be so extensive as has been represented, as in that case I must have crossed part of it or heard more of it.

MR. F. GALTON, F.R.G.S.: I should be glad to ask Dr. Livingstone, whether, in his route across Africa, he fell in with any members of the Hottentot race. In old maps the northern limit of the Hottentot race is placed but a short distance beyond the Orange River; later information has greatly advanced their boundary, and in my own travels, I found what appeared to be an important headquarters of that people, at latitude 18° South. There they were firmly established in the land, and were on intimate terms with their negro neighbours, the Ovampo. These Hottentots asserted that their race was equally numerous still farther to the northward of the most distant point I was able to reach, and I have been unable as yet, to obtain any information by which any northern limit to the extension of the Hottentot race can, with certainty, be laid down.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: When I went up to discover Lake Ngami with Mr. Oswell, I found people who have the "click" in their language, and who seem to be Hottentots; they had formerly large quantities of cattle, and

intermarry with the Bushmen. Again, two Portuguese of Loanda described to me a people in 12° South as Bushmen, but I did not see them.

MR. GALTON: I might mention in corroboration of Dr. Livingstone's report of a gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country, that the Damaras entertain a precisely similar belief. They say that within the existing generation, their country has become dried up to a marked extent; hence, without doubt, this same physical phenomenon affects the entire breadth of Southern Africa.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: You not only see remains of ancient rivers all through the country, but you find actually the remains of fountains; you see holes made in the solid rock, where the water has fallen, when flowing out of these fountains, and you find in the sides of some of the holes, pieces of calcareous tufa, that have been deposited from the flowing of the water.

PROFESSOR OWEN: I have listened with very intense interest to the sketches of those magnificent scenes of animal life, that my old and most esteemed friend, Dr. Livingstone, has given us. It recalls to my mind the conversation I had the pleasure to enjoy with him in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, seventeen years ago. I must say, that the instalment which he has given us of his observations on animal life this evening, more than fulfils the highest expectations that I indulged of the fruit that science would receive from his intended expedition. It has, so far, exceeded all our expectations; but it is not only in reference to those magnificent pictures of mammalian life,—that reference is to those new forms of that peculiar family of ruminants, the antelopes; but it is to those indications of the evidence of extinct forms of animal life which interest me still more. I hope some fragments will yet come to us of those accumulated petrified remains of animals, which it has been Dr. Livingstone's good fortune, among many very wonderful and unique opportunities of observing nature, to have seen.

MR. J. MACQUEEN, F.R.G.S., observed—Lacerda does not give either the longitude or the latitude of Tete. He gives the latitude of Maxenga to the north of Tete, 15° 19' South, the estimated distance to which from Tete, according to the rate of time in travelling, places Tete, by my calculation, in 16° 20' South lat. Dr. Lacerda gives the latitude of the Isle of Mozambique, at the western entrance of the Lupala, 16° 31' South. Dr. Livingstone gives it 16° 34', a concordance which proves the accuracy of both. Dr. Lacerda's accuracy, thus established, is of great importance, because he gives us two important astronomical observations far to the northward. The first, at Mazavamba, 12° 33' South lat., and 32° 18' East long., and 20 miles south of the Arroanga of the north, 260 miles from Tete, which is the same river as that designated the Loangua by Dr. Livingstone, at its junction with the Zambesi. The second observation was made at Muira Achinto, now called Chama, lat. 10° 20' South, and long. 30° 2' East, from which point Gamitto's

daily bearings and distances enable us to fix the capital of Cazembe with sufficient accuracy. Westward of Mazavamba, about 60 miles, is the great mountainous chain of Maxinga, or Muchinga, rising from 16,000 to 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. A branch of it runs north-east, another to the westward, and a third to the S.S.W., by the Zumbo, stretching southward to the mountains of Chidam and those called Mushome.

The accounts of the Embarah are fully substantiated by Brocheda and the journeys of Ladislaus. Embarah is the Aimbara, or the chief tribe and ruler of the great province of Quanhama, situated to the westward of the great river Cubango. This river rises in Nanno, near the sources of the Cunene, but instead of joining that river, as hitherto supposed, it pursues its way on the westward of Bihe to the south-east, and joins the Leeambye, and is doubtless the parent stream of the Chobe. This may give a great water communication from the western portion of Bihe to the Indian Ocean, which is important. The land to the east of Bihe is very high. It is, properly speaking, the Libale. In July and August, the hills are reported to be covered with snow, and the lakes and rivers to be completely frozen over. This degree of cold so near the equator ( $14^{\circ}$  to  $15^{\circ}$  South lat.) gives a very high elevation. Ladislaus in his southern journey penetrated to  $22^{\circ} 5'$  South lat., and  $22^{\circ} 43'$  East long., at which point he must have been at one time only about three days' journey distant from the point where Dr. Livingstone was at that time, and who was probably the white man of a party described as riding on an ox. Ladislaus has also penetrated northwards and north-eastwards around the Cassaby to  $4^{\circ} 41'$  South lat., and  $25^{\circ} 43'$  East long.

It affords me great pleasure to see Dr. Livingstone among us. I have closely followed his journeys since I heard of him on the top of the volcanic Bakkaluka hills riding on the ox, convinced that he would soon send us most important information. Dr. Livingstone has travelled more in Africa than any other traveller ancient or modern, while he has laid down with geographic accuracy every point over which he travelled from sea to sea—the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

CAPTAIN VARDON, F.R.G.S.: I beg to supply an omission which my friend, Dr. Livingstone, has made this evening. He has expatiated at great length on the amiability of the African ladies; but there is one lady whom I met in South Africa, and from whom, I believe, many South African travellers, whom I see in this room, experienced the greatest kindness and hospitality. Dr. Livingstone has not made any allusion to her, and I rise to do so. This lady, I need scarcely say, is his own wife. I observe here Colonel Steele, Mr. Oswell, Mr. Gordon Cumming, and others, who will bear me out in saying that we received the greatest kindness from Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone; their hospitality was unbounded, and I am glad of having this opportunity of publicly thanking them before the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. Living-

stone has said, with his usual modesty, that he has not done much, that any of us might have done as much. I beg to differ from him. As to my own small excursion on the Limpopo, after what I have heard to-day, I feel so ashamed of myself, that I fancy I have only just returned from Blackheath.

COLONEL STEELE, F.R.G.S. : My travels in South Africa were much like Captain Vardon's. Dr. Livingstone was my earliest companion in Africa, but we travelled such a short distance in company, that I am afraid any remarks I could offer, beyond again returning my best thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone for their hospitality, would be of no importance to the society.

The PRESIDENT : Colonel Steele's modesty has prevented him from stating that without the instruments with which he had provided Dr. Livingstone, he could not have made the excellent observations which have been obtained.

MR. GORDON CUMMING begged to confirm what Captain Vardon had said with respect to the kindness with which Dr. Livingstone received all parties who visited him. He was not aware that Dr. Livingstone had alluded to the insect (the tsetse) whose bite is fatal to cattle. One year, while hunting in the mountains, he, Mr. Cumming, lost all his horses and oxen from the bites of this fly, and if it had not been for the kindness of Dr. Livingstone in at once sending him his own cattle, he would scarcely have been able to have extricated himself from his dilemma and returned to Europe.

MR. J. CRAWFURD, F.R.G.S. : Perhaps Dr. Livingstone will have the goodness to give us some notion of the state of society among these people, especially among the tribes that inhabit the plateau valley. That ought to be a place in which there is a considerable civilisation with a decent form of government. They seem to have many advantages, an excellent climate, excellent soil, and an excellent supply of water. What is the state of the arts among those people? Do they understand the art of making malleable iron or steel? Do they know the use of any other metal, or the use of alloys, as those of copper? Can they weave, or make bread? What plants do they cultivate? And what are they likely to produce in exchange for our merchandise? I strongly suspect, from what Dr. Livingstone has said respecting the women, that the great portion of the labour, even of the field, is left to them, and is not performed by the men, otherwise how could the women be able to feed the men? They must work in order to procure that with which the men are fed. I expect the men are idle and the women laborious. Some men would appear to have as many as five wives. How come they to monopolise so many?

DR. LIVINGSTONE said : The new articles of commerce that I observed are chiefly fibrous substances, some of them excessively strong, and like flax. They abound in great quantities on the north bank of the Zambesi. There are also great quantities of a tree, the bark of the root of which is used by the Portuguese and natives as the Cinchona. It has been employed in fever

by the aborigines of the country from time immemorial, and both the Portuguese and my companions and myself found it very efficacious. It is remarkable that where the fever most prevails, there the tree, which I believe to be a cinchona, abounds. It seems the remedy is provided for the disease, where it prevails most. Now, in connection with the opening up of this river and the fever, I have seen on the banks of the Zambesi whole forests of this Cinchonaceous tree, particularly near Senna. A decoction of the bark of the root has been found to act exactly as quinine: it is excessively bitter, and may prove a good substitute. There is also Calumba root, which the Americans purchase, to be used as a dye, and it is found in large quantities. A species of sarsaparilla is to be found throughout the whole country. The sugar-cane grows abundantly, but the natives have no idea of sugar, although they have cultivated the cane from time immemorial. The chief of the Makololo sent about thirty elephant tusks down to the coast, and gave me a long list of articles, which I was to buy for him in the white man's country. As I had been entirely supported by him for several months, I thought it my duty to accept his commission, and I intend to obtain these articles for him. Among other things he ordered a sugar-mill. When he found that we could produce sugar from the cane, he said, "If you bring the thing that makes sugar, then I will plant plenty of cane, and be glad."

Then, again, indigo grows all over the country in abundance. The town of Tete has acres of it; in fact, it is quite a weed, and seems to be like that which grows in India, for before the slave trade became so brisk indigo was exported from Tete. The country also produces the leaves of senna, and, as far as I could ascertain, exactly like that which we import from Egypt. There is plenty of beeswax through the whole country; and we were everywhere invited by the honey-bird to come to the hives. Any one who has travelled in Africa knows the call of the honey-bird. It invites travellers to come and enjoy the honey, and if you follow it, you are sure to be led to the honey. Some natives have given it a bad character. Sometimes, when a man follows the bird, he comes in contact with a lion or a serpent, and he says, "It is a false bird, it has brought me to the lion." But if he had gone beyond the lion, he would have come to the honey. The natives eat the honey and throw the wax away. In Angola it is different. There, a large trade in wax is carried on, and the bees are not so numerous as in the eastern parts of the country; but here they have no market. It was the same with ivory when Lake-Ngami was discovered. They will not throw away an ounce of it now. Then, again, there are different metals found. There is a very fine kind of iron ore; and at Cazembe there is much malachite, from which the natives extract copper. Then there is gold round about the coal-field, and gold has been procured by washing from time immemorial. In former times the Portuguese went to different places for gold with large numbers of slaves. It was before the time

of the great exportation of slaves began. The chiefs had no objection to their washing for gold, provided they gave a small present first. Then there is coal near Tete; no fewer than eleven seams exist, one of which I found to be 58 inches in diameter. The coal has been lifted up by volcanic action. There is also a hot spring there. The thermometer stands at 160°. The coal from two of these seams could be easily exported, as they are situated on a small river, about two miles below Tete, and the coal could with very little trouble be brought down. When you go up the Luabo, or largest branch, the river is rather narrow, but as you ascend it gets much broader. The Mutu is another river that joins the Zambesi. At the point of junction of the Mutu or Kilimane river with the Zambesi, the beginning of the Delta, that river is three-quarters of a mile broad. When I passed down to that point it was a deep, large river, as it was then full. The Portuguese tell me there is always a large body of water in the river, during certain months in the year. This great body of water, spread over a large space, is in the dry season shallow, except in the channel, which is rather winding. At some seasons the channel changes its course. There are many reedy islands in it, and these are sometimes washed away. During five months of the year there is plenty of water for navigation, and during the whole year there is water enough for canoes. A vessel of light draught like the Portuguese launches, could go up to about 20 miles beyond Tete with the greatest ease, during those months. At Kebrabasa in Chicova, there are rapids, caused by certain rocks jutting out of the stream. I did not see them, as we were obliged in our descent to leave the river, on account of the rivulets being filled by the large river coming into flood, and to pass down by land all the way from the hill Pinkue to Vunga, and thence to Tete. There is another rapid called Kansala. Beyond that the river is smooth again, until you come to the "Great Falls of Victoria," where it would be quite impossible for any one to go up, as it is a deep fissure or cleft.

MR. CONSUL BRAND, F.R.G.S.: I am unwilling to be altogether silent on the present interesting occasion, having resided a good many years in that part of the West Coast of Africa which Dr. Livingstone visited, and where our associate Mr. E. Gabriel still resides. I had been obliged by ill health to leave the country shortly before Dr. Livingstone's arrival; but the Doctor could not have fallen into better hands than into those of Mr. Gabriel. It was from a letter addressed by Mr. Gabriel to Lord Ellesmere, that this society first heard of Dr. Livingstone's arrival at Cassange. Mr. Gabriel immediately sent an invitation to the Doctor to take up his abode with him, during his stay at Loanda, and at his house the Doctor and his faithful companions found a home. The Doctor's first report from Loanda to the London Missionary Society, was written at his sick-bed by Mr. Gabriel's own hand. He accompanied the Doctor part of the way on his return journey through

Angola, and from that time up to the present, I have been in the habit of receiving from him letters manifesting the deepest interest in the Doctor's progress in the interior of Africa. I wish to mention these facts in justice to Mr. Gabriel, because on my arrival the other day in England, I received a letter from him simultaneously with Dr. Livingstone's arrival, in which he expresses the utmost anxiety for the Doctor's safety. I have written, and a letter is now on its way to Loanda, announcing the Doctor's safe arrival among us. But it is not only to Mr. Gabriel that I would allude; for when Dr. Livingstone arrived at Loanda, I was delighted to hear how he had been received by the Portuguese. I resided nearly nine years among this people, and I can testify that I never received greater acts of kindness from any other nation, than from them. I had among them some of my best friends, whose friendship was unequivocally tested under trials and in sickness, and I was delighted to hear that the same kindness which I had experienced at their hands had been experienced by Dr. Livingstone. I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying, in the presence of the Portuguese Minister, my gratitude for the kindness I received from his countrymen during my residence in the province of Angola.

But the consequences resulting from Dr. Livingstone's journey, are calculated to contribute so much to the interests of the Portuguese African Colonies, that I am sure in time, they will be more than repaid for the kindness they showed him. Dr. Livingstone's arrival at Angola I look upon, as one of those opportune events, which sometimes have an important influence on the destinies of a country; at no period could such a visit have been more fortunate. The minds of men were unsettled in consequence of the depressed condition of the peculiar traffic which had so long been paramount, and the attention of thinking persons was turned to legitimate trade and the development of the resources of the country. Farther, the Portuguese Government had passed a measure for registering and gradually emancipating the slaves in their colonies. Those who take an interest in the progress of the African race will be glad to hear of this fact.

Dr. Livingstone arrived about this time, and showed that by opening up a communication with the interior of Africa, a rich trade might be carried on, that would more than compensate for the loss the colony was likely to sustain from the abolition of the slave trade. The Doctor prophesied that, very soon after his journey had become generally known, an attempt would be made on the part of the tribes in the interior, to communicate with the coast. This prophecy has been fulfilled; for I learn from a communication from Mr. Gabriel that a caravan of negroes, fitted out by Sekeletu and led by one of the Arabs, who crossed from the coast of Zanzibar to Benguela in 1851, had arrived at Loanda by way of Bihe. This expedition has not, it would seem, been very profitable, owing to causes incident, I should hope, only to first

attempts; but I trust that experience will render the next more successful. I shall not, at this late hour, read Mr. Gabriel's very interesting communication, but limit myself to stating the fact it announces, which proves that the inland tribes are anxious to open up a communication with the coast, and shows how correctly Dr. Livingstone calculated the result.

I wish to mention another result of Dr. Livingstone's visit. At Loanda we had but one small newspaper; the Doctor wrote a series of articles for it, which appears to have stimulated a literary taste, and you here see the "*Loanda Aurora*, a literary journal," printed at the Government press, and, I believe, one of the fruits of Dr. Livingstone's visit to that city.

The PRESIDENT: I have now only to congratulate the meeting upon having received so much instruction from Dr. Livingstone. I may well say he has communicated to us the outlines of a book, which I hope will soon be published for the information of the British public. I am glad to add that there is no person fuller of gratitude to the Portuguese than Dr. Livingstone himself. If he has not here expatiated upon that subject, I can testify that in private letters which he has addressed to me, he has uniformly dwelt upon the very kind and liberal conduct of the Portuguese authorities, officers, and people to himself and party. He was also most kindly received by General Hay, commanding Her Majesty's forces in the Mauritius, and restored to health by the hospitality of our countryman.

Next day the London Missionary Society honoured him with a public reception in Freemason's Hall, and in the evening he was entertained at a dinner by the Society at the Milton Club, Ludgate Hill. Both gatherings were attended by a numerous and distinguished assemblage. At the latter, Mrs. Livingstone was present in the gallery, and received a share in the ovation with her husband.

A great meeting was held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of raising a fund towards presenting a testimonial to Dr. Livingstone. Upwards of £450 was subscribed in the room. This sum was ultimately raised to one thousand guineas. In Scotland a special Livingstone Testimonial Fund was instituted, and £1000 collected. Addresses poured in upon the great traveller from all quarters. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred the degree of D.C.L. and LL.D. on him respectively. In his own country—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton &c., presented him with the freedom of their corporations, and entertained him at banquets, &c., &c. The Geographical Society of France presented him with the gold medal for the year, and throughout the civilized world the magnitude and importance of his discoveries were ungrudgingly admitted, while the dauntless intrepidity of his character and the manly simplicity of his bearing tended greatly to enhance the general estimate of his

worth. His appearance and manner on the platform at this time were thus described in the *Nonconformist* newspaper:—

“A foreign-looking person, plainly and rather carelessly dressed, of middle height, bony frame, and Gaelic countenance, with short-cropped hair and moustachios, and generally plain exterior, rises to address the meeting. He appears to be about forty years of age. His face is deeply furrowed, and pretty well tanned. It indicates a man of quick and keen discernment, strong impulses, inflexible resolution, and habitual self-command. Unanimated, its most characteristic expression is that of severity; when excited, a varied expression of earnest and benevolent feeling and remarkable enjoyment of the ludicrous in circumstances and character passes over it. . . . When he speaks, you think him at first to be a Frenchman; but as he tells a Scotch anecdote in true Glasgowian dialect, you make up your mind that he must be, as his face indicates, a countryman from the north. His command of his mother tongue being imperfect, he apologises for his broken, hesitating speech, by informing you that he has not spoken your language for nearly sixteen years; and then he tells you, as but a modest yet earnest man can, concerning his travels. . . . His narrative is not very connected and his manner is awkward, excepting once when he justifies his enthusiasm, and once when he graphically describes the great cataract of Central Africa. He ends a speech of natural eloquence and witty simplicity by saying that he has ‘begun his work, and will carry it on.’ His broken thanks are drowned by the applause of the audience.”

The press was not slow to acknowledge the greatness and importance of the discoveries he had made, nor stinted in its admiration of the manner in which he carried out his self-imposed task. The *Star* said, “We believe that along the whole line of eleven thousand miles which he traversed in Africa, the name of Dr. Livingstone will awaken no memories of wrong or pain in the heart of man, woman, or child, and will rouse no purposes of vengeance to fall on the head of the next European visitor that may follow in his footsteps. His experience has utterly belied the truculent theory of those who maintain that barbarous and semi-barbarous nations can be influenced only by an appeal to their fears, and that the safety of the traveller consists in a prompt and peremptory display of force. . . . Dr. Livingstone, clothing himself in a panoply of Christian kindness, passed unscathed among the warlike African tribes, and won them to an exhibition of noble generosity of character towards himself and his companions.” The “leader” wound up an eloquent tribute with the following:—

“For seventeen years, smitten by more than thirty attacks of fever, endangered by seven attempts upon his life, continually exposed to fatigue, hunger, and the chance of perishing miserably in a wilderness, shut out from the knowledge of civilized men, the missionary pursued his way, an apostle

and a pioneer, without fear and without egotism, without desire of reward. Such a work, accomplished by such a man, deserved all the eulogy that can be bestowed upon it. For nothing is more rare than brilliant and unsullied success."

Dr. Livingstone remained in England until the 10th of March, 1858, in the interval publishing his "Missionary Travels in South Africa," a task which he found so irksome as to induce him to say that he would rather cross the continent of Africa from coast to coast once more than write another book. Finding that his freedom of future action might be encumbered by his continuing his connection with the Missionary Society he separated himself from it. His pay as a missionary was too small for the calls upon him as a son, a husband, and a father; and he concluded, not unnaturally, that funds would be forthcoming, through the aid of Government or otherwise, to enable him to continue his efforts for the opening up of the interior of Africa for legitimate commerce and the suppression of the slave trade. "While I hope to continue the same cordial co-operation and friendship which has always characterised our intercourse, various reasons induced me to withdraw from pecuniary dependence on any Society. I have done something for the heathen, but for an aged mother, who has still more sacred claims than they, I have been able to do nothing; and a continuance of the connection would be a perpetuation of my inability to make any provision for her declining years."

On the 18th of February, 1858, a *Farewell Livingstone Festival* took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair. Three hundred and fifty gentlemen, representing the *elite* of English society in literature, science, art, politics, &c., sat down to dinner. The gallery was occupied by a brilliant assemblage of ladies.

The toasts were given with all the honours, and the band of the Grenadier Guards and the Duke of Argyle's piper played Scotch and other airs. After the usual loyal and formal toasts, Sir Roderick Murchison rose amidst great applause, and said:—

"I rise, gentlemen, to propose the toast of the evening—'Health to the excellent man who sits on my right hand, and success to his expedition.' (Vehement and long continued applause.) When this farewell dinner to my distinguished friend was suggested ten days ago only, by a few ardent Geographers, with a request that I would take the chair, it might well have been supposed that in so brief a space of time it would be difficult to obtain an attendance worthy of the great occasion; but I felt assured that the name of Livingstone alone would attract an assembly larger than any room in London could contain. (Cheers.) My anticipation, gentlemen, was correct; and it truly gratifies me to see that this impromptu '*coup de voyageur*' has brought together men of real distinction in all the great classes of the British public. (Cheers.) The only weak part of the programme, I said to my friends, would be that of your chairman (cries of 'No, no'); but at all events,

you know, gentlemen, that my geographical friends and myself have done our best to honour the great traveller and good missionary. (Cheers.)

“ At any public meeting held a year and a half ago, it would have been necessary to dwell upon the merits of Livingstone ; but now his name has become a household word among my countrymen, and no efforts of mine can raise him higher in that esteem which he has won for himself, and especially I rejoice to say by the sale of 30,000 copies of the work issued by the flourishing firm of Murray, Livingstone, and Co. (laughter), and by which he has secured independence for himself, and a provision for his wife and family. (Cheers.)

“ My eminent friend has not only made us thoroughly well acquainted with the character and disposition of the inhabitants and the nature of the animals and plants of the interior of Africa, but has realised that which no missionary has ever accomplished before ; since with consummate talent, perseverance, and labour he has laid down the longitude as well as latitude of places hitherto unknown to us, and has enriched every department of knowledge by his valuable and original discoveries. 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 affections 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. (Loud cheers.)

“ Sitting by my side (laying his hand on Dr. Livingstone’s shoulder) is the man who, knowing what he had to encounter—who having twenty or thirty times struggled with the fever of Africa—who, knowing when he reached the western coast, at St. Paul de Loanda, that a ship was ready to carry him to his native land, where his wife and children were anxiously awaiting his arrival, true to his plighted word, threw these considerations, which would have influenced an ordinary man, to the winds, and reconducted those poor natives who had accompanied him through the heart of the country back to their homes !—thus by his noble and courageous conduct leaving for himself in that country a glorious name, and proving to the people of Africa what an English Christian is. (Loud and long continued cheering.)

“ So much for the character of the man of whom, as a Scotchman, I am justly proud ; and now a few words with regard to his present expedition, of which I may say that no enterprise could have been better organized than it has been, under the recommendation of my distinguished friend, aided by the countenance and hearty co-operation of Lord Clarendon, and the very judicious arrangements of Captain Washington, the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, on whom fortunately has fallen the chief labour of its organization. (Loud cheers.) The naval officer of the expedition is Commander Bedingfeld,

a man well known to geographers for his successful explorations of the coast and rivers of Western Africa, especially the Congo, and my dear friend will no doubt receive substantial assistance from that gallant officer. (Cheers.) Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, an accomplished botanist, zoologist, and physiologist, also accompanies the expedition; whilst my clever young friend Richard Thornton will, I doubt not, do good service as the mining geologist. (Cheers.) Mr. Baines, too, whose previous travels in Africa and North Australia and striking sketches are well known to the public, will be there; and last but not least in usefulness among the members of the expedition let me mention Mrs. Livingstone. {Loud and long continued cheering.}

“When I remember the efforts which have been made in the cause of Christianity and for the diffusion of knowledge by that exemplary lady (loud cheers), when I know how she, the daughter of that faithful missionary, the venerable Moffat, has educated her children, and when I see the spirit with which she is again going to cross the broad seas and to share all the toils and perils of her husband, I cannot but think that the services of Mrs. Livingstone (acquainted as she is with many of the languages of South Africa) will tend materially to the success of the expedition.\* (Loud and protracted cheering.)

“But, gentlemen, I would not, however, wish you to raise your hopes too high as to the immediate results of this expedition, which is in truth one of an exploratory character only. It is, in fact, merely the sowing of the seed which, under God’s Providence, may produce an abundant harvest. We must not look to a sudden importation of indigo or of cotton, and those raw materials which we manufacture in this country, nor must we expect suddenly to light upon a new El Dorado; though I believe that my friend may find districts which abound in gold and copper, and good thick coal-seams.

“Yet if, after all, those expectations to which the commercial world looks should fail—if we gain nothing more than the implanting in Africa of that good name which Dr. Livingstone is sure to leave (cheers), and that accession to our knowledge which the discoveries of our great explorer are certain to supply, and which it would be a disgrace to Britain not to endeavour to obtain, even then I say that the Livingstone expedition will have a great and a glorious issue. (Loud and long continued cheering.) I propose, therefore, the health of our eminent friend Dr. Livingstone, and success to his noble enterprise. (The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm; and after the cheering had ceased, at the suggestion of a gentleman in the body of the room, three more hearty cheers were given for Mrs. Livingstone.)”

The name of Sekeletu, chief of Livingstone’s Makololo friends, was announced at the bottom of the room, and a cheer was claimed for him.

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\* As we shall see further on, Mrs. Livingstone did not go to Africa until Dr. Livingstone had been for some time in the interior.



LIVINGSTONE'S HOUSE AT HAMILTON



Dr. Livingstone, in rising to return thanks, showed unmistakeably how much he was affected by the reception which he had met with. He 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 labours, I am at a loss how to express in words the feelings of my heart. (Loud cheers.) 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. (Loud cheers.) I expect to find for myself no large fortune in that country (renewed cheers), nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country ; but I do hope to find in that part of the country which I have partially explored, a pathway by means of the river Zambesi which may lead to high lands where Europeans may form a healthful 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. (Loud cheers.)

“I am glad to have connected with me in this expedition my gallant friend Captain Bedingfeld (hear, hear), who knows not only what African rivers are, but also what are African fevers. (A laugh.) With his aid I may be able to determine 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 depot upon the Zambesi, and from that station more especially to examine into that river system, which, according to the statements of the natives, 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, as Sir Roderick has told you, 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. (Loud cheers.)

“The success—if I may call it success—which has attended my former efforts (renewed cheering) 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 path to 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 endeavour—should we be able to open a communication advantageous to ourselves with the natives of the interior of Africa, it would be our duty to confer upon them those great

benefits of Christianity which have been bestowed upon ourselves. (Cheers.) Let us not make the same mistake in Africa that we have made in India (renewed cheering), but let us take to that country our Christianity with us. (Cheers.)

“I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope for any speedy result from this expedition, but I am sanguine as to its ultimate result. (Cheers.) I feel convinced that if we can establish a system of free labour in Africa, it will have a most decided influence upon slavery throughout the world. (Loud cheers.) 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. (Loud cheers.) England has, unfortunately, been compelled to obtain cotton and other raw material from slave States (cheers), 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 would strike a heavy blow at the system of slavery itself. (Loud cheers.)

“I do not wish, any more than my friend Sir Roderick, to arouse expectations in connexion with this expedition which may never be realised, but what I want to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge (cheers), and then leave it to be driven home by English energy and English spirit. (Loud cheers.)

“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. (Cheers.)

“Reference has been made in language most kind to Mrs. Livingstone. (Cheers.) Now, it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife (laughter), 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. (Laughter.) I was, however, forgiven. (Laughter and cheering.) My wife, who has always been the main spoke in my wheel, will accompany me in this expedition, and 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 at the missionary's station 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. (Loud cheering.) Allow me, in conclusion, to say one word in reference to our excellent chairman. In packing up my things a few days ago, I found the identical address which he delivered to the Geographical Society in 1852, and which he had the impudence to send out to me in the heart of Africa, where it lay upon an island a whole year before I got it. In that address my distinguished friend actually foreshadowed a great portion of my discoveries; and all I can now say is, that I hope he will not do the same again. (Laughter and long continued applause.)”

The company then gave “Three times three for Mrs. Livingstone,” and that lady, from the gallery, bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

The Duke of Argyle, in returning thanks for the House of Lords, said:—

“I deem it a great honour, gentlemen, to any Government and to any Parliament to be able to assist in that noble enterprise to which Dr. Livingstone has devoted his best energies, and to which he is now willing to devote his life. Perhaps no enterprise of modern times has attracted so large an amount of public attention; and this because it includes within itself almost every variety and degree of interest. First and foremost there is the interest which attaches to the character of the man; and it is right, gentlemen, that this should be the first and foremost interest of all. The progress of the world depends upon its great men; and happy is that people which knows them when they appear. (Cheers.)

“Dr. Livingstone has to-night told us, with that moderation and sobriety of expectation which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of his mind, that he looks for no great immediate results; but he hopes, he says, to be able to serve as the ‘small end of the wedge.’ Now, gentlemen, I say that at all times and in all successful movements for the improvement of the human race, ‘the small ends of the wedge’ have been individual men of great endowments for their special work. (Loud cheers.)

“I will not dwell on some of those features in the character of Dr. Livingstone which have been referred to with so much feeling by our chairman; but I think I cannot go far wrong when I say that one thing at least for which he is admired by his countrymen is for that lofty and enduring courage—that true British pluck—for there is no better word—of which we have lately seen many noble examples, but which has never been exhibited in a nobler form than that which—not under the strong incitement of a desire to preserve the lives of those nearest and dearest to him, or of the pride, the just pride of national dominion, but for objects hid in the far distant future—has sustained Dr. Livingstone for years through the deserts and the swamps of Africa. Then, as another great source of public interest, there is the love of natural science. I recognise around me the faces of many who are devoted to that science in its various branches: nor is there one of them who may not

reasonably expect material additions to his knowledge from the researches of our guest. Dr. Livingstone has told us how our chairman, in two great branches of inquiry in which he is almost equally distinguished, had in some degree anticipated and forestalled the result of his (Dr. Livingstone's) discoveries; and sharing as I am sure our chairman does in the higher interests of this expedition, he cherishes also, I suspect, a secret hope that it may add another province to the already extended dominions of the Silurian king. (Laughter.) I see at this table my distinguished friend Professor Owen. He also, gentlemen, is well able—no man more able—to appreciate the 'higher ends' of our guest's exertions; but mingled with his interest in these, he too perhaps has an eye open to special pursuits—and to bones which may extend the range of his favourite 'homologies.' (Laughter.)

“But the real source, gentlemen, of the interest taken by the public in the enterprise of Dr. Livingstone, is the deep and abiding interest which they take in that great cause with which it is specially connected—that great cause to which their attention was roused in the last generation by the eloquence of Wilberforce and his associates—the cause of the African race. (Cheers.) I have been astonished during this last week to receive from America a journal containing the report of a discussion which has lately taken place in the Senate of that great Republic, in which it was asserted that there were evident symptoms of a change of feeling upon this subject in England. And I was even more surprised to see the reply made to that assertion by another member of the same body, which was to the effect that he did not believe there was any change on the part of the people of this country, although he feared there was a change of policy on the part of its Government. Now, gentlemen, there is nothing I am more anxious to say on this occasion than to give an emphatic denial to both assertions. (Cheers.) There is no change in the feeling of the people—as little is there any change in the policy of the Government. I need hardly say that as regards slavery in America the Government of this country neither has, nor can have, any policy at all. There can be no doubt that any public or official interference on our part upon that subject would only tend to add to the many powerful motives already arrayed on the side of slavery, the just susceptibilities of national independence. But as regards the policy of the Government with reference to the slave-trade, and generally towards the African race, it is the same as it has ever been since this country was awakened to her duty. I think I could appeal to the keenest opponent of Lord Palmerston whether, during his long and distinguished public career, there has been any subject on which he has shown more constantly his characteristic energy and tenacity of purpose. (Cheers.) I can sincerely say that the great motive which has induced him and my noble friend Lord Clarendon, and the other members of the Government, to support the enterprise of Dr. Livingstone, has been the hope that

it may tend to promote the civilization and improvement of the people of Africa. (Loud applause.)

“Before I sit down, gentlemen, I trust I may be allowed to refer for a moment to a matter which has been touched upon by our chairman. I am proud of Dr. Livingstone not only as a Scotchman, but as a native of that part of the country with which I am more particularly connected. Dr. Livingstone has himself informed me that at a very recent period his family came from the little island of Ulva, on the coast of Argyllshire, an island belonging to what Sir Walter Scott has called

“the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.”

And I deem it, gentlemen, a circumstance not altogether unworthy of remark, that Ulva stands in very close proximity to another island which was one of the earliest seats of missionary enterprise in our own country. Most of you will probably recollect the famous sentence in which the great moralist and philosopher of England, Dr. Johnson, records his visit to that celebrated spot. I think I can remember it with substantial accuracy. ‘We were now treading that illustrious island whence roving tribes and rude barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. The philosophy of that man is but little to be envied whose patriotism would not kindle on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.’ If such be the feelings with which we should tread upon the spot which at the distance of so many centuries has been hallowed by the footsteps of the Christian missionary, surely it is with something of the same feelings of reverence with which we should assemble here to-night, to bid God-speed to one whose name will be remembered in after ages, and perhaps by millions of the human race, as the first pioneer of civilization and the first harbinger of the Gospel.”

In proposing the toast of the various missionary societies, Sir Benjamin Brodie said:—

“I shall not occupy your time, gentlemen, for more than a few minutes before I name the toast which I have undertaken to propose.

“We recognize in Dr. Livingstone the intrepid and enterprising traveller, exploring regions which, in great part at least, had not been before explored by Europeans, contributing to the general stock an abundance of valuable information in geography, in natural history, in geology; associating with races of mankind of whom we had little or no previous knowledge, conversing with them in their own language, familiarising himself with their habits, institutions, and modes of thought; and thus promoting the advancement of that most important of all the sciences, the science of human nature. (Cheers.)

“Nor was Dr. Livingstone thus occupied, as in the case of ordinary

travellers, for a few months or for one or two years, but for many successive years. During this long period he continued his researches with unabated zeal; without being appalled by danger, or disheartened by the privations to which he was subjected, or the difficulties which he had to encounter; not the least of these being, repeated and severe attacks of bodily illness. (Cheers.)

“But Dr. Livingstone is also presented to us under another aspect, as a Christian missionary, using his endeavours to extend the advantages of civilization, not after the fashion of the Roman conquerors of Gaul and Britain, by transplanting, at the cost of rapine and bloodshed, the arts and sciences of an older and more civilised people into the conquered country, but by communicating knowledge, promoting education, and inculcating the principles of a religion which enjoins the exercise of kindness, charity, and justice, which tells us that we are to forgive our enemies, and do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

“There are others in Africa engaged in the same pursuits, who, however occupied with their duties as missionaries, have found leisure from time to time to transmit to Europe important information on other subjects, and to whom science is much indebted; and I have to propose to you as a toast—‘The Members of the Missionary Societies who by their Christian labours have so much enlarged our acquaintance with Africa and its inhabitants.’” (Cheers.)

The Bishop of Oxford, in proposing the health of Sir Roderick Murchison, said:—

“In proposing, therefore, gentlemen, to you the health of our chairman, I know that I have with me the universal concurrence of all the members of this great gathering. (Cheers.) In truth, sir, for reasons which connect themselves immediately with our important object to-night, you are the fittest man amongst us to occupy that post. For you as a most distinguished geologist and geographer, and as the head of the Royal Geographical Society, have done more by far than any who have not carefully examined the whole matter can conceive, both to support our enterprising friend Dr. Livingstone during his arduous undertakings, and finally to crown them with success. (Cheers.)

“Gentlemen, I need but draw your attention for a single moment to the pregnant words in which Dr. Livingstone has dedicated his recent volume to our chairman in order to convince you of this. Weigh well these words, ‘as a token of gratitude for the kind interest he has always taken in the author’s pursuits and welfare;’ and then remember the simple-hearted, truth-speaking writer from whose pen they flowed, and you will be more able to estimate what were really our chairman’s services in this great undertaking. (Cheers.)

“Truly it does need the combination of different men and different faculties before any such vast undertaking as this can be achieved. There

must be, first, the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual faculties combined in one person, which are so eminently combined in Dr. Livingstone, before the actual agent in such explorations can be provided. But then beyond these personal qualifications he must have support from home; there must be the mere physical support, as I may call it, of money, means, ships, companions, goods for presents, and the like; and then, far beyond these, there must be that internal consciousness of possessing the sympathy of hearty, generous, trusting friends at home; that inward stirring of a true national life within the individual; the reflection within himself of the outcoming towards him of the strong national life at home which makes the poet, or the hero, or the great explorer. In how many times of trial, difficulty, and despondency does the stirring of this inward life again invigorate the far-off man in the midst of his lonely wanderings in the desert! (Cheers.)

“But then the existence of this home remembrance must, in a great degree, depend on there being at home some few who are able and willing generously to keep alive the home remembrance of the absent man and an interest in his work. For at home all things are moving so fast that things out of sight are soon things out of mind. The world round us goes at such speed, its objects, its cares, its pleasures, its amusements, its entanglements, shift and vary with such rapid and endless permutation, that unless there be some ‘sacred prophet’ evermore at hand to sing to us of the absent, he passes out of remembrance; and this work for Dr. Livingstone was done by our chairman: from the chair of the Geographical Society, amongst men of science, amongst statesmen, he kept alive the interest which was due to Livingstone and his work. And how well qualified above other men he was to do this, the rest of that dedication shows: for it embalms the really remarkable fact already alluded to, that our chairman by his mere scientific deductions had arrived at the true hypothesis as to the physical conformation of the African continent which Livingstone verified by actual observation. And so, for these discoveries, there were combined the various necessary conditions—(Cheers)—the Geographical Society, headed by its president, to solicit the Government to keep alive the interest of the public, and so to support the enterprising traveller. He, too, combined in himself rare faculties for his work of stepping out, if I may so express it, as to African explorations the first track of civilized feet on the dangerous and untrodden snows, which at any moment might be found to have merely loosely covered fathomless abysses. He had the physical strength needed for such work. He had the capacity for understanding the greatness of his enterprise, and, gentlemen, I believe him to be full of the truest greatness. (Cheers.)

“You will not think that I speak too strongly when I say that I believe we owe a debt of unparalleled magnitude to our dark brethren dwelling in

that great continent. For we, as a nation, were of old the great founders and the great conductors of the accursed slave-trade. Complete at last, thank God! but late as well as complete, was our repentance, and all that we can do we are bound to do to remedy the wrongs we have inflicted. And fearful have they been. How humiliating is it to us in our talk of the onward march of civilization, and of piercing with our discoveries into the heart of African barbarism, to learn from Dr. Livingstone that he can trace by the presence of vice, and crime, and rapine, and distrust, and insecurity of property and life, the very limits of the past intercourse of the black savages of Africa with the white Christians of Europe! (Cheers.) For it was not only on the coast line that deep injury was inflicted by that accursed trade; but far within that coast line, wherever the agents of that traffic penetrated, there were contamination and destruction. And how can this evil be undone? Much may be done by our naval squadron, and for doing anything by any means I am convinced that its vigorous maintenance is essential; but the best successes of that blockade can only create the calm necessary for the working of other influences, and amongst the very first, if not actually as the very first, of those influences I esteem the establishment of lawful commerce. (Cheers.)

“Now, this Livingstone had the grasp of mind to perceive; to see that he should be most effectually opening the way for the future evangelisation of Africa, if he first opened a path by which lawful Christian commerce could pass and repass into those hitherto separated regions. (Cheers.)

“Well, but in addition to this he had many other faculties, which all made up together the combination necessary to qualify him to act as the true discoverer of Africa. For, besides what I have named already, he had a clear, shrewd, strong understanding, great simplicity, great power of mastering languages, great courage, great power of influencing others, great gentleness by which he won on their affections, and, above all, he had, to qualify him for his work, downright, straightforward, sterling British truth and honesty. (Great cheering.)

“For supporting, then, this man as he has supported him, we owe, I think, all thanks and honour to our chairman, and I call upon you to drink with all the honours long life and happiness to him.”

Professor Owen, in proposing the toast of “The Universities and Scientific Bodies,” which have united the geographers to honour Livingstone, said:—

“I rise to express the pleasure with which I avail myself of the opportunity I am favoured with of publicly acknowledging the deep sense of the obligation which, in common with all men of science, and more especially the cultivators of natural history, I feel towards the distinguished traveller we have this day assembled to honour. (Cheers.)

“During the long and painful journeys by which the great geographi-

cal discoveries were made that place the name of Livingstone among the foremost in that science—though harassed by every difficulty, enfeebled by sickness and encompassed by dangers—in perils of swamps and waters, in perils of noxious and destructive beasts, or of crafty and hostile men—yet no phenomenon of nature, whether meteoric or living, appears to have escaped the clear glance and self-possessed cognition of the determined explorer. (Loud cheers.)

“In regard to zoology, I must state that I never perused the work of any traveller from which I had to take, from the same number of pages, so many extracts of new and original notices of the living habits of rare animals, as from the volume of African travels of which Mr. Murray now announces the ‘Thirtieth Thousand.’ In this work the South African colonist and the entomologist are alike benefited by the most precise and authentic evidence yet obtained of the terrible tsetse-fly, and its fatal effects on the ox, horse, dog, and other animals indispensable to colonising progress. The scientific staff about to accompany Livingstone in his second exploration of the Zambesi will doubtless, aided by his experience, clear up all the mystery of this most extraordinary property attributed to an insect no bigger than the house-fly. In the same unpretending volume we find a rich store of new facts in natural history, told with the charm of direct transcript from nature, and with the raciness of original power, and that humour which is so often the concomitant of great and simple minds. In regard to the singular economy of the ants and termites, with what interest we read of the unhooking of the wings by the insect itself after the nuptial flight, when the bride, her one holiday excursion ended, lays down her ‘limber fans’ of glistening gauze, and betakes herself henceforth to the duties of domestic life,—of the untiring activity of the workers, under the scorching sun, which unweariedness the deep-thinking traveller illustrates by comparison with the beating of the heart, perhaps unconscious of the profound physiological truth embodied in this comparison of insect movements with the involuntary or reflex muscular action in higher animals! How mysterious seems that power of most rapid diffusion of a subtle penetrating effluvium, which Livingstone notices as the defence of certain ants, with experimental determinations of distance and rate of progress of the emanation! (Applause.) The same faculty of exact inquiry is manifested in the experiments, which remind us of those of Hunter—born, like Livingstone, in the parish of Kilbride—by which our traveller determined the independent source of the fluid secretion of the tree-insect, from which it dripped in such extraordinary quantity, both whilst attached to the twig and when insulated from its sap-vessels. The ornithologist has wondered at the seeming monstrous beaks of the hornbills, little dreaming of that strange economy manifested in the voluntary imprisonment of the incubating female, plastered up with her nest in the cleft of a tree, a

fissure only being left through which she can protrude the tip of her long bill to receive food from her attendant mate, and he, reciprocally, poke his into the procreative prison to tempt her with some dainty. (Applause.)

“Of the ostrich much has been written; yet we wanted Livingstone’s testimony of the vocal power of the wild male, roaring like the lion, and only, as our traveller tells us, distinguishable by being heard in broad day instead of by night. (Continued applause.) Of the king of beasts himself the volume contains the richest storehouse of facts, from direct and varied observations of him in his native wilderness.

“Perhaps, however, this is the part of our friend’s book that has failed to give unmixed satisfaction to the British public. We dislike to have our settled notions disturbed by provokingly unvarnished, uncompromising assertions of facts that militate against a cherished prepossession. Some of us feel rather sore at our notions of the majesty of England’s old emblematic beast being upset by the sum of our guest’s opportunities of intimate acquaintance with the natural disposition and habits of the lion of South Africa. (Laughter.) Fearfully intimate, indeed, was part of his experience! That direful grip—which since has left one arm a dangling appendage—when the dishevelled mane of the irate monster was tossed about his victim’s head, and the hot breath driven with deafening roar into his ear!—did it shake all respect for the traditional nobility of the lion out of the Doctor’s mind? Certain it is, the sum of his recorded observations shows the lion to be a slothful, skulking, cruel beast of prey,—by no means the psychical compound we have delighted to associate with our national emblem. (Laughter.) Perhaps, however, I have a word of comfort for those who would still glorify its type. Species differ in habits. The British lion is not a mere heraldic monster, but was once a grim flesh-and-blood reality. I have had the satisfaction of determining that the *Felis spelæa* of our Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire bone-caves was a veritable lion, surpassing in bulk, and with paws of twice the relative size, of those of the largest living lion of North or South Africa. The old British species has passed away—at least he now only shakes his mane and roars in metaphor (continued laughter); but the extinct antetype may have possessed all the qualities which his most ardent admirer would have ascribed to him. (Cheers.)

“It is hard for the naturalist, when on his favourite topic, to forbear gleaning from Livingstone’s full and rich storehouse of facts about buffaloes, rhinoceroses, elephants, and so forth. But the hour reminds me that time has fled apace—quickly because so pleasantly.

“Our excellent chairman has pointedly adverted to one quality in Livingstone—his inflexible adherence to his word. (Cheers.) It is shown in small as well as great things. When, eighteen years ago, the young missionary was preparing himself for his task, he devoted part of his short

leisure in London to studying the science of comparative anatomy in the Hunterian Museum, then under my charge. On taking leave of me he promised to bear me in mind if any particular curiosity fell in his way. Such an one did in the course of his Zambesi travels—the tusk of an elephant with a spiral curve. It was a heavy one; and you may recall the difficulties of the progress of the weak, sick traveller, on the bullock's back. Every pound weight was of moment; but Livingstone said, 'Owen shall have this tusk,' and he placed it in my hands in London. (Loud cheers.)

“In the perusal of the missionary's travels it is impossible not to infer the previous training of a strong and original mind richly and variously stored; not otherwise could science have been enriched by such precious records of wanderings in a previously untrod field of discovery. Our honoured guest may feel assured that whilst the cultivators of science yield to no class of minds in their appreciation and reverence of his dauntless dissemination of that higher wisdom which is not of this world, such feelings enhance their sense of obligation for his co-operation in the advancement of that lower wisdom which our great poet defines as 'resting in the contemplation of natural causes and dimensions.' (Applause.)

“Every man to whom it has been given to add to human knowledge looks back with grateful feelings to the school or college where he acquired his elements of the sciences. With the same feeling that Livingstone may recall the old lecture halls at Glasgow, so do I those of Edinburgh. We may both rejoice that the natural sciences have always had so large a share of the teachings in those universities. At the same time we cannot forget that we have both been honoured by a degree from the oldest and most classical university of England.”

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, subsequent to Livingstone's departure for the Zambesi, Sir Roderick Murchison indicated the objects he had in view, and his fitness for carrying them to a successful issue, in the following:—

“Having observed in the character of my friend Dr. Livingstone a happy union of simplicity, patience, unruffled temper, and kindness, with quickest perception, and the most undaunted resolution, I feel persuaded that, vast as have been his achievements, he is still destined to confer great advantages upon South Africa and his own country. His aim, when he returns to Kili-mane and Tete, in the spring of 1858, or the first period of the healthy season, and after he has rejoined his old companions the Makololo, who are anxiously waiting for him, will be to endeavour to establish marts or stations beyond the Portuguese colony, to which the inhabitants of the interior may bring their goods for sale, and where they may interchange them for British produce. At these stations, which will be in those flanking, high grounds of the African continent that he has described as a perfect sanatoria, he will en-

deavour to extend the growth of cotton, as well as to teach the natives how to till their land, taking out with him for these intents cotton-seed, gins, ploughs, &c. He will further endeavour to bring to the English market a vegetable called Buaze, which possesses so tough and fibrous a tissue as to render it of great value even to the natives in their rude manufactures. Specimens of this plant, which grows in profusion on the north bank of the Zambesi, have been converted into a substance that has been pronounced by a leading manufacturer to be worth, when prepared, between fifty and sixty pounds per ton, and applicable to all purposes for which flax is employed. In this material, therefore, alone, to say nothing of indigo, cotton, beeswax, ivory, and the ores of iron, with much good coal, we have sufficient indication that no time should be lost in establishing a regular intercourse with the natives of so prolific a region.

“Thus, acting as the pioneer of civilisation, Dr. Livingstone will first engage the good will of the natives through their love of barter, and, having secured their confidence by honesty of purpose, he will the more readily be able to lead them to adopt the truths of that religion of which he is a minister, and of the value of which his whole life is a practical illustration.

“Fortunate is it for our country that we have in the Earl of Clarendon a Minister of Foreign Affairs, who not less than the noble Premier has been the consistent and vigorous supporter of every measure tending to root out the trade in slaves; and impressed as our Government is with the desire to sow those seeds of civilization among the natives, and probably realise the cheering prospect of a great production of the raw material necessary for our manufactures by the independent nations of Africa, let us hope that, whilst the Niger or Kwara Expedition under Baikie, to which I have adverted, is working towards that good end upon the West, the benevolent and enterprising Livingstone, already so dear to the natives, may be sent back to reside among his friends the Makololo, as the ‘Agent of the Queen of the people who love the Black Man.’”

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Dr. Livingstone and His Fellow Travellers Leave for Africa.—Ascend the Zambesi.—Difficulties of Navigation.—Ascend the Shire.—Discover Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa.*

THE interest felt by the public in the second mission of Dr. Livingstone to Africa was shared by the Government of the day. Lord Palmerston, who was then at the head of Her Majesty's Government, readily assented to rendering assistance to enable him to prosecute his researches in the valley of Zambesi. Lord Clarendon then held the seals of the Foreign Office, and under his auspices a mission was formed and means furnished to enable Dr. Livingstone to provide himself with efficient assistance and equipment for the proper prosecution of his new enterprise. This provision included his brother, the Rev. Charles Livingstone, who had joined him from the United States, Dr. Kirk, as botanist, since well-known to the public as Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, Mr. R. Thornton, as geologist and naturalist, Mr. Baines, as artist, and Captain Bedingfeld, as navigator and surveyor of the river systems. A small steamer constructed of steel, and christened the *Ma-Robert* in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, was specially designed for the navigation of the Zambesi.

The party proceeded to the Cape on board Her Majesty's Colonial steamship, *Pearl*, where they were joined by Mr. Francis Skead, R.N., as surveyor, and arrived off the mouths of the Zambesi in May. The real mouths of the Zambesi were little known, as the Portuguese Government had let it be understood that the Killimane was the only navigable outlet of the river. This was done to induce the English cruisers employed in the suppression of the slave trade to watch the false mouth, while slaves were quietly shipped from the true one; this deception being propagated—even after the publication of Livingstone's discoveries—in a map issued by the Portuguese colonial minister. The *Ma-Robert* was put together and launched, and four inlets to the river, each of them superior to the Killimane, discovered and examined. The four mouths are known as the Milambe, the Luabo, the Timbwe, and the Kongone; the latter being selected as the most navigable.

Dr. Livingstone's manly exposure of the deception practised by the Portuguese Government for the purpose of encouraging the slave trade, excited the wrath and jealousy of the Portuguese Government officials, who have vainly

endeavoured to throw discredit upon his discoveries. This feeling was not shared by the local authorities, who were, or pretended to be, really ignorant of the existence of the true channel, and showed their appreciation of his discovery by establishing a fort at the mouth of the Kongone.

Steaming up the channel, the natives retreating in terror at their approach, the party had an opportunity of admiring the fertility of the soil, and the abundant animal and vegetable life with which the delta abounds. The delta is much larger than that of the Nile, and if properly cultivated would, Livingstone thinks, grow as much sugar-cane as would supply the wants of the whole of Europe. The dark woods of the delta "resound with the lively and exultant cries of the kinghunter, as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank. . . . The magnificent fishhawk sits on the top of a mangrove tree digesting his morning meal of fresh fish, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near."

"The mangroves are now left behind, and are succeeded by vast level plains of rich dark soil, covered with gigantic grasses, so tall that they tower over one's head, and render hunting impossible. Beginning in July, the grass is burned off every year after it has become dry. . . . Several native huts now peep out from the bananas and cocoa-palms on the right bank; they stand on piles a few feet above the level of the low damp ground, and their owners enter them by means of ladders." The native gardens were in a high state of cultivation—rice, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, onions, peas, cotton, and sugar-cane being freely cultivated. The natives they met with were well fed, but very scantily clothed. They stood on the banks and gazed with wonder at the *Pearl* and the *Ma-Robert*, one of them, an old man, asking if the former was made out of one tree. They were all eager to trade, coming alongside the steamers in their canoes with fruit, and food, and honey, and beeswax, and shouting "*Malonda, Malonda!*—Things for sale."

When the water became too shallow for the passage of the *Pearl*, she left the party; Mr. Skead and a Mr. Duncan, who had accompanied them from the Cape, returning with her. Several members of the expedition were left on an island, which they named Expedition Island, from the 18th of June until the 13th of August, while the others were conveying the goods up to Shupanga and Senna. This was a work of some danger, as the country was in a state of war—a half-caste chief, called Mariano, who ruled over the country from the

Shire down to Mazaro at the head of the Delta, having waged war against the Portuguese for some time previous to their visit. He was a keen slave-hunter, and kept a large number of men well armed with muskets. So long as he confined himself to slave-hunting forays among the helpless tribes, and carried down his captives in chains to Kilimane, where they were sold and shipped as "free emigrants" to the French island of Bourbon, the Portuguese authorities did not interfere with him, although his slave-hunting expeditions were conducted with the utmost atrocity, he frequently indulging his thirst for blood by spearing large numbers of helpless natives with his own hand. Getting bolder, he began to attack the natives who were under the protection of the Portuguese, and then war was declared against him. He resisted for a time; but fearing that he would ultimately get the worst of it, he went to Kilimane to endeavour to arrange for peace with the governor; but Colonel da Silva refused his proffered bribes, and sent him to Mozambique for trial. When Livingstone's party first came in contact with the rebels at Mazaro, they looked formidable and threatening; but on being told that the party were English, they fraternised with them, and warmly approved of the objects of the expedition.

A little later, a battle was fought between the contending parties within a mile and a half of Livingstone's party; and on landing to pay his respects to several of his old friends who had treated him kindly on the occasion of his former appearance amongst them, he found himself among the mutilated bodies of the slain. The governor was ill of fever, and Livingstone was requested to convey him to Shupanga; and just as he had consented, the battle was renewed, the bullets whistling about his ears. Failing to get any assistance, Livingstone half supported and half carried the sick governor to the ship. His Excellency, who had taken nothing for the fever but a little camphor, and being a disbeliever in Livingstone's mode of treatment, was after some difficulty cured against his will. A little after this, Bonga, Mariano's brother, made peace with the governor, and the war came to an end.

For miles before reaching Mazaro, the scenery is uninteresting, consisting of long stretches of level grassy plains, the monotony of which is broken here and there by the round green tops of stately palm-trees. Sandmartins flitted about in flocks, darting in and out of their holes in the banks. On the numerous islands which dot the broad expanse of the stream, many kinds of water-fowl, such as geese, flamingoes, herons, spoonbills, etc., were seen in large numbers. Huge crocodiles lay basking on the low banks, gliding sluggishly into the stream as they caught sight of the steamer. The hippopotamus "rising from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labour of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up straight and

yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monstrous bassoon."

The Zulus or Landeens are the lords of the soil on the right bank of the Zambesi, and take tribute from the Portuguese at Senna and Shupanga. Each merchant pays annually 200 pieces of cloth of sixteen yards each, beside beads, and brass wire; and while they groan under this heavy levy of black mail, they are powerless, as a refusal to pay it would involve them in a war in which they would lose all they possess. In the forests near Shupanga, a tree, called by the natives *mokundu-kundu* abounds; it attains to a great size, and being hard and cross-grained, is used for the manufacture of large canoes. At the time of Livingstone's visit, a Portuguese merchant at Kilimane paid the Zulus 300 dollars per annum for permission to cut it.

Livingstone's old friends, Colonel Nunes and Major Sicard, received the traveller and his party with much goodwill, causing wood to be cut for fuel for the steamer. The wood used for this purpose was *lignum vitæ* and African ebony; Rae, the engineer, knowing the value of these at home, "said it made his heart sore to burn woods so valuable." The india rubber tree and calumba root were found to be abundant in the interior; and along the banks of the river, indigo was growing in a wild state. The *Ma-Robert* turned out a failure, the builder, having deceived Livingstone as to her power, &c. It took hours to get up steam, and she went so slowly that the heavily-laden native canoes passed more rapidly up the river than she did. One can hardly think with temper on a misadventure like this, and can readily sympathise with his feeling of annoyance when he found that for all practical purposes she was worse than useless. Near the mouth of the Shire, Bonga, with some of his principal men visited the party; and in addition to assuring them that none of his people would molest them, presented them with some rice, two sheep, and a quantity of fire-wood. Within six miles of Senna, the party had to leave the steamer, the shoal channel not being deep enough for her draught. "The narrow winding path, along which they had to march in Indian file, lay through gardens and patches of wood, the loftiest trees being thorny acacias. The sky was cloudy, the air cool and pleasant, and the little birds in the gladness of their hearts, poured forth sweet strange songs, which, though equal to those of the singing birds at home on a spring morning, yet seemed somehow as if in a foreign tongue. We met many natives in the wood, most of the men were armed with spears, bows and arrows, and old Tower muskets; the women had short-handled iron hoes, and were going to work in the gardens: they stepped aside to let us pass, and saluted us politely, the men bowing and scraping, and the women, even with heavy loads on their heads, curtsying—a curtsy from bare legs is startling!"

On an island near Senna they visited a small fugitive tribe of hippopotami hunters, who had been driven from their own island in front. They are an

exclusive people, and never intermarry with other tribes. These hunters frequently go on long expeditions, taking their wives and children with them, erecting temporary huts on the banks of the rivers, where they dry the meat they have killed. They are a comely race, and do not disfigure themselves with lip-ornaments, as many of the neighbouring tribes do. Livingstone gives the following description of the weapon with which they kill the hippopotamus:—"It is a short iron harpoon inserted in the end of a long pole; but being intended to unship, it is made fast to a strong cord of milola or hibiscus bark, which is wound closely round the entire length of the shaft and secured at its opposite end. Two men in a swift canoe steal quietly down on the sleeping animal; the bowman dashes the harpoon into the unconscious victim, while the quick steersman sweeps the light craft back with his broad paddle. The force of the blow separates the harpoon from its corded handle; which, appearing on the surface, sometimes with an inflated bladder attached, guides the hunters to where the wounded beast hides below until they despatch it."

Near Tete, a seam of excellent coal, of twenty-five feet in thickness, was visited and examined. Coal and iron are common in the lower Zambesi, the latter being of excellent quality, and quite equal to the best Swedish. The existence of these minerals must play an important part in the regeneration of the people and the civilization of this vast and important district.

The *Ma-Robert* anchored in the stream off Tete on the 8th of September, and great was the joy of the Makololo men when they recognised Dr. Livingstone. Some were about to embrace him; but others cried out, "Don't touch him; you will spoil his new clothes." They listened sadly to the account of the end of Sekwebu, remarking, "Men die in any country." They had much to tell of their own doings and trials. Thirty of their number had died of small-pox; and other six, becoming tired of wood-cutting, went away to dance before the neighbouring chiefs. They visited Bonga, the son of Nyaude (not the brother of Mariano), who cruelly put them to death. "We do not grieve," they said, "for the thirty victims of small-pox, who were taken away by *Morimo* (God); but our hearts are sore for the six youths who were murdered by Bonga." If any order had been given by Don Pedro for the maintenance of the Makololo men during Livingstone's absence, it never reached Tete; and they were dependent on their own exertions and the kindness of Major Sicard, who treated them most generously, and gave them land and tools to raise some food for themselves.

At Tete, the party took up their abode in the Residency House, and received the most generous hospitality from Major Sicard and all the Portuguese residents. A singular case of voluntary slavery came under Livingstone's notice here. Chibanti, an active young fellow, who had acted as pilot to the expedition, sold himself to Major Sicard, assigning as a reason that he had neither father nor mother, and that Major Sicard was a kind master. He sold

himself for three-and-thirty yard-pieces of cloth. With two of the pieces he bought a man, a woman, and a child; afterwards he bought more slaves, and owned a sufficient number to man one of the large canoes with which the trade of the river is carried on. Major Sicard subsequently employed him in carrying ivory and other merchandise to Kilimane, and gave cloth to his men for the voyage. The Portuguese, as a rule, are very kind to their slaves; but the half-castes are cruel slave-holders. Livingstone quotes a saying of a humane Portuguese which indicates the reputation they bear:—"God made white men, and God made black men; but the devil made half-castes."

The party visited and examined the Kebra-basa Rapids, and found them very formidable barriers to the navigation of the river. They are so called from a range of rocky mountains which cross the Zambesi at that spot. The river, during the dry season, is confined to a narrow channel, through which the water forces itself, boiling and eddying within a channel of not more than sixty yards in width, the top of the masts of the *Ma-Robert*, although thirty feet high, not reaching to the flood-mark on the rocky sides. The whole bed and banks of the stream are broken by huge masses of rock of every imaginable shape. The rapids extend for upwards of eight miles, and could only be passed by a steamer during the floods. The march along the banks of the river among the rocks, which were so hot from the heat of the sun as to blister the bare feet of the Makololo men, was most fatiguing. Several miles above these rapids is the cataract of Morumbwa, where the river is jammed into a cavity of not more than fifty yards in width; with a fall of twenty feet in a slope of thirty yards. During floods it is navigable, the rapids being all but obliterated through the great rise in the river, the rocks showing a flood mark eighty feet above the level of the stream.

Dr. Livingstone's account of the rapids and the country in the neighbourhood, as given in his letters to the Foreign Offices, is so interesting that we give several extracts here:—

"They were not seen by me in 1856, and, strange as it may appear, no one else could be found who could give an account of any part except the commencement, about 30 miles above this. The only person who had possessed curiosity enough to ascend a few miles, described it as a number of detached rocks jutting out across the stream, rendering the channel tortuous and dangerous. A mountain called Panda Maboia (Copper Mountain—a mass of saccharine marble at the top, contains joints of the green carbonate of copper, which is said to have been worked—hence the name) stretches out towards the range of hills on the eastern bank, so as to narrow the river to 60 or 80 yards. This is the commencement of Kebra, or, more correctly, Kebra-basa. We went about four miles beyond Panda Maboia, in this little steamer, and soon saw that the difficulty is caused by the Zambesi being confined by mountains to a bed scarcely a quarter of a mile broad. This bed, viewed from a height,

appears covered with huge blocks of rock, interspersed with great rounded boulders. Large patches of the underlying rock, which is porphyry and various metamorphic masses huddled together in wild confusion, are also seen on the surface; and winding from side to side in this upper bed there is a deep narrow gorge, in which, when we were steaming up the usual call of the man at the lead was, "no bottom at ten fathoms." Though the perpendicular sides of this channel are generally of hard porphyry or syenite, they are ground into deep pot-holes, and drilled into numerous vertical groves similar to those in Eastern wells, where the draw-rope has been in use for ages; these show the wearing power of the water when the river is full. The breadth of this channel was from 30 to 60 yards, and its walls at low water from 50 to 80 feet high. At six or seven points there are rocky islands in it which divide the water into two or three channels for short distances. The current, which we generally found gentle, increases in force at these points to four or five knots, and as our vessel has only a single engine of 10-horse power, it can scarcely stem that amount in open water; and besides, being of an extremely awkward and unhandy 'canoe-form,' and only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, it is evident we cannot risk her in any but the gentlest currents. The attempt to haul her through would have doubled her up, so we left her at the beginning of the first rapid, and went forward to examine the parts above on foot. The usual course traders have pursued is to come to a point below, where we left the steamer in canoes, and leaving them there, go overland through the level Shidima country, well away from the mountains which skirt the river, and when they reported an impediment to navigation, they referred to the unwieldy canoes only in common use on the lower parts of the Zambesi. These cannot paddle against a 4-knot stream; nor can they punt at a depth of 60 feet, nor tow along a precipice often 80 feet high, and always smooth, slippery, or jagged. But though there is an impediment to canoe-navigation, it would prove none during four or five months each year to a steamer capable of going 12 or 14 knots an hour.

"With Dr. Kirk, Mr. Rae, and some Makololo in company, we marched about 12 miles nearly North from the entrance, at Panda Maboia. The upper bed, in which we were travelling, was excessively rough, but we occasionally got glances of the river at the bottom of the groove, and saw four rapids. The people having all fled from some marauding party, we could neither get provisions nor information, and returned in order to organize a regular exploration of the whole difficulty.

"Major Sicard having found out that a native Portuguese, Sn. Jose Santa Anna, had, when young, hunted elephants among the mountains which confine the Zambesi, engaged him to accompany us in our second expedition, which consisted of the seven members of our party and ten Makololo.

Leaving the steamer at a safe spot above Panda Maboia, we proceeded up the left bank, the different members pursuing their several avocations as much as the roughness of the march would allow. A careful sketch and a photograph were made of the worst rapid we had then seen; there was a fall of about 5 feet in 20 yards, but on our return a rise of the river of between 3 and 4 feet had made it nearly level.

“Crossing the Luia, a small river coming into the Zambesi from the North-east (lat.  $15^{\circ} 37'$  South), we turned Westwards, and soon reached the beginning of the range Shiperizioa, which, without knowing the name, we had previously seen. This part of the river our guide had only once seen from a distant mountain, and supposed what was now only a small, and by no means steep rapid, to be a large waterfall. The range Shiperizioa, appearing to end in a fine peak at least 2300 feet high, we resolved to ascend it and get a view of the river beyond. A hippopotamus having been killed, a party was left to cut up the meat while we went on to the peak. It was found inaccessible from the river-side. It forms the most prominent feature in the landscape, and we thought it right to pay a compliment to our Portuguese friends, by naming it Mount Stephanie, after their young Queen. As our guide, Sn. Jose, had hunted all along the river to Chicova, and a party of natives who came to beg meat, agreed with him in asserting that no waterfall existed above Mount Stephanie, we began our return to the steamer. But after one day's march homewards one of the Makololo mentioned that he had received information of the existence of a larger cataract than any we had seen, and that too from one of the above-mentioned party of natives, it was at once resolved that Dr. Kirk and I should return and verify this while the rest of the party worked their way downwards.

“Accompanied by four Makololo, we now proceeded by the back or northern side of Mount Stephanie, and were fortunate enough to find a village situated in a beautiful valley, with a fine stream of water running through it. The people are called Badema, and though mountaineers, possess but little of that brave character which we are accustomed to ascribe to such people. They generally flee from strangers; their gardens were seen on the highest parts of the mountains; some of them on slopes at an angle of  $70^{\circ}$ , where there was very little soil. They cultivate the native cotton in preference to the imported, as the former, though yielding less, has by far the strongest fibre, and the plants continue yielding annually, though burned down to the ground. They support the branches which remain by trellice-work, as we do grape-vines; their looms are of the most primitive description, but they value the cloth made from them much more than they do our more beautifully woven fabrics.

“Zandia, the head man of this village, furnished us with two guides to take us to Pajodzi, the point to which canoes are accustomed to descend; for though he asserted that there was no waterfall, we considered it our duty to

see all the difficult part by descending from that point before reporting to Her Majesty's Government. The next village we came to gave a totally different account; the men asserted that there was a waterfall so frightful as to be perfectly unapproachable: 'no elephant had ever gone near it, nor hippopotamus; not even an alligator could reach it, and a man might perish with thirst in sight of, but unable to approach it.' On asking how they happened to get near this frightful abyss, they replied that it was more accessible from the other side. They had a political reason for not showing us the river; the Banyai, on the opposite lands (Shidima) have been in the habit of exacting large payments from the traders for leave to pass. Eighty fathoms of calico are sometimes paid to a single village, and the villagers here were afraid that blame would be imputed by the Banyai to them in the event of our opening a path whereby their exactions would be avoided. By insisting that our two guides from Zandia should fulfil their bargain, they went on, but led us to a point near Mount Stephanie, where, emerging from the mountains, we found ourselves a good thousand feet above the Zambesi; the mountains on both sides slope at a high angle down to the water, and there is no upper or flood-bed. The water, about 300 yards broad, appeared to us at the height we first saw it, not more than a third of this width. The guides pointed to a rapid, caused by two rocks about eight feet high in the middle of the stream, as the waterfall; but refusing to credit them, we resolved to go up along the bank westward.

"On descending to the water's edge we found the steep sloping bank covered with enormous boulders, with a black glaze, as if they had recently been smeared over with tar. Wherever the water flows over rocks for a long time this peculiar glaze appears; it has been observed in the Congo, and has been mentioned by Humboldt in the Orinoco. The guides declared that it was totally impossible to go further, though their soles were furnished with a thick cracked skin similar to that of the elephant. The marks of these cracks were visible on the sand they trod upon. The Makololo head-men—very willing fellows—showed me their feet on which the blisters were broken by the hot rocks over which we had climbed, and said they were fairly done up; that it was evident the villagers magnified the difficulty from political motives; and that there was no impediment save such as we had already seen. On urging them to make another effort, they said that they 'always imagined I had a heart till then; they were sorry Kirk could not understand them, for he would acquiesce in their views and go back—I had surely become insane;' and next day they endeavoured by signs to induce him to return. Leaving them there Dr. Kirk and I went on alone; but while striving with all our might we could not make more than one mile in three hours. It was in truth the worst tract I ever travelled over; our strong new English boots were worn through the soles. The sun's rays were converged by the surrounding hills into a sort of focus, and

the stones were so hot the hand could not be held on them a moment, though we were in danger of being dashed down into the crevices by letting go for an instant. The reflection from the rocks felt exactly like the breath of a furnace. I felt sure that if I had come down this way in 1856 instead of through the level Shidima country, I should have perished before reaching Tete; for now, with but a fortnight's exposure, and an examination of about 30 miles, we all returned as lean and haggard as if we had been recovering from serious illness. One of the Makololo came up to us in the afternoon, and seeing farther progress to be impracticable, we were returning, when we met the rest of the party. After sleeping among the hot rocks, where no covering is necessary, we next day induced the guides and Makololo to go on through the spurs from the mountain, along whose flank we were toiling, until they became perpendicular cliffs, requiring a great deal of dangerous climbing to get past; in the afternoon we were rewarded by the sight of a cataract called Morumbua, the only one we had seen deserving the name; on both sides there are perpendicular walls of rock, along the face of which no towing-line could be carried. The inaccessible sides are 500 or 600 feet high. The cataract itself presents a fall (as nearly as we could guess at a distance of 500 yards) of 30 feet, and the water comes down at an angle of 30°. When the river is full it is at least 80 feet higher than when we saw it, and no cataract is visible at the place we saw the broken water. We stood in a pot-hole and dropped down a measuring-tape 53 feet to the level of the water. In flood the river at that same pot-hole is at least 30 feet deep. We witnessed on our return the effect of a three feet rise, in rendering a cataract already mentioned, of five feet, nearly level. It is quite a moderate computation to say the perpendicular rise among the hills is 80 feet. This, while it obliterates some rapids, will, in all probability, give rise to others; and the disparity of statement among the natives may partially be accounted for by their having seen the river at different stages of flood. Resolving to return and examine the whole when the river is in full flood in February, we commenced the ascent of the high mountain behind us, and were three hours in cutting our way through the tangled forest which covers it and all the mountains here. The rains are unusually late this year, but the trees had put on fresh leaves, and rendered the scenery of a lively light-green appearance. Looking northwards from the heights we reached, we saw an endless succession of high hills, chiefly of the conical form. This district may be called the beginning of the really healthy region. We slept for a fortnight in the open air, and seldom put on a blanket till towards morning; nor did we use quinine: yet all returned in good health, and have remained so.

“We have ascertained nothing to invalidate the opinion which I have expressed, that the highlands beyond this are healthy, and fit for the residence of Europeans. The only ailments the party has been subject to, with the

exception of one slight sun-stroke, have been colds, modified by the malaria to which we were exposed in the Delta. Dr. Kirk and I have enjoyed uninterrupted good health. The only cases of real fever we have seen have been among the Kroomen, and, as far as our experience goes at present, Europeans are more likely to be safe and useful than Kroomen.

“The geologist reports having found three fine beds of coal; the first seven feet thick, the second thirteen feet six inches, and the third twenty-five feet in thickness. They are all in cliff sections, and the last was fired a few years ago by lightning, and burned a long time. I have already reported on its good quality, though obtained only from the surface. Mr. Thornton will run a shaft some distance in order to ascertain its quality there. There are immense quantities of the finest iron-ore in the same district.

“I was not aware that sugar was manufactured by the natives till lately, but I bought six pots of it, at the rate of two yards of calico for twenty pounds. This is only the beginning of the fine country, and I naturally feel anxious that my companions should have an opportunity of verifying my statements respecting both its productions and people. As for the inhabitants near the Portuguese, I almost despair of doing anything with them. My hopes are in my own countrymen and the natives of the central regions.

“The Zambesi being now about twelve feet above low-water mark in November, it was difficult to recognise it as the same river. It is truly what Captain Gordon called it, ‘more like an inland sea than a river,’ and exhibits none of those sand-banks to the view which, in trying to depict it at its lowest ebb, we have marked in the tracings sent home.

“On the day after our arrival here Messrs. C. Livingstone and Baines returned from Kebra-basa: their reports coincide exactly with what I stated in No. 12 as to the effect of a rise of the river on the rapids. It thoroughly obliterates formidable cataracts; but a vessel of good steam-power is necessary to stem the current in the middle and resist the suction of the eddies. On hearing that the rapid was so much changed that, but for the mountains which had been sketched, the situations of the cataracts would not have been known, I felt strongly inclined to attempt hauling the vessel up; but she can carry no cargo, and, besides the risk of her breaking up in the attempt, we should very soon be destitute of supplies after we had succeeded.”

Finding it impossible to take their steamer through the Kebra-basa Rapids, the party forwarded from Tete, to which they had returned, information to that effect to the English Government, requesting that a more suitable vessel for the ascent of the river should be sent out to them. In the meantime, they determined on ascending the Shire, which falls into the Zambesi about a hundred miles from its mouth. The Portuguese could give no information about it, no one ever having gone up it for any distance, or found out from whence it came. Years ago, they informed him, that a

Portuguese expedition had attempted to ascend it, but had to turn back on account of the impenetrable masses of duck-weed which grew in its bed and floated in shoals on its surface. The natives on its banks were reported to be treacherous, thievish, and bloodthirsty; and nothing but disaster was predicted as the end of such a foolhardy expedition.

Dr. Livingstone and his party had come all the way from England to explore the district, and were not to be lightly turned aside from their object; so, early in January, 1859, they boldly entered the Shire. They found for the first twenty-five miles that a considerable quantity of duckweed was floating down the river, but not in sufficient quantity to interrupt its navigation, even in canoes. As they approached the native villages, the men assembled on the banks, armed with bows and arrows; but it was not until they reached the village of a chief called Tingane, who had gained considerable notoriety by his successful prevention of the Portuguese slave-traders from passing farther to the north, that they met anything like serious opposition. Here five hundred armed men were collected, who commanded them to stop. Livingstone boldly went on shore, and at an interview with the chief and his headmen, explained the objects of the party and their friendly disposition. Tingane, who was an elderly, well-made man, grey-headed, and over six feet high, withdrew his opposition to their further progress, and called all his people together, so that the objects of the exploring party might be explained to them.

Following the winding course of the river for about two hundred miles, their farther progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, to which the party gave the name of "The Murchison," in honour of the great friend of the expedition, Sir Roderick Murchison. In going down the stream, the progress of the *Ma-Robert* was very rapid. The hippopotami kept carefully out of the way, while the crocodiles frequently made a rush at the vessel as if to attack it, coming within a few feet of her, when they sank like a stone, to re-appear and watch the progress of the unknown invader of their haunts, when she had passed.

Although narrower than the Zambesi, the Shire is much deeper and more easily navigated. The lower valley of the Shire is about twenty miles wide, and very fertile; the hills which enclose it on either side are covered with wood, in many cases to their summits; some of these hills rise to a height of 4000 feet above the level of the sea. They visited one of the loftiest of the hills, called by the natives Morambala. On the wooded sides of this mountain Dr. Kirk found thirty species of ferns. In the forests near its base, monkeys, antelopes, rhinoceroses, and several varieties of the larger birds were abundant. "A hot fountain boils up on the plain, near the north end. It bubbles out of the earth, clear as crystal, at two points, or eyes, a few yards apart from each other, and sends off a fine flowing stream of hot water. The tem-



MURCHISON FALLS



perature was found to be 174° Fahr., and it boiled an egg in about the usual time." Two pythons coiled together among the branches of a tree were shot, the largest was ten feet long. Their flesh is greatly relished by the natives. The people who dwelt on the mountain slopes, here and elsewhere on the lower Shire, were found to be a hardy and kindly race. They cultivate maize, pumpkins, and tobacco in their gardens on the plains, and catch fish in the river, which they dry for future sale or for their own use. On the occasion of a future ascent of the river, as we shall see, the party found that many of these hardy mountaineers had been swept away in a slave raid by Mariano.

In the middle of March they started for a second trip up the Shire, when they found the natives altogether friendly, and anxious to sell them rice, fowls, and corn. Within ten miles of the Murchison Cataracts they entered into amicable relations with a chief named Chibisa, whose career had been of a very warlike character, which he excused and explained by stating that the parties with whom he had fought had all been in the wrong, while he was invariably in the right. He was a true 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."

Fortunately his people were of the same mind, for they bathed in the river without dread of the crocodiles, after he had placed a medicine in it to prevent their biting them.

Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and several of the Makololo men left the steamer and the other members of the party at Chibisa's village, and proceeded overland to Lake Shirwa, the inhabitants of the district through which they passed presenting a hostile appearance. Through a misunderstanding their guide took them first to an extensive marsh, which they christened Elephant Marsh, from the large number of those animals they saw there. Afterwards they pushed on without guides, save when an idiot from a native village joined them, and accompanied them a considerable way on their march, when no sane member of the tribe would consent to guide them for love or money. The people who occupy the district beyond the Shire were called Manganja, and were distinguished for their bold and independent bearing. Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, while keeping themselves prepared for any attack, were careful to give no cause of offence, and so managed to avoid getting into any serious difficulty with this warlike people, to the disgust of the Makololo men, who were anxious to give them a taste of their quality.

On the 18th of April they discovered Lake Shirwa. The water was brackish, and in it were enormous numbers of leeches, the attacks of which

prevented them obtaining the latitude by the natural horizon, which they hoped to do on a sand-bank at some distance from the shore. Several varieties of fish, hippopotami, and crocodiles were abundant in the waters of the lake. The lake was found to be 1800 feet above the level of the sea. They did not on this occasion get any reliable information as to its extent. Lofty mountains, whose height was supposed to be about 8000 feet, stand near its eastern shore; and on the west is a long ridge, called Mount Zomba, with a height of about 7000 feet, and a length of about twenty miles. In returning to the steamer they changed their route, and passed through a country peopled by friends of Chibisa, who did not interfere with their progress. They found their quartermaster, John Walker, ill of fever; and having cured him, they steamed down to the Zambesi, reaching Tete on the 23rd of June.

We again turn to Dr. Livingstone's communications to the Foreign Office with the view of supplementing our narrative at this stage:—

“In accordance with the intention expressed of revisiting the River Shire as soon as the alarm created by our first visit had subsided, I have the pleasure of reporting to your Lordship that, having found the people this time all friendly, we left the vessel in charge of the quartermaster and stoker, with a chief named Chibisa (latitude  $16^{\circ} 2'$  South, longitude  $35^{\circ}$  East), and, with Dr. Kirk and thirteen Makololo, advanced on foot till we had discovered a magnificent inland lake, called Shirwa. It has no known outlet, but appears particularly interesting from a report of the natives on its banks, that it is separated from Lake Nyassa, which is believed to extend pretty well up to the equator, by a tongue of land only five or six miles broad; and, as we ascertained, the southern end of the Shirwa is not more than 30 miles distant from a branch of the navigable Shire.

“We had traced the Shire up to the northern end of Zomba, but were prevented by a marsh from following it further on that side. Coming round the southern flank of the mountain, on the 14th April, we saw the lake, and were then informed that the river we had left so near it had no connexion with Lake Shirwa. We then proceeded eastwards, and on the 18th April reached its shores: a goodly sight it was to see, for it is surrounded by lofty mountains, and its broad blue waters, with waves dashing on some parts of its shore, look like an arm of the sea. The natives know of no outlet. We saw a good many streams flowing into it, for the adjacent country is well watered; several rivulets which we crossed unite and form the Talombe and Sombane, which flow into the lake from the south-west. The water of the Shirwa has a bitter taste, but is drinkable. Fish abound, and so do alligators and hippopotami. When the southerly winds blow strongly, the water is said to retire sufficiently from **that side to enable the people to catch fish in weirs planted there.**

“The lake is of a pear-shape, only the narrow portion is prolonged some 30 miles South of the body where we stood. There is an inhabited mountain-island near the beginning of the narrow part: the broad portion may be from 25 to 30 miles wide. We ascended some way up the mountain Pirimiti, and, looking away to the N.N.E., we had 26° of watery horizon, with two mountain-tops, rising in the blue distance like little islands 50 or 60 miles away. The natives use large canoes, for fear of storms on it, and reckon it four days' paddling in a calm to reach the end; but with a strong wind they can do it in two days. Until it is surveyed, it will not be over-estimated at 60 or 70 miles in length. This does not include the southern narrow portion of 30 miles.

“The whole region was well, though not densely, peopled with Manganja, who inhabit both banks of the River Shire from Morambala up to Chibisa's place; but they occupy the eastern bank only and the adjacent mountains beyond that point. The western bank above Chibisa is peopled by the Maravi. None of this tribe are to be met with near Shirwa, so it would appear to be improper to identify it with the 'Lake Maravi' of the maps; nor can we set it down as that concerning which I collected some information from Senhor Candido, of Tete, for it was described as 45 days to the N.N.W. of that village. The Portuguese do not even pretend to know Shirwa.

“We made frequent inquiries among the people if they had ever been visited by white men before, and we were invariably answered in the negative. A black woolly-haired slave-trader once visited the part; but the discovery is not spoken of in reference to such, the lake being surrounded by them, but it is claimed for Dr. Kirk and myself, as Europeans who accomplished it, entirely ignorant of any information that may or may not be locked up in Portuguese archives.”

As their provisions were almost exhausted, the chief members of the party proceeded down the river to meet some of Her Majesty's cruisers off the Kongone; and here they were compelled to beach the *Ma-Robert* for repairs. Besides being a bad sailer, she leaked so that the cabin was constantly flooded, the water coming not only from below, but through the deck whenever it rained. The damp caused by this state of affairs was very prejudicial to their health, and also caused the destruction of many botanical specimens, occasioning much worry and loss of time in replacing them with others. After receiving a supply of provisions from Her Majesty's brig *Persian*, the party returned to Tete, and started on their third ascent of the Shire. On this occasion they examined a lagoon, called “the Lake of Mud” in the language of the natives, in which grows a lotus root called *nyika*, which the natives collect; when boiled or roasted, it resembles our chestnuts, and as it is common throughout South Africa, it is extensively used as food. These

lagoons and marshes, which are common in the course of the great rivers of South Africa, mark the spot where extensive lakes existed when the waters passed off to the sea at a higher level than they do at the present day.

As the miserable little steamer could not carry all the men they required in this more extended expedition, they were compelled to place some of them in boats, which were towed astern. Unfortunately one of these capsized, and one of the Makololo men was drowned. At Mboma, where the people were eager to sell any quantity of food, the party were entertained by a native musician, who drew excruciating notes from a kind of one-stringed violin. As he threatened to serenade them all night, he was asked if he would not perish from cold. "Oh no," he replied; "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." A small piece of cloth bought him off, and he departed well satisfied.

On the banks were many hippopotami traps, which "consist of a beam of wood five or six feet long, armed with a spear-head or hardwood spike covered with poison, and suspended by a forked pole to a cord, which, coming down to the path, is held by a catch, to be set free when the animal treads on it. . . . 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, which is cut out and thrown away."

In the Shire marshes, in addition to abundance of the large four-footed game, water-fowl of many kinds were seen in prodigious numbers. Dr. Livingstone says:—

"An hour at the mast-head unfolds novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favourite 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. The pretty ardetta, of a light yellow colour when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often showing us where buffaloes are, by perching on their backs. Flocks of ducks, of which the kind called *soriri* 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 and large herons peer intently into the pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose springs up and circles round to find out what the disturbance is, and then settles down again with a splash.

Hundreds of linongolas rise from the clumps of reeds or low trees, in which they build in colonies, and are speedily in mid air. Charming little red and yellow weavers remind one of butterflies, as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendant 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 marabout, with a taste for dead fish, or men, stalks slowly along the almost stagnant channels. . . . Towards evening hundreds of pretty little hawks are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragonflies and locusts. . . . Flocks of scissor-bills 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."

Beyond the marshes in many places the soil is saline, and the natives procure large quantities of salt, by mixing the earth with water in a pot with a small hole in it, evaporating the liquid as it runs through in the sun. Livingstone noticed that on these saline soils the cotton grown is of a larger and finer staple than elsewhere. When the party arrived at Chibisa's village, they found several of the men busy cleaning, sorting, and weaving cotton. This was a sight which greeted them in most of the villages on the Shire; and as cotton can be grown there to any extent, there can be no doubt that, if slavery was put down and legitimate commerce introduced, the course of this fine river would become a thriving and populous district, as food can be grown to any extent, and there is plenty of grass for innumerable herds of cattle.

On the 28th of August, Livingstone and his three white companions, accompanied by two guides and thirty-six Makololo men, left the vessel in charge of the remainder of the party, and started in search of Lake Nyassa. A short march up a beautiful little valley, through which flowed a small stream, led them to the foot of the Manganja hills, over which their course lay. Looking back from a height of 1000 feet the beautiful country for many miles with the Shire flowing through it excited their admiration; while as they approached the summit of the range, innumerable valleys opened out to their admiring gaze, and majestic mountains reared their heads in all directions. This part of the journey was exceedingly toilsome, but the uniform kindness of the inhabitants and the beauty of the scenery made up for their exertions. Among the hill-tribes women are treated as if they were inferior animals, but in the upper valley of the Shire, they found that women were held in great respect, the husband seldom doing anything unless the wife approved. A portion of the valley was ruled over by a female chief named Nyango. On reaching the village the party went to the *boalo*, or speaking place, under the shade of lofty trees, where mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually placed for the white members of the party to sit upon. Here the

grand palaver was held, at which their objects and intentions in visiting the country were discussed with due gravity and form.

The inhabitants of this district are very industrious; in addition to cultivating the soil extensively, they work in iron, weave cotton, and make baskets. Each village has its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths. The axes, spears, needles, arrowheads, bracelets, and anklets are excellent, and are sold exceedingly cheap. Crockery and pottery of various kinds are also largely manufactured; and fishing-nets are made from the fibres of the *buaze*, a shrub which grows on the hills.

The use of ornaments on the legs and arms is common, but the most extraordinary custom is that of the *pelele*, worn by women. A small hole is made in the upper lip, and gradually widened,—the process of widening extending over several years,—until an aperture of from one to two inches is rendered permanent; into this a tin or ivory ring is forced until the lip protrudes a couple of inches beyond the nose. “When an old wearer of a hollow ring smiles, by the action of the muscle of the cheeks, the ring and lip outside it are dragged back and thrown over the eyebrows. The nose is seen through the middle of the ring, and the exposed teeth show how carefully they have been chipped to look like those of the crocodile.” No reason was given for this monstrosity, excepting that it was the fashion. The prevalence of such a hideous custom, is the more to be wondered at, as the Manganja are a comely people, intelligent-looking, with well-shaped heads and agreeable features.

They brew large quantities of a kind of beer. “The grain is made to vegetate, dried in the sun, pounded into meal, and gently boiled. When only a day or two old, the beer is sweet, with a slight degree of acidity, which renders it a most grateful beverage in a hot climate, or when fever begets a sore craving for acid drinks.” It is pinkish in colour, and of the consistency of thin gruel. It takes a large quantity of it to produce intoxication; but as they must drink it rapidly, as it will not keep for any time, intoxication among the Manganjas is very common—whole villages being often found by the travellers on the spree. It apparently has no baneful effects upon them, nor does it shorten life, as the party never saw so many aged people as they did while amongst this people. One aged chief, Muata Manga, appeared to be about ninety years of age. “His venerable appearance struck the Makololo. ‘He is an old man,’ they said; ‘a very old man; his skin hangs in wrinkles, just like that on elephants’ hips.’”

Speaking of the drinking habits of the Manganjas, Dr. Livingstone said in one of his letters—“I saw more intoxication in the forty days of our march on foot than I had seen in other parts during sixteen years. It is a silly sort of drunkenness; only one man had reached the fighting stage, and he was cured by one of the Makololo thrusting him aside from the path he

wished to obstruct, and giving him a slap in the face." It would appear that, like many combative people nearer home, he was only "pot valiant."

They very rarely wash, and are consequently very dirty. An old man told them that he had once washed, but it was so long since that he did not remember how he felt; and the women asked the Makololo, "Why do you wash; our men never do?" As might have been expected, skin diseases were common. They believe in a Divine being whom they call Morungo, and in a future state; but where or in what condition the spirits of the dead exist, they do not know, as although the dead, they say, sometimes return to the living, and appear to them in their dreams, they never tell them how they fare, or whither they have gone.

"Our friends the Portuguese do not enter the River Shire: the Manganja are brave, and repelled an expedition sent in former times before it had gone 30 miles. Traders are afraid to go, as some native ones have been plundered; but we have gone about 150 miles without once coming into collision. The Manganja cultivate the soil very extensively, and more men than women were sometimes seen at this occupation. The soil is very rich: the grass, generally from 6 to 8 feet high, overhangs the path, which, from being only about a foot wide, there is a perpetual pattering on the face in walking. A few yards often hides a companion completely, and guides are always necessary, it being impossible to see, on entering a path, where it leads. Even the hills, though very steep and stony, are remarkably fertile. Gardens are common high up their sides and on their tops: they present a pleasant diversity of light and shade in the general dark green colour of the trees, with which nearly all are covered. Cotton is cultivated largely, and the farther we went the crop appeared to be of the greater importance. The women alone are well clothed with the produce, the men being content with goat-skins and a cloth made of bark of certain trees. Every one spins and weaves cotton: even chiefs may be seen with the spindle and bag, which serves as a distaff. The process of manufacture is the most rude and tedious that can be conceived: the cotton goes through five processes with the fingers before it comes to the loom. Time is of no value. They possess two varieties of the cotton plant. One, indigenous, yields cotton more like wool than that of other countries: it is strong, and feels rough in the hand. The other variety is from imported seed, yielding a cotton that renders it unnecessary to furnish the people with American seed. A point in its culture worth noticing is, the time of planting has been selected so that the plants remain in the ground during winter, and five months or so after sowing they come to maturity before the rains begin, or insects come forth to damage the crop.

"The Manganja have no domestic animals except sheep, goats, fowls, and dogs. Provisions are abundant, and at a cheap rate. They have no ivory, and few wild animals are seen; but they assert that elephants and

large game abound among the Maravi, West of the Shire. Their weapons are large bows and poisoned arrows with iron heads. Every one carries a knife, and almost every village has a furnace for smelting black magnetic iron-ore. Spears are rarely seen, but are very well made and of excellent iron. Firearms have not been introduced; but a rude imitation of a pistol has been made by a people N.N.W. of them in a country called Siria, and it is used with powder only on occasions of mourning. They were not aware that it could propel a ball. It cannot be classed with arms, but with the apparatus of the undertaker. They think that making a noise at funerals is the proper way of expressing grief."

Lake Nyassa was discovered a little before noon on the 16th of September, 1859, with the river Shire running out at its southern end in 14° 25' S. latitude. The chief of the village near the outlet of the Shire, called Mosauka, invited the party to visit his village, and entertained them under a magnificent banyan-tree, giving them as a gift, a goat and a basket of meal. A party of Arab slave-hunters were encamped close by. They were armed with long muskets and were a villainous looking set of fellows. Mistaking the country of the white men they had met so unexpectedly, they offered them young children for sale; but on hearing that they were English, they showed signs of fear, and decamped during the night. Curiously enough, one of the slaves they had with them recognised the party; she had been rescued by Her Majesty's ship *Lynx* at Kongone along with several others. She said, "that the Arabs had fled for fear of an uncanny sort of Basunga" (white men or Portuguese).

Several great slave-paths from the interior cross the upper valley of the Shire. The chiefs are ashamed of the traffic, and excuse themselves by saying that they "do not sell many, and only those that have committed crimes." The great inducement to sell each other is, that they have no ivory and nothing else with which to buy foreign goods: a state of matters which the Arab traders know how to take advantage of, as they want nothing but slaves and the food they may require when on the hunt. Nothing but the establishment of legitimate commerce can be expected to put a stop to the slave traffic in such circumstances as these. The sight of slaves being led in forked sticks excited the indignation of the Makololo, and they could not understand why Livingstone did not allow them to set them free, by force if necessary. They said, "Ay, you call us bad, but are we yellow-hearted like these fellows? why don't you let us choke them?" These slave-sticks were about three feet in length, with a fork at one end into which the neck is thrust. The stick is retained in its position by putting a piece of stout wire through the ends of the fork, which is turned down at either end. The price of slaves near Lake Nyassa was four yards of cotton cloth for a man, three for a woman, and two for a boy or girl. When flesh and blood cost so little as an absolute purchase, free labour could be bought at a price which would make the



BAND OF CAPTIVES DRIVEN INTO SLAVERY



rearing of cotton, corn, &c., a profitable speculation if a proper means of communication with the coast were opened up. Water carriage by the Shire and the Zambesi exists all the way, save for a distance of about thirty miles at the Murchison Cataracts; and from the character of the country, the making of a road for this distance would be no serious difficulty. At the time of Livingstone's visit, cotton, of which the Manganja grew considerable quantities for their own use, was worth less than a penny per pound.

The tribes on the Upper Shire were suspicious and less hospitable than those in the lower valley. Many slave-trading parties had visited them with as much pretension to friendliness as Dr. Livingstone and his party, only to abuse their confidence. As every care was taken to do nothing that could give offence, they were slowly but surely won over to a belief in the friendly intentions of the red men, as they termed Livingstone and his white friends. Lake Nyassa, as he proved on his second visit, was more than two hundred miles long, with a breadth of from eighteen to fifty or sixty miles at its widest parts. It is narrowest towards its southern end, and has somewhat of the boot-shape of the Italian peninsula.

The party returned to the steam-boat after a land journey of forty days, very much exhausted from eating the cassava root. In its raw state it is poisonous, but when boiled twice, and the water strained off, it has no evil effect. The cook, not knowing this, had served it up after boiling it until the water was absorbed; and it was only after it had been tried with various mixtures, and the whole party had suffered for days from its effects, that the cause was discovered.

At Elephant Marsh on their return, they saw nine vast herds of elephants; they frequently formed a line two miles long.

From Chibisa's Village Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, with guides, went overland to Tete, and suffered greatly from the heat on the journey, arriving there very much exhausted. The steamer with the other members of the expedition had arrived at Tete before them and gone down to Kongone, as it was necessary to beach the vessel for repairs, as she leaked worse than ever. Off Senna, Senhor Ferrao sent them a bullock, which was a very acceptable gift. At Kongone they were supplied with stores from Her Majesty's ship *Lynx*; but unfortunately a boat was swamped in crossing the bar, and the mail bags, with despatches from Government and letters from home, were lost. It is easy to sympathise with Livingstone's distress at this most unfortunate accident. "The loss of the mail bags," he says "was felt severely, as we were on the point of starting on an expedition into the interior, which might require eight or nine months; and twenty months is a weary time to be without news of friends and family. After returning to Tete, where they stayed some time enjoying the hospitality of the Portuguese merchants, Livingstone and his companions, before proceeding inland to visit the Makololo country, sailed down

the Zambesi with Mr. Rae (the engineer), who was about to return to England to superintend the construction of a successor to the *Ma-Robert*, which was now of no use for the purposes for which she was intended. At Shupanga, Sininyane, one of the Makololo, exchanged names with a Zulu, and ever afterwards only answered to the name of Moshoshoma. This custom is common among the tribes on the Zambesi. After exchanging names the parties owe to each other special duties and services ever afterwards. While at Kebra-basa, Charles Livingstone was made a comrade for life—names not being exchanged—of a hungry native traveller to whom he gave some food and a small piece of cloth. Eighteen months afterwards, the man having prospered in the interval, he came into the camp of the party while on their journey into the interior, bringing a liberal present of rice, meal, beer, and a fowl, saying, “that he did not like them to sleep hungry or thirsty.” Some of the Makololo took the names of friendly chiefs, and others took the names of famous places they had visited; the assumed names being retained after their return to their own country.

While anchored in the river the party suffered from the visits of certain animals and insects. Mosquitoes of course were plentiful at certain seasons in the low-lying districts, but other tormentors were of a novel description. Livingstone gives a graphic account of some of them, from which we quote the following:—“The rats, or rather large mice of this region, are quite facetious, and, having a great deal of fun in them, often laugh heartily. . . . No sooner were we all asleep, than they made a sudden dash over the lockers and across our faces for the cabin door, where all broke out into a loud he! he! he! he! he! he! showing how keenly they enjoyed the joke. They next went forward with as much delight and scampered over the men. Every evening they went fore and aft, rousing with impartial feet every sleeper, and laughing to scorn the aimless blows, growls, and deadly rushes of outraged humanity. . . . Scorpions, centipedes, and poisonous spiders were not unfrequently brought into the ship with the wind, and occasionally found their way into our beds; but in every instance we were fortunate enough to discover and destroy them, before they did any harm. . . . Snakes sometimes came in with the wood, but oftener floated down the river to us, climbing on board with ease by the chain-cable, and some poisonous ones were caught in the cabin. A green snake lived with us several weeks, concealing himself behind the casing of the deck in the day time. To be aroused in the dark by five feet of cold green snake gliding over one’s face is rather unpleasant, however rapid the movement may be. Myriads of two varieties of cockroaches infested the vessel; they not only ate round the roots of our nails, but even devoured and defiled our food, flannels, and boots; vain were all our efforts to extirpate these destructive pests; if you kill one, say the sailors, a hundred come down to his funeral!”

At Senna and Tete he noticed a singular service in which domesticated monkeys were engaged. In speaking of the opportunities the merchants at these places allow to pass them of creating a thriving legitimate commerce, he says—"Our friends at Tete, though heedless of the obvious advantages which other nations would eagerly seize, have beaten the entire world in one branch of industry. It is a sort of anomaly that the animal most nearly allied to man in structure and function should be the most alien to him in respect to labour, or trusty friendship; but here the genius of the monkey is turned to good account. He is made to work in the chase of certain 'wingless insects better known than respected.' Having been invited to witness this branch of Tete industry, we can testify that the monkey took it kindly, and it seemed profitable to both parties."

The following is taken from Dr. Livingstone's report on the Shire Valley:—

"I have the honour to convey the information that we have traced the river Shire up to its point of departure from the hitherto undiscovered Lake Nyinyesi or Nyassa, and found that there are only 33 miles of cataracts to be passed above this, when the river becomes smooth again, and continues so right into the lake in lat. 14° 25' south. We have opened a cotton and sugar producing country of unknown extent, and while it really seems to afford reasonable prospects of great commercial benefits to our own country, it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave-market on the east coast and offers a fairer hope of its extirpation by lawful commerce than our previous notion of the country led us to anticipate. The matter may appear to your Lordship in somewhat the same light, if the following points in the physical conformation of the country are borne in mind.

"There is a channel of about from five to twelve feet, at all seasons of the year, from the sea at Kongone harbour up to this cataract, a distance of about 200 miles, and very little labour would be required to construct a common road past the cataracts, as the country there, though rapidly increasing in general elevation, is comparatively flat near the river.

"The adjacent region may be easily remembered as arranged in three well-defined terraces. The lowest of these is the valley of the Shire, which is from 1200 to 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and exactly like the valley of the Nile near Cairo, but beyond the cataracts somewhat broader. The second terrace lies east of this, and is upwards of 2000 feet in altitude, and some three or four miles broad. A third terrace, still further east, is over 3000 feet high at its western edge, or about the height of Table Mountain at the Cape, which is often mentioned as the most remarkable mountain in that part of Africa. The terrace is 10 or 12 miles broad, and is bounded on the east by Lake Shirwa, or Tamandua, and a range of very lofty mountains. On this last terrace rises Mount Zomba, which, on ascending, we found to be in

round numbers 7000 feet high; a mass of the same mountain, eight or ten miles distant from our encampment on it, must be at least 8000 feet in altitude.

“These features of the country are mentioned in order to show that we have very remarkable varieties of climate within a few miles’ distance of each other. We travelled in the hottest season of the year, or that called in Western Africa ‘the smokes,’ when, from the burning of tens of thousands of acres of tall grass, the atmosphere takes on a good deal of the appearance of a partial London fog; only here it is broiling hot. While we were marching in the Shire valley, or lowest terrace, the air was sultry and oppressive, the thermometer in the shade even often standing at 96°, and the water never under a temperature of 81° Fahr., but when we ascended the second terrace, the air became delightfully cool, and every mile or two we crossed a running rill of deliciously cold water. The third terrace was cold, and equally well supplied with running brooks; while on the top of Zomba our native companions complained bitterly of the cold.

“The mountain itself is of large extent, and at the part we ascended there is a large valley with a fine stream and much cultivation on the top; several parts of it are well wooded, and Dr. Kirk, the botanist, found pepper growing wild: an indication of a decidedly humid climate. On each of the three terraces cotton is cultivated extensively: this is not of the indigenous variety only, but foreign seeds have come up the Shire to some parts of the terraces, and also to the lake region, from the east coast. The length of staple to which these imported varieties have attained shows a suitable soil and climate. A good deal of salt is met with in certain soils here; and in all probability sea-island, the dearest of all cottons, would flourish, for specimens of common kinds were found superior to the Egyptian. The indigenous variety feels more like wool than cotton, but foreign seeds were eagerly accepted by the people from Mr. C. Livingstone, and the best means for disarming their suspicions that we might turn out to be a marauding party, was frankly to state that we came to find out and mark paths for our traders to follow and buy their cotton.

“We found a heavy swell on the lake, though there was no wind, and there was no appearance of the water ever falling or rising much from what we saw it. The river Shire never varies more than two or three feet from the wet to the dry season, and as it is from 80 to 150 yards broad, 12 feet deep, and has a current of 2½ knots an hour, the body of water which gives it off must be large and have considerable feeders. At its southern end the lake seemed eight or ten miles broad, and it trended away to the N.N.W.; a hilly island rose in the distance. It is small, and is called Bazulu. The same range of lofty mountains that lies east of Shirwa, or Tamandua, appeared as if continued along the north-east shore of Nyassa.

In his letters he made a formal report on the Zambesi, and its capacity as a channel of commerce, and the importance of the district through which it flows for trading purposes, he says:—

“In endeavouring to form an estimate of the value of the Zambesi for commercial purposes, it is necessary to recollect that we were obliged in the first instance to trust to the opinions of naval officers who had visited it, and the late Captain Parker, together with Lieutenant Hoskins, having declared that it was quite capable of being used for commerce, though the Portuguese never did, and do not now enter it directly from the sea, we trusted in the testimony of our countrymen, and though we failed to find a passage in by Parker’s Luabo, we discovered a safe entrance by the Urande Kongone; and H.M.S. *Lynx*, Captain Berkely, at a subsequent period, found a good channel by the main stream (Parker’s Luabo) though we had failed to observe it in a three days’ search. The question of safe entrance from the sea having thus been satisfactorily solved, our attention was next directed to the rest of the river, the subject of this report. It is desirable also to remember that, in an experimental expedition like ours, it was plainly an imperative duty to select the most healthy period of the year, in order to avoid the fate of the Great Niger Expedition. Had we come at any time between January and April, a large vessel could have been taken up as far as Tete, but that is the most unhealthy time of the year, and we then looked on the African fever as a much more formidable disease than we do now. We entered the river in June, when it was falling fast, but even then the official reports of Captain Gordon and other naval officers were precisely the same as those of Captain Parker and Lieutenant Hoskins. Their testimony, however, referred to only about 70 miles from the sea, Mazaro, the point at which the Portuguese use of the river begins. We have now enjoyed a twelvemonth’s experience, which is the shortest period in which all the changes that occur annually can be noted, and we have carefully examined the whole, from the sea to Tete, five times over, in a craft the top-speed of which, ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  knots) admitted of nothing being done in a hurry, and may therefore be considered in a position to give an opinion of equal value to that of flying visitors, better qualified in all other respects for the task. As a report on the river would be incomplete without a description of it when at its lowest, I sent the journal of Mr. T. Baines to the Society, which was written at the worst part of the river, and in a season said by all to be one of unusual drought. Mr. Baines was taken up by a southern channel, which contained much less water than that which we ascended a month later; but adopting that journal as showing what the river may again become in a season of drought, I would only add that in passing from the sea to Tete, when the river had fallen still lower than at the period when the journal was penned, we were obliged to drag the vessel over three crossings, 100 or 150 feet long, of from 24 to 18 inches of water. It is not, however, to be understood that

such is then the general depth. In the broad parts of the river we have three or four channels, and the greater part of these channels contains water from 8 to 15 feet deep, even when the river has reached its lowest ebb. But we are often obliged to cross from one channel to another, and sometimes from one bank to the other; and it is in these crossings that the difficulties occur. I am not aware that anything has been written on the form of the bottoms of rivers, but familiarity with that and the signs on the surface will enable one man to find three fathoms, while another will run aground in one or two feet. From our experience of a year in which the river was unusually low, and the rise deferred to a later than ordinary period, it is certain that a vessel really of 18 inches or 2 feet draught could ply at all seasons on the first 300 miles of the Zambesi.

“We have in the course of one year cut up into small pieces upwards of 150 tons of lignum vitæ alone, which, according to the average prices in London during 1858, was worth about £900. This wood, when dry, was, in the absence of coal, the only fuel with which we could get up steam, owing to the boiler-tubes being singularly placed all on one side and chiefly below the level of the fire, from which novel arrangement one side remains long cold while the other is hot, like a patient in the palsy; and four and a half or five mortal hours of fuel-burning are required to get up steam; yet by incessant labour and a dogged determination to extract all the good possible out of an engine probably intended to grind coffee in a shop-window, we have traversed 2350 miles of river. Now, had we been permitted to show what could be effected in this one branch of commerce, it is not unreasonable to say that every time the saw went through lignum vitæ it might have been to secure or dress a log. Without any great labour we might have cut a thousand instead of one hundred and fifty tons of that valuable wood, and given a practical exposition of what may, and very probably soon will be effected by the Germans in Zambesi commerce.

“The only paper that reached us up to the middle of June last contained a short notice of the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in which some interesting assertions were made in connection with a pretty theory and an engineering plan, that the Zambesi, which, under the very serious disadvantages of that plan, we have actually been navigating, was not navigable at all. If our fellow-members will only believe that we have a merry smile on our faces, we would venture to move, for the support of the theory, in parliamentary fashion, that the word *ought* be inserted thus: ‘Wheat *ought* not to grow at the level of the sea;’ ‘indigo *ought* not to grow more than a foot high,’ and ‘it *ought* not to contain indigo at all.’ ‘The seeds of cucumbers and water-melons *ought* not to contain a fine bland oil, fit for the purposes of the table,’ because that would be like ‘extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.’ ‘The Zambesi *ought* not to be navigable for commercial

purposes,' and the Steam Launch 'Asthmatic' 'ought to have been intended to draw something more than merely 'grist to the mill.'

"From October, 1858, to June, 1859, 5782 elephants' tusks have gone down the Zambesi from Tete alone; of these two-thirds were large, or upwards of 50lbs. each. The weight of the whole was in round numbers 100,000lbs. All merchandise is carried in large unwieldy canoes, which cost between £60 and £70 each. When loaded they draw about two feet and carry two tons, at an expense of £10 sterling from Kilimane to Tete, when the river is full. When the small channel between the Zambesi and the Kilimane river is dry, which is the case at least nine months in the year, the expense is much increased by the land-carriage to Mazaro. English manufactured goods come in a roundabout way by Banian or Gentoo traders from Bombay, and they are obliged to give larger prices for ivory than the Americans or Germans, who are absorbing all the trade of Eastern Africa. Several Tete merchants have been waiting at Kilimane for months in expectation of American ships with cottons. For the information of mercantile men it may be added that the American calicoes are coarse, unbleached, yard-wide cottons, costing at Kilimane between 5d. and 6d. per yard; and muskets, inferior to English trade arms, from 26s. to 36s. each. With calicoes, guns, and gunpowder, they easily secure all the trade on the east coast below Zanzibar. No attempt is made to encourage the native taste for better articles, which exists quite as strongly here as on the west coast. Red and blue colours are often unravelled, respun, and rewoven into country cloths, and towards Lake Shirwa the only scraps of these colours that come in to the country are exclusively claimed by the chiefs."

"If we divide the Zambesi into three reaches, namely, from the sea to Kebra-basa—from Kebra-basa to Kansolo—and thence to Victoria Falls—we find that each reach is abundantly supplied with coal. Your Lordship's attention has already been directed to the coal-field at Tete. In addition to a former discovery of coal on the south bank above Chicova, we now discovered the mineral in two rivulets on the north bank. Blocks of it, a foot or more square, lay in a stream, called Sinjere, and, curiously enough, the natives did not know that it would burn. The same coal-field extends, with occasional faults from the bursting through of igneous rocks, nearly to the Victoria Falls, and the quality is better even than that of Tete. It resembles closely English domestic coal, for it froths like toasting-cheese in an open fire. This vast coal-field will possibly modify the calculations of philosophers as to the amount of mineral in the world, and it may constitute an important element in the future greatness of the Cape colony.

"Dr. Kirk and I, with four Makololo, went up to the worst or unapproachable rapid, called 'Morumbua.' Our companions were most willing fellows; but at last gave in, showing their horny soles blistered, and

the blisters broken. Our good strong boots were quite worn through ; a pair of 'powries' (none-such) went as the others, though in ordinary travelling there was no wearing them down. On still urging the Makololo to another effort, they said that 'they always believed I had a heart till then ; I had surely become insane, and they were sorry Kirk could not understand them, for if he could he would go back with them.' A fortnight and thirty miles made us all lean and haggard, as if recovering from severe illness. Had I come by this way in 1856, I should never have reached Tete. I do not attempt to describe the rocks, broken, twisted, huddled about in the wildest manner and confusion, over which we struggled: it is impossible. But this region, with its lofty healthy mountains, will yet become famous for tourists. We climbed over mountains 2,000 or 2,300 feet high, and cut our way through the tangled forest that covers them. I once thought highly of field geography, and despised that of the easy chair ; but I gave in now. Commend me to travelling with a pair of compasses or seven-league boots, without any regard to the slight obstacles which Nature has interposed. Easy-chair geography will do for all the easy-going people, and is often believed in by even the public ; but you need not suppose I have been going the length of making no observations, though I cannot send you any on this occasion ; no time to transcribe."

"The people inhabiting the valley of the Zambesi above the confluence of the Kafue are chiefly Baleuje and Bawe ; but they are much mixed with other tribes. They all cultivate the soil and raise large quantities of grain. A considerable amount of remarkably fine cotton is also planted, yet a large number of the men go stark naked. They are not inferior in any respect to the natives who clothe themselves—the women are all decently covered ; but these Baenda-pezi, or go-nakeds as they are called, are absolutely devoid of shame. Their tobacco-pipes are elaborately ornamented with iron and copper, and they are sufficiently conceited in the fashion of their hair and the colour of the beads around their necks ; but though they deny the existence of any law on the subject except custom, neither laughing nor joking could arouse the sense of decency. What was of more importance, they were very hospitable, and accompanied us for days together, carrying the burdens of our men for very small payments."

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Start for Linyanti.—Cutting up an Elephant.—The “go-naked” Tribe.—The Victoria Falls.—They find Sekeletu Ill.—Leave Sesheke.—Arrive at Kongone.*

AS Livingstone felt bound in honour to revisit Sekeletu and take back the men who had accompanied him from that chief in his wanderings, together with the merchandise he had purchased for his use with the tusks entrusted to him, the party started from Tete for Linyanti, on the 15th of May, leaving ten English sailors in charge of the ship until their return. As many of the men had taken up with slave women they did not leave with much good will, and before the party had reached Kebrabasa Rapids, thirty of them had deserted. Before starting, Livingstone had paid them in cloth, &c., for their services in the expedition, being anxious that they should make as good an appearance as possible when they reached Linyanti. Many of them had earned a good deal during their stay at Tete, while Dr. Livingstone was absent in England; but as they unfortunately picked up a good many of the evil habits of the natives round Tete, they had squandered all they possessed. It is painful to think that these unsophisticated sons of nature should have come so far to see and meet civilized people with such results. Not only were the slave and half-caste population drunken and immoral, but the Portuguese merchants with few exceptions were no better.

A merchant at Tete sent three of his men with the party to convey a present for Sekeletu, two other merchants sent him a couple of donkeys, and Major Sicard sent them men to assist them on their return, when, of course, their attendants would be reduced, should the Makololo men elect to remain, and no one volunteer to accompany them on their return down the river. In order to escape the exactions of the Banyai tribes, the party proceeded up the left bank of the river. At several of the villages, on their way up the Zambesi valley, they saw and conversed with *pondoros*, as men are called who pretend to be able to change themselves into a lion or other animal. Strangely enough, this power appeared to be believed in by the people; even the wife of the *pondoro*, during the period when he retires into the forests to change his shape, leaving food for him in a hut in the forest prepared for him, the change to the brute form apparently not destroying or altering the human appetite. These excursions usually last until the *pondoro* has discovered some animal just slain by a lion, when he returns to his village and

leads them to the carcase, taking credit to himself, of course, for having killed it during his transformation.

“It is believed also,” says Dr. Livingstone, “that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions, rendering them sacred. On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kafue, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring.” One of their native followers, imbued with the popular belief that the brute was a chief in disguise, took him to task in his intervals of silence for his meanness in wanting to plunder the camp.

“You a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief do you? What kind a chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief truly; you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief; why don’t you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all indeed!”

Near the village of a chief called Sandia, six of the Makololo shot a cow elephant. In this district, the chief claims one half of any game killed on his ground. This right was to some extent waived, the headman of the hunting party superintended the cutting up of the brute and apportioned the pieces—“the head and right hind leg belong to him who killed the beast, that is to him who inflicted the first wound; the left leg to him who delivered the second, or first touched the animal after it fell; the meat around the eye to the English, or chief of the travellers; and different parts to the headmen of the different fires, or groups, of which the camp is composed; not forgetting to enjoin the preservation of the fat and bowels for a second distribution.” The cutting up of the carcase is a scene of wild excitement. “Some jump inside, and roll about there in their eagerness to seize the precious fat, while others run off screaming; with pieces of the bloody meat, throw it on the grass, and run back for more; all kept talking and shouting at the utmost pitch of their voices. Sometimes two or three, regardless of all law, seize the same piece of meat, and have a brief fight of words over it. . . . In an incredibly short time tons of meat are cut up, and placed in separate heaps around.” The following is the method of cooking the elephant’s forefoot, which the white members of the party had for breakfast on the following morning. “A large hole was dug in the ground in which a fire was made, and when the inside was thoroughly heated, the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with the hot ashes and soil. Another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night. . . . It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow. . . . Elephants’ trunks and tongues are also good, and, after long simmering, much resemble the hump of a buffalo, and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough, and, from its peculiar flavour, only to be eaten by a hungry man.” The natives eat enormous quantities of meat when they have the opportunity.

“They boil as much as their pots will hold, and eat until it becomes physically impossible for them to stow away any more. An uproarious dance follows, accompanied with stentorian song; and as soon as they have shaken their first course down, and washed off the sweat and dust of the after performance, they go to work to roast more; a short snatch of sleep succeeds, and they are up and at it again; all night long it is boil and eat, roast and devour, with a few brief interludes of sleep. Like other carnivora, these men can endure hunger for a much longer period than the mere porridge-eating tribes.” As game was abundant, the weather excellent for camping, and the route known, travelling was not an unpleasant task. Flocks of guinea fowl and other birds, were met with daily; and, as they were in good condition, and their flesh excellent, the party enjoyed a variety of flesh meat.

In camping the men by turns cut grass for the beds of the three Englishmen,—Dr. Livingstone being placed in the middle, Dr. Kirk on the right, and Charles Livingstone on the left. Their bags, rifles, and revolvers were placed near their beds, and a fire was kindled near their feet. A dozen fires were kindled in the camp nightly, and replenished from time to time by the men who were awakened by the cold. On these grass beds, with their rugs drawn over them, the three Englishmen slept soundly under some giant tree, through whose branches when awake they could look up to the clear star-spangled moonlit sky. Their attendants slept between mats of palm leaves, which were sewn together round three sides of the square, one being left open to enable the man to crawl in between the two. These sleeping bags are called *fumbas*, and when they were all at rest within the encampment, they had the appearance of sacks strewn round about the camp fires.

In camp, when food was plenty, there was no lack of amusement. After the camp fires were lighted and the important labours consequent on cooking and eating were over, the party sat round the fires talking and singing.

“Every evening one of the Batoka played his sansa, and continued at it until far into the night; he accompanied it with an extempore song, in which he rehearsed their deeds ever since they left their own country.” Political discussions frequently arose, in which radical and revolutionary theorists combated loyal and constitutional orators, after the manner of political clubs at home. On these occasions “the whole camp was aroused, and the men shouted to one another from the different fires; whilst some whose tongues were never heard on any other subject, now burst forth into impassioned speech. The misgovernment of chiefs formed an inexhaustible theme.

“‘We could govern ourselves better,’ they cry, ‘so what is the use of chiefs at all? they do not work. The chief is fat, and has plenty of wives; whilst we, who do the hard work, have hunger, only one wife, or more likely

none ; now this must be bad, unjust, and wrong.' All shouted to this a loud ' ehe,' equivalent to our ' hear, hear.'

" Next the headmen, Kanyata, and Tuba, with his loud voice, are heard taking up the subject on the loyal side."

" ' The chief is the father of the people ; can there be people without a father, eh ? God made the chief. Who says that the chief is not wise ? He is wise, but his children are fools.' ' Tuba goes on generally till he has silenced all opposition ; and if his arguments are not always sound, his voice is the loudest, and he is sure to have the last word. "

About five o'clock in the morning the camp was astir ; the blankets were folded and stowed away in bags ; the *fumbas* and cooking pots were fixed on the end of the carrying sticks, which were borne on the shoulders. The cook carried the cooking utensils used for the Englishmen ; and after a cup of tea or coffee, the whole party were on the march before sunrise.

At nine, breakfast was prepared at a convenient spot. In the middle of the day there was a short rest, and early in the afternoon they pitched their camp—the white men going a-hunting if food was required, and examining the neighbourhood. Their rate of progress was about two and a half miles an hour as the crow flies, and their daily march lasted about six hours. After several days of this, the natives complained of being fatigued, even when well fed with fresh meat. They lacked the stamina and endurance of the Europeans, although travelling in their own country.

In the Chicova plains, a chief named Chitora brought the party a present of food and drink, because, he said, " He did not wish us to sleep hungry : he had heard of Dr. Livingstone when he passed down, and had a great desire to see and converse with him ; but he was a child then, and could not speak in the presence of great men. He was glad that he had seen the English now, and was sorry that his people were away, or he should have made them cook for us." Here and at other places they noticed that the natives filtered their water through sand, even although at the time the water of the river was clear and limpid. During the flood as the water is polluted with all sorts of filth collected near the native villages, the filtering process is very necessary.

Of the effect the white men have upon the native population on a first encounter, Dr. Livingstone says :—

" There must be something in the appearance of white men frighfully repulsive to the unsophisticated natives of Africa ; for, on entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if we met a child coming quietly and unsuspectingly towards us, the moment he raised his eyes, and saw the men in ' bags' (trousers), he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British Museum. Alarmed by the child's wild outcries, the mother rushes out of her

hut, but darts back again at the first glimpse of the same fearful apparition. Dogs turn tail and scour off in dismay, and hens abandoning their chickens fly screaming to the tops of the houses. The so-lately peaceful village becomes a scene of confusion and hubbub, until calmed by the laughing assurance of our men, that white people do not eat black folks; a joke having oftentimes greater influence in Africa than solemn assertions. Some of our young swells, on entering an African village, might experience a collapse of self-inflation, at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them, as from hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into public hobgoblins; the mammas holding naughty children away from them, and saying, 'Be good, or I shall call the white men to bite you.'

The two donkeys rivalled them in the interest they excited. "Great was the astonishment when one of the donkeys began to bray. The timid jumped more than if a lion had roared beside them. All were startled, and stood in mute amazement at the harsh-voiced one, till the last broken note was uttered; then, on being assured that nothing in particular was meant, they looked at each other, and burst into a loud laugh at their common surprise. When one donkey stimulated the other to try his vocal powers, the interest felt by the startled natives must have equalled that of the Londoners, when they first crowded to see the famous hippopotamus."

Here, they examined seams of excellent coal, and found lumps of it which had been brought down from the near hill ranges by the brooks, and astonished the natives by showing them that the black stones would burn. They stated that there was plenty of it among the hills. Some of the chiefs wore wigs made of the fibrous leaves of a plant called *ife*, allied to the *aloe*; when properly dyed these wigs have a fine glossy appearance. Mpende and his people, who were objects of some dread to Livingstone and his companions in their journey to the coast from Linyanti were now most friendly: the chief apologising for his want of attention to the traveller and his party as they passed on their way to the coast. Several Banyai chiefs sent their headmen across the stream to demand tribute, but the travellers were glad to be in a position to resist such exactions. Halting near the village of a chief named Pangola, he demanded a rifle in exchange for the food they needed, and refused to trade on any other terms; fortunately, a member of the party managed to shoot a water-bok, which rendered them independent of the greedy savage, who was intensely mortified at seeing them depart without his having traded with them in any way. He cried after them as they passed on their way, "You are passing Pangola. Do not you see Pangola?" But the whole party were so disgusted with him that they would have no dealings with him on any terms.

Passing the ruins of the once flourishing Portuguese settlement of Zumbo,

which is beautifully situated in the midst of fertile plains watered by two splendid rivers, the travellers moralised on the worse than utter failure attending the establishment of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa. "Not a single art (says Dr. Livingstone) save that of distilling spirits by means of a gun-barrel, has ever been learnt from the strangers; and if all the progeny of the whites were at once to leave the country, their only memorial would be the ruins of a few stone and mud-built walls, and that blighting relic of the slave-trade, the belief that man may sell his brother man; a belief which is not of native origin, for it is not found except in the track of the Portuguese." Beyond the ruins of their churches at Zumbo, there is nothing in the habits and beliefs of the people to tell that Christianity was once taught there. At Tete, Senna, and Kilimane, where the Jesuits have still establishments, although shorn of their original splendour, their want of success is in deep contrast to the good done among the people of Ambaca, which is still perceptible after several generations. Maintaining a footing in the country only on the sufferance of the Zulus and other native tribes, it is a matter of deep regret that the Portuguese government should be permitted to stand in the way of the elevation of a people, and the civilization of a vast territory.

Between Zumbo and the falls, game of all kinds was so abundant that their native attendants got fat, and became fastidious in their eating, declining antelope and preferring buffalo flesh and guinea fowl. The natives were curious and hospitable at all the villages they passed, and their bold and fearless bearing told that they were now beyond the range of the operations of the slave-traders. Families were frequently met marching in single file—the man at the head, carrying nothing save his weapons of defence, his wives and sons and daughters following with their scanty household utensils and comforts. These parties always came in for a share of the white men's abundance of flesh meat. Around the foot of the great tree of audience at every village, or suspended from its branches, were collections of buffalo and antelope horns and skulls, the trophies of the chase. The travellers remarked, that "at these spots were some of the most splendid buffalo heads we have ever seen; the horns after making a complete circle had commenced a second turn. This would be a rich country for a horn-fancier."

The only thing edible they wanted in the central plains was vegetables; now and again they got a supply of sweet potatoes, which allayed the disagreeable craving which a continuous diet of meat and meal had induced. After crossing the Kafue, the party got amongst a people of Batoka origin, and belonging to the same tribe as several of the attendants who had left Linyanti with Livingstone. Here they were told that Moselekatse's (Sebituane's great enemy) chief town was above three hundred miles distant, and that the English had come to him and taught him that it was wrong to kill people, and that now he sent out his men to collect and sell ivory. It was

refreshing to find that news of this description had travelled so far. The Bawee, a people who go entirely nude, or clothed only in a coat of red ochre (of whom we shall hear more from Mr. C. Livingstone), were very friendly. The party tried to discover the reason for their going naked, but could only learn that it was the custom; the habit was only confined to the males, the women being always more or less clothed. They felt no shame, nor could any feeling be aroused by laughing and jocking at their appearance. They "evidently felt no less decent than we did with our clothes on; but whatever may be said in favour of nude statues, it struck us that man in a state of nature is a most ungainly animal. Could we see a number of the degraded of our own lower classes in like guise, it is probable, that, without the black colour which acts somehow as a dress they would look worse still."

Leaving the bank of the Zambesi for a time, the party travelled through the Batoka highlands, where the free air of the hill side was most invigorating and beneficial, especially to Dr. Kirk, who had suffered from fever. The country, although very fertile, is thinly populated, Sebituane and Moselekatse having ravaged it in their numerous forays. The Batoka are a peace-loving and industrious people; they were so hospitable that it would have pained them if the party had passed without receiving something. Very frequently they prepared their camp for them,—smoothing the ground with their hoes for their beds, collecting grass and firewood, erecting a bush fence to protect them from the wind, and carrying water from the distant well or stream.

Once they were visited by a noble specimen of the Go-nakeds, clothed only in a tobacco pipe, with a stem two feet long wound round with polished ivory. "God made him naked," he said, "and he had therefore never worn any clothing."

Great quantities of tobacco are grown in the Batoka country, which is famed for its quality; they are inveterate smokers, but always had the politeness to ask the white men's permission before smoking in their presence. Above Kariba the people had never before been visited by white men. The chief of Koba, on being asked if any tradition existed among his people of strangers having visited the country, answered "Not at all; our fathers all died without telling us that they had seen men like you. To-day I am exalted in seeing what they never saw"; while others, in a spirit worthy of Charles Lamb, who threatened to write for the ancients, because the moderns did not appreciate him properly, said, "We are the true ancients; we have seen stranger things than any of our ancestors, in seeing you."

The following admirable account of the Batoka country and its people is from the pen of Mr. Charles Livingstone:—

"The country of the Batoka, in Central Africa, lies between the 25th and 29th degrees of East longitude and the 16th and 18th of South latitude.

It has the river Kafue on the North, the Zambesi on the East and South, and extends West till it touches the low fever-plains of the river Majeela, near Sesheke.

“But a few years since these extensive, healthy highlands were well peopled by the Batoka; numerous herds of cattle furnished abundance of milk, and the rich soil largely repaid the labour of the husbandman. Now enormous herds of buffaloes, elephants, antelopes, zebras, &c., fatten on the excellent pasture which formerly supported multitudes of cattle, and not a human being is to be seen. We travelled from Monday morning till late in the Saturday afternoon (from Thabacheu to within 20 miles of Victoria Falls) without meeting a single person, though constantly passing the ruined sites of Batoka villages. These people were driven out of this, the choicest portion of their noble country, by the invasion of Sebituane. Many were killed, and the survivors, except those around the Falls, plundered of their cattle, fled to the banks of the Zambesi and to the rugged hills of Mataba. Scarcely, however, had the conquerors settled down to enjoy their ill-gotten riches when they themselves were attacked by small-pox; and, as soon as its ravages had ceased, the fighting Matabele compelled them to abandon the country, and seek refuge amidst the fever-swamps of Linyanti.

“The Batoka have a mild and pleasant expression of countenance, and are easily distinguished from the other Africans by the singular fashion of wearing no upper front teeth, all persons of both sexes having them knocked out in early life. They seem never to have been a fighting race, but to have lived at peace among themselves, and on good terms with their neighbours. While passing through their country we observed one day a large cairn. Our guide favoured us with the following account of it:—‘Once on a time the ancients were going to fight another tribe; they halted here and sat down. After a long consultation they came to the unanimous conclusion that, instead of proceeding to fight and kill their neighbours, and perchance getting themselves killed, it would be more like men to raise this heap of stones as their earnest protest against what the other tribe had done, which they accordingly did, and then returned quietly home again.’

“But, although the Batoka appear never to have had much stomach for fighting with men, they are remarkably brave hunters of buffaloes and elephants. They rush fearlessly close up to these formidable animals, and kill them with their heavy spears. The Banyai, who have long levied black-mail from all Portuguese traders, were amazed at the daring bravery of the Batoka in coming at once to close quarters with the elephant and despatching him. They had never seen the like before. Does it require one kind of bravery to fight with men, and another and different sort to fight with the fiercest animals? It seems that men may have the one kind in an eminent degree, and yet be without the other.

“The Batoka having lived at peace for ages, had evidently attained to a degree of civilization very much in advance of any other tribe we have yet discovered. They *planted* and *cultivated fruit-trees*. Nowhere else has this been the case, not even among the tribes which have been in contact with the Portuguese for two hundred years, and have seen and tasted mangoes, oranges, &c., &c. The natives round Senna and Tete will on no account plant the stone of a mango. They are firm believers in a superstition that ‘if any one plants a mango, he will die soon afterwards.’

“In and around the Batoka villages some of the most valuable timber-trees have been allowed to stand, but every worthless tree has been cut down and rooted out, and the best of the various fruit-trees of the country have been carefully planted and preserved, and also a few trees from whose seeds they extracted oil. We saw fruit-trees which had been planted in regular rows, the trunks being about three feet in diameter, and also grand old Motsakiri fruit-trees still bearing abundantly, which had certainly seen a hundred summers.

“Two of the ancient Batoka once travelled as far as the river Loangwa. There they saw the massan-tree in fruit, carried some all the way back to the Great Falls, and planted them. Two of the trees are still standing, the only ones of the kind in all that region.

“They made a near approach to the custom of even the most refined nations in having permanent graveyards, either on the sides of sacred hills, or under the shady fig-trees near the villages. They revered the tombs of their ancestors, and erected monuments of the costliest ivory at the head of the grave, and often even entirely enclosed it with the choicest ivory. Other tribes on the Zambesi throw the body into the river, to be devoured by alligators; or, sewing it in a mat, place it on the branches of the baobab, or cast it into some gloomy, solitary spot overgrown with thorns and noxious weeds, to be devoured by the foul hyena. But the Batoka reverently buried their dead, and regarded the ground as sacred to their memories. Near the confluence of the Kafue, the chief, accompanied by some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present; their foreheads were marked with white flour, and there was an unusual seriousness in their demeanour.

“We were informed that shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft. Conscious of innocence they accepted the terrible ordeal, or offered to drink the poisoned muavi. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill where reposed the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirits of their fathers to judge of the innocence of these their children, drank the muavi, vomited, and were therefore declared to be ‘Not guilty.’ They believed in the immortality of the soul, and that the souls of their ancestors knew what they were doing, and were

pleased or not accordingly. The owners of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirits of their fathers, who helped them in killing the hippopotamus.

“Some of the Batoka chiefs must have had a good deal of enterprise. The lands of one in the western part of the country lay on the Zambesi, which protected him on the South; on the East and North was an impassable reedy marsh, filled with water all the year round, leaving only his West border unprotected and open to invasion. He conceived the bold project of digging a broad and deep canal, nearly a mile in length, from the West end of the reedy river to the Zambesi, and actually carried it into execution; thus forming a large island, on which his cattle grazed in safety, and his corn ripened from year to year secure from all marauders.

“Another chief, who died a number of years ago, believed that he had discovered a remedy for tsetse-bitten cattle. His son showed us the plant, which was new to our botanist, and likewise told us how the medicine was prepared. The bark of the root is dried, and—what will be specially palatable to our homœopathist friends—a dozen tsetse are caught, dried, and ground with the bark to a fine powder. The mixture is administered internally, and the cattle are also smoked, by burning the rest of the plant under them. The treatment is continued some weeks, as often as symptoms of the poison show themselves. This, he frankly said, will not cure all the bitten cattle, for cattle, and men too, die in spite of medicine; but should a herd by accident stray into a tsetse district and get bitten, by this medicine of Kampakampa, his father, some of them could be saved, while without it all would be sure to die.

“A remarkably prominent feature in the Batoka character is their enlarged hospitality. No stranger is ever allowed to suffer hunger. They invariably sent to our sleeping-places large presents of the finest white meal, with fat capons “to give it a relish,” and great pots of beer to comfort our hearts, with pumpkins, beans, and tobacco; so that, as they said, we ‘should not sleep hungry or thirsty.’

“In travelling from the Kafue to Sinamanes, we often passed several villages in the course of a day’s march. In the evening, deputations arrived from those villages at which we could not sleep, with liberal presents of food. It evidently pained them to have strangers pass them without partaking of their hospitality. Repeatedly were we hailed from huts, asked to wait a moment and drink a little beer, which they brought with alacrity.

“When we halted for the night, it was no uncommon thing for these people to prepare our camp. Entirely of their own accord, some with their hoes quickly smoothed the ground for our beds; others brought bundles of grass and spread it carefully over the spot; some with their small axes speedily made a brush-fence round to shield us from the wind; and if, as

occasionally happened, the water was a little distant, others hastened and brought a pot or two of water to cook our food with, and also firewood. They are an industrious people, and very fond of agriculture. For hours at a time have we marched through unbroken corn-fields of nearly a mile in width. They erect numerous granaries for the reception of the grain, which give their villages the appearance of being unusually large; and when the water of the Zambesi has subsided they place the grain, tied up in bundles of grass, well plastered over with clay, on low sand islands, as a protection against the attacks of marauding mice and men.

“Owing to the ravages of the weevil, the native corn can hardly be preserved until the following crop comes in. However largely they may cultivate, and abundant the harvest, it must all be consumed the same year in which it is grown. This may account for their making so much of it into beer. The beer they brew is not the sour and intoxicating kind found among other tribes, but sweet, and highly nutritious, with only a slight degree of acidity to render it a pleasant drink. We never saw a single case of intoxication among them, though all drank great quantities of beer. They were all plump, and in good condition.

“Both men and boys were eager to work for very small pay. Our men could hire any number of them to carry their burdens for a few beads a-day or a bit of cloth. The miserly and extra-dirty cook had an old pair of trousers some of us had given him, and which he had long worn himself: with one of the decayed legs of his trousers he hired a man to carry his heavy load a whole day; a second man carried it the next day for the other leg; and what remained of the old trousers, minus the buttons, procured the labour of another man for the third day.

“A peculiar order of men is established among them, the order of the Endah Pezes (Go-Nakeds). The badge of this order, as the name suggests, consists in the entire absence of the slightest shred of clothing. They are in the state in which Adam is reported to have been before his invention of the fig-leaf apparel. We began to see members of this order about two days above the junction of the Kafue; two or three might be seen in a village. The numbers steadily increased, until in a short time every man and boy wore a badge of the Endah Pezes. The chief of one of the first villages, a noble, generous fellow, was one, as were likewise two or three of his men. In the afternoon he visited us in the full dress of his order, viz., a tobacco-pipe, nothing else whatever, the stem about two feet long, wound round with polished iron. He gave us a liberal present. Early next morning he came, accompanied by his wife and daughter, with two large pots of beer, in order that we might refresh ourselves before starting. Both the women, as comely and modest-looking as we have seen in Africa, were well clothed and adorned.

“The women, in fact, are all well clothed, and have many ornaments.

Some wear tin ear-rings all round the ear, no fewer than nine often in each ear. There was nothing to indicate that they had the slightest idea of there being anything peculiar in the no-dress-at-all style of their order. They rub their bodies with red ochre. Some plait a fillet two inches wide, of the inner bark of trees, shave the wool off the lower part of the head to an inch above the ear, tie this fillet on, having rubbed it and the wool which is left with the red ochre mixed in oil. It gives them the appearance of having on a neat forage-cap. This, with some strings of beads, a little polished iron wire round the arms, the never-failing pipe, and a small pair of tongs to lift up a coal to light it with, constitute all the clothing the most dandyfied Endah Peze ever wears.

“They raise immense quantities of tobacco on the banks of the Zambesi in the winter months, and are, perhaps, the most inveterate smokers in the world. The pipe is seldom out of their hands. They are as polite smokers as any ever found in a railway carriage. When they came with a present, although it was their own country, before lighting their pipes they asked if we had any objections to their smoking beside us, which of course, contrary to railway travellers, we never had. They have invented a novel mode of smoking, which may interest those who are fond of the weed at home. They take a whiff, puff out the grosser smoke, then by a sudden inhalation before all is out contrive to catch, as they say, and swallow the pure spirit of the tobacco, its real essence, which common smokers lose entirely. Their tobacco is said to be very strong; it is certainly very cheap; a few strings of beads will purchase as much as will last any reasonable smoker half a year. Their government, whatever it may have been formerly, is now that of separate and independent chiefs.”

At Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages which owed allegiance to Sekeletu, the party distinctly saw the smoke of the Victoria Falls, twenty miles distant. Here their native attendants heard news from home. Takelang's wife had been killed by Sekeletu's headman at the Falls, on a charge of witchcraft; Inchikola's two wives, believing him to be dead, had married again; and Masakasa was intensely disquieted to hear that two years before his friends, giving him up for dead, had held a kind of Irish wake in his honour, slaughtered all his oxen, and thrown his shield over the Falls. He declared he would devour them, and when they came to salute him would say, “I am dead; I am not here; I belong to another world, and should stink if I came among you.” The Batoka wife of Sima, who had remained faithful to him during his absence, came to welcome him back, and took the young wife he had brought with him from Tete away with her without a murmur of disapproval. At night, when the camp was quiet, Takelang fired his musket and cried out, “I am weeping for my wife; my court is desolate; I have no home!” ending with a loud wail of anguish.

Dr. Livingstone and his English friends had news also to receive of a painful character. An attempt to establish a mission at Linyanti under the Rev. F. C. Helmore had failed. The mission originally consisted of nine Europeans and thirteen coloured people from the neighbourhood of Kuruman. Of these, five Europeans, including Mr. Helmore and his wife, and four natives, died within three months, and the survivors retreated disheartened from the region which had been so deadly to their devoted companions. Sekeletu had behaved very badly to the members of the mission, and got into trouble on account of his conduct with Sechele, who considered himself the guardian and protector of the white men in these parts.

The various headmen of Sekeletu having been holding forays among the Batoka, had to be lectured by Dr. Livingstone—a discipline which they took in good part, excusing themselves by endeavouring to prove that they were in the right, and could not avoid fighting.

On the 9th of August, 1860, the party reached the Victoria Falls, and Dr. Livingstone and his two companions were rowed through the rapids to Garden Island, to obtain a view of the falls. The canoe in which they sat was owned by Tuba Mokoro, which means “Smasher of canoes,” a somewhat ominous title, which his success and skill on the present occasion belied. The party had to embark several miles above the falls, and were strictly enjoined to maintain silence. For a considerable distance the river was smooth and tranquil, the beautiful islands, densely covered with tropical vegetation, adding to the pleasure felt in the rapid and easy movement of the craft. Near the falls the surface of the river is broken by rocks, which, as the water was then low, protruded their heads above the stream, breaking the current into boiling and foaming eddies, which required all the skill of the boatmen to pilot their way through. “There were places”—Livingstone says—“where the utmost exertion of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapids, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jugged out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided smoothly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. . . . We were driving swiftly down. A black rock, over which the foam flew, lay directly in our path. The pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place, to bale out the water.”

At the falls they met an Englishman, a Mr. Baldwin, from Natal, who had reached them, his only guide for the greater part of the way being his pocket compass. He had anticipated the arrival of his waggon by two days. Mashotlam had ferried him across the stream, and when nearly over he had jumped out and swam ashore. "If" said the chief, "he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound there, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us, therefore, we said, he must pay us a fine." Mr. Baldwin was, when Dr. Livingstone and his friends met him, contentedly waiting the arrival of his waggon, so that he might pay the fine.

On reaching Sesheke, where Sekeletu was, Dr. Livingstone found matters in a bad way with the Makololo. Sekeletu was suffering from leprosy, and had withdrawn himself from the sight of his people. A long-continued drought had almost destroyed the crops, and the country was suffering from a partial famine. The illness and inactivity of Sekeletu had induced chiefs and headmen at a distance to do as they pleased; which meant too often the ill-usage of their immediate dependants, and the plundering of neighbouring and friendly tribes.

On the arrival of the party an unbroken stream of visitors poured in upon them, all desirous of paying their respects to Dr. Livingstone, and to tell him the haps and mishaps which had befallen them during his absence. All were in low spirits. Sekeletu, believing himself bewitched, had slain a number of his chief men, together with their families; distant friendly tribes were revolting; famine was upon them, and the power of the Makololo was passing away. These forebodings were only too soon realised. In 1864 Sekeletu died; and in the struggle which ensued for the succession, the wide kingdom his father had conquered and ruled over, with a wisdom unexampled among his peers, was broken up.

They found Sekeletu sitting in a covered waggon, which was enclosed in a high wall of reeds. His face was slightly disfigured by the thickening and discolouration of the skin where the leprosy had passed over it. He had a firm belief that he had been bewitched. As the doctors of his own tribe could do nothing for him, a female doctor of the Manyeti tribe was endeavouring to cure him at the time of Dr. Livingstone's arrival. After some difficulty she allowed the white men to take her patient in charge, and under their treatment he all but recovered.

The two horses left by Dr. Livingstone in 1853 were still alive, notwithstanding the severe discipline to which they had been subjected. Sekeletu had a great passion for horses, and about a year before the arrival of Livingstone and his friends from Tete, a party of Makololo were sent to Benguela on the west coast, who had purchased five horses, but they had all died on the journey, through being bewitched as they believed, and they arrived with

nothing to show for them save their tails. The merchants at Benguela had treated them kindly, and made them presents of clothing and other articles. As they had only recently arrived, and their clothes were comparatively unworn, they proved, when arrayed in their best, to be as well if not better dressed than Livingstone and his white friends. "They wore shirts well washed and starched, coats and trousers, white socks, and patent leather boots, a red Kilmarnock cowl on the head, and a brown wide-awake on the top of that." They and the travelled natives who had come from Tete fraternised, and held themselves to be something superior on account of what they had seen; but, as in more enlightened regions, there was not wanting a party who believed in ignorance. "They had seen the sea, had they?" these would say, "and what is that? nothing but water. They could see plenty of water at home—ay, more than they wanted to see; and white people came to their town—why then travel to the coast to look at them?"

Sekeletu was well pleased with the articles brought for him. The sugar mill had been left at Tete, being too bulky to be carried with them. On the arrival of a proper steamer for the navigation of the Zambesi, he was informed it would be sent up as far as the falls. In his ignorance as regarded the power of artillery, he asked if cannon could not blow away the falls, and allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke.

Two packages containing letters and newspapers from Kuruman were lying at Linyanti, and a messenger was sent for them, who returned with only one (the other being too heavy for him), within seven days, during which time he had travelled 240 miles.

As Dr. Livingstone wished to get some more medicine and papers out of the waggon he had left at Linyanti in 1853, he determined to proceed there himself. On his arrival he found the waggon and its contents untouched from the time of his departure in 1853, and everything in its place. This illustrates the trustworthy character of the Makololo, which was still further exemplified by the discovery of one of the books of notes he had left with Sekeletu on his departure for the west coast in 1853. It will be remembered, that fearing he was dead Sekeletu had given two books, together with a letter addressed to Mr. Moffat, to a native trader, and that nothing further had been heard of them. On being told that the trader, to whom they had said they had given the books and letters, had denied having received them, Scipone, one of Sekeletu's wives, said "He lies; I gave them to him myself." The trader afterwards went to Moselekatse's country, and his conscience having bothered him, it is presumed, "one of the volumes was put into the mail-bag coming from the south, which came to hand with the lock taken off in quite a scientific manner."

In the waggon Livingstone found the supply of medicine he had left there untouched, and it was a melancholy reflection that Mr. Helmore and

the other members of his mission should have died there, with the medicines they needed lying within a hundred yards of their encampment. In returning to Sesheske he heard of a lion being killed by the bite of a serpent. Animals were frequently the victims of poisonous snakes, but he seldom heard of their attacking human beings. While the Makololo generally accepted the leading truths of Christianity, there were some habits and superstitions which it was found difficult to shake. The belief in witchcraft and sorcery was deeply rooted. They said, "They needed the book of God; but the hearts of black men are not the same as those of the whites. They had real sorcerers among them. If that was guilt which custom led them to do, it lay between the white man and Jesus, who had not given them the book, nor favoured them as He had the whites." As to cattle-lifting from their weaker neighbours, they said, "Why should these Makalaka (a term of contempt for the blacker tribes) possess cattle if they cannot fight for them?" The pithy border creed—

" . . . the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can,"

—was universally understood in its naked simplicity; and despite their general ignorance, they could reason very ingeniously. The cattle they took from neighbouring tribes were in all likelihood the descendants of cattle which at an earlier period had belonged to themselves; how, therefore, could it be a sin, they argued, to take back what was their own? We question whether any border cattle-lifter of the 17th century could have given a better reason for his cattle stealing proclivities than this!

To those who knew the history of the Makololo tribe and its great chief Sebituane, the prospect of its passing away as a power in Central Africa was sad indeed. Indolence—the Makalaka did all their hard work—and the pestilent country on the Chobe and Zambesi induced a rapid deterioration of the manly qualities which had made them predominant over the tribes of the interior. Livingstone says:—

"None but brave and daring men remained long with Sebituane: his stern discipline soon eradicated cowardice from his army. If the chief saw a man running away from the fight, he rushed after him with amazing speed, and cut him down; or waited till he returned to the town, and then summoned the deserter into his presence.' 'You did not wish to die in the field, you wished to die at home, did you? You shall have your wish! and he was instantly led off and executed.'"

The Makololo made use of the spoons given them to convey their food to the palm of their hand which conveyed it to the mouth. They were horrified at seeing Dr. Livingstone and his friends put butter on their bread, as they only eat it when melted. "Look at them look at them," they said,



A FRIGHTFUL INCIDENT



“they are actually eating raw butter.” The principal use they made of butter was to anoint the body.

“The Makololo women have soft, small delicate hands and feet; their foreheads are well shaped, and of good size; the nose not disagreeably flat; the mouth, chin, teeth, eyes, and general form, are beautiful, and contrasted with the west coast negro, quite lady-like. Having maid-servants (children of the Barotse and Makalaka) to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, abundance of time is left them, and they are sometimes at a loss to know what to do with it.”

The party “met a venerable warrior, sole survivor, save one, probably, of the Mantatee host which threatened to invade the colony in 1824. He retained a vivid recollection of their encounter with the Griquas. ‘As we looked at the men and horses, puffs of smoke arose, and some of us dropped down dead! Never saw anything like it in all my life, a man’s brains lying in one place and his body in another!’ They could not understand what was killing them; a ball struck a man’s shield at an angle; knocked his arm out of joint at the shoulder; and leaving a mark or burn, as he said, on the shield, killed another man close by. We saw the man with his shoulder still dislocated. Sebituane was present at the fighting, and had an exalted opinion of the power of white people ever afterwards.”

The natives of Central Africa smoke Barig or native hemp, under the name of Matokwane. Dr. Livingstone says:—

“We had ample opportunity for observing the effect of this Matokwane smoking on our men. It makes them feel very strong in body, but it produces exactly the opposite effect upon the mind. Two of our finest young men became inveterate smokers, and partially idiotic. The performances of a group of Matokwane smokers are somewhat grotesque; they are provided with a calabash of pure water, a split bamboo, five feet long, and the great pipe, which has a large calabash or antelope’s horn chamber to contain the water, through which the smoke is drawn, on its way to the mouth. Each smoker takes a few whiffs, the last being an extra long one, and hands the pipe to his neighbour. He seems to swallow the fumes; for, striving against the convulsive action of the muscles of the chest and throat, he takes a mouthful of water from the calabash, waits a few seconds, and then pours water and smoke from his mouth down the groove of the bamboo. The smoke causes violent coughing in all, and in some a species of frenzy, which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as ‘the green grass grows,’ ‘the fat cattle thrive,’ ‘the fish swim.’ No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquences, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks rather foolish.”

The party left Sesheske on the 17th of September, 1860. Leshore and

Pitsane (the latter the factotum of Dr. Livingstone in his journey to and from Loanda), and several Batoka men being sent with them to aid them in their journey, and bring the merchandise left at Tete, and a supply of medicine for Sekeletu, who was then nearly cured of his loathsome complaint. Although he and his people were suffering from famine, Sekeletu had been generous in his treatment of Dr. Livingstone and his companions; and when they left he gave them six oxen for their support until they reached the country below the falls, where food was more abundant. The party passed down the valley of the Zambesi, sometimes by land and sometimes in canoes—the latter being either bought or borrowed, or freely loaned for their use without reward, according to the friendly or unfriendly character of the proprietors. Below the junction of the Kafue with the Zambesi, they met a half-caste ivory hunter named Sequasha, who, along with a large number of armed slaves, had been hunting elephants since they passed up the river. He told them that his men had killed 210 elephants during the trip. This Sequasha was an unscrupulous villain. Shortly before this he had entered into a league with the headman of a chief called Mpangwe, near Zumbo, to kill the chief. With a picked party of slaves, armed with loaded muskets, he visited the unsuspecting chief, who received him kindly; and while he was ministering to their wants, the chief and twenty of his people were shot in cold blood. For this diabolical service he received ten tusks, and the headman usurped the place of his murdered master. Sequasha carried a plentiful supply of wares with him to purchase tusks and food, and among other articles he had a quantity of American clocks, which got him into trouble with a tribe of Banvai. He set them all a-going in the presence of the chief, who was greatly frightened at the strange noise they made, and imagining that they were intended to bewitch himself and his people, it was decided that Sequashas should pay a heavy fine of cloth and beads for his imprudence.

They again met Sequasha at Senna, when he confessed to having brought down 25,800 lbs. of ivory. At Tete he was afterwards cast into prison, the reason given being his disorderly conduct in the interior—the true reason being the desire to share a part of his wealth. He was soon after set at liberty, no doubt after he had compounded with the authorities.

At the Mburuma Rapids the party had a striking instance of the presence of mind and devotion of the Makololo. While passing the most dangerous of the rapids, the two canoes filled with water, and were in danger of being swamped, when of course the whole party must have perished. Two men without a moment's hesitation leaped out of each of the canoes, and ordered a Batoka man to do the same, as "the white men must be saved." "I cannot swim," said the Batoka. "Jump out then, and hold on to the canoe?" Swimming alongside, they guided the canoes down the swift current, to the foot of the rapid, and then ran them ashore to bale them out.

In one of the Kebrabasa Rapids, Dr. Kirk's canoe was swamped, the occupants scrambling ashore with difficulty; but unfortunately a chronometer, a barometer, his notes of the journey, and botanical drawings of the fruit trees in the interior, were lost. The river was very low and crocodiles were numerous. On one occasion, as they were dragging the dead body of a hippopotamus behind one of the canoes, these reptiles rose in such numbers and tugged so hard at the huge carcass that they had to cut it adrift to save the canoe from being swamped. On another occasion, one of these monsters seized a water-bok, which had been wounded by a shot, and dragged it into the river. The poor animal made a desperate resistance and succeeded in freeing itself, when another crocodile gave chase, but a ball aimed at it drove it to the bottom. At many places in the interior stockades were erected to preserve the women from the attacks of crocodiles while taking water from the river. At Tete and Senna, where many slave women were seized by crocodiles, no such precautions were taken (even although Livingstone offered a subscription towards the expense). The lives of slaves were too valueless to occasion either thought or trouble for their preservation to men otherwise humane.

After the accident to Dr. Kirk's canoe, the party passed the remainder of the rapids on foot, through a rough and trying country, which greatly fatigued the whole party; one of the two donkeys they had with them died from sheer exhaustion. Although the natives are very partial to the flesh of the zebra and the quagga, which are a sort of second cousins to the donkey, they would not eat its flesh. They said, "It would be like eating man himself, because the donkey lives with man, and is his bosom companion."

The party arrived safely at Tete on the 23rd of November, after an absence of a little over six months. The two English sailors had enjoyed excellent health, and behaved themselves admirably during the absence of the party. Their gardening operations turned out a failure. A hippopotamus had paid the garden a visit and eaten up all the vegetables, and the sheep they had ate up the cotton when it was in flower, the crocodiles devoured the sheep left with them, and two monkeys they purchased ate the eggs of the fowls, and in turn the natives relieved them of all care of the latter by landing on the island during the night and stealing them. They were more successful in bargaining with the natives for food; their purchases were all made on board the steamer, and when more was demanded than the market price, they brought a chameleon out of the cabin, an animal of which the natives have a mortal dread, and thus settled the matter at once, by clearing the deck of the exorbitant traders.

One night they were roused by hearing shrieks of distress, and on rowing to the spot found a woman in the jaws of a crocodile. Rescuing her with the loss of a leg below the knee, they took her on board, gave her a bottle of rum,

bandaged the leg, and carried her to her hut in the village. Next morning they found the bandages torn off and the unfortunate creature left to die. "I believe," remarked one of the sailors, "her master was angry with us for saving her life, seeing as how she had lost her leg."

Starting for the mouth of the Kongone, where they expected to meet some English cruisers with supplies and the new steamer they had ordered, they were compelled to abandon the *Ma-Robert*, as she would keep afloat no longer. They reached the mouth of the Kongone on the 4th of January, 1861, and found that the Portuguese had erected a custom-house there, and also a hut for a black lance-corporal and three men. The party took up their quarters in the custom-house. The soldiers were suffering from hunger. The provisions of Dr. Livingstone's party were also becoming exhausted, but as large herds of water-boks were found in a creek between the Kongone and East Luabo, they were not put to any serious strait during the month they waited for the arrival of a ship. From drinking the brackish water, and eating the fresh pasturage, which is saline near the coast, the flesh of the antelopes was much sweeter and more tender than in the interior, where it is so dry and tough that the natives, who are not over-fastidious, refuse to eat it for any length of time. The eggs of the pelican and the turtle were found in abundance, and together with several varieties of fish assisted in giving variety to their limited *cuisine*.

They found some natives pounding the woody stems of a poisonous climbing plant, and hanging it up in bundles. Having staked off a portion of the stream with bushes to prevent the exit of the fish, the poisonous plants were placed in the water and either killed the fish or stupified them, so that they were easily secured.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Arrival of a New Steamer.—Arrival of Bishop Mackenzie and Party.—Liberation of a Band of Slaves on the Shire.—Disastrous ending to the Mission.—Arrival and Death of Mrs. Livingstone.—Dr. Livingstone returns to England.*

ON the 31st of January, their new ship the *Pioneer* anchored outside the bar, but owing to the state of the weather she did not venture in until the 4th of February. Shortly after two of H.M.S. cruisers arrived, bringing with them Bishop Mackenzie, and the Oxford and Cambridge Missions, to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. The mission consisted of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape; and as Dr. Livingstone and his party were under orders to explore the Rovuma, about 700 miles to the north of the Zambesi, and beyond Portuguese territory, they were somewhat at a loss what to do with them. If they acceded to Bishop Mackenzie's wishes and conveyed them at once to Chibisa's village on the Shire, and left them there, they dreaded that, as they had no medical attendant, they might meet the fate of Mr. Helmore and his party at Linyanti. It was at last arranged that the bishop should, after accompanying his companions to Johanna, where they would await his return with H.M. Consul, Mr. Lumley, go with the expedition on board the *Pioneer* to the Rovuma, in the hope that by this route access might be found to Lake Nyassa and the valley of the Shire.

The *Pioneer* anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February, which they found to have a magnificent natural harbour and bay. They sailed up the river for thirty miles, through a hilly and magnificently wooded country, but were compelled to return as the river was rapidly falling in volume, and they were afraid that the ship might ground altogether, and have to lie there until the next rainy season.

In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone gives a graphic account of the Rovuma River and the difficulties attending the navigation:—

“The bed of the river is about three-quarters of a mile wide. It is flanked by a well-wooded table-land, which looks like ranges of hills, 500 feet high. Sometimes the spurs of the high land come close to the water, but generally there is a mile of level alluvial soil between them and the bank. So few people appeared at first, it looked like a ‘land to let;’ but, having walked up to the edge of the plateau, considerable cultivation was met with, though to make a garden a great mass of brushwood must be cleared away. The women

and children fled; but calling to a man not to be afraid, he asked if I had any objection to 'liquor with him,' and brought a cup of native beer. There are many new trees on the slopes, plenty of ebony in some places, and thickets of brushwood. The whole scenery had a light-gray appearance, dotted over with masses of green trees, which precede the others in putting on new foliage, for this may be called our winter. Other trees showed their young leaves brownish-red, but soon all will be gloriously green. Further up we came to numerous villages, perched on sandbanks in the river. They had villages on shore, too, and plenty of grain stowed away in the woods. They did not fear for their victuals, but were afraid of being stolen themselves. We passed through them all right, civilly declining an invitation to land at a village where two human heads had been cut off. A lot of these river-pilots then followed us till there was only a narrow passage under a high bank, and there let drive their arrows at us. We stopped and expostulated with them for a long time; then got them to one of the boats, and explained to them how easily we could drive them off with our rifles and revolvers, but we wished to be friends, and gave about 30 yards of calico in presents, in proof of friendship. All this time we were within 40 yards of a lot of them, armed with muskets and bows, on the high bank. On parting, as we thought, on friendly terms, and moving on, we received a volley of musket-balls and arrows, four bullet-holes being made in my sail; but finding that we, instead of running away, returned the fire, they took to their heels, and left the conviction that these are the Border ruffians who at various points present obstacles to African exploration—men-stealers in fact, who care no more for human life than that respectable party in London who stuffed the 'Pioneer's' life-buoys with old straw instead of cork. It was sore against the grain to pay away that calico; it was submitting to be robbed for the sake of peace. It cannot be called 'black mail,' for that implies the rendering of important services by Arabs; nor is it 'custom dues.' It is robbery perpetrated by any one who has a traveller or trader in his power, and, when tamely submitted to, increases in amount till wood, water, grass, and every conceivable subject of offence is made occasion for a fine. On our return we passed quietly through them all, and probably the next English boat will be respected. Beyond these Makonde all were friendly and civil, laying down their arms before they came near us. Much trade is carried on by means of canoes, and we had the company of seven of these small craft for three days. They bring rice and grain down to purchase salt. When about 60 miles up, the table-land mentioned above retires, and we have an immense plain, with detached granite rocks and hills dotted over. Some rocks then appear in the river, and at last, at our turning point, the bed is all rocky masses, four or five feet high, with the water rushing through by numerous channels. The canoes go through with ease, and we might have taken the boats up also, but we were told that further up the

channels were much narrower, and there was a high degree of probability that we should get them smashed in coming down.

“We were on part of the slave-route from the Lake Nyassa to Quiloa (Kilwa) about 30 miles below the station of Ndonde, where that route crosses the Rovuma, and a little further from the confluence of the Liende, which, arising from the hills on the east of the Lake Nyassa, flows into the Rovuma. It is said to be very large, with reeds and aquatic plants growing in it, but at this time only ankle-deep. It contains no rocks till near its sources on the mountains, and between it and the lake the distance is reported to require between two and three days. At the cataracts where we turned there is no rock on the shore, as on the Zambesi, at Kebra-basa, and Murchison’s cataracts. The land is perfectly smooth, and, as far as we could see, the country presented the same flat appearance, with only a few detached hills. The tsetse is met with all along the Rovuma, and the people have no cattle in consequence. They produce large quantities of oil-yielding seeds, as the sesame, or gerzelin, and have hives placed on the trees every few miles. We never saw ebony of equal size to what we met on this river; and as to its navigability, as the mark at which water stands for many months is three feet above what it is now, and it is now said to be a cubit lower than usual, I have no doubt that a vessel drawing when loaded about 18 inches would run with ease during many months of the year. Should English trade be established on the Lake Nyassa, Englishmen will make this their outlet rather than pay dues to the Portuguese.

“We return to put our ship on Nyassa, by the Shire, because there we have the friendship of all the people, except that of the slave-hunters. Formerly we found the Shire people far more hostile than are the Makonde of Rovuma, but now they have confidence in us, and we in them. To leave them now would be to open the country for the slave-hunters to pursue their calling therein, and we should be obliged to go through the whole process of gaining a people’s confidence again.

“It may seem to some persons weak to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi, and thinking that the path thereby is consecrated by her remains. We go back to Johanna and Zambesi in a few days. Kind regards to Lady Murchison, and believe me ever affectionately yours.”

On the Rovuma they found that hunting the senze, “an animal the size of a large cat, but in shape more like a pig, was the chief business of men and boys, as we passed the reedy banks and low islands. 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 the lee-side of the islet, and showed 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 mantes 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."

Soon after reaching the sea, fever prostrated the bulk of the crew, and the command and navigation of the ship devolved upon Dr. Livingstone, who was quite equal to the occasion. He drily remarks, "That the habit of finding the geographical positions on land, renders it an easy task to steer a steamer, with only three or four sails set, at sea; when, if one does not run ashore, no one follows to find out an error, and where a current affords a ready excuse for every blunder." After calling at Johanna for the bishop's friends, they sailed for the mouth of the Zambesi, and steamed up that river to the Shire, up which they ascended as far as Chibisa's village, the ship being dragged over the shallows with extreme difficulty. She drew five feet of water, which rendered her quite useless for the navigation during the dry season of either of the three great rivers which flowed through the tract of country they were accredited to.

On arriving at Chibisa's, they learned that war was raging in the Manganja country; and that on the following day a slave party, on its way to Tete, would pass through the village. "Shall we interfere?" was the question asked of each other. On the one hand, there was the risk to be run, if they did, of irritating the authorities at Tete, where the principal portion of the private baggage of the party was stored, and which might be confiscated in retaliation. On the other hand, Dr. Livingstone and the whole party were indignant that his steps should be followed by slave parties, who had never entered the country before, and called themselves his children and followers, while they extended the range of the accursed traffic, which he had gone through so much privations to put down. The decision, as might have been expected, was, that they should run all risks, and do what they could to stop the traffic. This is Dr. Livingstone's account of what followed:—

"A long line of manacled men and women made their appearance; the black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exulting notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest; so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps, and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party

alone remained ; and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo ! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late commandant at Tete, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied, he had bought them ; but on our inquiring of the people themselves, all save four said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely in our hands, and knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true ; but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere children, about four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, ' The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat ; what sort of people are you ? where do you come from ? ' Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. . . . One woman had her infant's brains knocked out, because she could not carry her load and it ; and a man was despatched with an axe, because he had broken down with fatigue."

The number liberated was eighty-four in all ; and on being told that they were at liberty to go where they pleased, or remain with the mission, they chose the latter. During several days following many more captives were liberated, their drivers running from before the faces of the white men. Months afterwards at Tete, several merchants, all of whom were engaged in the slave trade, remarked to Dr. Livingstone that he had released some of the governor's slaves, to which he replied that he had liberated several groups of slaves in the Manganja country ; and this was all that passed in regard to the transaction.

Leaving the rescued slaves, the party started to visit the Ajawa people, who were carrying war and slavery among the Manganja, and came upon them in the act of sacking and burning a village, where Dr. Livingstone and his friends had been previously entertained by the peaceful inhabitants, so many of whom were then engaged in weaving cotton, that they had jestingly called it " the Paisley of the hills." After engaging with the bishop in fervent prayer, the party advanced to demand a parley. The poor Manganja seeing them shouted out, " Our Chibisa is come ;" Chibisa being well known as a great general and conjurer. The Ajawa ran off yelling, War ! war ! and refused to listen

to them ; but, rallying and forming themselves into a body, they began to shoot at them with their poisoned arrows, until the party were reluctantly compelled in self-defence to fire upon their assailants, who fled, shouting back that they would follow and kill them while they slept. This was the first occasion on which, in all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone had felt compelled to use force; and it was with sad hearts that he and his companions returned to the village they had left in the morning, having failed in their attempt at conciliation, and having been compelled reluctantly to take a step which might subject them to much blame and misconstruction at the hands of lukewarm friends, and the secret enemies of the cause they had at heart.

As the bishop had made up his mind to settle among the Manganja at Magomero, he felt naturally indignant at the idea of the people in his charge being swept away into slavery in hordes, and proposed that they should at once follow the triumphant Ajawa, and drive them out of the country, and liberate the captives they might have in their possession. All were in favour of this course save Dr. Livingstone, who saw clearly what would be the result if a Christian missionary took such a step as this, and he cautioned them not in any circumstances to interfere by force in any of these wars, even although called upon by the Manganja to go to their assistance in their extremity. It is necessary to mention this, because, many people ignorantly blamed Dr. Livingstone for having given him different counsel. The site chosen for the mission settlement was on a small promontory, formed by the windings of the little clear stream called the Magomero. It was completely surrounded by stately trees. The weather was delightful, and provisions were cheap and abundant; and when Dr. Livingstone and his friends left them to proceed to Lake Nyassa, the bishop had commenced to learn the languages, Mr. Waller was busy superintending the building operations, and Mr. Scudamore was getting together the members of an infant school. They were full of hope and ardour, and saw nothing before them but success in the noble work they had sacrificed home and comfort to carry out.

The disastrous end of the mission may as well be told here. After labouring for some time with much acceptance among the neighbouring tribes, and being anxious to discover a nearer route to the Shire, Messrs. Proctor and Scudamore, with a number of Manganja carriers, left in December to explore the country for a new route. Their guides misled them, and they found themselves in a slave-trading village, where the threatening aspect of the people boded mischief. Warned by a woman that if they slept there they would be all killed, they prepared to leave, when the Anguro followed, shooting their arrows at the retreating party. Two of the carriers were taken prisoners, and the two missionaries, barely escaping with their lives, swam a deep river, and made their way with great difficulty to Magomero, where they arrived exhausted with their exertions.

The wives of the two carriers pleaded with the bishop that, as their husbands had been made captive in his service, he should rescue them from slavery. It appeared to him to be his duty to do this; and on asking the Makololo who had remained with him to assist in the expedition, they joyfully assented, as they held the prowess of the natives of the district in contempt, and knew of no better way of settling a difference with them than by a resort to force. There can be no doubt that had the bishop given them leave to do as they pleased, they would have cleared the country of the offenders; but he restrained them, which gave the delinquents an opportunity of escaping. The offending village was burned, and a few sheep and goats taken. The headman being afraid to retain the captives any longer liberated them, and they returned to their homes. As this expedition was undertaken during the rainy season, and the missionaries got frequently wet, their health was seriously affected.

The *Cape Argus* gives a summary of the fate of the leaders of the mission and the proceedings of Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk in taking Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, and the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, to the Mission Station on the Shire:—

“ At Shupanga, about ten miles from Mozzaro, the *Pioneer*, it was found, could proceed no further. There was, therefore, no alternative but to prosecute the remainder of the journey in the two boats, which were provisioned for ten days; and as it was supposed that their destination might be reached in four the prospect did not look very formidable. When we say that, instead of four, twelve days elapsed ere the boats made the junction of the Rua river, 60 miles from their journey's end, and that during this period the ladies were in open boats, exposed to all the extremes of a fearfully unwholesome atmosphere, to the thousand insect-plagues which literally render existence almost unbearable, and that the crews were, man after man, struck down by insidious disease, it will be readily understood how wretched was their situation, and how heavily those in charge felt their responsibility.

“ At this part of the river it was that the bishop and Mr. Burrup were expected to be in readiness to receive them. But the natives would not give any information. No one appeared, and Captain Wilson, knowing that provisions would be needed by the *Gorgon*, sent one of the two boats back down the river on a foraging expedition, while he pushed up with the other to leave the ladies at Chibisa. The crew of the former suffered terribly from fever on their way, and indeed, from all accounts, were most miraculously preserved, especially as provisions and medicine were all used up; and of stimulants there were none.

“ Captain Wilson in his boat went on safely enough to Chibisa, the nearest spot to the mission station: there he left the ladies in charge of the doctor, and tried to get overland with Dr. Kirk, of the *Pioneer*, and four men; but when within two days' march of the place he was attacked by fever, which

had nearly proved fatal. Dr. Kirk even had looked out for a place in which to bury him. Dr. Kirk, too, was struck down, but most providentially a messenger, who had been dispatched forward, returned with some of the mission party. This may be said to have saved them from death.

“Then it was that Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk first learned the disastrous news which has shocked and saddened so many. The natives at Rua had known of it, but had kept silence, fearing lest they should be suspected of having caused the deaths of the bishop and Mr. Burrup, by witchcraft. One night, indeed, the boat in which were Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup had anchored within 100 yards of the bishop’s grave.

“On the 14th of February, it was first known at the station, by the arrival there of one of the Makololo, who reported the bishop’s death, and intimated the approach of the Rev. Mr. Burrup, who was carried on some rough branches of trees by two Makololo, but so shrunk and ill as to be scarcely recognisable. From Mr. Burrup it was gathered, that, after leaving the station on January 3, the bishop and he had slept five nights on the road; that at Chibisa they obtained a small canoe (the only one) with some men, who paddled them down to the island (Malo). Unfortunately they were upset, got wet through, and, worst of all, lost a case in the water, containing clothes, powder, and medicine. At first they were well received by Chief Chikangi. The bishop had an attack of low fever, which soon gained ground on a constitution which, though naturally strong, had been weakened by exposure and suffering. It soon became evident that he was sinking fast, as his speech was wandering, and he was perfectly helpless. The same afternoon, on the other side of the river, in a secluded spot under a large tree, the Rev. Mr. Burrup was reverently reading the burial service in the dim twilight over his lost leader, with no one near to share his affliction save the Makololo who had dug the grave.

“On the next day, Mr. Burrup prepared to return to the station. Nothing but death was before him. Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone, he journeyed on to Chibisa. Thence to the station he was carried, being too weak to walk. From the 14th February, the day of his arrival, hopes of his recovery were entertained for a short time; but ere long diarrhoea added to his weakness, and the fever was aggravated by the want of proper nourishing food. On the morning of the 22nd he breathed his last; and on Sunday, the following day, he was buried near the station. Neither Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, nor the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, ever reached the station: they returned to the Cape in H.M.’s ship *Gorgon*.”

After the deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, “it appears that several applications were made for assistance against the Ajawa, which, however, were resolutely declined. A constant succession of claims, nevertheless, ultimately decided Mr. Procter, who on Bishop Mackenzie’s death had been

left in charge of the mission, to visit Urbona, the chief of the Mingazi, in order to get his sanction to reside in his district, the country being hilly, particularly fine, and pleasant. Mr. Procter and Mr. Dickenson undertook this journey, and started off early on the morning of March 20; and on reaching their destination obtained permission to have a tour of exploration through the district governed by Urbono, in order to select a site which would not only be healthy, but also be appropriate for the carrying out of their mission. Accordingly, they proceeded towards a fine long spur of the western extremity of the Chiradzu Mountain, as the place looked promising. After crossing a valley which lay between them and the ridge which they wanted to reach, and ascending the ridge a considerable distance, Mr. Procter found the country favourable to their purpose. The want, however, of a stream, compelled them to abandon the thought of residing there. After making further explorations, the party returned to their mission station, where they continued until April 15, a period of nearly a month, educating the natives, &c., without being molested. On that day, however, news reached them of a series of incursions of the Ajawa, which rendered it imperative to change their station. This was accordingly done, about 70 men being engaged to assist in carrying their luggage. It was decided that they should proceed to Chibisa's village, on the Shire, for the present. The journey, which occupied ten days, was accomplished safely, almost all the people—in number about 60—freed through the exertions of the mission party, accompanied them. Mr. Procter's communication concludes: 'We are situated on a bank about 100 feet high, and for nearly a month have not felt any ill effects worse than those which came upon us in our former place. We hope we shall be able to remain here for a few months, and go on with our previous work, acquiring the language and teaching our own people.'

About December it was apparent that yet other victims had to suffer from the malaria of these regions. The Rev. H. C. Scudamore expired on the morning of 1st January, 1863. The following letter from the Rev. L. J. Procter gives an account of the state of affairs prior to Mr. Scudamore's death:—

“ Signor Vianna's, on the Zambesi, 27th Dec., 1862.

“ The wretched state of the country on the hills and along the Shire has compelled us again to have recourse to the Portuguese for a further supply of the food merely absolutely necessary, and I have come down with one of our native people to purchase rice for ourselves and mapira for our dependents. On reaching this place, the residence of Signor Vianna, on the 16th, I fell in with Dr. Livingstone, who had just returned from the Rovuma, which he had been exploring in boats, and where he tells me he had been partially successful in his search for a river-route to Lake Nyassa; but that he and his party had been in considerable danger from a number of river-pirates who

had attacked them with guns: they had come upon rapids in the river, but the country around was favourable for land carriage. All were well on the *Pioneer*, and they were going on to Shupanga, whence they would start up the Shire for Chibisa's, as soon as the rise in the water should be sufficient. As regards ourselves, he told me that there was a great quantity of stores for us at Killimane, which had been brought from the Cape by H.M.S. *Rapid*, in November, and which he had assisted in landing with considerable trouble and difficulty—another kindness for which we are indebted to the good Doctor.

“As I came down the Shire I found the people in considerable affright on account of Mariano in the higher parts of the surrounding country, where an immense number of fugitives had also gathered together: the lower parts were ravaged and almost deserted, burnt villages being the signs of what had been going on, and a number of guns fired only three or four miles distant from an island on which we one night slept, the tokens of what is still going on. Mariano has about 2,000 men, armed with guns for the most part, in his service, and is leagued now with the Portuguese at Killimane for slaving purposes.

“We have had the greatest difficulty in getting even a very small quantity of seed-corn from the natives. A short time before my departure we sent Charles Thomas, one of the Cape men, up the hills south of our last station to try if he could buy any; but he had very small success. He went towards the Milanje, and got very near the very place where I and Scudamore were attacked: the people there pleaded famine, not it appears from real want, against which there was abundant external evidence, but because they were evidently unwilling to encourage any traffic or even communication with the English. Charles gave a miserable account of the country in the neighbourhood of our late district, and the route to it from the Shire: it is at least decimated on account of the famine; he passed through many villages where all the inhabitants, he was told, had died of hunger. Mbami's village itself, with which I presume you are by this time familiar as the first stopping-place on our route to Magomero, is destitute of people; all have perished except the chief himself and a few of his family. He paid us a visit a short time ago and was then looking himself in a half-starved condition, very different from the stout and hearty personage who greeted us there on our first journey up. With regard to Satchi, and the country between it and Magomero, I think I have informed you in my previous letter.

“I took a journey with some of our own people down the Shire a short time before I left Mikarango, to try if anything was to be bought in the way of seed or corn, but I could get nothing: there were large crops coming on, but at present the complaint is famine. The people on the right bank, our side of the river, were also in great fear of another Portuguese rebel, of whom I made mention in one of my last letters as staying with Chibisa.”

The following postscript (dated 27th February) to a letter dated 10th February, 1863, from the Rev. J. L. Procter, already mentioned, narrates the state of matters up to date:—

Having alluded to the departure of Mr. Rowley, one of the mission to Tete for food (the expected supplies not having arrived), Mr. Procter says:—“This is our last resource; animal food is failing us, and even before Rowley can return we shall be reduced to simply vegetable diet. Of course, therefore, much depends upon this difficult and trying journey to Tete, which will occupy at least a month. If food can be had, all will be well: if not, our case is desperate, and but one resource will be left for us. I have accordingly written thus to Mr. Woodcock, our hon. secretary:—‘Under the circumstances I feel it my duty to state that, if animal food cannot be insured, and if help in men and some additional provisions do not arrive from home, we shall be compelled to quit our present abode for the sea-coast, whence we shall try to make our way to either Johanna, Natal, or the Cape; and, not to leave any indefiniteness in this sad statement, I will add that, if we receive no addition to our numbers, or see no better hopes for the future before the 15th June next, we shall then proceed to make our way down the river in the best way we can. Grievous as this resolve is, I fear we cannot do otherwise. The whole country is in a state of utter ruin and destitution, and the drought still continues. Our surgeon, Mr. Dickinson, assures us that we have only this alternative unless we choose to stay and die for want of proper sustenance.’”

A few weeks afterwards, Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, together with Dr. Kirk and a large party, including Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup, went up the Shire, to join the mission as they hoped; and, although they were close by the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, they could hear nothing from the chief of Malo of the mission. He was in all likelihood afraid that he might be blamed for his death. At Chibisa's, the faithful Makololo told them the sad news they had come so far to hear. This information awakened fresh anxiety as to the fate of the others; so, leaving the ladies with Dr. Ramsay and the Makololo, Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk pushed up into the hill country, where they met the survivors of the mission party at a chief's called Soche. Captain Wilson was suffering from a severe attack of fever, and the whole party were so exhausted that there was nothing for it but to return to the boat, and sail sadly down the river to the *Pioneer*. On the 4th of April, the *Gorgon* sailed for the Cape, taking with her all the surviving members of the mission save one.

On the 6th of August, 1861, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and Mr. Charles Livingstone, started for Nyassa, with a light four-oared gig, attended by a white sailor and a score of natives. They found no difficulty in hiring people to carry the boat from village to village, and as they had the means of crossing the streams they met with, were quite independent of the humours of

the various chiefs and headmen, with whom, on previous occasions, they had had to bargain for being transferred across the streams. The course of the river was followed closely so as to avail themselves of the still reaches between the rapids for sailing, and when they had passed the last of them, they launched their boat for good on the Shire. The upper portion of the river is so broad and deep that it is roughly spoken of by the natives as a portion of the lake. At one point in the upper reaches of the river Lake Shirwa is only a day's journey distant; and within a recent period they must have been connected. The native land party which they had sent forward to join them above the rapids, passed thousands of Manganja living in temporary huts, who had been compelled to fly before the bloodthirsty Ajawa.

The following is a singular instance of tenacity of life in a native woman on the Shire, who had been wounded in an attack by the Ajawa:—

“In the afternoon a canoe came floating down empty, and shortly after a woman was seen swimming near the other side, which was about two hundred yards distant from us. Our native crew manned the boat and rescued her; when brought on board, she was found to have an arrow-head, eight or ten inches long in her back, below the ribs, and slanting up through the diaphragm and left lung towards the heart—she had been shot from behind when stooping. Air was coming out of the wound, and, there being but an inch of the barbed arrow-head visible, it was thought better not to run the risk of her dying under the operation necessary for its removal; so we carried her up to her own hut. One of her relatives was less scrupulous, for he cut the arrow and part of the lung. Mr. Young sent her occasionally portions of native corn, and strange to say, found that she not only became well, but stout.”

The cooler temperature on the broad and deep waters of the lake was very enjoyable after the stifling heat on the river, which in its upper reaches is enclosed in an almost impenetrable belt of papyrus and other water plants; but they were very nearly shipwrecked in a tremendous storm which burst upon them almost without warning. “The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests driven into spray, streaming behind them. . . . Had one of these white-named seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us, for they came on with resistless fury; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. . . . We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, we would call Nyassa the Lake of Storms.”

At no place in Africa had Dr. Livingstone found the population so dense as on the shores of Nyassa. In some parts there was almost one unbroken succession of villages, and the inhabitants lined the shores of every bay, looking in wonder on a boat when propelled by sails. Whenever they landed

they were the objects of untiring curiosity. The people are industrious agriculturists and fishers, and appeared to enjoy plenty of everything. No fines or dues were exacted from the explorers, nor presents demanded. The northern dwellers on the lake during a portion of the year reap a singular harvest. At the proper season clouds as of smoke from burning grass hang over the lake and the adjacent country. These clouds are formed of countless myriads of minute midges or gnats, and are called by the natives *kungo*, which means a cloud or fog. The natives gather these insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, which they eat as a relish to their vegetable food. "A *kungo* cake, an inch thick, and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts."

The lake swarmed with fish, which the native fishermen catch in nets and basket traps, with hook and line. The principal fish, called the *sanjika*, a kind of carp, grows to a length of two feet. Its flesh was delicious, better than that of any fish the party had tasted in Africa. Fine watermen as the Makololo were, they frankly confessed that the lake fishermen were their superiors in daring and skill.

Their fishing nets were formed from the fibres of the *buaze*, and their clothes were manufactured from cotton grown by themselves, or from the fibres of the bark of a tree which is abundant in the district. The fishermen presented the party with fish, while the agricultural members of the community gave food freely. The chief of the northern parts, a tall, handsome man named Marenga, gave them largely of food and beer. "Do they wear such things in your country?" he asked, pointing to his iron bracelet, which was studded with copper and highly prized. The doctor said he had never seen such in his country, whereupon Marenga instantly took it off and presented it to him, and his wife also did the same with hers. On the return of the party he tried to induce them to spend a day with him drinking beer, and when they declined he loaded them with provisions.

The following account of Lake Nyassa and the people on its shores and their habits is extracted from a letter addressed by Mr. Charles Livingstone to Sir Roderick Murchison in January, 1862:—

"The depth of the lake," he says, "is indicated by the different colour of its waters. Near the land, and varying in width from a few yards to several miles according to the nature of the coast, is a belt of light green, and to this joined in a well-defined line the blue or indigo of the ocean, which is the colour of the great body of Nyassa.

"Not far from where we turned back, and about a mile from shore, we could find no bottom with over a hundred fathoms of line out. The temperature of this mass of water, near the end of September, was 72°, and the air was always cooler on the beach than farther inland. We visited the lake in

perhaps the stormiest season of the year (September and October), and were repeatedly detained by severe gales. At times, while sailing pleasantly over the blue water, with a gentle breeze and under a cloudless sky, suddenly and without any warning, would be heard the sound of the pursuing gale, as it came roaring on, dragging myriads of white-crested waves in its excited wake. We got caught, one morning in a heavy gale. As a sort of forlorn hope the anchor was let go in seven fathoms, a mile from the land, with the sea breaking, even far out beyond us. The waves we dreaded most rushed upon us in squadrons of threes, with a few minutes of comparative quiet between the successive charges. Had one of these almost perpendicular-sided masses broken on our frail bark nothing could have saved us, but, to our heartfelt relief, as on they came with resistless force they broke before reaching us, or on one side, or behind. For six mortal hours we faced the fierce charges of those terrible trios, not knowing but some one of their waves might be carrying our fate on its hoary and uplifted head. A low, dark cloud came slowly from the mountains, and for hours hung directly over our heads. Our black crew became so sea-sick as to be unable to sit up, and the bow-oar had to be constantly at work to keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives, with our land party, stood on the high cliffs, commiserating the unhappy fate of the poor white men, and exclaiming, as the boat was hid by the waves, 'Ah! they're lost! they're dead!' In the afternoon the gale moderated, the anchor was soon up, the glad boat ran for the land, dashed through the boiling surf, and in a few seconds was safe on the beach.

"The west side of Nyassa is a succession of bays of similar form, as though produced by a common cause, such as the prevalence of north-easterly winds; and each is separated from its neighbour by a rocky headland, with detached rocks extending some distance out to sea. In general these bays have a sandy beach or pebbly shore. The great south-westerly bay has a safe and commodious harbour. A good deal of the land adjacent to the lake is low, sometimes marshy, with numerous waterfowl and some elephants. Eight or ten miles back of the plain are ranges of high and well-wooded granite hills, running nearly parallel with the lake, and presenting in several places magnificent views of range towering behind range, until the distant blue mountains bound the prospect by rearing their lofty summits to the skies. Towards the north the plain becomes narrower, and near where we turned disappears altogether. The mountains then rise abruptly out of the lake, and form the north-east boundary of a high and extensive table-land, resembling the Batoka country, healthy, and well-suited for pasturage and agriculture.

"Never before, in Africa, have we seen anything like the dense population of Lake Nyassa, especially in the south. In some parts there seemed to be an unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every little

sandy bay, black crowds were standing gazing at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail; and whenever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children, who had hastened to stare at the 'chiromba,' or wild animals. To see the animals feed was the great attraction. Never did Zoological Society's lions draw a tithe of such multitudes. They crowded round us at meal times, a wilderness, an impenetrable thicket of negroes, looking on with the deepest apparent interest. The zeal they manifested in order to witness the whole procedure was more amusing than agreeable. The smell of black humanity, in a state of perspiration, is not pleasant while one is eating.

"They cultivate the soil pretty extensively, and grow large quantities of sweet potatoes, as well as rice, maize, native corn, &c.; but in the north manioc was the staple product, and, with fish kept till they attain a high flavour, constituted the principal food of the inhabitants. During a certain portion of the year, however, they have a curious harvest, which furnishes a singular sort of food. The cakes are dark in colour, and tasted not unlike decayed red-herring. Plenty of excellent fish are found in the lake; some of the kinds were new to us. One, called sanjika, somewhat resembles trout, and runs up the rivers to spawn as salmon do at home. The largest were above two feet in length; splendid fish, the best we have ever eaten in Africa. They were running up the rivers in August and September, and numbers of fishermen were actively employed in catching them. Dams were constructed, full of sluices, in each of which was set the fatal trap fish-basket, over whose single entrance might have been written 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.' A short distance below, nets were stretched across from bank to bank, so that it seemed a marvel how even the most sagacious sanjika could get up without being taken, unless a free passage is left at night.

"In the lake the fish are caught chiefly with nets, but in deep water, some kinds are taken in fish-baskets, lowered to a great depth, and attached by a long line to a float, around which is often fastened a mass of grass or weeds, to serve, perhaps, as an alluring shade for the fish. Fleets of fine canoes are engaged in the lake fisheries; the men have long paddles, and stand while using them. They sometimes venture out when there is a considerable sea on.

"Perhaps the first impression one receives of the men is that they are far from being industrious—in fact, are downright lazy. During the day, groups are seen lying asleep under the shady trees, and appearing to take life remarkably easy. But a little further acquaintance modifies first impressions, as it leads to the discovery that many of the sleepers work hard by night. In the afternoon they examine and mend their nets, place them in the canoes, and paddle off, frequently to distant islands, or other good fishing-grounds, and during a large portion of the night the poor fellows are toiling, passing much

of the time in the water dragging their nets. Many men and boys are employed in gathering the buaze, preparing the fibre, and making it into long nets. When they come for the first time to gaze at suspicious-looking strangers, they may, with true African caution, leave their working materials at home. From the number of native cotton cloths worn in many villages at the south end of the lake, it is evident that a goodly number of busy hands must be constantly at work. An extensive manufacture of bark-cloth also is ever going on from one end of the lake probably to the other, and much toil and time are required before the bark becomes soft and fit to wear. A prodigious amount of this bark-cloth is worn, indicating the destruction of an immense number of trees every year.

“The lake people are by no means handsome. The women are frightfully ugly, and really make themselves hideous by the very means they adopt with the laudable view of rendering their persons beautiful and attractive. The pelele, or upper-lip ornament, is as fashionable as crinoline in other countries. Some are made of tin in the shape of a small dish, and they sometimes actually carry things in them. Others are of white quartz, and give the wearer the appearance of having an inch or two of one of Price’s patent candles thrust through the lip and projecting beyond the point of the nose. A few are of a blood-red colour, and at a little distance the lady looks as if she had come off only second best in a recent domestic squabble. All are tattooed, the figures varying with the tribes. Some tattoo their faces, after a fashion so execrable, that they seem to be covered all over with great ugly warts or pimples. The young boys and girls, however, are reasonably good-looking. In regard to their character they are pretty much like other people. There are decent ones among them, and a good many are, as they say in Scotland, ‘nae better than they suld be.’ If one of us happened to be at hand when a net was hauled, a fish was usually offered. Sailing one day past a number of men who had just dragged their net ashore, we were hailed, and asked to come and get a fish, and received a generous present. The northerly chief, Marenga, was remarkably generous, giving us large presents of food and beer, both going and returning. Others also made us presents of food.

“In some things the people of Nyassa are as far advanced as the most highly civilised communities. They have expert thieves among them. On our way up we had a disagreeable visit from some of this light-fingered class. They called one morning when two of us were down with fever, between the rather early hours of three and five, and, notwithstanding a formidable array of revolvers and rifles, quietly relieved us of a considerable amount, while we all slept ingloriously throughout the whole performance. We awoke, as honest men do, at the usual hour, and the fact of our loss soon burst upon us. ‘My bag’s gone!’ cried one of the victims, ‘and all my clothes! and my boots, too!’ ‘Both of mine are off!’ responded another. ‘And so is mine!’

chimed in a third: 'and the bag of *beads!* and the *rice!*' 'Is the *cloth* gone too?' 'No; it's all safe: I used it for a pillow.'

" 'There is honour among thieves,' it is said. These Nyassa scoundrels left on the beach our aneroid barometer and a new pair of boots, thinking, perhaps, that they might be of use to us though of none to them. It was rather humiliating to be so completely done for by a few black thieves.

" A few of the best fisheries seem to be the private property of individuals. We found shelter from a storm one morning in a spacious lagoon which communicated with the lake by a narrow passage. Across this strait stakes were driven in, leaving spaces for the fish-baskets. About a score of men were busily engaged in taking out the fish. We tried to purchase some, but they refused to sell. 'The fish were not theirs, they belonged to a man in a neighbouring village: they would send for the owner.' In a short time the gentleman made his appearance, and sold us some. He did not appear to be the chief, but one who owned, or had farmed out, this very productive fishery.

" Some of their burying-grounds are wonderfully well arranged and cared for. One of these was on the southern shore of the fine harbour in the great bay. A neat and wide path was made on its east and south sides. A grand, old, sacred fig-tree stood on the north-east corner, and its wide-spreading branches threw their kindly shade over this last resting-place of the dead. Other splendid trees grew around the hallowed spot. The graves were raised exactly as they are at home, but lay north and south, the heads being at the north. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the implements which the buried dead had been accustomed to use in their respective occupations, while amidst the joys of life. The heavy stick used in pounding corn, one end in the grave and the other thrust through the basket in which the meal is sifted, showed that a woman slept beneath the sod; a piece of fishing-net and a broken paddle were over the grave of a fisherman, and all the graves had numerous broken pots arranged around them. At the head of some a banana-tree had been carefully planted. The people of the neighbouring village were friendly, and readily brought us food for sale."

On the northern shore of the lake the Mazitu had settled, and were carrying on the slave trade with terrible rigour, sweeping away the helpless people like sheep. They had frequently attacked Marenge and his people; but the thickets and stockades around their villages enabled the bowmen to pick off the Mazitu in security, and they were driven off. Many of the Mazitu were settled on islands in the lake, from which they emerged to plunder and make captive the peaceable inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Long tracts of country were passed through where "the population had all been swept away; ruined villages, broken utensils, and human skeletons, met with at every turn, told a sad tale of 'man's inhumanity to man.' The extent of the trade done in slaves

in the Nyassa district may be gathered from the fact that 19,000 slaves alone pass through the custom-house of the island of Zanzibar; and those taken out of the country form only a small section of the sufferers, as many thousands more are slain in the slave raids, and die of famine after having to fly from their homes." The exploration of the lake extended from the 2nd of September to the 26th of October, 1861, and was abandoned for a time because they had expended or lost the most of their goods. The party frequently suffered from the want of flesh meat, although from the great size of the game, they frequently had much more than they could use, in which case the natives gladly accepted the surplus. On one occasion they killed two hippopotami and an elephant, "perhaps in all some eight or ten tons of meat, and two days after they ate the last of a few sardines for dinner." The wretched and ruined Manganja, although all their sufferings were caused by the demand for human flesh, sold each other into slavery when they had a chance. In speaking of a native of this tribe who sold a boy he had made captive in a hostile raid, Dr. Livingstone notes his "having seen a man who was reputed humane, and in whose veins no *black* blood flowed, parting for the sum of £4 with a good-looking girl, who stood in a closer relationship to him than the boy to the man who excited our ire; and she being the nurse of his son besides, both son and nurse made such a pitiable wail for an entire day, that even the half-caste who had bought her relented, and offered to return her to the white man, but in vain." It is so long since our Government washed its hands, at an immense cost, of this iniquitous traffic, and it expends so much annually to put it down on the coast of Africa, that the knowledge that such things can be done by civilized men comes with a shock upon us. Surely the wonderful trials Dr. Livingstone has come through in his campaign against this detestable traffic will not have been suffered in vain; and the knowledge of such crimes against humanity will be the prelude to their extinction!

Arriving at the village at the foot of the cataracts, the party found it in a much more flourishing condition than when they passed up. A number of large huts had been built, and the people had a plentiful stock of cloth and beads. The sight of several fine large canoes, instead of the old leaky ones which lay there before, explained the mystery—the place had become a crossing place for the slaves on their way to Tete. Well might the indignant members of the expedition say that "nothing was more disheartening than the conduct of the Manganja, in profiting by the entire breaking up of their nation."

The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, and on the 14th Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, who had only just joined him, visited them; as they started on their downward voyage, they "gave and received three hearty English cheers, as they went to the shore and we steamed off." This was the last they saw of these devoted men, as they soon after perished in the

manner already related. The ship having run aground about twenty miles below Chibisa's, they were detained five weeks, until the river rose sufficiently to float her off; and during their detention, the carpenter's mate, a fine healthy young Englishman, died of fever, being the first death of a member of the expedition, although they had been three years and a half in the country.

At Mboma's village they heard that the notorious Mariano had been allowed to leave Mozambique in order to collect a heavy fine which had been imposed upon him after trial for his crimes. He had immediately taken to his old trade, slavery, and had depopulated a large tract of country on the right bank of the river. While expressing indignation at his conduct, and sending an expedition against him, which he was supposed to have defeated, the leader of it being sent back loaded with presents, the party had no doubt that the Portuguese officials at Mozambique were quite aware of his intentions before he started, and were in all likelihood sharing in his ill-gotten gains. The sending a force against him was merely a ruse to save appearances.

Sailing down the Zambesi, they anchored in the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi; and on the 30th of December H.M.S. *Gorgon* arrived, towing the brig which brought Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, and Mrs. Burrup; the former had come out to join her husband, while the latter were on their way to join their friends at Magomero, where they arrived, as we have already seen, too late to see their friends alive.

The progress of the *Pioneer* with the party, and a portion of the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, a vessel which Livingstone had had specially built for river navigation, in pieces of a size which one man could carry on land, was so distressingly slow, in consequence of the machinery having been allowed to get out of order, that Livingstone and his friends determined to land and put the pieces of the *Lady Nyassa* together at Shupanga, while Captain Wilson, Dr. Kirk, and Dr. Ramsay, and Mr. Sewell of the *Gorgon*, and the mission party, went forward in the gig of that ship.

During the unhealthy season several of Dr. Livingstone's party suffered from fever, and about the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by that disease; and notwithstanding that she received every attention which affection and skill could render, she died on the 27th of that month, and was buried on the following day under the shadow of a giant baobab-tree, the Rev. James Stewart, who had shortly before come out to enquire into the practicability of establishing a mission in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, reading the burial service. The gallant seamen of the *Gorgon* mounted guard for several nights over her last resting-place. It is impossible not to sympathise with the stricken husband, who thus lost the wife of his early years, who had shared in so many of his trials and difficulties, just when he was re-united to her after a separation of four years. Beloved and revered as she was by white men as well as by black, the party who stood under the wide spreading

branches of the baobab-tree must have been a sad and melancholy one. One comforting reflection there was—she died among dear and loving friends, and not alone among savages, like Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, the knowledge of whose death was so soon to overwhelm with grief the two companions of her voyage out, who little dreamed when they sorrowed for her that the dear ones they had come so far to see had already been consigned to the grave by savage, although friendly hands.

When the *Lady Nyassa* was put together at Shupanga, she was launched in the presence of a large assemblage of natives, who had come from far and near to witness it. They could not believe that being of iron she would float, and their astonishment was great when they saw her glide lightly and gracefully into the water. The figure head, which was the head and bust of a female, was pointed to as a wonderful work of art. As it was now well on in June, and the river was at its lowest, it would be impossible to sail up the river until December. The party proceeded in the *Pioneer* to Johanna to obtain a supply of provisions and other requisites, and some draught oxen to carry the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* past the Murchison Cataracts. Mr. Lumley, H.M. Consul at Johanna, forwarded their views in every way, and gave them six of his own trained oxen from his sugar plantation.

In the interval which must elapse before they could sail up the Shire, the principal members of the expedition, with a number of native assistants, proceeded to explore the Rovuma, as Dr. Livingstone was still of opinion that a better way to Lake Nyassa might be found by ascending this river; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Rovuma was found to contain a much smaller volume of water than many of the tributaries of the Zambesi. Shallows were numerous, and snags formed by the sinking of large trees in the mud during the subsidence of the floods, rendered the navigation difficult even for the boats of H.M.S. *Orestes*, which had been lent to the party for the ascent. Ninety miles from its mouth their further progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, and there was nothing for it but to return to Johanna, and proceed to Lake Nyassa by the valley of the Shire.

The lower part of the Rovuma valley was found to be very sparsely populated, and of no great breadth, the hills lying close to the river on either side. Sixty-five miles up the stream they arrived at an inhabited island, and after some difficulty they managed to open friendly relations with the natives, and purchased food from them. Here not only the females, but many of the young men, wore the *pelele* or lip ring. Farther up the stream, at the temporary village of an armed band of slave-traders, an attempt was made to arrest their further progress unless a toll was paid. Rather than proceed to extremities, Dr. Livingstone gave them thirty pieces of calico, which so excited their cupidity that they fired a volley of musketry and poisoned arrows at the party, fortunately without effect. A few shots fired at them drove these

bloodthirsty cowards into the forest, and secured the party from any further attack.

The people in the neighbourhood of the cataracts were found to be peaceful and industrious, and friendly in their disposition. They are called Makoa, and are known by a cicatrice on the brow, in the form of a crescent, with the horns pointing downwards. The hills on either side of the river were lofty, and seemed to be the outlying spurs of a still wider range on either side. Coal was found in such circumstances as warranted the party in believing that it existed in abundance in the valleys.

In January 1863, the *Pioneer* steamed up the Shire, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow; and she had not breasted its waters for many hours before the party came upon traces of the wholesale ravages of the notorious and bloodthirsty Mariano. A little more than twelve months before, the valley of the Shire was populous with peaceful and contented tribes; now the country was all but a desert, the very air polluted by the putrid carcasses of the slain, which lay rotting on the plains, and floated in the waters of the river in such numbers as to clog the paddles of the steamer. Once they saw a crocodile making a rush at the carcase of a boy, and shake it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, while others rushed to share in the meal, and quickly devoured it. The miserable inhabitants who had managed to avoid being slain or carried off into captivity, were collecting insects, roots, and wild fruits—anything in short that would stave off starvation, in the neighbourhood of the villages where they had formerly enjoyed peace and plenty. They were entirely naked, save for the palm-leaf aprons they wore, as everything of any value had been carried off by the slave stealers. The sight of hundreds of putrid dead bodies and bleached skeletons was not half so painful as the groups of children and women who were seen sitting amidst the ruins of their former dwellings, with their ghastly famine-stricken faces and dull dead eyes. These made up such a tale of woe and misery that those who were dead might be deemed fortunate in comparison with the survivors, who instinctively clung to the devastated spot they had once called home, and those who had been led into life-long captivity. Everywhere dead bodies were met with. In the huts when opened the mouldering corpse was found “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.”

Mr. Thornton rejoined the party on the Shire, bringing with him supplies for the mission and the expedition party, after successfully assisting Baron Vanderdecken in a survey of the Kilimanjaro mountains, and the ascent of the highest member of the range to a height of 14,000 feet, discovering at the same time that the height above the level of the sea of the highest peak was 20,000 feet. These mountains above 8,000 feet are covered with perpetual snow. His present mission was to examine the geology of the district in the

neighbourhood of the cataracts; but before he had well begun his arduous labour he was attacked with fever, and died on the 21st of April.

While busily making a road through the forest to connect the lower Shire with the upper, beyond the Murchison cataracts, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone, after repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, were compelled to leave for England; the undaunted chief of the expedition remaining at his post, although he also had had a severe attack of fever. Before they had completed their arrangements for passing the cataracts, a despatch arrived from Lord John Russell, then minister for foreign affairs, withdrawing the expedition. As the ascent of the river could not be made for some time, Dr. Livingstone determined on a journey to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, selecting five of the Makololo men, who had settled near Chibisa's, and several of the Johanna men and natives on the spot, making in all twenty native assistants, to accompany him. In attempting to ascend the cataracts in boats, one of these, with valuable stores in it, was lost through the foolhardiness of several Zambesi men, who were desirous of showing that they could manage her better than the Makololo.

As a punishment, the Zambesi men were sent back to Chibisa's for provisions, cloth, and beads, Dr. Livingstone determining to go on on foot. The bold explorer managed to penetrate through a hitherto unvisited country, to a point several hundred miles west of the lake. At the different villages he was well received, after his intentions were made known. In many places he was received with coldness, and the inhabitants were in daily dread of a slave-stealing raid being made upon them, and naturally looked with suspicion on an armed party, headed by a white man. The country was very populous, and exceedingly beautiful, showing every variety of scenery to be found between the level plain and the summits of the mountain ridges, at a height of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The party were the recipients of much kind attention from the great bulk of the simple inhabitants of the district through which they passed; and again and again Dr. Livingstone had proofs, both of eye and ear, that the native tribes in the interior, who have not suffered from the introduction of the slave trade, lead comparatively blameless and industrious lives. It was a refreshing sight to see men, women, and children, preparing the ground for their crops, or clearing the latter of weeds, which were carefully gathered and burned, as in highly farmed England; or grinding their corn in the stone mill, which consists all over the districts he had visited, "of a block of granite, or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square, and four or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock, about the size of half a brick, one side of which has a coarse surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the large and stationary stone. The work-woman kneeling, grasps this upper millstone with both hands, and works it backwards and forwards in the hollow of the

lower millstone, in the same way that a baker works his dough, when pressing it and pushing it from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the movable stone; and while it is pressed and pushed forwards and backwards, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus at first bruised, and then ground in the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat spread for the purpose."

Before being ground, the corn is pounded in a large wooden mortar, exactly similar to the method of the ancient Egyptians. The pestle is about six feet long, and four inches in thickness. By this process the husk is removed from the grain; and that it is a tedious process we have the authority of Solomon, who thought that it took more vigour and trouble to separate "a fool from his folly" than to remove the hard husk from the wheat.

"A chief named Muazi presented Livingstone with a basket of unground corn; and on his hinting that he had no wife to grind it for him, the chief's buxom spouse archly said, 'I will grind it for you; and leave Muazi, to accompany and cook for you in the land of the setting sun.'"

Everywhere he was struck with little touches of human nature, which told him that blacks and whites in their natural ways were very much the same. Sleeping outside a hut, but near enough to hear what passed in the interior of it, he heard a native woman commence to grind in the dark, about two o'clock in the morning. "Ma," said her little daughter, "why grind in the dark?" After telling her to go to sleep, she said, "I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers, which will make you a little lady." And no doubt the little child went to sleep quite contented, just as an English girl would, under like circumstances.

Their greatest luxury was beer, of which they drank considerable quantities, generally in an hospitable kind of way, inviting their neighbours to share in the jollification. Under such circumstances they politely praise the quality of the liquor provided, a common saying being that it was so good, "the taste reaches right to the back of the neck."

The merchants or traders of the district are the Babisa. They are distinguished by a line of horizontal cicatrices, down the middle of the forehead and chin. They collect the ivory from the Manganja and the Ajawa, and carry it to the coast and sell it, bringing back European manufactures, beads, etc., in return for it, and deal in tobacco and native iron utensils. Some of the natives to the west of the lake were very tall and strong; many of them were a good way over six feet in height, and six feet was common. On reaching Lake Nyassa on their return journey, they found many of the inhabitants living in hiding among the reeds by the margin of the lake; temporary huts being erected on the flattened reeds, which were so thick and strong as to form a perfect, though yielding floor, on the surface of the lake. They had a miserable half-starved appearance, agriculture being out of the question while

they were living in constant terror of a visit from slave-trading bands. No one would sell any food unless in exchange for some other article of food, for the simple reason that they were starving, many of them dying from sheer want.

Before the party got back to the ship they were caught in the rains; sometimes it came on at night, with unpleasant results, when the party were asleep with no shelter but the umbrageous foliage of some giant tree. Livingstone says, "when very tired a man feels determined to sleep in spite of everything, and the sound of dripping water is said to be conducive to slumber, but that does not refer to an African storm. If, when half-asleep, in spite of a heavy shower on the back of the head, he unconsciously turns on his side, the drops from the branches make such capital shots into the ear, that the brain rings again." Curiously enough, the keen bracing air of the highlands had a deleterious effect on the Zambesi men.

The following is Dr. Livingstone's account of the journey to the north-west of Lake Nyassa, in a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison :—

"The despatch containing instructions for our withdrawal, though dated 2nd of February, did not reach me before the 2nd of July, when the water had fallen so low that the *Pioneer* could not be taken down to the sea. To improve the time, therefore, between July and the flood of December, I thought that I might see whether a large river entered the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and, at the same time, ascertain whether the impression was true that most of the slaves drawn to Zanzibar, Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique, came from the Lake district. With this view I departed, taking the steward of the *Pioneer* and a few natives, carrying a small boat, and ascended the Shire. Our plan was to sail round the eastern shore and the north end of the lake, but unfortunately we lost our boat when we had nearly passed the falls of the Shire; the accident occurring through five of our natives trying to show how much cleverer they were than the five Makololo who had hitherto had the management of it. It broke away from them in a comparatively still reach of the river, and rushed away like an arrow over the cataracts. Our plans after this had to be modified, and I resolved to make away for the north-west on foot, hoping to reach the latitude of the northern end of the lake without coming in contact with the Mazitu, or Zulus, who have depopulated its north-western shores, and then go round the Lake from the west.

"We soon came to a range of mountains running north and south, rising about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The valley on the eastern base was 2,000 feet above the sea, and was of remarkable beauty—well supplied with streams of delicious cold water. This range forms the edge of the high table-land (called Deza) on which the Maravi dwell. We were, however, falsely told that no people lived on the other side, and continued our course

along the valley until we came out at the heel of the lake—the bold mountainous promontory of Cape Maclear on our right, and the hills of Tsenga in front of us. Again starting off towards the north-west, we came to a stockade which the Mazitu, or other natives pretending to be of this tribe, had attacked the day before, and we saw the loathsome relics of the fight in the shape of the dead bodies of the combatants. Wishing to avoid a collision with these people, we turned away towards the north-east until we again came to the lake, and marched along its shores to Kota-Kota Bay (lat. 12° 55' South).

“At Kota-Kota Bay we found two Arab traders busily engaged in transporting slaves across the lake by means of their boats; they were also building a *dhow* to supply the place of one which was said to have been wrecked. These men said that they had now 1500 souls in their village, and we saw tens of thousands of people in the vicinity who had fled thither for protection. They were the same men whom we had seen on our last visit, but at that time they had very few people. Every disturbance amongst the native tribes benefits the slave-trader. They were paying one fathom of calico, value one shilling, for a boy, and two fathoms for a good-looking girl. Yet, profitable as it may seem, the purchase of slaves would not pay, were it not for the value of their services as carriers of the ivory conveyed to the coast by the merchants. A trader with twenty slaves has to expend at least the price of one per day for their sustenance: it is the joint ivory and slave trade which alone renders the speculation profitable. It was the knowledge that I was working towards undermining the slave-trade of Mozambique and Iboe by buying up the ivory, that caused the Portuguese to exert all their obstructive power. I trust that operations in the interior, under a more able leader, will not be lost sight of; for these will do more to stop the slave-trade than all the cruisers on the ocean.

“Kota-Kota Bay, which is formed by a sandy spit running out and protecting the harbour from the east wind, is the crossing-place for nearly all the slaves that go to Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique. A few are taken down to the end of the lake, and for cheapness cross the Shire; but at Kota-Kota lies the great trade-route to Katanga, Cazembe, &c. The Babisa are the principal traders; the Manganja are the cultivators of the soil. The sight of the new *dhow* gave me a hint which perhaps may be useful. She was 50 feet by 12, and 5 feet deep. I should never think again of carrying more than the engine and boilers of a vessel past the cataracts; the hull could be built here more easily than it could be conveyed hither. On the southern shores of the lake there are many trees whose trunks are above 2 feet in diameter and 60 feet in height without a branch. The Arabs were very civil when we arrived, and came forth to meet us, and presented us with rice, meal, and sugar-cane. Amongst other presents they made us was a piece of malachite.

“On leaving Kota-Kota we proceeded due west. In three days we

ascended the plateau, the eastern side of which has the appearance of a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but the steep walk was toilsome, causing us to halt frequently to recover our breath. The heights have a delicious but peculiarly piercing air: it seemed to go through us. Five Shupanga men, who had been accustomed all their lives to the malaria of the Zambesi Delta were quite prostrated by that which, to me, was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about 90 miles due west on the great Babisa, Katanga, and Cazembe slave-route, and then turned to the north-west. The country is level, but the boiling-point showed a slope in the direction we were going. The edge of the plateau is 3,440 feet above the sea-level. At the Loangwa end of the lake the height shown is 3,270 feet. The direction of the streams verifies these approximate heights and your famous hypothesis too; for the Loangwa of the lake finds its way backwards to the Nyassa, whilst another river of the same name, called the Loangwa of the Maravi, here flows to the westward, and enters the Zambesi at Zumbo. The feeders of these rivers are boggy valleys, with pools in their courses. We were told we had crossed one branch of the Moitala, or Moitawa, which flows N.N.W. into a small lake called Bemba.\* The valleys in which the rivers rise closely resemble those in Londa or Lunda; but here each bank is dotted over with villages, and a great deal of land is cultivated; the vegetation is more stunted, and the trees covered with flat lichens, like those on old apple-trees in Scotland, besides a long thready kind similar to orchilla-weed; the land on which maize has been planted is raised into ridges instead of, as elsewhere, formed into hollows—all which reveals a humid climate.

“As we were travelling in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the traders on the slave-route, hindrances of various kinds were put in our way. The European food we had brought with us was expended; the people refused to sell us food, and dysentery came back on us in force. Moreover, our time was now expired. I was under explicit orders not to undertake any long journey, but to have the *Pioneer* down to the sea by the earliest flood. I might have speculated on a late rise in the Zambesi, but did not like the idea of failing in my duty, and so gave up the attempt to penetrate farther to the west. The temptation to go forward was very great; for the lake Bemba was said to be but ten days' journey distant; and from this, according to native report, issues the river Loapula (or Luapula), which flowing westward, forms the lakes Mofu (or Mofue) and Moero, and then, passing the town of Cazembe, turns round to the north and is lost in Tanganyika. Is there an outlet to Tanganyika on the west into the Kasai, to the east of the point at

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\* We were destined to become very familiar with this Lake in connection with Dr. Livingstone's last journeyings in Central Africa.

which I formerly crossed that river?\*" All agreed in asserting that no river flowed eastward into Lake Nyassa. Two small ones do, but at a distance of, say, 80 or 90 miles from the lake; the watershed is to the west. One should have no bias in investigating these questions by the aid of travelled natives; but I had a strong leaning to a flow *from* Tanganyika into Nyassa or the Zambesi. I was, however, stoutly opposed by all; and I had crossed so many running streams, which, from entering the lake among reeds, had not been observed from the boat on our first visit, that, before reaching Kota-Kota, I had come to the conclusion that a large river from the North was not needed to account for the perennial flow of the Shire. I am sorry I have only native information to give instead of my own direct observations; but, having been confined to work of much greater importance than exploration, the above was all I could achieve when set free.

"As the steward and myself were obliged to try our best during the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled 660 geographical miles in 55 travelling days, averaging 12 miles per day in straight lines. The actual distance along the wavy, up-and-down paths we had was of course much greater. The new leaves on the trees of the plateau were coming out fresh and green, and of various other hues, when we were there, and on reaching the ship on the 31st of October, we found all, except the evergreen ones by streams, as bare of leaves as in mid-winter.

The party reached the ship early in November, and found those they had left there in good health. The exploring party had travelled nearly seven hundred miles in a straight line, which gave a mileage of twelve and a half per day, but taking the windings into account, Livingstone put their rate of advance down at fifteen miles, a wonderful progress truly in an unknown country. An Ajawa chief, named Kapeni, waited upon them, and gratified Livingstone by saying that he and most of his people were anxious to receive English missionaries as their teachers. The effect of this was marred by intelligence which reached him shortly afterwards, that Bishop Tozer, Bishop Mackenzie's successor, after a short stay near the mouth of the Shire, on the top of Mount Marambala, had determined to leave the country. In descending the river they heard that Mariano, the infamous slave-stealing half-caste, had died of debauchery some time previous.

From Shupanga he wrote on the 10th of Feb., 1864:—"The river rose in tremendous force on the 19th of January—much later than usual. Its lateness extracted many a groan from me, for it was plain that I had plenty of time to have examined Lake Bemba, which I suppose to be the beginning of the drainage system which finds an outlet by the Congo. Mofu, or Mofue, was

\* In his last journey Dr. Livingstone found that the river he alludes to had no connection with Lake Tanganyika, but is, as he supposed, the head waters of the Nile.

seen, I believe, by Montiero in his journey to Cazembe. Part of our line of march was along the route from Kilwa to the same chief."

The following extract from a letter of Dr. Livingstone to the late Admiral Washington, relates to the end of Bishop Tozer's mission, and the exactions of the Portuguese:—

"The Mission of the Universities has been a sore disappointment to me, but on public grounds alone, for it formed no part of my expedition. Before I left the Zambesi, I heard from Bishop Tozer, the successor to Bishop Mackenzie, that he had determined to leave the country as early in the present year (1864) as possible. He selected the top of an uninhabited mountain—Morambala, at the mouth of the Shire—for his mission-station. Fancy a mission-station on the top of Ben Nevis! It is an isolated hill in the middle of a generally flat country; consequently all the clouds collect around the summit, and the constant showers and fogs at certain times make the missionaries run, to avoid being drenched, into the huts. Unlike the first, the second party has been quite useless; they never went near any population that could be taught, and are now about to run away altogether. Wishing to be strictly accurate as to the incredible fact of a missionary bishop without a flock, I made minute inquiry, and found that on the mountain there were three native huts at one spot, four at another, and nine at a third; but none, except the first three, within easy access of the station. Twenty-five boys whom we liberated, and gave to the late Bishop Mackenzie, were very unwillingly received by his successor, although without them he would have had no natives whatever to teach. He wished to abandon certain poor women and children who were attached to the mission by Bishop Mackenzie, but Mr. Waller refused to comply with his proposal, and preferred to resign his connection with the mission. In reference to a promise by the Government of Portugal to send out fresh instructions to the Portuguese officials to render us every assistance, which was made in answer to Lord Russell's remonstrance to the authorities at Lisbon, we have only a fresh imposition, in the shape of a tax for residence at Killimane, on Dr. Kirk's party. It amounted to between £7 and £8, which, of course, I must pay. The duty of 4d. per pound weight on calico seems to say, 'We Portuguese mean to seal up the country more closely than ever.' I never intended to make use of the Zambesi after getting the steamer on the Lake. I only thought, as we had discovered this opening, we ought to make use of it to get up there, and then send out ivory by the Rovuma, during the eight months of the year that it is navigable. I regret not being able to finish what I had begun. I thank you for the charts of the Rovuma, and shall endeavour to take soundings, not on the bar, for there is none, but opposite the mouth. The only thing like a bar is a phenomenon which occurs at half-ebb, and up to the time when the tide turns, at which period the water, rushing out of the river, falls from three or four fathoms into nineteen fathoms, and thus causes a commotion which might

swamp a boat. It lasts, however, but a short time, for as soon as the flow begins all is smooth again. I believe that the Rovuma may be navigable for a vessel of light draught eight or nine months out of the twelve, and the bay is perfectly safe, and magnificent.

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

“P.S. 24th Feb. 1864.—The Bishop is off before me. I take the boys and children (40 in number) whom he wished to abandon, and send them myself to the Cape. Having once liberated them, I felt in honour bound to see them secure from a return into slavery, and am sure that the gentlemen who sent out the mission would have done the same.”

He kept with him on board the *Lady Nyassa* seven men, and two boys—Chumah and Wekotani—of whom we shall hear more hereafter.

The *Lady Nyassa* steamed from Mozambique to Zanzibar; and as Livingstone had determined to dispose of her, he started in her on a voyage of 2,500 miles for that purpose to Bombay, which he accomplished in safety, arriving there on the 13th of June, having left Zanzibar on the 16th of April; the heroic explorer acting as navigator, his crew consisting of three Europeans, viz., a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter, and seven native Zambesi men, and two boys. Considering that the three European members of his crew were laid aside for a month each, and his native Zambesi men had to be taught the duties of the ship, and that the *Lady Nyassa* was a tiny light craft constructed for lake and river navigation, the feat of sailing her across the Indian Ocean was not the least marvellous of the many daring undertakings he has successfully carried through. When they steamed into the harbour of Bombay, he says “the vessel was so small, that no one noticed our arrival.” His appearance in civilized society after such a fashion, must have been as unexpected and wonderful as his turning up among the Portuguese in the West, after travelling from the Cape right across country through regions till then wholly unknown. The two native boys, who were about sixteen years of age named respectively Wekotani and Chumah, were left with Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, to be educated. This astounding feat in seamanship—a voyage of 2,500 miles in the *Lady Nyassa*—did not strike Livingstone as being anything very wonderful. In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Bombay, he says:—

“We arrived at Bombay on the 13th instant, after a passage of 44 days from Zanzibar. From Zanzibar we crept along the African coast, in order to profit by a current of at least 100 miles a day. If Solomon’s ships went as far South as Sofala, as some suppose, they could not have done it during the south-west monsoon against such a current. We went along beautifully till we got past the line; we then fell in with calms, which continued altogether for 24½ days. The sea was as smooth as glass; and, as we had but one stoker, we could not steam more than nine or ten hours at a time. By patience and perseverance we have at length accomplished our voyage of 2,500 miles, but now I feel at as great a loss as ever. I came here to sell my

steamer, but with this comes the idea of abandoning Africa before accomplishing something against the slave-trade; the thought of it makes me feel as though I could not lie in peace in my grave, with all the evils I know so well going on unchecked. What makes it doubly galling is, that while the policy of our Government has, to a very gratifying extent, been successful on the West coast, all efforts on the East coast have been rendered ineffectual by a scanty Portuguese convict population. The same measures have been in operation here, the same expense and the same dangers, the same heroic services have been performed by Her Majesty's cruisers, and yet all in vain. The Zambesi country is to be shut up now more closely than ever, and, unless we have an English settlement somewhere on the mainland, beyond the so-called dominions of the Portuguese, all repressive measures will continue fruitless. I would willingly have gone up some of the other rivers with my steamer, instead of coming here, but I had only three white men with me—a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter—and seven natives of the Zambesi. The stoker and the sailor had both severe attacks of illness on the way, and it would have been imprudent to have ascended an unexplored river so short-handed. Could I have entered the Juba, it would have been not so much to explore the river, as to set in train operations by merchants and others which should eventually work out the destruction of the slave-trade."

Dr. Livingstone arrived in England in July, 1864, and busied himself with the preparation of his narrative for the press, and thinking over further efforts to be made for the amelioration of the condition of the natives of Central Africa. It was quite clear to him that no help in this direction must be looked for from the Portuguese government, which, in spite of the utter valuelessness of its possessions on the east coast of Africa, seemed to wink at the devastation and depopulation of the country by slave dealers, and threw every obstacle in the way of any one anxious to acquire information regarding the tribes bordering on their territory, and the possible introduction of legitimate commerce amongst them. The horrors Dr. Livingstone had to make us acquainted with then, and those which he was only telling us so recently, after having been lost to his country and friends for years, have raised such a storm of indignation throughout the civilized world, as cannot fail to hasten the end of the frightful traffic in human beings, which is carried on under the protection of the Portuguese flag.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Starts a Third Time for Africa.—Re-ascends the Rovuma.—His Reported Murder.— Expedition sent in Search of him Hears of his Safety.*

WHEN Dr. Livingstone arrived in England, the discoveries of Captain Speke and Major Grant were the subject of almost universal interest among the intelligent public; and he had not been long amongst us, when the enthusiasm those had excited, and the cravings for further knowledge of the regions about the head waters of the Nile, were further indulged by the discoveries of Sir Samuel Baker. Lakes, hill ranges, and populous native settlements, were slowly filling up the great blank patch in the centre of the vast continent of Africa, which for centuries had been assumed to be a vast sandy desert, a second and greater Sahara. From the known regions of Southern Africa Livingstone had, from his several expeditions prior to 1852, when he marched across the Kalahari desert and discovered Lake Ngami, down to his leaving the Zambesi, on the conclusion of his last series of explorations, laid down rivers, lakes, mountain ranges, and native settlements, over a tract of country vastly more extensive than was ever explored by a single individual in the history of discovery and adventure. His discoveries in the south, and those of his contemporary explorers farther to the north, had settled the fact beyond dispute, that the centre of Africa was peopled by tribes mentally and industrially capable of elevation, if the iniquitous slave-trade was suppressed, and legitimate commerce with civilized nations introduced amongst them; and that they inhabited regions rich in vegetable and animal life, and watered by magnificent rivers and streams, which filled the minds of thoughtful men with the hope of seeing opened, within a reasonable time, new corn, cattle, cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, coal, and iron-producing regions of so vast an extent, as to render the European continent independent in the future of the exhaustion of her present stores, through the demands of a population daily increasing in number and in wealth.

Between Speke and Grant's and Baker's discoveries, and Livingstone's in the south, there was still a vast tract of country of which little or nothing reliable was known. Further investigation, and a due consideration of the character of the newly-explored regions, led thinking men to doubt and question the fact that Captain Speke had traced the Nile to its head quarters, when he watched it flow a noble stream from the Victoria Nyanza Lake. These

doubts and questions soon resolved themselves into actual belief that the head waters of the river of Egypt must be carried as far south, and farther south, as some thought, than Lake Tanganyika.

Dr. Livingstone had not unnaturally looked forward to a considerable period of rest in the bosom of his family after his laborious exertions during the preceding six years ; but there was to be henceforward for him no rest on this side of the grave. The minds of men were drawn towards the unknown country between lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, and there was one man on whom the eyes of all men were turned as its explorer. The great traveller himself, after he had seen his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, through the press, had not made up his mind as to his future operations, when he was waited upon by Sir Roderick Murchison. That gentleman, with all the astuteness of a Scotch diplomatist, did not at once ask Dr. Livingstone to go himself—on a new mission.

“My dear Livingstone,” he said, “your disclosures respecting the interior of Africa have created a profound excitement in the geographical world. We (the Geographical Society) are of opinion that we ought to send another expedition into the heart of Africa to solve the problem of the water shed between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika lakes ; for when that is settled, all questions about Central Africa will be definitively resolved. Whom could you recommend to take charge of it as a proper man ?”

After some reflection, Dr. Livingstone recommended a gentleman well known to them both. This gentleman, on being spoken to, would only consent to go on the understanding that he would be sufficiently remunerated for his services. There can be only one opinion as to the propriety of the conditions on which this gentleman was willing to act ; as it would hardly be fair to expect a man advanced in years to undertake a mission of such privation and difficulty without ample compensation. As the Geographical Society could not guarantee any pecuniary reward, that gentleman declined to proceed to Africa.

Sir Roderick was much distressed at this refusal, and calling on Dr. Livingstone to announce the non-success of his efforts, he said—“Why cannot you go ? Come, let me persuade you. I am sure you will not refuse an old friend.” “I had flattered myself,” said Dr. Livingstone, “that I had much prospective comfort in store for me in my old days. And pecuniary matters require looking after for the sake of my family ; but since you ask me in that way, I cannot refuse you.”

“Never mind about the pecuniary matters,” said Sir Roderick. “It shall be my task to look after that ; you may rest assured your interests shall not be forgotten.”

At this time Dr. Livingstone’s circumstances were of such a nature, as but for this generous offer, to give him considerable anxiety. His first book,

*The Missionary Travels*, sold to the extent of 30,000 copies, and in consequence returned him a large sum of money. While on the Zambesi, and when the second steamer, the *Pioneer*, sent out to him proved a failure, he ordered the *Lady Nyassa* at his own expense, her cost being £6,000. She was lying at Bombay, and would be of no use in the contemplated journey at all. The sale of his second book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, up to the time of which we are writing, had not much exceeded 3,000 copies, so that if he left for Africa and was lost to sight for several years, the future of his motherless children could not fail to be a source of anxiety to him.

The generous offer of Sir Roderick Murchison, his old and tried friend, put him at his ease as to the future welfare of his family, and he began at once, with his usual promptitude and energy, to prepare for his departure upon what was to be his last expedition. Lord John Russell (now Earl Russell) and then Prime Minister, sent Mr. Hayward, Q.C., to him, to sound him as to what he would like the Government to do for him. No doubt his lordship wished to know what honour or reward he wished for himself. Livingstone, quite unmindful of himself, said, "If you stop the Portuguese Slave Trade, you will gratify me beyond measure." A second time Mr. Hayward asked him if anything could be done for himself, and his answer was, "No, he could not think of anything." Many times when he was waiting in the heart of Africa for succour from the coast, the thought came into his mind that he had then lost an opportunity of providing for his children.

Two thousand pounds were subscribed for the expedition. Mr. James Young, the well-known paraffin oil manufacturer, and a friend of Livingstone's at College, furnished £1,000, and promised that whenever he lacked funds he would supply him to any amount. The Government gave £500, and the Royal Geographical Society subscribed a like sum. As Dr. Livingstone, when he reached Bombay, sold the *Lady Nyassa* steamer, and placed the sum received for her (£2,000) in bank, to be drawn upon by him for the expenses of the expedition, he actually subscribed one-half the entire sum he believed he had at his disposal at starting. Months after he had passed into the interior of Africa, the banker with whom he had deposited the money became bankrupt, and the whole sum was totally lost.

Lord John Russell happily connected the expedition with the public service by renewing Dr. Livingstone's appointment as H.M. Consul to the tribes in the interior of Africa, thus giving to his mission a semi-official character.

Dr. Livingstone left England to set out on his last expedition on the 14th of August, and was accompanied to Paris by his eldest daughter, Agnes. From Paris he went to Bombay, where, having completed his arrangements, he proceeded to Zanzibar, accompanied by the two African boys (Chumah and Wekotani) he had left with Dr. Wilson, a number of men from the Johanna

Islands, a Sepoy Havildar, a few enlisted Sepoys, and some Wasawahili. Thus accompanied, he sailed in an Arab dhow from Zanzibar on the 28th March, 1864, and landed at the mouth of the Rovuma, after a voyage of several days.

Before leaving Bombay, Wekotani wrote the following letter to a gentleman in England (Mr. Horace Waller, we believe.) We give a literal translation of it here, as it cannot fail to interest our readers.

“I, Wekotani, and I, Chumah, send a letter to give to you, W——. The Doctor has said all is well, and has given to me the money which you gave to him, the Doctor; this is done of the good heart.

“As for us, Chumah and Wekotani, the Doctor said to us, ‘Farewell; remain yet at Bombay; cause to be learned reading and the art of writing.’ I said, even I, Wekotani, ‘It is good, my chief.’ ‘Farewell,’ said he.

“I have answered to the voice of the Doctor, and I now write to you this letter; and when it is finished I shall like to write to you yet another.

“The Doctor has arrived; he said, ‘Come here, Wekotani and Chumah, and take that money which W—— has given out of a good heart.

“I, Wekotani, learn that one of the boys is dead. I know Kaminyapongwi is dead; God has taken him. I learn my kinsman Chinsoro has married a wife; I learn that there is a child born to Uriah. If it be a boy, I know not; if a girl, I know not.

“Now I, Wekotani, speak to Uriah and Chinsoro, my kinsmen. He, even he, the Doctor, has said: ‘Wekotani and Chumah,’ said he, ‘let us go to the Rovuma.’ The chief W—— has spoken; he says—‘You, Wekotani, go with the Doctor before him on the path, and see other large waters, and speak with and see the Waiou (Ajawa), and speak the Waiou language.’ I said, ‘This is good, and I travel once more, and travelling there will be no sitting down when the great water is reached. I, I return with the Doctor.’

“Now I am informed of Adams, and Chumala, and Blair. W—— says Blair and Adams are at Natal, a country belonging to the English, says he.

“I speak to you, W——; you who used to live with Chinsoro—and to A——; he lived with Sumbani, I and you, W——, I, Wekotani; there is no forgetting W—— with me.

“Now I have written my letter, telling W—— I am at Bombay. Of Chiku and his companions, the traders, four are dead. Chiku is present. I have finished writing.

“I remain, Sir,

“Yours mostly obediently,

“WEKOTANI.

“You, W——, made pictures (photographs), portraying Chinsoro; and I have seen his countenance and that of his wife, of Uriah and of his wife, and I see Daoma and those women Ochuomvala and her mother; Jambani, I do not see his face. Chiku says, may it be well with you, W——.”

Early in November, the following letter was received from Dr. Livingstone. It was dated from Ngomano, 18th May, 1866, and was the first communication of any importance received from him since he had passed into the interior :—

“When we could not discover a path for camels through the Mangrove swamps of the mouth of the Rovuma, we proceeded about twenty-five miles to the north of that river, and at the bottom of Mikindany bay entered a beautiful land-locked harbour, called Kinday or Pemba. The entrance seems not more than three hundred yards wide; the reef on each side of the channel showing so plainly of a light colour that no ships ought to touch. The harbour is somewhat the shape of the spade on cards, the entrance being like the short handle. There is nearly a mile of space for anchorage, the southern part being from ten to fourteen fathoms, while the north-west portion is shallow and rocky. It is a first-rate harbour for Arab dhows, the land rising nearly all round from two to three hundred feet. The water is so calm, Arabs can draw their craft to the shore to discharge and take in cargo. They are also completely screened by the masses of trees growing all round it from seaward observation.

“The population consists of coast Arabs and their slaves. The six villages in which they live are dotted round the shore, and may contain three hundred souls in all. They seemed to be suspicious, and but for our having been accompanied by H.M.S. *Penguin*, would have given trouble. The ordinary precaution of placing a sentry over our goods caused a panic, and the Sirkar or head man thought that he gave a crushing reply to my explanations when he blubbered out, ‘But we have no thieves here.’

“Our route hence was S.S.N. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the *Pioneer* turned in 1861. We travelled over the same *plateau* that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain of hills from four to six hundred feet high. Except where the natives who are called Makonde have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees in general are not large, but they grow so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be said to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing-plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates.

“Trade paths have already been made, but we had both to heighten and widen them for camels and buffaloes. The people at the sea-coast had declared that no aid could be got from the natives. When we were seven miles off, we were agreeably surprised to find that for reasonable wages we could employ any number of carriers and wood-cutters we desired. As they were accustomed to clear away the gigantic climbers for their garden ground,

they whittled away with their tomahawks with remarkable speed and skill. But two days continuous hard labour was as much as they could stand. It is questionable whether any people (except possibly the Chinese) who are not meat-eaters can endure continuous labour of a kind that brings so many muscles into violent action as this work did. French navvies could not compete with the English until they were fed exactly like the latter. The Makonde have only fowls, a few goats, and the chance of an occasional gorge on the wild hog of the country.

“ . . . Such rocks as we could see were undisturbed grey sandstone, capped by ferruginous conglomerate. Upon this we often stumbled against blocks of silicified wood, so like recent wood that any one would be unwilling to believe at first sight they were stones. This is a sure indication of coal being underneath, and pieces of it were met in the sands of the river.

“ When about ninety miles from the mouth of the Rovuma, the geological structure changes, and with this change we have more open forest, thinner vegetation, and grasses of more reasonable size. The chief rock is now syenite, and patches of fine white dolomite lie upon it in spots. Granitic masses have been shot up over the plain, which extends in front all the way to Ngomano, the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi. In the drier country we found that one of these inexplicable droughts had happened over the north bank of the Rovuma, and a tribe of Mazitu, propably Zulus, had come down like a swarm of locusts, and carried away all the food above ground, as well as what was growing. I had now to make forced marches with the Makonde in quest of provisions for my party, and am now with Machumora, the chief at Ngomano, and by sending some twenty miles to the south-west, I shall obtain succour for them. This is the point of confluence, as the name Ngomano implies, of the Rovuma and the Loendi. The latter is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the south-west, where, in addition to some bold granitic peaks, dim outlines of distant highlands appear. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact that we are now about thirty miles beyond our former turning-point, and on the threshold of the unknown.

“ I propose to make this my head-quarters till I have felt my way round the north end of Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to another quarter for fresh supplies, but it is best to say little about the future. Machumora is an intelligent man, and one well-known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his personal character gives him.

“ The Makonde are all independent of each other, but they are not devoid of a natural sense of justice. A carrier stole a shirt from one of my men; our guide pursued him at night, seized him in his own house, and the elders of his village made him pay about four times the value of the article

stolen. No other case of theft has occurred. No dues were demanded, and only one fine—a very just one—was levied.”

Here, as elsewhere in Central Africa, the Arabs had not been successful in imposing the Moslem creed upon the natives. The Arabs believed it to be useless to persevere in any attempt to teach them, as the Makonde had no idea of a Deity. The fatal *tsetse* fly engages Livingstone's attention here, as in so many districts of Central Africa. He had selected buffaloes and camels, thinking that they would brave the fatal effects of its bite. He says:—“The experiment with the buffaloes has not been satisfactory; one buffalo and two camels died. Had we not been in a *tsetse* country, I should have ascribed this to over-work and bruises received on board the dhow which brought them from Zanzibar. These broke out into large ulcers. When stung by gad-flies blood of the arterial colour flows from the punctures. This may be the effect of the *tsetse*, for when an ox known to be bitten was killed, its blood was all of the arterial hue. I had but four buffaloes for the experiment, and as three yet remain, I am at present in doubt.”

In March, 1867, the whole civilized world was startled by the receipt of intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had been slain in an encounter with a party of Mafite or Mazitu on the western side of Lake Nyassa, at a place called Kampunda or Mapunda. The intelligence came in the shape of a dispatch from Dr. G. E. Seward, Acting Consul at Zanzibar to Lord Stanley (now Earl Derby), then Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

“Zanzibar, December 10th, 1866.

“MY LORD—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his dispatch from Ngomano, informed your lordships that he stood ‘on the threshold of the unexplored.’ Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow, he added, ‘it is best to say little of the future.’

“My Lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has ‘crossed the threshold of the unexplored;’ he has confronted the future, and will never return. He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus, of whom he says, in his dispatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him, and had ‘swept away the food from above and in the ground.’ With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loanda and Rovuma rivers at Ngomano, and the eastern or north-eastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point, as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kampunda, on its western shore; and was pushing west or north-west into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Maklisoora a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mazitu, and Nyassa folk.

“The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and arrow, the Zulus with the

traditional shield, broad-bladed spears and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear. The Mazitu instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat; they came on with a rush and with war-cries, and rattling on their shields with their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces, their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment.

“Livingstone fired, and two Zulus were shot dead (his boys fired too, but their fire was harmless); he was in the act of reloading, when three Mazitu leaped upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance, there could be none, and one cruel axe-cut from behind put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mazitu. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

“The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kampunda, on the lake’s borders (they left the Havildar of Sepoys there dying of dysentery, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys of the Bombay 21st at Mataka), and had rested at Marengo, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Maklisoorā; they were traversing a flat country broken by small hills, and abundantly wooded. Indeed, the scene of the tragedy so soon to be consummated would appear to have been an open forest-glade.

“Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mazitu were coming; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there among the trees, and he had just gained the party, and had sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell (by an axe-cut from behind). Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed into the deeper forest. . . . If the Mazitu really passed Moosa, his escape and that of his people verges on the marvellous.

“However, at sunset, they in great fear left their forest refuge, and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveller lay. Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus, who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay some four fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright; he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone, from their description, though the neck and spine, up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was ‘ever ready.’ They found

him stripped only of his upper clothing, for the Mazitu had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave, and hid from the starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit—the body of an apostle of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labours made known to us, and which, now baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as 'Lake Livingstone.' . . . The Johanna men made the best of their way back to Kampunda, not venturing near any village or station; they lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on the way.

“At Kampunda they witnessed the end of the Havildar of Sepoys. He alone of all the Indians was faithful; on the threshold of this Consulate of Zanzibar, he pledged himself at the moment of starting never to forsake his leader—nor did he; to the last he struggled on, worn with dysentery, but broke down hopelessly on the road to Marenga. A day or two later, and he would have shared his leader's fate. Insubordinate, lazy, impracticable, and useless, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys at Mataka. Had they been faithful like the Havildar, I should not have had to inscribe a record of this sad happening. Their unfitness for African travel might have been predicted. At Kampunda the Johanna men were deprived of their weapons by the chief, who also kept the Havildar's. Here they joined an Arab slave-caravan, recrossed the Nyassa and made for Kilwa, the great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast.

“But here again, and where least expected, they encountered the Mazitu. They had reached a place within eight days south-west of Kilwa, when the appearance of a band of these savages scattered the caravan. Abandoning ivory, slaves—their all—the Arab leaders thought best of saving their lives. The Johanna men again made their escape, and reached Kilwa, whence by the kindness of the customs people they were at once sent to Zanzibar. They arrived here on the 6th December

“I must reserve other details for a subsequent letter; but I may state that no papers, effects, or relics of Livingstone, are likely to be recovered.

“G. EDWIN SEWARD.”

With the same mail Sir Roderick Murchison received several letters from Dr. Kirk, then Assistant Consul at Zanzibar—and as he was a prominent member of Dr. Livingstone's expedition to the Zambesi and its tributaries, his impressions regarding Dr. Livingstone's route and the importance to be attached to the report of his murder are of interest and importance:—

“MY DEAR SIR RODERICK—Although the evidence is, in many points, contradictory in detail, and the survivors can give no clear account of their route, I find no cause to doubt their veracity in the main points of the narrative, and allow for much from the fact that an early flight alone saved them—an act of cowardice which would lead them in a measure to exaggerate

some of the circumstances. One great difficulty is, that they speak the language of Johanna only, for this necessitates the use of unskilled interpreters.

“ Our last communication from Dr. Livingstone was written by him on the 18th May. He was then at Ngomano, where he remained fifteen days, and probably his letter was written about the beginning of that time, or soon after his arrival. We know that he started from Mikindany, struck the Rovuma about thirty miles from its mouth, and proceeded to Ngomano, without encountering any obstacle ; so far the natives were friendly, but the path was most difficult, owing to the dense forest and tangled vegetation. I need not recount what he has narrated, and what has, no doubt, been communicated to you through Her Majesty’s Secretary of State ; but shall briefly state, so far as I have learned, the condition of the party when at Ngomano. They mustered in all thirty-six, viz. :—Dr. Livingstone, twelve Bombay Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine boys (African) educated, and four Africans, who had gone with him from the Zambesi to Bombay, where they awaited his return. Ngomano, on the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi, is the country between these streams, so that he had crossed the Rovuma before reaching the village of the chief. The Loendi was seen to be the main stream, the Rovuma being secondary to it. From previous expeditions we know that the Rovuma below the confluence is very subject to sudden rises and falls. In May it would be a considerable stream, but in October and November a dry bed with hardly a boat passage, and fordable every mile. Above the confluence of the Loendi, therefore, it must have become a series of almost isolated pools, if the Loendi was the main source. On Dr. Livingstone’s arrival, the district was in a disordered state ; a drought had injured the crop, and the little left had been carried off to the north of the Rovuma by a marauding tribe of Mazitu. Dr. Livingstone seems to have obtained provisions from the Mabiha of the south-east, and fifteen days after his arrival to have proceeded westward. The first day’s march was over desert country, but the following day they again met the Rovuma, but did not cross it. They had taken a path which proved a chord to one of the river-bends. Passing small villages of the Walolo, a tribe speaking the Makua language, and differing in little but the mark in the forehead from the main tribe to the south, they reached hills towards the end of the third day’s march ; these were clothed with bamboo jungles, but little water was found. Here one of the Africans, educated at Bombay, died. On the fourth and fifth days they seem to have crossed open grazing plains with trees ; they were steadily making an ascent, as indicated by the coldness of the mornings.

“ On the seventh day they were at Makarika, where they rested two days, and after eleven marches came to Mataka, a town of considerable size, the residence of a chief, who has power over a large district and many people ;

these are of the Waiao tribe, the same whom we call Ajawa on the Zambesi. This is a high mountainous country, with fine scenery and abundant water. The streams passed had a south-east direction, or seemed to flow from the Loendi, and one crossed on the ninth day's march from Ngomano was of considerable size.

“ This region is well peopled, and has abundance of cattle, besides goats and fowls. While here Dr. Livingstone was well received by the chief, presents were exchanged, and provisions obtained. In the short journey already accomplished, the Bombay Sepoys had proved unequal to the fatigues and irregular supply of food; the cattle and camels employed to carry loads had died, seemingly from the *tsetse* fly, and drilled Sepoys were of no use to take their place; they were easily fatigued and useless. Here Dr. Livingstone discarded all, except the Havildar, who bravely stuck by him, and advanced while his men returned towards the coast, in company with a slave caravan which passed that way, soon after Dr. Livingstone had left Malaka. An estimate of Dr. Livingstone's confidence in these men may be proved from the fact that his letters and despatches were entrusted to the Chief Malaka to be given to the first caravan: these important documents have not yet been received, although six of the Sepoys have come in, and Arab caravans have arrived at Kilwa. Great interest will attach to the recovery of those papers, as in them Dr. Livingstone would probably state whether he purposed again returning to Ngomano (where he had left some stores on advancing), after having settled the end of the Nyassa and its northern limits towards Lake Tanganyika. I have little doubt myself that any idea he may have had of returning had, by this time, been abandoned; indeed, it seemed contrary to Dr. Livingstone's nature to retrace his steps, nor could he have done so without disorganising his now enfeebled expedition. His only chance of keeping the remainder seems to have been to advance beyond the regions in which desertion was easy. Having been fifteen days at Malaka, his party advanced, still in a westerly course: the first day's march one of the Bombay educated negroes ran back, and returned to Zanzibar eventually with the Sepoys.

“ . . . Reaching the Lake after eight days' march, they obtained four canoes, and, embarking in the morning, were all landed on the opposite shore by mid-day. Comparing the water with parts of the Zanzibar harbour, my informants, the Johanna men, estimate the width as nearly six miles, which, from the time taken to cross, seems under the truth; but, it is to be remembered, that they are not explicit as to where they embarked. On this, however, they are decided, that water extended to the north as far as they could see, and they heard of no end in that direction. To the south it seemed still wider. They also stated that the canoes were propelled by means of poles, and paddles were seldom used. The water was not deep; the opposite

shore was of white sand, with plains to the west, but no hills visible, although high mountains appeared to the south.

“That night they slept at a small village on the western shore, and, leaving the water behind, marched west to Kampunda. The people of this place possess only a few cattle, but they gave a goat to Dr. Livingstone, and he remained one day. One of the Zambesi boys, Wekotani by name, deserted him; and the Havildar, worn out by disease, which attacked him in crossing the Nyassa, lagged behind and was left. Dr. Livingstone’s party was thus reduced to twenty men, all told; of these, however, very few knew how to handle fire-arms, and could be of no service in case of a determined attack by natives. They left Kampunda, and arrived at Marenga after two days’ march over level land, journeying west. After remaining a day at Marenga, they again followed a westerly course over smooth ground. Marenga, who was civil to the party, ferried them in canoes over a muddy channel or swamp, rather than a river. Soon after this they passed Maksura, still keeping west, and slept one night in the jungle. They had been told that the Mazitu were fighting in this part, but they had been so long near them that Dr. Livingstone seemed not to regard it. This was to the men, but no doubt he was aware that suddenly he might find himself face to face with them, as had happened to us on a former occasion on Lake Nyassa, not far south of this very place.

“The fatal attack occurred at 9 a.m. on the morning march. As to the date it is doubtful. If the data such as I have been able to elicit, from a mass of contradictory evidence, is to be relied on, it would be about the 15th of July; not before then, but possibly, if there had been stoppages, of which no account has been taken, as late as the end of that month. A great difficulty here occurs; for, on reckoning back on the date of arrival of the Johanna men at Zanzibar, we find a discrepancy of nearly a month unaccounted for. And whether this is to be intercalated before or after the fight, I am as yet unable to determine; but if the meeting with the Mazitu and Dr. Livingstone’s death did not happen in July, it must have been in the following month. As I was saying, about 9 a.m. on the morning’s march, they found themselves traversing a plain country, covered with grass as high as a man’s waist, and abounding in low bushes, with forest trees and dense wood at intervals, such, indeed, as is seen a little further south, where the country is known. Livingstone led the way, having next to him, as usual, the Zambesi boys and the Bombay educated Africans, while Moosa, the head of the Johanna men, drew up the rear. As Moosa is our only authority for what happened at this time, I may state that he was about fifty yards behind Dr. Livingstone, when the boys passed the word for the Doctor in front that the Mazitu were seen a little distance off. On this he ran a little forward, having with him his loaded rifle. When he had reached within ten paces of Dr. Livingstone, the Mazitu were near and

charging, their heads dressed with feathers visible above the large Kaffre shields of ox-hide. Their arms were spears and battle-axes.

“On seeing Dr. Livingstone and his boys with levelled muskets, they checked their charge for a moment, and came on with a hissing sound when they found they were not fired on. Dr. Livingstone then shot the foremost man: he dropped dead. The others fired, and, as the smoke cleared away, Moosa saw three men facing Dr. Livingstone. Moosa was at this time standing behind a tree, in order to fire. Seeing the Mazitu suddenly so close, he appears to have been panic-stricken. Dr. Livingstone had emptied his gun, and was endeavouring to re-load, when faced by these three Mazitu, who cut him down with a blow from a battle-axe, which severed the neck-bone, so that the head dropped forward, and he fell instantly. What happened in the field after this is unknown. Moosa ran off, and, having been behind, probably was unseen, while the Mazitu attacked those who were with the Doctor and had fired.

“Moosa in his flight met his men; they had already heard the firing a little way in front, and were prepared to throw down their loads and make off. This they now did, and ran to a distance, where they hid themselves in the bush. Near sunset they came out; and, desirous of seeing if any of the loads still remained, they stealthily approached the place. Finding nothing where they had thrown them down, and seeing no one, they became bolder and cautiously advanced, when they saw Dr. Livingstone's body stripped of all but the trousers, and presenting one wound in the back of the neck. They scraped a hole in the soil, and placed the body there, covering it over with the earth. They did not stay longer; near Livingstone's corpse were the bodies of two of the boys, which they recognised in the dim light by the unragged trousers still on them. The corpses of two Mazitu lay near—it might be twenty yards off—their shields by their sides, but their spears and axes had been carried off. Nothing remained to bring away; the Mazitu had taken all. The nine Johanna men who had come back saw two boys dead. One Johanna man, and all the Bombay and Zanzibar boys, are missing; and there is little chance that any one of them ever returns, taking as truth the statements solemnly made by the Johanna man and his eight companions, who all declare that, although, with the exception of Moosa, none saw Dr. Livingstone fall, yet they assisted afterwards in depositing the body in a shallow grave.

“I shall not now follow in detail the narrative of the return journey. Dr. Livingstone was gone; it has, therefore, little interest. It was only a gang of ignorant negroes, destitute of everything, and fearing every man they saw, endeavouring first to avoid habitations, then joining a coast caravan, which they met after crossing the lake at Kampunda. On the way to the coast at Kilwa, the party was suddenly attacked by a band of Mazitu and dispersed. Every one fled, the Johanna men now for the second time; ivory and slaves were abandoned, and left to the will of the dreaded marauders. No account

is given by the Johanna men of their having crossed the Rovuma on the return journey; but they crossed some river beds, at that time dry, with pools of water in them. No doubt one of them was the Rovuma, which could be little more than as described, in the dry season, before the junction of the Loendi, its chief supply.

“Thus has ended what at one time promised to be an expedition rich in results, and we must pause again in the march of discovery, leaving the map of Africa a disconnected string of lakes, every one of which is incompletely surveyed. Beginning at the north, the Victoria Nyanza is known only at its north and south ends; the intermediate coast on the west side has not been seen, and the east is entirely hypothetical, beyond the simple fact that it must have limits in that direction. As to the Albert, but a small part is known; and, like the Tanganyika, its north and south ends are as yet a blank. The southern end, however, is now the only one of interest, on account of the possibility of its uniting with the Tanganyika, and thus moving the Nile sources far to the south, and proving the Portuguese who visited the Cazembe to have been the first to reach them. I do not say that such a thing is probable; I believe it is not. I suspect, however, that Dr. Livingstone was satisfied the Nyassa did not extend far beyond where he crossed it, if indeed it was the Nyassa that he passed over. His first object, and one of his chief aims, was to determine the extent of the Nyassa westwards, and it is very improbable that he would push on into an unknown and decidedly dangerous land beyond it, leaving this important point unaccomplished. That it was the northern prolongation of the Nyassa I am decidedly inclined to believe; for, firstly, the general direction from Ngomana—which was west—would lead him there. It could be none of the southern crossings by which he traversed the lake, for indeed no part of the lake south of latitude  $11^{\circ}$  S. is shallow. Certainly nowhere could it be crossed in canoes propelled by long bamboos. On the western side, also, there are hills at all the crossings, except at Kota Kota, and there the lake is wide. I believe that Dr. Livingstone first came upon the lake near latitude  $10^{\circ}$  W., where the lofty mountains which were seen by us further south, on both sides, have subsided. The precipitous rocky borders of the Nyassa, in latitude  $11^{\circ}$ , are too marked a feature to escape the observations of the most obtuse; and the Johanna men all spoke of the land on both sides as flat, the shores sandy, and the water shallow. .

“Let me close this very hurried letter, impressing once more on you that the information it contains is the result of an imperfect investigation; much has still to be elicited, much never will be known. If I disbelieved the story, you know I would be the last to repeat it; but I do think that substantially, although not in detail, it is correct. “JOHN KIRK.”

On the 26th of January, 1867, Mr. Seward sent a despatch to the Foreign Office, which greatly tended to the fostering of a hope that the great traveller was not murdered, as had been so circumstantially asserted.

“I have the honour,” he says, “to inform you that, in pursuance of an intention expressed in my last despatch, concerning the asserted death of Dr. Livingstone, I have personally made inquiries amongst the traders at Kilwa and Kiringi, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead.

“The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazitu-haunted district, and, for ought they knew to the contrary, Dr. Livingston may yet be alive.”

The foregoing are the most important of the many communications regarding the reported death of Dr. Livingstone, read to the fellows of the Royal Geographical Society at their meeting on the 25th of March, 1867, and they have been selected for insertion here, because they give the best *resume* of the tale told by Moosa and the other Johanna men.

That Livingstone should fall by the hand of violence in his efforts to penetrate the interior of Africa was no unlikely circumstance, and the story we have rehearsed above was so circumstantial in all its details that it was a matter of no surprise that many should sorrowfully accept it as true. But there were a good many of Dr. Livingstone's friends who declined to believe that the great traveller was yet dead—chief of whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, Messrs. E. D. Young, and Horace Waller.

After the letters from Mr. Seward and Dr. Kirk had been read, Sir Roderick Murchison said that—

“He could not, as an old and dear friend of Livingstone, avoid clinging to the hope that he was still alive; and that he might be at that very moment on that Lake Tanganyika, which he had gone out to explore. If he only succeeded in passing the narrow tract inhabited by the warlike Mazitu, he would be comparatively safe, and so far from the lines of communication that it would be impossible to hear of him for many months, except by the accident of some Arab trader bringing down the intelligence to the coast. It was on this account, and trusting to the last despatch from our Consul, officially reporting what he had heard from Arab traders as to the untruthfulness of the Johanna men, that he thought there might still be some hopes—he would not say very sanguine hopes—that their illustrious friend was not dead. At all events, they ought, before they decided, to have better evidence than that of these men, all belonging to one tribe, and not, like the negro Africans, attached to Livingstone, but only his baggage-bearers, and in the rear, and who were described as a cowardly race. If any of these negroes, several of whom were said to have escaped, had returned and told the story, they might then believe it. And why should they not have returned, if their leader was dead, as well as the Johanna men? He thought it was their duty to

cling to the hope as long as they could, until some decisive evidence was obtained."

Sir Samuel Baker, the great Nile traveller and discoverer of the Albert Nyanza lake, and recently the leader of an expedition sent by the Viceroy of Egypt into the interior of Africa to put down the Slave trade, said—

"The news of Livingstone's death lay so heavily upon his mind that he could not speak of the lake system of Africa without first expressing his opinion respecting the fate of the great traveller. From his personal experience in Africa of nearly five years, he was compelled to differ in opinion from Sir Roderick Murchison. For his part he felt perfectly certain, from the evidence that had been laid before them, that they should see Livingstone's face no more. To him, who knew the native character, which was the same—exceedingly brutal and savage—throughout Africa, it was no wonder Livingstone was killed: it was only a wonder that one man out of a hundred ever returned from that abominable country. The death of Livingstone had given a check to African exploration, and he felt perfectly convinced that for a long time to come the centre of Africa would be closed to us. . . . He felt certain that no individual enterprise would ever open Africa, except to this extent—that an unfortunate traveller, weary and toilworn, might return to the Geographical Society, and state with all humility the little that he had done. With regard to Livingstone, he was perfectly convinced that, as Baron Von der Decken and Dr. Roscher had been killed, and Mrs. Livingstone had left her bones in Africa, so Livingstone had fallen a sacrifice; and although they could not erect a monument to his memory on the place where he fell, yet his name would live in their hearts as that of a man who had nobly done his duty."

Mr. Horace Waller said "he was with Dr. Livingstone many months in Africa on the Shire river, and knew many of these people whose names had been mentioned to the meeting. He had met men of the Mazitu tribe. They are a terror to the Portuguese; and although Dr. Kirk imagined that they crossed to the northward of the Zambesi forty years ago, he was led to believe that the particular band, who were killing everybody right and left throughout the country, only crossed in 1856. It had been stated in the public papers that Dr. Livingstone, before he struck the lake, had been in collision with the slave-dealers. He had the pleasure of telling them, from letters he had received within the last few days from Zanzibar, that Livingstone had not been in collision at all with the slave-dealers. As to Ali Moosa, he knew him very well; he was the head of these twelve Johanna men; but he was thoroughly untruthful, and would lie through thick and thin whenever it answered his purpose. Moosa was a man he would not put confidence in at all. But Dr. Kirk had been there: he knew Moosa, and he knew all the men, and he was the most likely man of all who had been upon that coast to come to a sound conclusion. He may say he placed faith in the sagacity of Dr. Kirk, and whatever

opinion Dr. Kirk entertained with regard to the fate of Livingstone he must entertain."

Captain Sherard Osborne said that—

"The fate of Livingstone at this moment was remarkably analagous to that of Franklin in 1848. Franklin was missing, and there were plenty of people ready to come forward and produce indubitable proofs that Franklin had perished close to the threshold of his work. He and others doubted it strongly; but so fiercely was the question agitated that some of the best and soundest authorities in this country were disposed to relinquish the idea of Franklin's pushing forward then, as he believed poor Livingstone might be pushing forward now. He held that they, as members of the Geographical Society, should act upon the broad principle that, until they had positive proof of the death of Livingstone, or any other explorer, it was their duty not to cease their efforts to rescue them. If it were easy for the slave-trader and the missionary to traverse Africa, he maintained that other men could penetrate to Luenda and see if Livingstone had left that place in safety, and bring back any papers he might have left there. If Livingstone had fallen, he believed the efforts made to solve the mystery of his death would lead, in all probability, to the clearing up of the mystery of the African lake regions, just as the problem of the northern polar regions had been solved in the search for Franklin."

Mr. Baines said, "as one who had been with Livingstone eighteen months in Africa, he wished to bear testimony to his perseverance and ability as an explorer. With regard to his reported death, he himself had been reported dead, and in 1860 or 1861 it was stated that Dr. Livingstone had been killed; but the editor of the Cape paper added very sensibly, that Dr. Miller, who brought down the letters, had previously been reported dead, and had come out alive." Mr. Baines said he did not give up hope; at the same time he had very great fear, founded on the conclusions Dr. Kirk had come to, who would not be easily deceived by the natives."

The President, Sir Roderick Murchison, in concluding the discussion, said he was glad to find that gentlemen well acquainted with parts of the region recently explored, had, as well as himself, a hope that Livingstone might be still alive. Although it was a ray of hope only, they would, he was sure, agree with him that an expedition should be sent out to clear up this painful question. Until that was done he should remain in doubt as to the death of the great explorer.

Mr. E. D. Young, afterwards the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition, gave an equally indifferent account of the truth and honesty of Moosa. He says:—

"I had previously a good experience of the salient points in the character of the Mohammedans. It had fallen to my bad lot on a former

occasion to be brought into contact with just such practices in Moosa, headman for the nonce, as would stand him in good stead, supposing desertion, pillage, and a plausible tale should ever suggest themselves to him as a way out of a difficulty. He had served under me for a year on the river Shire, and the tropical growth of rascality during an idle six months there (as witnessed in him and his followers) was marked, but certainly not amusing. The first canon in their creed was to lie; the second made stealing an honest transaction towards their Christian neighbours. With consciences thus pretty well fortified, these two laws were rigorously exercised amongst bead sacks, calico bales, bundles of brass wire, rice bags, and beef casks, on every available opportunity when my back was turned. It was no use stopping their grog—that stern preventative measure with the ordinary Jack-tar—for they drank none. A religion which winks at the above practices, sneezes if the air brings upon it a whiff of anything so unlawful and unclean as rum! At my wits' end, I hit upon two expedients. Distance from their home lent no aid to disenchant the visions of spotless purity in which the faithful must indulge. If rum were loss of houris, pork was simply destruction to all ideas of peace of mind. Now it so happened a pig was brought to us one day at Ma Titti, where the *Pioneer* and her motley crew were lying for six months. A fathom or two of cloth transferred to my possession a nondescript beast, with bristles like cocoa-nut fibre brushed different ways, and with teeth, legs, tail, and ears, tending to defy ought but the merest semblance of things swine-like.

“Great was the dismay of Moosa and his companions when they saw a small cabin fitted up in the bows, with a packing case or two, and some handy spars, for our new acquisition. To stay in the same ship was simply impossible to the followers of the Prophet. However, a compromise, with a view to further business, was eventually come to. Piggy was on no account to be suffered out of his sty, except at such times as the faithful were safely on shore; as long as they worked well so did the arrangement. But things soon lapsed. Less work and more lying and stealing took the place of the wholesome dread of being run up against by the unclean.

“Necessity is the mother of invention. So after the unusually successful result in seeing how not to do things, one day I had eight bells struck, and, as usual, the Johanna men got ready to dine on shore. What was their dismay to hear the clatter of trotters, and in a moment the ‘defiled’ was amongst the faithful! *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day. Piteous appeals, to which hunger lent its zest at the accustomed dinner hour, was showered down upon me from the rigging. ‘Ah Misser Young, ’spose you catch ’em porco, ’spose we work plenty.’

“On these conditions at last I relented, and for a time a mere glance of my eye towards ‘porco’s’ sty was enough to get quite a paroxysm of work

out of them. Then this failed, and I had to resort to a still more persuasive argument. The stealing was becoming past endurance. A culprit was caught, and a long threatened operation (which for brevity's sake we will call 'two dozen') was to be his lot, as soon as he was tied up and a proper person found to administer the corrective. That a follower of the Prophet should be struck by the 'Kaffre' was out of the question, and a loud protest, founded on this theory, at last had its hearing. I relented, but a second impossibility took its place. Still more unheard of was it that 'dog should eat dog,' or Moslem thrash Mussulman! However, of these two evils, the faithful decided it was the least, not without a bias, as I discovered very soon. The reason became apparent as the brotherly consideration which came to the front in the attempt to mitigate, if not prevent, the flagellation. Moosa himself consented to wield an impromptu and very mild sort of 'cat.' I had the culprit properly fastened to the rigging to receive his whipping, and took my station to see it justly administered. All was ready; Moosa, with a stern sense of justice and self-sacrifice for principle's sake manifested on his countenance, handled the 'cat' in the most approved fashion. Great was the preparation for the blow, and Ali Baba must evidently be cut in twain at the first go off! Not so: the well feigned uplifted vengeance in the lash came down to a modification in the fall, which left the tawny skin of the marauder merely tickled. This would not do; defeat was ruin, or at least plunder more pertinacious than ever.

"Coming up behind M. Moosa with a rope's end, I told him that it was evident he was at a loss to know exactly how hard he was to hit—an excusable failing considering his scanty knowledge of plain English—and I could furnish him with a simple but sure guidance. So it was 'Now Moosa' (thwack) pass that on to Ali Baba! The result was marvellous, and although Moosa never could exactly see why he could not pass on just what he received, I broke up a cabal which made detection and punishment alike a burden to our otherwise sorely tried life with these Johanna men."

The Johanna men, like all Mohammedans, showed themselves careless of life and selfish to a degree. Mr. Charles Livingstone relates an incident which occurred in the Zambesi illustrative of this:—

"Once, when they were all coming to the ship after sleeping ashore, one of them walked into the water with the intention of swimming off to the boat, and while yet hardly up to his knees, was seized by a horrid crocodile, and dragged under; the poor fellow gave a shriek, and held up his hand for aid, but none of his countrymen stirred to his assistance, and he was never seen again. On asking his brother-in-law why he did not help him, he replied, 'Well, no one told him to go into the water. It was his own fault that he was killed.'"

The grave doubts as to the truth of the Johanna men, expressed by

men so competent to judge as to the value of their evidence, communicated itself to the public, and within a very short space of time the hope was generally current that their statements were unworthy of credence. On the 8th of April Sir Roderick Murchison intimated to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society that the Council had drawn up the following resolution with regard to Dr. Livingstone:—

“The Council are of opinion that it is highly desirable that a tentative expedition or expeditions should proceed, whether from Zanzibar to the head of Lake Nyassa, or from the Zambesi to that point, with a view to ascertain the fate of Dr. Livingstone; and that the expedition committee be requested to report upon the measures advisable to be adopted.”

It was then resolved —

“That the President be requested to communicate this resolution to Lord Stanley (then Minister for Foreign Affairs), with the expression of a hope that Her Majesty’s Government will see fit to adopt such measures as may appear to them most conducive to the end in view, in which not only geographers, but the public at large, take so deep an interest.”

On the 27th of May Sir Roderick Murchison was in a position to intimate that Her Majesty’s Government had agreed to co-operate with the Royal Geographical Society, and that an expedition was about to start for the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, by way of the Zambesi, which would set at rest all doubts as to the truth or falsehood of the Johanna men.

“In the meantime,” he said, “not believing in the death of Livingstone, on the sole testimony of one of the baggage-bearers who fled, and who has already given different versions of the catastrophe, I am sure the Society and the public will approve of the course I recommended, and in which I was cordially supported by the Council, and, to their great credit, by Her Majesty’s Government—viz., to send out a boat expedition to the head of Lake Nyassa, and thus ascertain the truth. If by this exhaustive search we ascertain that, sceptical as we are, the noble fellow did fall at that spot where the Johanna men said he was killed, why, then, alas! at our next anniversary it will be the sad duty of your President, in mourning for his loss, to dwell upon the wondrous achievements of his life. If, on the contrary, we should learn from our own envoys, and not merely from Arab traders, that he has passed on into the interior (and this we shall ascertain in six or seven months), why then, trusting to the skill and undaunted pluck of Livingstone, we may feel assured that, among friendly negro tribes, who know that he is their steadfast friend, he may still realise one of the grandest geographic triumphs of our era, the connection of the great Tanganyika with the Nile system.

“But even here I would have my countrymen, who are accustomed to obtain rapid intelligence of distant travellers, not to despair, if they should

be a year or more without any news of our undaunted friend. For, if he be alive, they must recollect that he has with him a small band of youthful negroes, none of whom could be spared to traverse the wide regions between Tanganyika and the coast. Until he himself reappears—and how long was he unheard of in his first great traverse of southern Africa—we have, therefore, little chance of knowing the true result of his mission. But if, as I fervently pray, he should return to us, with what open arms will the country receive him! and how rejoiced will your President be if he lives to preside over as grand a Livingstone festival as he did when the noble and lion-hearted traveller was about to depart on his second great expedition.

“The party which I have announced as about to proceed to Africa, to procure accurate information concerning Livingstone, will be commanded by Mr. E. D. Young, who did excellent service in the former Zambesi expedition in the management of the Nyassa river-boat. With him will be associated Mr. Henry Faulkner, formerly a Captain of H.M.’s 17th Lancers, a young volunteer of great promise,\* and three acclimatised men, Mr. J. Buckley, an old shipmate of Mr. Young’s, and Mr. John Reed, a mechanic, and the other a seaman. The expedition, I am happy to say, is warmly supported by Her Majesty’s Government, and the building of the boat is rapidly progressing under the order of the Board of Admiralty.

“The boat will be a sailing one; made of steel, and built in pieces, no one of which will weigh more than forty pounds, so that the portage of the whole by natives past the cataracts of the Shire will be much facilitated. The Government have arranged for the transport of the party to the Cape, with the boat and stores, by the African Mail Steamer, on the 9th of next month (June). Arrived there, one of the cruisers will take them to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, where the boat will be put together, and the party, having engaged a crew of negroes, will be left to pursue their noble and adventurous errand by the Zambesi and the Shire, to the head of Lake Nyassa. On account of the heavy seas which prevail on the western or leeward side of that lake, the expedition will keep close to its eastward shore, hitherto unexplored, and it is expected it will reach Kampunda, at the northern extremity, by the end of October, and there ascertain whether our great traveller has perished as reported, or has passed forward in safety through Cazembe to the Lake Tanganyika.”

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 3rd of June, Sir Roderick Murchison introduced Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner to the meeting. In the course of some remarks concerning the expedition of which he had taken the command, Mr. Young said, that “he did not believe the report of Moosa, the Johanna man, who had been under him nearly two years on the Zambesi, and had shown himself to be totally untruthful.”

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\* Mr. Faulkner went out at his own cost.

Mr. Petherick, the great Nile traveller, in the course of some remarks on the expedition, said, "He entirely coincided with Sir Roderick Murchison in disbelieving the report of Dr. Livingstone's death. Any man who had had a long experience of the negroes of those districts would detect a falsehood on the very face of the story that Moosa had told. It was too circumstantial for a true account. His statement, that after the fight he returned with his companions several hours afterwards, and found the bodies of Livingstone and three or four of his companions on the ground unmolested, was so unlike the usual mode of proceeding of these people, that it could not be correct. Every African traveller knew that the trophy most prized by savages such as the Mazitu, would be a portion of the body of the enemy they had slain; and if the poor Doctor had fallen, his body would have been cut up into as many pieces as there were savages to be gratified. It was, he thought, to be deeply regretted that the object of the expedition, now about to leave England, was merely to ascertain the certainty of the fate of Dr. Livingstone, and was on so small a scale as to preclude it from the possibility of affording the illustrious traveller, should he be in life, that relief of which he might be in need. He, himself had been in his late journey in a similar strait, and had he not most fortunately obtained supplies from one of the trading stations, he and his party must have succumbed."

On the 25th of November letters were read from H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, H. A. Churchill, and Dr. Kirk, that they had heard from a native trader just returned from Central Africa, that a white man had been seen in the country of Marungo, near the town of the head chief Katumba,\* and that they had hopes that this white man was none other than Dr. Livingstone. Early in December a letter was received by Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey from Dr. Kirk, which may be said to have satisfied the public that Dr. Livingstone was alive and pushing on towards the north. Dr. Kirk says:—

"The interesting discovery that a white man had been seen seven months ago to the south of Lake Tanganyika, induced Mr. Churchill, the Consul, and myself, to go to Bagamoyo, a place on the coast, the point of arrival and departure of the Ujiji caravans. The result of our visit has been to find two other men who also saw the wanderer in the interior at Marunga, and to place his existence beyond a doubt. We have also learned something about his personal appearance, his escort, and the route he was taking; and have been told that letters were given to one of the headmen of another caravan that was at Marunga. This man, we have since been told, is a well-known man; so that on his arrival from the interior, expected in the course of a month, we may not only have our curiosity satisfied, but I sincerely hope our best wishes

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\*It was in this district, and near Katumba's town, that the great traveller died, about six years after his first appearance there.

for our dear friend Livingstone realized. I hope we shall find that he has been successful, and is pushing his way to the Albert Nyanza, thence to emerge *via* the Nile, on the Mediterranean. He will have been the first man who has not only crossed the continent, but has passed through the whole length of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile. But the essential part of his work will have been done before he reaches the Nile, and he may safely return towards Zanzibar, if so minded, with laurels sufficient to constitute him the greatest of all explorers, and the African traveller *par excellence*. You see I am very sanguine that our friend is still alive. The manner in which we obtained the testimony was very satisfactory. In the first place, I picked up the news amongst the native traders. I then addressed the caravan people, and drew out their story while they were unsuspecting of its interest, so that neither Hindee traders nor Suaheli men had an object to tell lies, nor any idea how to act if they wished merely to please. Besides, our conversation was carried on without an interpreter, and, although making no pretence to a full knowledge of the language, I knew quite sufficient to be able to express myself, and dispense with that feeble source of conference, an interpreter. With the prospect of letters from Livingstone so near, we may well refrain from all speculation on the subject of his geographical discoveries."

The reports recorded by Dr. Kirk in the above were further confirmed from other sources, and by the time that the Search Expedition under the command of Mr. E. D. Young returned with the intimation that the story of Ali Moosa was a fabrication, concocted by him to screen the desertion of himself and the other Johanna men, the public were in the daily expectation of hearing from Dr. Livingstone himself. Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner made their report to the Royal Geographical Society on the 27th of January, 1868. Unfortunately Sir Roderick Murchison was not present at the meeting on account of illness. He addressed a letter to the Members of the Society, in which he said, with justifiable pride, that his "friends of the Geographical Society will recollect that, from the first, I expressed my belief that the Johanna men had deserted Livingstone, and had concocted a false and wholly incredible account of his death. I subsequently gave as an hypothesis of their reasons for deserting that they were coast-men, and acquainted only with the Zambesi and its tributaries; and that when their chief decided upon plunging into the heart of Africa, they fled from him; and, indeed, they assigned as their motive to the native chief, to whom they told the truth, that it was fear which prevailed on them. Had they only re-told this story to the Consul at Zanzibar, what sufferings of the friends of Livingstone would they not have averted, instead of bringing on themselves the execrations of every one! I hope some measures will be taken to make these wretches feel that, in reporting to British authorities, they must speak the truth."

The public waited with impatience for news from the great traveller

himself. He had been so long lost in unknown and untrodden regions, that they looked forward to a stirring narrative of new countries, new peoples, and strange adventures, equal to that with which he had treated them after his famous march across Africa in company with the Makololo men. A higher feeling than mere curiosity was at work in the public mind. The series of remarkable explorations in Africa, commencing with that of Livingstone in the south, in 1849, and ending with the discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake by Samuel Baker, had kept that vast continent constantly in the foreground as a scene of discovery, and the great explorer was known to be approaching the ground so recently travelled by Speke, Grant, Burton, and Baker, the great explorers of the north and east. The mysterious heart of Africa was fast giving up its secrets, and few doubted but that the indefatigable Livingstone would pass through the as yet unknown lands that lay between the country of Cazembe, and the great lake region of Speke and Baker. The Nile, which had been a mystery since the earliest dawn of civilization, had been traced further and further to the south, and Livingstone, who had passed far to the north of the watershed of the Zambesi, was in the line of march which, if successfully prosecuted, must solve the mystery of its source and its annual floods. How he was to be thwarted and turned aside through the bungling carelessness of those responsible for the sending of his supplies, and how death at last was to intervene between him and the full accomplishment of his work, were unthought of possibilities in the joy at finding that he was alive and well; but they were doomed within a few short years to be the subject of bitter reflection to millions throughout the globe.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*The Livingstone Search Expedition under Mr. E. D. Young.—Departs for South Africa.—Ascends the Zambesi and the Shire.—Hears of the Safety of Livingstone.—Returns to England.—Letters from Dr. Livingstone.—Death of Dr. Livingstone again reported, etc., etc.*

WE proceed to give a brief account of the "Livingstone Expedition and its results." Mr. Young and his companions reached Table Bay on the 12th of July, 1867. The Rev. Mr. Lightfoot, who had taken charge of the forty-two natives brought from the Shire valley by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Waller in 1864, recommended two of their number to act as interpreters to the expedition, and make themselves otherwise useful. The names of the two were Chinsoro (the friend of Wekotani) and Sinjeri. The former had been befriended by Dr. Dickinson, of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission; and the latter had been at the same time a servant to Mr. Horace Waller. Both of them had been rescued from slavery.

H.M.S. *Petrel*, Captain Gordon, conveyed the expedition to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, which they reached on the 25th of July. Speaking of the scene presented to their gaze, Mr. Young says:—

"There is something very singular about the *embouchures* of African rivers. At first sight the long dark avenues of mangrove trees, through which the channels discharge their waters, do away with the idea of solitude. It seems as if the hand of man had been at work. The trees appear to have been trimmed to a level at the top, and they overhang the rivers far too methodically to impress the mind with the utter loneliness that really haunts such localities. The first impression is anything but disagreeable, and not a fair introduction to the vastness and grandeur of the interior country. The Zambesi, it must be remembered, enters the sea by a great variety of channels. It has ceased to exist as a river some forty miles above the sea. The waters of one of the grandest streams imaginable find their way as best they can to the ocean, where they become entangled in the swampy delta which lies between its broad channel and the sea.

"The full desolation of the scene is withheld till one sees a canoe stealing along under the shadow of the overhanging trees. Black in colour, manned

by two or even one dark crouching form, frightened at the appearance of the stranger, it seems as if the denizens of such a wilderness were ashamed to be found there—as if it were an intrusion on a solitude which is too real. To confirm this the traveller has but to set foot amongst the mangroves; all the outward trim order vanishes in an instant. It is a deceitful garb of green, hung over a tangle of poles—living, dying, and dead—which stick out of a sickening, filthy mud bed, defying the searcher to venture many yards.

Passing up the river deserted houses on every side told that the hold of the Portuguese in the country had become most precarious. At Shupanga they picked up a native who had been one of the crew of the *Pioneer*. His English name was John Gaitty. His delight at seeing Mr. Young was most unbounded, and he very willingly agreed to join the party. Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Young visited Mrs. Livingstone's grave under the large Baobab tree at Shupanga, and several of Mr. Young's old comrades on the Shire "fetched their hoes and cleared all the grass away from it for us." The greatest respect seemed to be shown for the memory of one so dear to a man whose fame is fair and clear both to friend and former foe wherever our steps lead us. . . . Before starting I saw to the plastering and white-washing of the tomb, and having paid the men who performed this duty, we started up the river."

At Senna the ruin which had befallen the Portuguese settlements afforded Mr. Young the subject for wise reflections. He says:—

"In former times it was tenanted by a little group of slave and ivory dealers, Senhor Ferrao standing out in bold relief for his well-known hospitality to all comers, and his universal goodness to his slaves. We were grieved to hear he was no more, but his son received us most hospitably. From him we gathered that the Landbeen Kaffres had not only destroyed the once important town of Tete on the right bank of the river above us, but that they had also killed one hundred and thirty of the European convict troops and three officers, taking the Governor prisoner into the bargain. Sorry as we naturally felt for the loss of life, it was a source of gratification to learn that this nucleus of infamy had at last been done away with.

"Tete had hitherto been the great head-quarters of a slave traffic which had brought desolation into the country in which we were about to travel. From this land, to the north of Tete, women and children were collected, no matter at what cost of life and bloodshed, to be transported to the tribes on the south of the Zambesi, in exchange for ivory. These tribes to whom they were thus sold as slaves, had been so long at war that hardly any but the fighting men remained. The traders' ready sagacity saw that, instead of paying enormous import duties on calico, beads, muskets, etc., if they could only collect these poor things instead, and make barter goods of them, all such drawbacks would be avoided. Livingstone's discoveries, his free roamings through the Shire uplands, his reports of a teeming population, industrious and peaceable,

first furnished the desired hunting ground for the Tete men. . . . The whole country was laid waste, tribe was set against tribe, the strong sided with the strong against the weak, the captives were bought at a price varying from two to five yards of calico a-piece, and the population had thus become exterminated in the hills."

Two years previous to the visit of Mr. Young's party, the Zambesi and its tributaries had come down in unusual flood—the former river forcing a passage for the bulk of its waters across country to the Shire, which they reached twenty miles from its mouth. Two guides having been procured who were acquainted with the new channel, Mr. Young determined to pass through it to the Shire. Once fairly into the channel the perils of its navigation presented themselves when it was too late to turn back. "Our boats," Mr. Young says, "were hurried along like leaves in a mill race, and to stop was impossible. The first part lay through trees, and the danger of being dashed against 'snags' was every moment recurring. There was nothing to do but 'carry on,' although it felt more like being in a railway train than a boat: once only did we receive a bad bump, and most fortunately it neither capsized nor stove us. This headlong career kept on till we made a large open space, and we were very glad to cast anchor on a sandbank for the night."

The channel widened into a marsh, through which the navigation was most intricate and difficult. The abundance of animal and plant life in this marsh called forth his admiration and wonder:—

"The plentiful supply of water, the rank vegetation for cover and food, and the patches of forest, afford all that the antelope tribe and the large game of Africa require. Elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo, are very plentiful, whilst water-buck, zebra, and numerous other animals, stray about in mixed herds. . . . Acres of azure-blue lilies hide the water in places, and for the moment deceive the eye which has acknowledged, day by day, the similar hue above. Hollyhocks and convolvuli are amongst the reeds; the palm tree's stateliness, and the acacia's blossom, are things that fix themselves in the mind; the mists are whiter, the cries of the birds wilder, the largeness larger, and the stillness of the dawn more still upon these lagoons than anywhere else. All nature by concert seems to acknowledge the reign of stillness, knowing that sound travels so easily and swiftly over water and through white fog. Rarely is silence broken, and then only by sounds which utter allegiance to the scene. It is the lion's roar before the dawn, the hippopotamus' trumpet vibrating over the glassy expanse of water as day breaks, and the shriek as from another world of the fish-hawk—these sounds are allowable and allowed in the Shire marshes. The report of a gun is sacrilege; a bird's song would be destruction. By the pools stand white ghostly-looking bitterns, bleached for night, whose very lustreless eyes seem swollen to perpetual silence: they rise from the sedge in flakes; they slide a few boat-lengths over the water,

and then settle down again, lifeless and alone. Myriad strings of geese move twice a-day, when the scene-shifting must be done—that is, when sun rises and sun sets—but they do it as noiselessly as they can. Troops of pelicans pass here and there, quartering the heavens into long lines with the geese, but no noise comes from them—they never move again when once they alight unless disturbed, for all and everything must help to keep all still.”

The fish-hawk of these regions attracts the attention and admiration of all travellers. Dr. Livingstone perpetually alludes to it in his writings. Mr. Young speaks of it as the presiding genius of the water-courses. “It is impossible,” he says, “ever to forget his weird, impressive cry as he flies on and on ahead. . . . Nothing catches the eye so quickly as his large, snow-white head and beautiful chocolate-coloured wings, which at their full expanse measure between six and seven feet. He may be seen soaring over the water, now throwing back his head to give his wild laugh, which rings from rock to rock, and anon dashing down into the water to seize a fish. When this is secured with his talons, he either flies off with it to a sand-bank, or if, as sometimes happens, it becomes a question of mere strength which shall conquer, he will consent to be dragged along the surface till he can at last make sail again, and lead his tired captive to a shoal place.”

On the Shire Mr. Young met with a singular superstition. On the extreme peak of the Kolubvi hills a woman is incarcerated in a hut, and the natives resort to her to listen to her ravings, which they believe to have a divine origin. The original occupant of the hut was the wife of a distinguished Manganja chief, who was supposed by his followers to be a spirit. After his death he spoke to them through a prophetess, who is constantly being renewed, as the solitary vigil on the hill-top generally renders the post vacant every year or two. As any female member of the tribe is eligible for the office of “prophetess,” great is the consternation “when it is known that ‘Zarima’s’ life has fled from the hill-top.”

Near the junction of the Ruo and the Shire, and close by the last scene in the life of Bishop Mackenzie, the party encountered a large body of natives, who loudly expressed their delight at once more meeting with the “English.” “Nearing Chibisa’s, every yard renewed old recollections, and a little further on we encountered a well-known face—there stood one of our old comrades, the Makololo! The news spread from village to village like wildfire: ‘The English! the English!’”

“We found a very large population where we had left a scanty one. The whole place was in an uproar. Crowd after crowd came to the bank of the river, and the shouting, dancing, and clapping of hands, told its own tale. It was a welcome although a deeply thoughtful moment. What had been done—what might still be done with such good feeling as a groundwork? Arrived at Chibisa’s it seemed as if all the surrounding country had

gathered together to greet us. The people rushed into the river to drag our boats to shore, calling out continually, 'Our fathers, the English, are come again! Here is Mr. Young! Mr. Young! Mr. Young!' They were wild with delight."

When the Makololo were all assembled together, Mr. Young explained to them the purpose of their journey, and asked them if they would join him.

"They answered me," says Mr. Young, "through their chief Malako, in the quaint and perfect form with which a savage addresses his hearers in council assembled. 'Mr. Young, Narki (the name by which Dr. Livingstone goes among the Makololo) was our father; and you who were out here with him, behaved well to us during your former stay. You are as our father now, and we will go anywhere with you, and do anything you wish us to do.' I stated my conditions in plain terms to them. They replied: 'You may give us what you please; only tell us what to do.'"

At Ma-Titi, the commencement of the Murchison cataracts, the party built a hut to contain their stores, and, taking the steel boat to pieces, made arrangements for the tedious land journey of sixty miles to the clear water beyond. The engaging of native bearers to carry the pieces of their steel boat and other *impedimenta* was a work to try the patience of the calmest-tempered mortal.

"Any one," says Mr. Young, "who has had to do with the natives, can picture to himself some portion of the task that met me next morning. It would be an interesting problem to solve, whether an African really ever did think he had justice shown him when it came to carrying a certain burden for a certain wage. There lies the load, and up stands the stalwart form by its side. Then comes the question, 'Two yards of calico?' Impossible! Why nothing would justify him in shouldering it, or rather heading it for that. A long hagggle succeeds, for it is the prominent feature throughout the length and breadth of the land to lose no opportunity of indulging in this insatiable habit; finally, a few more inches concludes a bargain which seems irrevocable.

"But it now occurs to our worthy, for the first time, that he will raise the load at his feet, and feel its weight: what contortions! what squeaks of surprise! 'Why one would think the M'Sungi (white man) wished to kill him.' 'No, never! he is dead already if he has to convey such a load as that the length of his nose.' Another wrangle succeeds, and another three or four inches of calico makes the package appear full of corks, whereas it might have been supposed to contain cannon-balls ten minutes before. This sort of work does not grow on one by repetition: multiply it by, say, a round hundred, and then a tolerable notion may be conceived of what it is to get all in order for the march."

Two Krumen were left in charge of the hut and the other boats until the

return of the party, and these were strengthened by the addition of Buckley, the seaman, after the party had passed the cataracts, and put the *Search* together, and launched her on the Shire once more. The passage of the cataracts was accomplished in four days, during which time they came in contact with very few natives. They had nearly all been swept away—killed or dispersed by the slave parties. Nothing was left to show where a teeming and happy population had existed only a few years before save the ruins of their huts, and the skeletons of the slain bleaching in the sun and rain.

The natives they encountered were in dread of an attack from the Mazitu or the Ajawa. The former were ravaging the country to the eastward of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, and the latter were devastating the country to the west. The toil of the journey was very severe on account of the heat, and nothing but the abundance of animal food provided by Mr. Faulkner's gun could have induced the natives to maintain the rate of travel they accomplished. The country they passed through, if difficult of travel, was magnificent. On the second day they passed a waterfall known as Tenzani, which Mr. Young says, as a waterfall, "is worth going from England to see. Of great height, even at this time of the year, the volume of water which pours through its zig-zag channel, and then over a sheer cliff, is magnificent. What a spectacle it must be in the rainy season, when the flood rises certainly a hundred feet in the gorge at Patamanga, and pours through a narrow cleft! It must be one of the sights of the world. We were able to notice that there is this extraordinary increase in the flood when the rains come, by roots and *debris* left fully the height I have named above the ordinary level. Most singularly we discovered, perched up at a great elevation, an English oar, rotten and worm-eaten. The readers of the 'Zambesi and its Tributaries' will recollect the occasion of Dr. Livingstone losing his boat, oars, and gear in 1863, amongst these cataracts. This was a relic of the accident which the flood had placed in its own niche to commemorate some of the difficulties of the explorer's life."

While putting the boat together, on the 29th of August, the party were informed by some natives that a white man had been seen some time ago in Pamalombi, a small lake on the Shire, not far below its outlet from Nyassa. This traveller had a dog with him, and he had left there to go further in a westerly direction! What could this mean? Launching the *Search* on the Shire, they started for Lake Nyassa, the natives coming to the shore in hundreds to gaze upon them, and warn them of the bloodthirsty Mazitu who, they said, were in front. These reports being reiterated at every stopping place, even the courage of the Makololo failed, and it was with great difficulty they could be got to go forward. On one occasion an immense concourse of spectators stood waiting their approach upon the right bank of the river. Most of them were armed with spears and bow and arrows, and seemed deter-

mined on hostilities. They had taken the Search party for a band of Mazitu, and when they learned that there were English on board, they became most friendly.

On the shores of Lake Nyassa they heard of Dr. Livingstone having been seen, and the party had to come to the conclusion that "all previous calculations, all those shrewd ponderings and siftings of evidence at the Geographical Society were put an end to by the simple narrative that fell from the lips of a poor native." Landing in a small bay on the east shore of Nyassa, they were hospitably received by a party of natives. The headman advanced and asked them if they had seen the Englishman who had been there some time previous. In reply to the questions of Mr. Young, they got a most accurate description of Dr. Livingstone, his apparel, etc.; the well-known naval cap which he wore being graphically described. In describing the boxes the Englishman had with him, the headman said—

"There was one, a little one; in it there was water which was white; when you touched it by placing your finger in it, ah! behold it would not wet you, this same white water: I lie not."

Q. "What was it for—what did the Englishman do with it?"

A. "He used to put it down upon the ground, and then he took a thing in his hand to look on the sun with."

Q. "Now show me what you mean; how did he do this?"

This brought out all the singular capability of the savage for pantomimic illustration. The old chief gravely took up a piece of stick, and his actions, as he imitated a person taking observations with the sextant's artificial horizon (which I may explain to my less experienced readers, is a small square trough of mercury—the white water), could not have been surpassed. The gravity with which he stretched his feet apart and swayed himself backwards to look up at the sun along his piece of stick, and then brought it down to a certain point, was a masterpiece of mimicry. It is a quality among all savages, and a most amusing half-hour can at any time be got out of them by exercising it. To ask them to describe a hunting scene was a favourite plan; they will imitate the gait of every animal in a manner which would convince a European he had everything to learn in the way of catching salient points and representing them truthfully."

As the natives here remembered the names of Chumah, Wekatoni, and Moosa, and gave an accurate account of the other members of Livingstone's party, there could be no doubt that they had only to follow up his line of march to learn the truth or falsehood of Moosa's story. At another native settlement a chief appeared, holding in his hand a small English Prayer Book. Striking the trail of Dr. Livingstone on the western shore of the lake, they found that, at a place called Paca homa, Moosa and his companions had not been of the party. The work they had come so far to accomplish was all

but completed. Here they were informed that he had gone into the Babisa, or Bisa country. At Marenga's village, "a black mass of heads stood far and wide on the shore to witness our approach. I stood up in the bow of the boat, and, taking off my cap to show them that I was not an Arab, I called out that we were English, who were about to visit the chief. This caused the most friendly demonstration of hand-clapping and gesticulating, and our reception was as warm as if we had landed at Plymouth, instead of at a village on this far lone lake in Africa, all but unknown even in name. We landed, and on making our request to see Marenga, we were conducted by one of his wives to the old chief's hut."

"I found myself in the presence of a fat, jovial-looking old fellow, the very picture of good living and good humour. Without further to do he seized me by the hand, and shook it most violently, clearly demonstrating, not only his respect for my countrymen, but also for their mode of salutation. This ended, he asked me at once if I had brought his old friend, the other Englishman, with me. On hearing that he was not with us, and that, on the contrary, our object was to learn what had become of him, the old fellow very frankly volunteered all the information in his power."

The information Mr. Young received from Marenga was to the effect that Dr. Livingstone had stayed a day in his village, and that two days after his departure Moosa and his companions had returned to his village, giving the following as their reasons for having deserted him:—

"They were merely Arabs," said they, "who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be a limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested natures in assisting a traveller, and having, as it were, torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must get back to the coast."

Further, Marenga informed him that if anything had happened to Dr. Livingstone, even at a long distance to the north, he would have heard of it, as he had tidings of his well-being for a month's journey from his village.

This Marenga was a character, and he and his surroundings were a subject of interest and amusement to Mr. Young. He was originally from the Babisa country, and had travelled a great deal in his youth. Gathering around him a band of experienced natives, he settled on the coast of the lake, and did a large trade in slaves and ivory with Kilwa, Ibo, and Mozambique.

"With great satisfaction," says Mr. Young, "he introduced me to forty of his young wives, who, although not fair, and far under forty in years in any case, were as sleek as good living and *pombi* drinking could make them. Their reverence for their liege lord was excessive, and he could not stir without his least want or wish being anticipated by one or other of them. Marenga had led a hard life in his younger days, and had travelled far and wide; now

he was determined to take it easily, and drink *pombi* to his heart's content. This latter determination engrossed the whole attention of more than one dusky Hebe, and the quantity the attractive damsels succeeded in getting their spouse to imbibe was astonishing. One device certainly never struck me before, and it is, I am afraid, too late to put it on record, now that the good old days are gone. It consists in tickling the patient when he has had quite enough to be good for him. In Marenga's case the operation seemed to answer the purpose of getting far more into him than was possible by other means, and his sober moments were anxiously looked for by us during our stay; the tickling was anything but to our fancy. However, in his better moods, he was confidential to a degree."

Marenga consulted Mr. Young about a gun he had which was clothed with charms outwardly, and stuffed with them inwardly to a degree which would have made it a serious matter for the person who might attempt to fire it off. Mr. Young proceeded to unload the weapon, and drew out of it a most heterogeneous collection of materials.

"First and foremost out came about three or four inches of stringy bark, very much like oakum, then a plug of iron, then a conglomeration which I was gravely told was powerful medicine, but which required a pharmacopœia the most uncanny to elucidate. At a venture, I should say it consisted of brains (most likely human), snakes' skins, and castor oil made into a kind of ointment, and, for effect's sake coloured with red ochre. Then came another layer of bark oakum, and, astern of all, about a handful of coarse blasting powder; a doze, in fact, that was more fitted for a cannon than a musket. 'It's sure to kill some one,' said Marenga, looking gravely at me, and I quite concurred in the notion. Natives, as a rule, have no idea of the strength of powder, and it is very common to see the protuberance of a badly united fracture of the collar-bone, where a load of this kind has upset the unfortunate artillery-man head over heels, shattering at times his hands and the heads of the bystanders."

" . . . Surely if there be a representative still living of old King Cole, he exists in our worthy host! Such a place for drumming and singing I never heard of. The first law of his court was, that the sound of singing should never be out of his ears, wherever he happened to be, and there seemed no chance of a repeal the whole time we were there. On the 20th of September, after getting the latitude of Marenga's village, we bade adieu to the old fellow and his forty wives. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, he happened to be very drunk at the time. In one way we were lucky, for no delay took place for either parting cup or parting present. During his more sober moments in the morning, he gave us a very nice ox, which came in most acceptably."

As they had satisfactorily established the falsehood of Moosa's story, the

object of the expedition was accomplished. In sailing down the lake the party encountered several of the tremendous storms for which it is famous. They landed at Mapunda, which is the village in which, according to Moosa, he and his followers were robbed and ill-treated. The chief was unfortunately from home, but the party were hospitably entertained by his mother. Here they learned that Wekatoni, who found some of his relatives in the village, elected to remain in spite of the persuasions of Dr. Livingstone. Unfortunately the lad was not then at the village, but the natives brought Mr. Young "a small book Wekatoni had left at his hut, called 'The First Footsteps in the way of Knowledge.' The lad's name is written in it: 'This book belongs to Wekatoni, Bombay, 15 December, 1864,' and there are other schoolboy-scribblings also. I had it replaced by my Bible, and it was with pleasure I gave it, on my return to England, to one who had stood by when Wekatoni saw the white man for the first time, and gave his footsteps freedom by cutting the slave's thongs from the lad's limbs in years gone past, upon the Manganja hills."

Mr. Young left a letter for Wekatoni, telling him the reports which had been circulated as to the death of Dr. Livingstone, and the reason for his journey, and pleaded with him to make his way to Kilwa or Mozambique, and place himself once more within the pale of civilization. As yet there has been no response to this appeal, and no European has been in the lake region who could bring any tidings as to his future fate. The mother of Mapunda treated the party with great hospitality, and solemnly denied that Moosa and his companions had either been robbed or ill-treated in the village. Her manner of doing this is worthy of note:—

"Standing erect in the middle of her assembled people, she stooped and picked up a handful of sand, and then, looking up to the sky, and again down to the ground, she slowly let it trickle from her hand, and with all the solemnity of a heavy oath, declared that every word was utterly false; and I believed her. She was certainly the most remarkable native woman I had ever come across, and the respect shown for her by all her people was profound."

But for the dread of the Mazitu Mr. Young would have thoroughly examined the north end of Lake Nyassa, but the Makololo were in terror of their cutting them off from their settlement near Chibisa's, and he was reluctantly compelled to start at once on his homeward voyage. On the return their boat nearly came to grief from a hippopotamus. "We had struck him on the head with a rifle ball, and his struggles were tremendous. All we could do to keep him from getting under the boat seemed useless, and the blows dealt to our steel vessel shook her from stem to stern. Had it been a smaller boat, or one less strongly built, we should have been upset and smashed to pieces."

At Ma Titi they remained for a short time to recover from the fatigues of the land journey, and here one of the party had a narrow escape from a crocodile. Mr. Young says, "I have alluded before to the extreme audacity of the crocodiles. As our men were standing on the shore, a few yards from the river, to their dismay a huge crocodile rushed from the water open-mouthed at them. Most fortunately, the man at whom he darted had his rifle in his hand, and literally drove a ball through its head at his very feet." The same man, John Gaitty, was tossed and terribly mauled by an elephant further down the Shire, and notwithstanding that several of his ribs were broken and he was otherwise dreadfully bruised, he recovered. Near Malo they came upon a party of hippopotami hunters called Akombwi, and arrived just in time to see a most exciting display of their courage and skill in capturing these denizens of the Shire marshes. "There were not less than twenty harpoons sticking into a half-grown hippopotamus, and his exertions to tear himself away from the men who were hauling him bodily ashore was truly frightful. To add to the effect, another huge animal, exasperated at his sufferings, dashed boldly in and crushed up one of the canoes as if it had been a bundle of matches."

"I do not know that there is anything in the way of sport that requires such consummate courage and coolness as their mode of hunting. The hunter has to trust entirely to his activity with the paddle to escape the claws of the animal, and a touch from the monster upsets the frail canoes as easily as a skiff would be capsized by a touch from a steamer. It requires, in fact, that the harpooner should keep his balance exactly as he stands in the bow of his long slim canoe, and that during the utmost excitement. The moment the weapon is lodged in the hippopotamus, he has to sit down, seize his paddle, and escape, or he is instantly attacked; nor is the next stage of proceedings less fraught with danger.

"It now becomes necessary to get hold of the pole, which floats on the water; the iron head of the harpoon, which has come out of its socket, remains attached to this pole by a long and very strong rope. The hunter hauls upon this till he knows that the hippopotamus is under water, just 'up-and-down' beneath his canoe. To feel for the moment when the line suddenly slackens—a sure sign he is rising to the surface—and to prepare to deliver another harpoon the instant his enormous jaws appear with a terrible roar above water within a few feet of him, is about as great a trial of nerve as can very well be imagined. Constantly are the canoes crushed to atoms. The only escape then is to dive instantly, and gain the shore by swimming under water, for the infuriated animal swims about looking on the surface for his enemies, and one bite is quite enough to cut a man in two. When I add, where the presence of blood in the water is the sign for every crocodile within hail to lick his lips and make up stream to the spot, I am sure it re-

commends itself as a sport to the most enthusiastic canoer in England, or the most *blase* sportsman, who had 'done all that sort of thing and got sick of it,' in the common routine of English sports. The Akombwi will show him more pluck in half-an-hour, and more exercise of muscle, brain, and nerve, than in any sport I ever saw.

"As a race the men are magnificent. To watch the evolutions of their canoes, as they pass and repass over the deep pools in which hippopotami lie, is a very beautiful sight. Each canoe is manned by two men, and the harpooner's attitude, as he stands, erect and motionless, with the long weapon poised at arm's length above his head, would make the painter or sculptor envious of a study. Hard exercise and activity develop every muscle, and the men, as a rule, have the most magnificent figures. They are as generous as they are brave. They lead a wonderful life, living mostly on the rivers, establishing villages for a year or two in one place or another, where families build huts and cultivate a patch of ground. The flesh of the hippopotami they kill is always eagerly exchanged for grain by the natives along the river, and the curved teeth, the hardest of all ivory, find a ready market with the Portuguese."

Before leaving the Shire, Mr. Young visited the graves of Bishop Mackenzie and his brave companions, and reverently renewed them. They found that the natives had treated them as sacred. Arrived at Shupanga, he paid off his native crew who had been with him three months. Early in November the party dropped down to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, where H.M.S. *Racoon* called for them according to arrangement on the 1st of December. In every respect the search expedition under Mr. Young's command was the most successful on record. Not only did they completely succeed in the object of their quest, but there had been no case of fever during the entire journey, and no accident to life or limb to record save the attack on John Gaitty by the elephant in the Shire. Well might Sir Roderick Murchison say of it:—

"To put together a boat constructed in sections, to find a negro crew for the navigation of the Zambesi, to take the boat to pieces, and have it carried up thirty-six miles along the sides of the cataracts to the river Shire—then, after navigating the waters of the lake until the fate of Livingstone was clearly ascertained, to convey her back to the Zambesi, and finally bring her and the party safe back to England without the loss of a single man—this, indeed, is a real triumph."

The first accounts of his movements from Dr. Livingstone himself, reached this country in the shape of a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, about the 20th of April, from which we make the following extracts. It is dated the country of the Chipeta, which is far to the north-west of the point to which the search expedition traced him, and was written on the 10th of November,

1866. "It has been quite impossible to send a letter coastwise ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave-traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bugbear to them. Eight parties thus skedaddled, and last of all my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them by a member of a ninth party who had been plundered of his slaves, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nassick boys. The fear which the English name has struck into the slave-traders has thus been an inconvenience. I could not go round the north end of the lake for fear that my Johanna men, at sight of danger, would do then what they actually did at the southern end; and the owner of two dhows now on the lake kept them out of sight, lest I should burn them as slavers, and I could not cross in the middle." Rounding the southern end he got up to Kirk's range, and among Manganja not yet made slave-sellers. "This was a great treat, for, like all who have not been contaminated by that blight, they were very kind; and, having been worried enough by unwilling sepoy and cowardly Johanna men, I followed my bent by easy marches, among friendly, generous people, to whom I tried to impart some new ideas in return for their hospitality. The country is elevated and the climate cool. One of the wonders told of us in successive villages was that we slept without fires. The boys having blankets did not need fire, while the inhabitants being scantily clad, have their huts plastered inside and out, and even use moss to make them comfortable. Our progress since has been slow from other and less agreeable causes. Some parts have been denuded of food by marauding Mazitu or Zulus; we have been fain to avoid them, and gone zigzag. Once we nearly walked into the hands of a party, and several times we have been detained by rumours of the enemy in front.

"*January*, 1867.—I mention several causes of delay; I must add the rainy season is more potent than all, except hunger. In passing through the Babisa country we found that food was not to be had. The Babisa are great slave-traders, and have in consequence little industry. This seems to be the chief cause of their having no food to spare. The rains, too, are more copious than I ever saw them anywhere in Africa; but we shall get on in time. *February* 1.—I am in Bemba or Loemba, and at the chief man's place, which has three stockades around it, and a deep dry ditch round the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast of it to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard lines; and I would not complain if it had not been for gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded, I filled the pot with a first-rate rifle given me by Captain Warter, but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called *macre*, which

passes the stomach almost unchanged. The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine box which your friends at Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up." Several of his attendants acting as carriers had made off with the box, his plates and dishes, and most of his powder and two guns. "This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie; but I shall try native remedies, trusting Him who has led me hitherto to lead me still. We have been mostly on elevated land, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea. I think we are now in the watershed for which I was to seek. We are 4,500 feet above the sea level, and will begin to descend when we go. This may be put down as  $10^{\circ} 50' 2''$ . We found a party of black half-caste armed slaves here, and one promised to take a letter to Zanzibar, but they give me only half a day to write. I shall send what I can, and hope they will be as good as their word. We have not had a single difficulty with the people, but we have been very slow. Eight miles a day is a good march for us, loaded as the boys are; and we have often been obliged to go zigzag, as I mentioned. Blessings on you all."

The next communication from Livingstone was addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison, and was read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 29th of April, 1868. It is dated February 2nd, 1867. We give extracts from it, cutting out parts referring to matters dealt with in the preceding letter. From the end of July to the middle of September, Livingstone remained at Mataka, about fifty miles from Nyassa on the Rovuma side. He says, "There are at least a thousand houses in the town, and Mataka is the most powerful chief in the country. . . He was anxious that some of the boys (Nassick boys) should remain with him, and I tried my best to induce them, but in vain. He wished to be shown how to make use of his cattle in agriculture; I promised to try and get some other boys, acquainted with Indian agriculture, for him. This is the best point I have seen for an influential station, and Mataka showed some sense of right. When his people went, without his knowledge, to plunder at a part of the lake, he ordered the captives and cattle to be sent back. This was his own spontaneous act, and it took place before our arrival; but I accidentally saw the strangers. They consisted of fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and thirty head of cattle and calves. I gave him a trinket in memory of his good conduct, at which he was delighted, for it had not been without opposition that he carried out his orders, and he showed the token of my approbation in triumph."

Leaving the shores of the lake he endeavoured to ascend Kirk's range; "but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads, that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau peopled by various tribes of

Manganja, who had never been engaged in slaving; in fact they had driven away a lot of Arab slavers a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi, but Katosi is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau; the Chipeta live more on the plains there; the Echewa still further north. We went among a very hospitable people, until we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north, and all but fell into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zigzag course, we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 21' west of Chimanga's, crossed the Loangwa, in 12° 45' south, as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa, at the southern limit of 11° south. The hills on one part of it rise to a height of 6,600 feet above the sea. . . . We had now (on the plains) a good deal of gnawing hunger, as day after day we trod the sloppy dripping forests, which yield some wretched wild fruit and lots of mushrooms. A woman collected a load of half a hundred weight; after cooking they pound them into what they call porridge; but woe is me! they are only good for producing dreams of the roast beef of by-gone days. . . . When we got to the Chambeze, which is true to the character of the Zambesi, in having abundant animal life in its waters, we soon got an antelope on its banks. We crossed it in 10° 24'; it was flooded with clear water, but the lines of bushy trees which showed its actual banks were not more than forty yards apart.

"We arrived here (at Bemba) on the 1st day of January; it is a stockaded village, with three lines of defence, the inner one having a deep dry ditch round it. I think, if I am not mistaken, we are on the watershed between the Chambeze and Luapula. I have not had any time to take observations, as it is the rainy season, and almost always cloudy; but we shall rest a little here and get some flesh on our bones. Altitude about 4,500 feet above the sea. The Luapula is said to be a very large river, but I hope to send fuller information from Tanganyika. I have done all the hunting myself, have enjoyed good health, and no touch of fever; but we lost all our medicines—the severest loss of goods I ever sustained; so I am hoping, if fever comes, to tend it off by native remedies, and trust in the watchful care of a Higher Power. . . . The chief here seems a jolly, frank person; but unless the country is insecure, I don't see the use of his lines of circumvallation. He presented a cow on our arrival, and an elephant's tusk, because I had sat upon it.

"I have had no news whatever from the coast since we left it, but hope for letters and our second stock of goods (a small one) at Ujiji. I have been unable to send anything either; some letters I have written in hopes of meeting an Arab slave-trader, but they all skedaddled as soon as they heard the English were coming."

In a letter to Dr. Seward he gives an account of the cowardly behaviour and desertion of the Sepoys. "The Sepoys," he says, "seem to have planned my compulsory return as soon as they had killed all the beasts of burden; one camel they beat with the butts of their guns till he expired on the spot, and a mule was killed; certain sores were cruelly probed and lacerated when I was not in sight, and I came upon them one day when one was mauling a fine camel with a stick, thicker than his arm; next day he had to leave it with inflammation of the hip-joint, the point where I saw the blow struck. They gave or paid eight rupees into the hands of our Arab guide, to feed and take them down to the coast when the animals were all nearly done for, so sure were they of returning with their scheme triumphant. The Havildar was seen paying the money by one of the Nassick boys. Then, when we came to a part where provisions were scanty, they refused to obey orders to come up to me, whither I had gone to secure provisions; and they would not rise in the morning, though called by the Havildar, but I saw reason afterwards to believe that the Havildar and Naik were art and part in the plot. A great deal of blubbering took place when I hauled them up, to send them back as prisoners. I sentenced the Naik to disratement, and all to carry small loads as punishment, but they were such a disgraceful-looking lot, and by disobedience had prevented my carrying out the plan of getting provisions—namely, by going forward and sending in all directions to purchase them, that they had to suffer hunger. They sold their cartridges, gave their muskets and belts to people to carry for them, telling them that I would pay for carriage, lay down perpetually in the march, and went to sleep. This was the custom all the way from the coast, and they were so filthy in their habits—when we had plenty of food gorging themselves, then putting the finger down the throat to relieve their stomachs, and, lastly, they threatened to shoot the Nassick boys when away from English power in some quiet place, because, as they supposed, the boys were informants.

"I sent them back from Mataka's, leaving seventy yards of cloth with that chief to give to the trader Suleiman, who was expected, and came a few days afterwards, to convey them to the coast. This cloth was amply sufficient for all their expenses. But I heard that the seven Mohammedans did not go with Suleiman, but remained at Mataka's, where food was abundant, and where their pay would be running on. They had their belts and ammunition-pouches, and muskets and bayonets, all complete then. The Havildar still pretended that he wanted to go on with us; he thought I did not understand the part he had played. 'They won't obey me, and what am I to do?' was his way of speaking. 'Bring the first man to me who refuses a lawful order, and I shall make him obey.' None was ever brought. When he talked of going to die with us I said nothing. He soon got sulky and was a useless drag. I had to pay two yards of calico per day for carriage of his bed and

cooking things, and could make no use of him. He could not divide provisions even with partiality, nor measure off cloth to the natives without cheating them. He complained at last of unaccountable pains in his feet, ate a whole fowl for supper, slept soundly till daylight, and then commenced furious groaning. He carried his bed one mile the night before without orders, then gave his belt and musket to a native, to blind me as to his having sold and stolen the cartridges. The native carriers would not follow us through a portion of jungle, and when I sent back for the loads, the gallant Havildar was found sitting by his own baggage, and looking on while the carriers paid themselves by opening one of the bales. He then turned back to join his fellows at Mataka's; the country abounded in provisions, and the people were very liberal."

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he describes the country about Bemba as "chiefly forest and exceedingly leafy: one can see but a little way from an elevation. The gum-copal and another tree abound, with rhododendrons and various evergreen trees—the two first furnish the black-cloth which is the principal clothing of the people. . . . We could not for some time find out where the Portuguese route to Cazembe lay, but it has been placed by the map-makers too far east. There they had no mountain chains such as we have met with. . . .

"Mataka's town and country (to the east of the north end of Lake Nyassa) are the most likely for a permanent settlement to be made. It is elevated and cool. English pears were in full bearing, and bloom in July; the altitude is over 3,000 feet, and this country is mountainous and abounds in running streams, the sources of the Rovuma. Dr. Norman Macleod promised to try and get me some German Missionaries from Harmsburgh, in Hanover, and salaries for them, if I could indicate a locality. These same men go without salaries, and are artificers of different kinds; but this is a mistake: they ought to have a little, for some of them have, in sheer want, taken to selling brandy even, but at Mataka's they could easily raise wheat, by sowing it at the proper time, and native products, when the rains come, but it would require a leader of some energy, and not a fellow who would wring his hands if he had no sugar to his tea. I have almost forgotten the taste of sugar, and tea is made by roasting a little Joare, and calling the decoction either tea or coffee. I have written to the Doctor, and given some account of the difficulties to be overcome; three hundred miles is a long way to go, but I feel more and more convinced that Africa must be Christianised from within."

After the reading of Dr. Livingstone's letters to the members of the Royal Geographical Society at a meeting held on the 27th of April, 1868, Sir Roderick Murchison said—"That the question on which Europeans and the British public at large were now interested, was the future course of Living-

stone, and at what time he might be expected to return. In the journey from the place at which he disembarked, Mikindany Bay, to the south end of the Lake Nyassa, he occupied seven months; but for three weeks or more of that time he remained at Mataka. The distance traversed from the coast was only five hundred miles. During these months people often asked in England, 'Why does Livingstone not send us some account of his proceedings? The Sepoys have returned, but they have brought no despatches.' He was sorry to say that the Sepoys had behaved extremely ill. We had now, in Livingstone's handwriting, the statement that they were the worst of companions, inferior even to the Johanna men. He entrusted to the Sepoys a despatch which they never delivered. The next part of Livingstone's journey, after crossing the Shire, was to the west and northwards, taking a circuitous course, in order to avoid the Mazitu (called the Mavite to the east of Lake Nyassa.) It occupied five months, the date of the despatches being the 1st of February, when he was at Bemba. The progress made at this point would enable us to judge of the time he was likely to take in accomplishing the remainder of his journey. We now know that he had arrived at Ujiji, on the eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika, by about the middle of October last. The distance between Bemba and Ujiji was only 500 miles; but he was delighted to hear that the traveller had been so long on this part of his route, because it implied that he had devoted himself to examining Lake Tanganyika, which had never yet been explored.

"When Burton and Speke crossed the Lake in the northern part at Ujiji, they knew nothing of the southern part, except from information furnished by Arabs. If Livingstone found the waters flowing northwards from the neighbourhood of Bemba, whence he wrote, and into Lake Tanganyika, he would continue his journey to the northern end. There would then be before him another great problem, the solution of which would be the settlement of the geography of the whole interior of Africa. If, according to the theory of Mr. Findlay, which had been read before the Society, the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowed into the Albert Nyanza, the geographical object of Livingstone's expedition would be accomplished. He would be upon the waters of the Nile, and having determined that great physical problem, he would probably turn to the eastward, and reach the coast at Zanzibar. If, on the contrary, it proved, as shown in the original map of Burton and Speke, that a mountain range separated Tanganyika from Albert Nyanza, the outflow of the waters of Tanganyika must be sought for on its western side; for being fresh, these waters must have a free outlet in some direction. In this case, Livingstone might be induced to follow that river wherever he found it. It was known that there was no outflow to the east, because the country on that side had been explored, and no great stream found. To follow such a western outlet would lead him far across the great unknown western interior of Africa.

“Such was Livingstone’s great vigour and audacity in meeting every difficulty, that he had not the slightest doubt that he would pursue such a river, if found, and come out on the west coast, where his first expedition terminated, before he recrossed to the Zambesi. In this case, we must not expect to hear from him for twelve or eighteen months. But if, under the hypothesis, which he rather held to, Livingstone found the waters of the Tanganyika flowing into Baker’s Lake (the Albert Nyanza), and turned back towards Zanzibar, as most probably he would do, he might be expected in England in the month of September next. A third hypothesis was, that having since arrived at the Lake of Sir Samuel Baker, he would follow its waters, and come out by the Nile. He had dismissed that hypothesis from his own mind, in consequence of the small force which Livingstone had at his disposal, and the diminished store of goods for presents to give to the Equatorial Kings. Knowing the difficulties which Speke, and Grant, and Baker, had in those countries, he would pause before concluding that he had taken that route, particularly after he had geographically solved the problem. Another reason which operated in his mind against the third hypothesis was, that Livingstone would have to go through the whole of the White Nile region, where the slave trade was carried on to an abominable extent.”

We give Sir Roderick Murchison’s remarks in full, because in them we have the different theories as to the course of the waters, whose northward flow Livingstone had struck when he had passed the hill region to the north and west of Nyassa. We shall see, further on, that all these theories were at variance with the conclusions which Dr. Livingstone ultimately arrived at when he found that the main drainage of the vast central valley did not fall into the Tanganyika at all, but passed it many miles to the west of its shores, and flowed northward into unknown regions.

News reached England early in October that Livingstone was on his way to the coast, and was, at the time of its transmission, within a few miles of Zanzibar, but on the 20th and 23rd, word reached London from Dr. Kirk, that he had letters from him dated from Marenga, a district south, and in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika, in latitude  $7^{\circ} 55'$  south, and longitude  $30^{\circ}$  east, near Ujiji, a district and an Arab station on Lake Tanganyika. This letter was very brief, and had been written in the months of October and December, and gave a satisfactory account for the delay in his progress to the north. He had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, and waiting for the close of a native war before proceeding to Ujiji, and he told the Arab messenger, that after exploring Tanganyika, he meant to return to Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk reported, when sending this information, that provisions, medicines, letters, etc., etc., had been sent to Ujiji to meet him, some time previous to the receipt of his letters.

On the 9th of November, 1868, a short letter from Dr. Livingstone to Dr.

Seward, dated "Town of Cazembe," 14th December, 1867, was read. In this letter he said—

"One of Seyd Ben Ali's men leaves this to-morrow to join his master in Buira. He and Hamees have letters from me to you. One of them, in the hands of Hamees, repeats an order for goods, which I sent by Magera Mafupi in February last. If Magera Mafupi's letter came to hand, then the goods would be sent before the present letter can reach you. I have more fear of the want of shoes than anything else. If you have any tracing paper, I should like some; I lost a good deal in fording a river; some pencils and ink powder, if you can spare them, and an awl, and stick of sealing wax. I am going to Ujiji in two days, and think that I shall be able to send letters thence to Zanzibar sooner than my friends can reach it by Bagamoyo.

"Moero is one chain of lakes, connected by a river, having different names. When we got there, I thought it well to look at Cazembe, of which the Portuguese have written much; but all the geographical information is contained in letters I have written, which I mean to send to Ujiji, and have no heart to repeat myself."

In the letters to Dr. Seward and Dr. Kirk, which were of a private character, Livingstone writes in a most hopeful spirit as to the accomplishment of the work before him, and gave a most gratifying account of the state of his health.

On the 18th of January, 1869, a letter appeared in the *Times* from Horace Waller, one of Livingstone's old comrades during a part of the Zambesi expedition, that from letters received from Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar, nothing had been heard of Livingstone for a long time. After cautioning the public to be in no anxiety on that account, he says, "Dr. Kirk informs me that Moosa, (the chief of the Johanna men who deserted him) has been handed over to him at Zanzibar from Johanna. Finding that he had already passed eight months in heavy irons, the authorities very humanely considered this time sufficient for the reflective powers of the mischievous scamp to reconsider the merits of truth and falsehood; so Dr. Kirk set him free."

On the 19th of April, news arrived in England that Livingstone had reached Zanzibar, and was on his way to England. His old friend Sir Roderick Murchison published his doubts of the truth of this, and as in many other cases where the great traveller was concerned, the veteran geologist was correct. A report of Dr. Livingstone having been murdered, and another of his being in captivity, having got into circulation, were causing much anxiety in the public mind. Sir Roderick Murchison wrote to the *London Scotsman* on the 6th of September, as follows:—After explaining that a long time must elapse, in consequence of the district into which he had entered, before we could expect to hear from him, he says, "It is, therefore, I think, unnecessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of his captivity. But, whatever may be the

speculations entered into during his absence, I have such implicit confidence in the tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and Herculean power of Livingstone, that however he may be delayed, I hold stoutly to the opinion that he will overcome every obstacle, and will, as I have suggested, emerge from South Africa on the same western shore on which he appeared after his first great march across that region, and long after his life had been despaired of."

Sir Roderick Murchison was partly right once more. Livingstone was not on his way home, nor thinking of it; for on the 24th of October, 1869, a telegram was received in this country, to the effect that Dr. Kirk had received a letter from him, dated July 8th, 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, in which he said, "I have found the source of the Nile between 10° and 12° south." The great traveller wrote in good health and spirits, and it was cheering at the same time to be told that a caravan which had recently arrived at Zanzibar, reported him at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, and that the road between Zanzibar and Ujiji was open.

The letter was addressed to Lord Clarendon, and was dated from Near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July, 1868. We give the following extracts:—"When I had the honour of writing to you in February, 1867, I had the impression that I was then on the watershed of the Zambesi, and either the Congo or the Nile. More extended observation has since convinced me of the essential correctness of that impression; and from what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Raptita is probably the Rovuma. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and north-west of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation; but if your lordship will read the following short sketch of my discoveries, you will perceive that the springs of the Nile have hitherto been searched for very much too far north. They rise about 400 miles south of the most southerly portion of Victoria Nyanza, and, indeed, south of all the lakes except Bangweolo. Leaving the valley of the Loangwa, which enters the Zambesi at Zumbo, we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. This upland may roughly be said to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 square miles. It is generally covered with dense or open forest; has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface; a rich soil; is well-watered by numerous rivulets; and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west; but I have found no part of it under 300 feet of altitude. The country of Usango, situated east of the space indicated, is also an upland, and affords

pasturage for the immense herds of the cattle of the Basango, a remarkably light-coloured race, very friendly to strangers. Usango forms the eastern side of a great but still elevated valley. The other or western arch is formed by what are called the Kone mountains, beyond the copper mines of Katanga. Still farther west, and beyond the Kone range or plateau, our old acquaintance the Zambesi, under the name of Jambasi, is said to rise. The southern end of the great valley between Usango and the Kone range is between  $11^{\circ}$  and  $12^{\circ}$  south. It was rarely possible then to see a star, but accidentally awakening one morning between two and three o'clock, I found one which showed latitude  $11^{\circ} 56''$  south, and we then were fairly on the upland. Next day we passed two rivulets, running north. As we advanced, brooks, evidently perennial, became numerous. Some went eastwards, to fall into the Loangwa; others went north-west, to join the river Chambeze. Misled by a map calling this river, in an off-hand manner, 'Zambezi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile. It is an interesting river as helping to form these lakes, and changing its name three times in the 500 or 600 miles of its course. It was first crossed by the Portuguese, who always inquired for ivory and slaves, and heard of nothing else. A person who collected all, even the hearsay geography of the Portuguese, knew so little actually of the country, that he put a large river here, running 3,000 feet up-hill, and called it New Zambesi.

"I crossed the Chambeze in  $10^{\circ} 34''$  south latitude, and several of its confluents, south and north, quite as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster, and having hippopotami in them. I mention these animals, because in navigating the Zambezi I could always steer the steamer boldly to where they lay, sure of finding not less than eight feet of water.

"The Chambeze runs into Lake Bangweolo, and in coming out of it assumes the name Luapula, and flows north, past the town of Cazembe, and twelve miles below it enters Lake Moero. On leaving Moero at its northern end by a rent in the mountains of Rua, it takes the name Lualaba, and passing on N.N.W. forms Lake Ulenge, in the country west of Tanganyika.

"I have seen it only when it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua, but am quite satisfied that even before it receives the river Sofunso from Marunga, and the Soburi from the Baloba country, it is quite sufficient to form Ulenge, whether that is a lake with many islands, as some assert, or a sort of Punjaub—a division into several branches, as is maintained by others. These branches are all gathered up by the Lufira—a large river, which, by many confluents, drains the western side of the great valley. I have not seen the Lufira, but pointed out west of  $11^{\circ}$  south, it is asserted, always to require canoes. This is purely native information. Some intelligent

men assert that when the Lufira takes up the water of Ulenge, it flows N.N.W into Lake Chowambe, which I conjecture to be that discovered by Mr. Baker. Others think that it goes into Lake Tanganyika, at Uvira, and still passes northward into Chowambe, by a river named Loando. These are the parts, regarding which, I suspend my judgment. If I am in error there, and live through it, I shall correct myself."

Here follow a number of surmises as to the course of the river running out of Ulenge which were exceedingly interesting at the time, but are now forestalled by information derived from personal observation, with which we will deal further on. "My opinion at present is, if the large amount of water I have seen going north, does not flow past Tanganyika on the west, it must have an exit from the lake, and in all likelihood by the Loanda. . . . On the northern slope of the upland, and on the 2nd of April, 1867, I discovered Lake Liemba. It lies in a hollow with precipitous sides, 2,000 feet down. It is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish, swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. . . . It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands, men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, from 12 to 15 feet broad, leap down the steep bright clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams fifty miles from its confluence, and found it, at a ford, 294 feet, say 100 yards broad, . . . thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hardened sandstone flag, in September. The last rain had fallen on the 12th of May. . . . The Louzua drives a large body of smooth water into Liemba; this body of water was ten fathoms deep. Another of the four streams is said to be larger than the Lofu; but an over-officious headman prevented me from seeing more of it and another than three mouths. The lake is not large—from 18 to 20 miles broad, and from 30 to 40 long; it goes off N.N.W. in a river-like prolongation, two miles wide, it is said, to Tanganyika.\* . . . I tried to follow the river-like portion, but was prevented by a war which had broken out between the chief of Itawa and a party of ivory traders from Zanzibar. I then set off to go 150 miles south, then west, till past the disturbed district, and explore the west of Tanganyika; but on going 80 miles, I found the Arab party, showed them a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, which I owe to the kind offices of his Excellency, Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, and was at once supplied

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\* This Dr. Livingstone afterwards found to be correct

with provisions, cloth, and beads; they showed the greatest kindness and anxiety for my safety and success. The leader of the party readily perceived that a continuance of hostility meant shutting up the ivory trade, but the peace-making was a tedious process, requiring three and a-half months; I was glad to see the mode of ivory and slave-trading of these men, it formed such a perfect contrast to that of the ruffians from Kilwa, and to the ways of the atrocious Portuguese from Tete, who were connived at in their murders by the Governor, De Almeida."

After peace was declared, he visited Masama, the chief of Itawa, and examined Lake Moero, which he found to be 60 miles long, and from 20 to 50 miles broad. From thence he visited Cazembe, and was very hospitably treated by the chief of that name, with whom he staid forty days, on account of the rains having flooded the country and made progress impossible. Cazembe's town, which has been three times visited by Portuguese, "stands on the north-east bank of the lakelet Mofwe; this is from two to three miles broad, and nearly four long. It has several low reedy islets, and yields plenty of fish, a species of perch. It is not connected with either the Luapula or the Moero. I was forty days at Cazembe, and might then have gone on to Bangweolo, which is larger than either of the other lakes; but the rains had set in, and this lake was reported to be very unhealthy. Not having a grain of any kind of medicine, and as fever without treatment produced very disagreeable symptoms, I thought it would be unwise to venture where swelled thyroid glands, known among us as Derbyshire neck and elephantiasis (seroli) prevail." Getting tired of his inactivity, he went northwards towards Ujiji, "where," he says, "I have goods, and, I hope, letters, for I have heard nothing from the world for more than two years; but when I got within 13 days of Tanganyika, I was brought to a standstill by the superabundance of water in the country in front. A native party came through and described the country as inundated so as often to be thigh and waist deep, with dry stepping places difficult to find. This flood lasts till May or June. At last I become so tired of my inactivity, that I doubled back on my course to Cazembe." His description of wading across swollen rivulets, flooded plains and morasses, gives a vivid idea of the courage and resolution of the man. The paths among the long grass were even more trying than these. He says:—"The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path, which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged, and fell over the ankles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and, bursting, emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging; the last mile was the worst, and right glad we were to get out of it, and bathe in the clear tepid waters and sandy beach of the Moero. In going up the bank of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents thigh deep; then a river 80 yards

wide, with 300 yards of flood on its west bank, so deep, we had to keep to the canoes, till within fifty yards of the higher ground, then four brooks from five to fifteen yards broad. One of them, the Chungu, possesses a somewhat melancholy interest, as that on which poor Dr. Lacerda died. . . He was the only Portuguese visitor who had any scientific education, and his latitude of Cazembe's town on the Chungu being 50 miles wrong, probably reveals that his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed; and any one who knows what that implies, will look upon his error with compassion. . . The Chungu went high on the chest, and we had to walk on tiptoe to avoid swimming. As I crossed all these brooks at both high and low water, I observed the difference to be from fifteen to eighteen inches, and from all the perennial streams, the flood is a clear water. The state of the rivers and the country made me go in the lightest marching order. I took nothing but the most necessary instruments, and no paper except a couple of note-books and the Bible. On unexpectedly finding a party going to the coast, I borrowed a piece of paper from an Arab, and the effects, unavoidable in the circumstances, you will kindly excuse. Only four of my attendants would come here; the others, on various pretences, absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope that by making the country and the people better known, I am doing good; and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally, I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence, which now forms part of the belief of all the more intelligent of our race: my efforts may be appreciated in good times coming yet."

After speaking of the care which he had always taken to give the position of places with the utmost accuracy, and the compliments paid to the success with which he had done this on the Zambesi and the Shire by scientific men, he says:—"Well, it is not very comforting, after all my care and risk of health, and even of life, it is not very inspiriting to find 200 miles of lake tacked on to the north-west end of Nyassa; and then 200 miles perched up on the upland region, and passed over some 3,000 feet higher than the rest of the lake! We shall probably hear that the author of this feat in fancyography claims therefrom to be considered a theoretical discoverer of the sources of the Nile." After stating several instances in which his positions had been unwarrantably changed, he says, "The desecration my positions have suffered, is probably unknown to the Council; but that is all the more reason why I should adhere to my resolution to be the guardian of my own observations until publication. I regret this, because the upsetting of a canoe, or any accident happening to me, might lead to the entire loss of the discoveries. My borrowed paper is done, or I should have given a summary of

the streams which, flowing into Chambeze, Luapula, Lualaba, and the lakes, may be called sources. Thirteen, all larger than the Isis at Oxford, or the Avon at Hamilton, run into one line of drainage, five into another, and five into a third receptacle—twenty-three in all. Not having seen the Nile in the north, I forbear any comparison of volume.”

In a postscript he says, “Always something new from Africa. A large tribe live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The ‘writings’ thereon, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards.” That Dr. Livingstone should have been able to write a communication such as this, bristling with facts carefully detailed, under the circumstances indicated, is as wonderful as the resolute endurance and courage necessary to their collection.

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he touches upon his anxieties as a father completely separated from his children. He says:—“I am often distressed in thinking of a son whom I left at the University of Glasgow. He was to be two years there, then spend a year in Mons in Germany, for French and German, before trying the Civil Service examination for India. He will now be in especial need of my counsel and assistance, and here I am at Bangweolo. His elder brother, after being well educated, wandered into the American war, and we know no more of him after an engagement before Richmond.\* Possibly Sir Charles Wood (now Lord Halifax) in consideration of my services, might do something to fix this one. . . . I feel more at liberty in telling you of my domestic anxiety, and my fears lest Tom should go to the examination unprepared, because you have a family yourself, and will sympathise with me. . . . Agnes (his eldest daughter) is to tell Tom not to go in for examination till he is well prepared, and he may take a year more of education where he may have found the most benefit.”

The next information received from Dr. Livingstone was contained in a letter sent to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, and was published in the *Times* of December 13th, 1869. It is dated Ujiji, May 30th, 1869, and is as follows:—“This note goes by Musa Kamaals, who was employed by Koarji to drive the buffaloes hither, but by over-driving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in herding, they all died before he got to Unyan-yembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods, and got a share of them;

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\* He was wounded in the battle mentioned, and died in hospital. He was of a very enterprising disposition, and previous to his going to the United States, he had made an attempt to join his father in Central Africa. This expedition was undertaken without the knowledge of his family and friends, and want of funds compelled him to abandon it. Dr. Livingstone was unaware of his fate until Mr. Stanley reached him at Ujiji.

and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way back to Zanzibar. He has done nothing here. He neither went near the goods here, nor tried to prevent them being stolen on the way. I suppose that pay for four months in coming, other four of rest, and four in going back, would be ample, but I leave this to your decision. I could not employ him to carry my mail back, nor can I say anything to him, for he at once goes to the Ujijians, and gives his own version of all he hears. He is untruthful and ill-conditioned, and would hand over the mail to any one who wished to destroy it. The people here are like the Kilwa traders, haters of the English. Those Zanzibar men whom I met between this and Nyassa were gentlemen, and traded with honour. Here, as in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slavery is a source of forays, and they dread exposure by my letters. No one will take charge of them. I have got Thani bin Suelim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a cheque on Ritchio, Stewart & Co., of Bombay, for 2,000 rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the headman to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no assistance in procuring carriers; and, as you will see, if the mail comes to hand, I sent to Zanzibar for fifteen good boatmen to act as carriers if required, eighty pieces of meritano, forty ditto of kinitra, twelve farasales of the beads called jasain, shoes, etc., etc. I have written to Seyd Majid begging two of his guards to see to the safety of the goods here into Thani bin Suelim's hands, or into those of Mohammed bin Sahib.

"As to the work done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered, from 500 to 700 miles south of Speke and Baker, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows from latitude 120° south is so large, I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika, Ujiji, Chowambe (Baker's) are one water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this district, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika, if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar; I earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men. £400 to be sent by Mr. Young must surely have come to you through Fleming Brothers. A long box paid for to Ujiji was left at Unyanyembe, and so with other boxes."

In this letter we have the first indications of dissatisfaction with the way assistance was being sent to him by Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, of which we have heard more from Mr. Stanley and from the traveller himself. It was natural that the lonely man who had not had any communication with the world for so long a period, and who had been travelling in unknown regions dependent upon chance for the necessities of living, should feel a bitterness at the want of success in relieving him. It is to be feared that he had good reason for his discontent. To the unsettled state of the country and the dishonesty and carelessness of the people he employed to succour Dr. Livingstone, were due the failure of these efforts, and, as we shall see further on, he failed to take the most ordinary precautions to guard against such failure. Dr. Kirk mentions in a note published along with this letter, that stores and letters had been sent on the 7th of October, and that no time would be lost in sending the articles now required by the explorer.

Once more the cloud of mystery and darkness enveloped the fate of the great traveller, and surmises and reports as to his probable fate tended towards a general belief that in some unknown region in the far interior, the greatest traveller and discoverer the world has ever seen, had become the most distinguished of that long roll of martyrs who had perished in their dauntless endeavour to penetrate the secret recesses of a country all but impregably guarded by disease, pestilence, and the cruel jealousy of savage tribes. The anxiety of the public regarding the fate of the traveller was shared in by the Government. In May, 1870, £1,000 was sent to the consul at Zanzibar, to be expended in efforts to discover and relieve him. On the 25th of January, 1871, hope was again excited that we might soon hear tidings from himself of a much later date than the last received, by the arrival of a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Dr. Kirk giving extracts from a letter received from an Arab chief, Sheik Said, of Unyanyembe, dated 16th of July, 1870. The chief says, "Your honoured letter has reached, and your friend (Livingstone) has understood it. The people (a party with a caravan from Zanzibar) arrived in good health, and are going on to Ujiji to our friend the Doctor. The news of him is that he has not yet returned from Manemis (Menama, or Manyema, the Arabic word is spelt in three different ways), but we expect him soon, and probably he and the people with supplies will reach Ujiji at the same time." As Sir Roderick pointed out, this was the first indication we had received that the explorer had made a lengthened journey to the west of Tanganyika, which taken together with the probability that letters sent by him had been destroyed by jealous Arabs, accounted for his long silence.

Early in May this intelligence was corroborated by the arrival of news from Shirif Basssheikh bin Ahmed, the Arab sent from Zanzibar and Ujiji in charge of stores for Dr. Livingstone, dated November 15th, 1870, that he had been visited a few days previously by a messenger from the people of Menama (or

Manyema), with letters from the Arabs staying there, and one from "the Doctor," the letters being dated October 15. The messenger had told him that the Doctor was well, although he had been suffering, and that he was at the town of Manakosa, with Mohammed bin Tharib, waiting for the caravans, being himself without means, and with few followers, only eight men, so that he could not move elsewhere, or come down to Ujiji. Shirif further stated that he had sent twelve men, with a quantity of goods, ammunition, quinine, etc., etc., on to him, and that he awaited the explorer's further orders at Ujiji.

The intelligence that a war had broken out between the Arab colony in the district of Unyanyembe and a powerful native chief between Ujiji and Kasagne, which was being carried on with the utmost fury on both sides, and effectually closed up the road to the coast, added to the public anxiety. For the first time since his departure on an adventurous mission in search of Dr. Livingstone in February, we have the mention of a young gentleman, a Mr. Stanley, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who had been despatched by the proprietor of that great journal from Paris, with orders to find out Dr. Livingstone, or bring back tidings of his safety or death at whatever cost. In a letter to Earl Granville, dated Zanzibar, 22nd September, 1871, Dr. Kirk says:—

"Letters just received by special messengers, who left Unyanyembe about a month ago, inform us of a sad disaster that has befallen the Arab settlement there, and that will in all likelihood stop the road to Ujiji and Kasagne for some time to come. All accounts agree as to the main facts; but, naturally, letters written by Mr. Stanley, an American gentleman who was on the spot, are the most circumstantial and reliable. . . . A chief whose village was one day's journey distant on the main road to Ujiji and Kasagne, fell under the displeasure of the Unyanyembe Arab settlers; and his place was attacked, in due course, by a force of about 1500 muskets. Seeing that he could not hold the blockaded village, he retired with his followers, and formed an ambush for the return of the attacking party, when laden with ivory and other booty. The result was disastrous to the Arabs, and a great many were killed, including ten or twenty of the leaders, men of good family here. The Arab retreat soon became a rout, and much property was lost.

"Fortunately, Mr. Stanley, who was weak and ill from fever, managed to return to Unyanyembe; but he was abandoned by the Arabs, whose conduct he speaks of as cowardly in the extreme." In announcing to the members of the Geographical Society that the Council had determined to address the Foreign Office, asking its assistance in an effort to succour Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison said: "It appeared to the Council and himself, now that the hope which we had of communicating with Dr. Livingstone through Mr. Stanley, the American traveller, must for the present be abandoned; and it had become, consequently, their duty to cast about for some other means

of reaching him." The result of this determination of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society was the getting up of a formidable expedition to march into the interior, and find news of the great explorer, dead or alive. As the Government refused to advance any money to assist in covering the expenses of the expedition, it was left for the Society and the public to furnish the means, and within a few weeks ample funds and an efficient party were ready to start for Africa.

Early in 1872 this expedition was being organized at Zanzibar, under the guidance of Lieutenant Dawson, who was assisted by Lieutenant Henn, Mr. New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, a son of the great explorer. As the public felt satisfied with the zeal and abilities of the English heads of the Search and Relief Expedition, the general excitement subsided. No one appeared to hope for any results from the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, and gradually its existence came to be overlooked or forgotten. Even Dr. Kirk, who had opportunities of seeing its leader and his careful preparations for his journey, never dreamed that Livingstone would ever be heard of through his exertions.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*The "New York Herald's" Expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone—Mr. Stanley arrives at Unyanyembe—War and other Perils—Hostility of the Natives—Reach Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika—Stanley finds and succours Dr. Livingstone, etc., etc.*

THE expedition of Mr. Stanley now claims our attention. In October, 1869, Mr. James Gordon Bennet, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was in Paris, and staying at the Grand Hotel, when he determined on attempting to succour Dr. Livingstone. Among his staff of travelling correspondents was a Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who had represented his newspaper during the campaign against King Theodore in Abyssinia, and it struck him that this was the man who could find the lost traveller, if he was alive. He telegraphed for him at Madrid, where he then was in the prosecution of his duties, and Mr. Stanley started immediately for Paris, which he reached on the following night, after Mr. Bennet had retired to his apartment. The interview which resulted had better be detailed in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennet's room. 'Come in!' I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennet in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked. 'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

"After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennet asked, 'Where do you think Dr. Livingstone is?'—'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'—'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps'—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—'the old man may be in want: take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE.'

“Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, ‘Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?’

“‘What will it cost?’ he asked abruptly. ‘Burton and Speke’s journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.’

“‘Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand; and when that is spent, draw another thousand; and when you have finished that, draw another thousand; and so on, but—FIND LIVINGSTONE.’”

After some further conversation, Mr. Stanley asked if he was to go at once. Mr. Bennet answered, “No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. . . . Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warner is making some interesting discoveries there. Then next to Constantinople, and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan. Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may go through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Perseopolis.

“Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there, and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all: good-night, and God be with you.”

Mr. Stanley carried out the programme Mr. Bennet chalked out for him, and chronicled the incidents of his journeyings in the *New York Herald*, and arrived in India in the month of August, 1870. He sailed from Bombay for the Mauritius on the 12th of October, and after touching at Mahe, an island of the Leychelles group, he, in company with William Lawrence Farquhar, mate, a Scotchman, and an Arab boy he had picked up to act as interpreter, sailed in an American whaling vessel, bound for Zanzibar, which they reached on the 6th of January, 1871. Captain Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, after hearing the nature of his mission, entertained him at his house, and did all he could to assist him in his preparations for the journey he had undertaken. The following is Mr. Stanley’s account of the City of Zanzibar:—

“My general impressions are of crooked, narrow lanes, white-washed houses, mortar-plastered streets in the clean quarter; of seeing alcoves on each side, with deep recesses, with a foreground of red-turbaned Banyans (East

Indian traders), and a background of flaring cottons, prints, calicoes, domestics, and what not; or of floors, crowded with ivory tusks; or of dark corners, with a pile of ungummed and loose cottons; or of stores of crockery, nails, cheap Brummagem ware, tools, &c., in what I call the Banyan quarter; of streets smelling very strong—in fact, exceedingly malodorous, with steaming yellow and black bodies, and woolly heads, sitting at the doors of miserable huts, chatting, laughing, bargaining, scolding, with a compound smell of hides, tar, filth, and vegetable refuse in the negro quarter; of streets lined with tall, solid-looking houses, flat roofed; of great carved doors, with large brass knockers, with baabs, sitting cross-legged, watching the dark entrances to their master's houses; of a shallow sea inlet, with some dhows, canoes, boats, an odd steam tub or two, leaning over on their sides, in a sea of mud, which the tide has just left behind it, called M'nazi-Moyo, 'one cocoa tree,' whither Europeans wend on evenings, with most languid steps, to inhale the sweet air that glides over the sea, while the day is dying, and the red sun is sinking to the westward; of a few graves of dead sailors, who paid the forfeit of their lives on arrival in this land; of a tall house, in which lives Dr. Tozer, Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, and his school of little Africans; and of many other things, which got together into such a tangle that I had to go to sleep, lest I should never be able to separate the moving images, the Arab from the African, the African from the Banyan, the Banyan from the Hindi, the Hindi from the European, &c."

In the harbour of Zanzibar are Arab dhows, engaged in the gum copal, cloves, pepper, and cocoa-nut oil trades, and foreign vessels, hailing from England, Germany, France, and the United States; man-of-war ships, carrying the flags of these four nations, come and go, or rest at anchor in the channel between the mainland and the Island. The exports reach about a million annually, while the value of merchandise imported is in excess of that amount.

The Island of Zanzibar, which is distant from the mainland about forty miles, contains a population of about 200,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the town of Zanzibar. The inhabitants consist of Arabs, Banyans, Mahommedans, Hindis, native Africans, and a considerable sprinkling of European merchants. The Arabs are all engaged in the ivory, gum, copal, and slave-trade, and most of them have wandered for years in the interior of Africa, collecting the articles in which they trade, and are perfectly familiar with the regions which Dr. Livingstone and others have made known to us. It is no uncommon thing for an Arab trader to cross the Continent from Zanzibar, Khiva, or Mozambique, to the West coast. They are a most reticent class, and although they have gone through adventures, and seen sights which would make the reputation of a European traveller, they make no allusion to their adventures. The Banyans are the most wealthy class;

and it is with money furnished by them that two-thirds of the slave-trade is carried on. These Banyans, as Dr. Livingstone has so frequently pointed out, are our fellow-subjects, and have hitherto carried on their detestable traffic in human flesh under the protection of the British flag. No wonder that Livingstone found it difficult to get letters to and from the coast, and found it next to impossible to get stores and articles of absolute necessity delivered in the interior. The voice of this prophet in the wilderness of Africa was pronouncing the death-knell of their trade, and was to be stopped at all hazards. He was too conspicuous a man, and stood too well with the native tribes, to be slain with safety, but he might be starved out. Weary waiting and hope deferred might tire out the iron constitution, and break the lion heart, and to this they and their emissaries set themselves. But they had not calculated upon the resolute endurance and high courage of the man with whom they had to deal; and the very means they took to stop his voice made it tenfold more powerful when, through the aid of Mr. Stanley, its story of shame and horror penetrated to the ends of the earth.

The climate of Zanzibar is not naturally unhealthy, but the almost total want of sanitary arrangements has made it a very pest house. A little energy, and a small money outlay, would make Zanzibar a hundred per cent. healthier than it is; but the climate, and the influence exercised by the Arabs, Banyans, and Hindis, soon subdues the vitality of the most energetic European, and the Malagash inlet, a shallow arm of the sea, which makes the site of Zanzibar a peninsula, with a neck of only 250 yards, is the receptacle for "the undrained filth, the garbage, offal, dead mollusks, dead pariah dogs, dead cats, all species of carrion, and remains of men and beasts unburied. "Were these 250 yards cut through by a ten foot ditch, and the inlet deepened slightly, Zanzibar would become an island of itself, and what wonders would it not effect as to health and salubrity!" On suggesting this to Captain Noble, the American Consul, he admitted the ease with which so great an improvement could be carried out, and the great need for it, but pleaded his utter helplessness.

"Oh," said he, "it is all very well for you to talk about energy, and that kind of thing, but I assure you that a residence of four or five years on this island, among such people as are here, would make you feel that it was a hopeless task to resist the influence of the example by which the most energetic spirits are subdued, and to which they must submit in time, sooner or later. We were all terribly energetic when we first came here, and struggled bravely to make things go on as we were accustomed to have them at home, but we have found that we were knocking our heads against granite walls, to no purpose whatever. These fellows—the Arabs, the Banyans, and the Hindis—you can't make them go faster by ever so much scolding and praying; and in a very short time you see the folly of fighting against the unconquerable. Be patient, and don't fret; that is my advice, or you won't live very long here."

Captain Grant, the companion of Speke, in his famous African journey, gives some characteristic sketches of Zanzibar at the period of his visit (1860):—

“ Though the streets of Zanzibar,” he says, “ are too narrow for a wheeled carriage, and the supply of water deficient, everything looked clean and neatly kept ; and the shopkeepers, chiefly Indians, were respectful, even to a painful degree, rising as we passed them. The bazaar is very abundantly supplied with vegetables, fruit, and dried fish ; little butcher meat, but liquor shops abound, and water has to be purchased—the best quality being carried from a hot spring, which bubbles from under a rock, and tastes unpleasantly warm. Men in the market-place have an odd way of hawking about their goods for sale. Goats, carved doors, beds, knives, swords, etc., are all paraded up and down, and their prices shouted out. The market for human beings is a triangular space, surrounded by rickety huts, thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, and the parties of slaves (negro men and women, brought originally from the interior of Africa), on being exhibited, are guarded by men with swords. Some of the unhappy groups sit calmly in the market-place, looking very clean, well-fed, and dressed, with a depressed anxious look, saying to you with their eyes, ‘ Buy me from this yoke of slavery.’ It is a very striking, though most humiliating sight, to observe one of the Zanzibar rakish-looking crafts, felucca rigged (called dhows) arrive from Ibo, on the mainland, crammed with naked slaves for the market, all as silent as death. The Arab owners, gaily dressed, stand at the stern, and one holds the colours, in seeming defiance of the British Consulate, as he sails past. The price of slaves was low in 1860, only £3 each ; and many Arabs would have taken less, as Colonel Rigby (then H.M.’s Consul), had released upwards of 4,000, who became independent, living in a newly-made part of the town, and gaining a livelihood by fetching water, and selling the produce of the island.

“ The climate of Zanzibar is very relaxing, owing to the humidity of the air, a great amount of rain falling during the year. The rain comes down in plunges, pelting showers, or like squalls at sea, and in the intervals any bodily exertion is attended with profuse perspiration and lassitude. . . . The island has two crops of grain yearly, and four of manioc, which, with dried shark, is the staple food of the people. They cook it in every form, making also flour of it. One has only to walk of a morning along the roads leading to the town, to see the productiveness of this beautiful island. Negro men and women, laden with mangoes, oranges, plantain, sugar-cane, grass, cocoa-nut, manioc, yams, sweet potato, Indian corn, ground nut, etc., go in streams to the market. The return of these crowds is, in contrast, utterly ludicrous. Nothing do they then carry but a stick over their shoulders, with a cut of stale fish hanging from it, and one wonders at the extreme poverty of the people in the midst of such abundance.

“Besides the above products, cloves, cotton, bajra, sorghum, coffee, tobacco, seesamum, nutmeg, red pepper, betel-nut, catchoo-nut, jack-fruit, papan, almond, pomegranate, and the castor-oil plant, were all seen growing. To remark upon a few:—The mango tree, met with everywhere, is splendidly umbrageous, more lofty than the variety seen in Indian topes, and not so brittle. It yields two crops yearly of stringy fruit; but there are better sorts, such as those from Pemba Island, to be procured. The clove tree is planted in rows, twenty feet apart, and after it has grown to the height of thirty feet, it seems to die, as if from the effects of ants. Cotton we rarely saw. The cocoa-nut is the most common tree in the country, the husk, we observed, being used as firewood, and a capital salad is made from the crown of the trunk. The Arabs allow their slaves to cultivate the manioc gratis, under the cocoa-nut trees, in payment for gathering the harvests of mango, cloves, etc. The growth of the ground-nut is very curious, creeping close to the ground, with a yellow flower, and leaf resembling clover. On the flower withering, the pod grows underground, when it matures. The coffee-tree grows luxuriantly, and the sugar-cane is very fine; pomegranate does not seem to succeed. The boundaries of farms are often marked by the castor-oil bush.” Captain Grant arrived at Zanzibar in time to witness and compel the execution of two of the murderers of Dr. Roscher, a German traveller, who was murdered in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, in 1858, by natives, who coveted his scientific instruments and his small supply of stores. The Sultan of the country in which the offence took place sent four of the natives implicated to Zanzibar for trial. Two of them were sentenced to be decapitated, and the remaining two got a free pardon. The Sultan was afraid to carry the sentence into execution; and when they were brought to suffer, on the 23rd of August, and were squatted outside the fort wall, naked to the waist, no order had come to proceed with the execution. After the prisoners had remained in this position for a considerable time, “a jail official announced that the Sultan wished the Sahib to give the order, and I informed Colonel Rigby of the circumstances. He at once saw through the timidity of the Sultan, and said, as the sentence had been passed weeks ago, he could give no orders about it. Returning to the place of execution, where both men still sat, we found the mob had increased. An Arab boldly asked me, ‘Why should two men suffer for one white?’ On my remarking that ‘Sooner or later the men must suffer—the sun was broiling over the poor creature’s heads—would it not be a charity to go on with the execution?’ the reply was, ‘They are mere animals, and have no feeling.’ Still no one would give the order. Again the Sultan was applied to. A rush was now rudely made upon the crowd by half-a-dozen handsomely dressed Arabs, brandishing their shields and swords. I thought it was a rescue, but kept my place; and it appeared they only wanted to get up to the prisoners, around whom every one laughed heartily at the momentary panic. Here one

of the guard, with whom I had been conversing, laid hold of my arm, and followed by a noisy drummer, the prisoners, and mob, we pushed on for a dozen yards, and stopped in an open space, where some cows were lying. A twig of grass pinioned each man, and they were made to sit on the ground, speaking calmly, while the crowd, all crushing around, joked as if at a holiday rout. Another delay occurred; no one had given the order. On being asked 'Might it commence?' I replied, 'Yes, certainly; proceed.' The executioner at once took his place, drew his sword, weighed it in his hand, threw up his sleeves, and slipped his feet out of his shoes, while the dense mass all seemed breathless. The executioner was a small man, respectably dressed, looking like an Indian. The prisoners sat three yards apart, one slightly in advance of the other. The foremost was then ordered to bend his head, when, with one stroke, the back of his neck was cut to the vertebræ; he fell forward, and lay breathing steadily, with his right cheek in his own blood, without a sound or struggle. The executioner, after wiping his sword on the loin cloth of the dying man, coolly felt its edge. The other victim had seen all, and never moved nor spoke. The same horrible scene was again enacted, but with a different result; the man jerked upwards from his squatting position, and fell back on his left side, with no sound nor after struggle. Both appeared as if in a deep sleep; two chickens hopped on the still quivering bodies, and the cows in the open space lay undisturbed.

"I left the spot, hoping never to witness such another scene; but I had the satisfaction of feeling that justice was carried out, and that had I not been present, these murderers would have escaped punishment, owing to the effeminacy and timidity of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Their accomplices, each with a cleft log on his neck, were taken to witness the bodies."

Mr. Stanley gives an interesting account of the *impedimenta* he collected for his journey, after consulting with a grey-bearded old Sheikh, and several Arab merchants he introduced him to. Putting the number of his party at 100, he was informed that ten doti—40 yards of cloth per day—would be sufficient for food. About 4,000 doti of various kinds of cloth were purchased. Next in importance to cloth was the kind and quality of beads necessary. These were selected of various colours, as only a particular kind or colour of bead would circulate in each of the districts through which he had to pass. Wire was another important article. Three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, nearly as thick as telegraph wire, was his stock of this important commodity. In addition to these he purchased a plentiful supply of provisions, cooking utensils, rope, twine, tents, bagging, canvas, tools, ammunition, guns, bedding, hatchets, medicines, presents for chiefs, boats, &c., &c., until his baggage weighed in all about six tons. No wonder he asked himself, "How will it ever be possible to move all this inert mass across the wilderness, stretching between the sea and the great lakes of Africa?"

He purchased twenty donkeys, each of which would carry a load of about 140 lbs., and the loads for the human bearers were made up into bundles of 68lbs. each. An armed escort of twenty men, whom he designates in his narrative as soldiers, were engaged with Bombay, an old servant of Captain Speke's, in his journey to Lake Tanganyika as chief. Mabruki and other five of Speke's "faithfuls" were also engaged. When his escort appeared before him, "they were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men—far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians to be." John William Shaw, an Englishman, third mate of an American ship, applied for a situation in the caravan, and was engaged. The carriers could only be engaged at Bagamoyo, on the mainland. Before leaving he was presented to the Sultan by Captain Webb. The Sultan's palace "is a large, roomy, lofty, sylvan house, close to the port, built of coral, and plastered thickly with lime mortar. In appearance, it is half Arabic, and half Italian. The shutters are Venetian blinds, painted a vivid green, and presenting a striking contrast to the white-washed walls."

The party was received at the outer door of the Palace by the Sultan, who waived them up the steps, and into the audience chamber before him. The room was lofty, and painted in the Arabic style; the carpet was of Persian fabric, and the furniture consisted, in addition to the chair of state, of a dozen gilt chairs and a chandelier.

"The Sultan," says Mr. Stanley, "so far as dress goes, might be taken for a Mongolian gentleman, excepting, indeed, for the turban, whose ample folds, in alternate colours of red, yellow, brown, and white, encircled his head. His long robe was of dark cloth, cinctured round the waist with his rich sword-belt, from which was suspended a gold-hilted scimitar, encased in a scabbard also enriched with gold. His legs and feet were bare, and had a ponderous look about them, since he suffered from that strange curse of Zanzibar—elephantiasis. His feet were slipped into a pair of slippers, with thick soles, and a strong leathern band over the instep. His light complexion and correct features, which are intelligent and regular, bespeak the Arab patrician. They indicate, however, nothing except his high descent and blood; no traits of character are visible, unless there is just a trace of amiability, and perfect contentment with himself and all around.

"Such is Prince, or Seyd Burghash, Sultan of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the East coast of Africa, from Somali Land to the Mozambique, as he appeared to me. Coffee was served in cups supported by golden finjans, also some cocoa-nut milk and rich sweet sherbet. The conversation began with the question, addressed to the Consul—

"'Are you well?'—'Yes, thank you; how is His Highness?'—'Quite well.'

"His Highness to me. 'Are you well?'—'Quite well, thanks.'

“The Consul now introduces business, and questions about my travels follow from His Highness.

“‘How do you like Persia? Have you seen Kerbela, Bagdad, Masr, Stamboul? Have the Turks many soldiers? How many has Persia? Is Persia fertile? How do you like Zanzibar?’

“Having answered each question to His Highness’ satisfaction, he handed me letters to his officers at Bagamoyo and Kaole, and a general introductory letter to all Arab merchants I might meet on the road, and concluded his remarks to me with the expressed hope, that on whatever mission I was bound, I might be perfectly successful.

“We bowed ourselves out of his presence in much the same manner as we had bowed ourselves in, he accompanying us to the great entrance door.”

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was hospitably entertained by the members of a Roman Catholic mission, during the time occupied in engaging 140 pagazis (bearers), and arranging to start. While Bishop Tozer, the Primate of Central Africa—who failed in establishing a mission on the Shire, after a few weeks’ residence on the top of a mountain, where there was scarcely any people for miles—resided at Zanzibar, the Catholic missionaries were successfully carrying on their labours on the mainland. Mr. Stanley’s account of the Fathers, their station, and their work, is worth quoting:—

“The Mission is distant from the town a good half-mile, to the north of it; it is quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are more than ten *padres* engaged in the establishment, and as many sisters, and all find plenty of occupation in educing from native *crania*, the fire of intelligence. Truth compels me to state that they are very successful, having over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in the Mission, and, from the oldest to the youngest, they show the impress of the useful education they have received.

“The dinners furnished to the *padres* and their guest consisted of as many *plats* as a first-class hotel in Paris usually supplies, and cooked with nearly as much skill, though the surroundings were by no means equal. I feel assured, also, that the *padres*, besides being tasteful in their *potages* and *entrees*, do not stultify their ideas for lack of that element which Horace, Hafiz, and Byron, have praised so much. The Champagne—think of Champagne Cliquot in East Africa!—Lafitte, La Rose, Burgundy, and Bordeaux, were of first-rate quality, and the meek and lowly eyes of the fathers were not a little brightened by the vinous influence. Ah! these fathers understand life, and appreciate its duration. Their festive board drives the African jungle fever from their doors, while it soothes the gloom and isolation which strikes one with awe, as one emerges from the lighted room, and plunges into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the weary monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant ululation of the hyena. It requires somewhat

above human effort, unaided by the ruby liquid that cheers, to be always *suave* and polite amid the dismal of native life in Africa. After the evening meal, the most advanced of the pupils came forward, to the number of twenty, with brass instruments, thus forming a full band of music. It rather astonished me to hear instrumental sounds issue forth in harmony from such woolly headed youngsters; to hear well-known French music at this isolated post; to hear negro boys, that a few months ago knew nothing beyond the traditions of their ignorant mothers, stand forth and chant Parisian songs about French valour and glory, with all the *sang froid* of *gamins* from the purlieus of Saint Antoine."

Mr. Stanley's expedition arrived at Bagamoyo on the 6th of February, 1871, and his first caravan started on the 16th, and the last on the 21st of March, each being under the escort of a certain number of soldiers, with one of Speke's "Faithfuls" at their head. The number of people forming the expedition was 192.

In melancholy contrast with this was the fate of a caravan despatched by Dr. Kirk for Dr. Livingstone, on the 1st November, 1870. It consisted of thirty-five packages, which required as many bearers, and it had not left Bagamoyo on the 10th of February. One cannot help thinking, that Dr. Kirk, knowing the need there was for promptitude if his old friend was to be relieved, should have crossed the narrow channel to the mainland, and seen it fairly started. Mr. Stanley's formidable expedition had been collected together, and was on the march within seventy-three days of his arrival in Zanzibar, while the Livingstone caravan had rested more than that period on the very threshold of its journey. The knowledge that another expedition was being collected, should have stimulated him to see to the very needful duty that the one under his charge had at least started on its journey. No wonder Dr. Livingstone fretted and thought that he had been utterly forgotten, when, sick and weary, and without the means of going forward, he went and came to and from Ujiji, until, at last, he had perforce to remain there until relieved.

Mr. Stanley had not proceeded far when "the plague of flies" induced him to watch their habits, and examine them with a view to identifying the famous *tsetse* fly. In his eagerness, he submitted himself as a victim to their thirst for blood. "I permitted one," he says, "to alight on my flannel trousers, which I wore when *en deshabille* in camp. No sooner had he alighted, than his posterior was raised, his head lowered, and his weapons, consisting of four hair-like styles, unsheathed from the proboscis-like bag which concealed them, and immediatly I felt pain, like that caused by a dexterous lancet-cut, or the probe of a fine needle. I permitted him to gorge himself, though my patience and naturalistic instinct was sorely tried. I saw his abdominal parts distend with the plenitude of the repast until they had swollen to three times

their former shrunken girth, when he flew away, of his own accord, laden with blood. On rolling up my flannels to see the fountain whence the fly had drawn the fluid, I discovered it to be a little above the left knee, by a crimson bead resting over the incision. After wiping the blood, the wound was similar to that caused by a deep thrust of a fine needle, but all pain had vanished with the departure of the fly.

“This fly is called *mabunga* by the natives. It is about a third larger than the common honey bee, and its colour more distinctly marked; its head is black, with a greenish gloss to it; the after-part of the body is marked by a white line running lengthwise from its junction with the trunk, and on each side of this white line are two other lines, one of a crimson colour, the other of a light brown. . . . This fly, along with a score of others, attacked my grey horse, and bit it so sorely in the legs, that they appeared as if bathed in blood. . . . This I consider to be the African horse-fly.”

The second fly examined “was exceedingly nimble, and it occupied three soldiers nearly an hour to capture a specimen; and, when it was finally caught, it stung the hand most ravenously, and never ceased its efforts to attack until it was pinned through. It had three or four white marks across the after-part of its body; but the biting parts of this fly consisted of two black antennæ, and an opal coloured style, which folded away under the neck. When about to bite the style was shot out straight, and the antennæ embraced it closely.

“The third fly, called by the natives ‘Chufwa,’ was a third larger than the house-fly, and had long wings. This insect certainly did the most work, and inflicted the most injury. Horses and donkeys streamed with blood, and roared and kicked with the pain. So determined was it not to be driven away before it obtained its fill, that it was easily despatched; but this dreadful enemy to cattle constantly increased in numbers. The three species above named are, according to natives, fatal to cattle; and this may perhaps be the reason why such a vast expanse of first-class pasture is without domestic cattle of any kind, a few goats only being kept by the villagers. This last fly I subsequently found to be the *tsetse*.”

About the middle of April Mr. Stanley reached the town of Simbamwenni, which was the largest and most important town he came across in his wanderings. It contains a population of 3,000. “The houses in the town are eminently African, but of the best type of construction. The fortifications are on an Arabic-Persian model, combining Arab neatness with Persian plan. Through a ride of 950 miles in Persia, I never met a town outside of the great cities better fortified than Simbamwenni. . . . Well-built towers of stone guard each corner, iron gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors, made of African teak, and carved

with the infinitesimally firm and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were either made at Zanzibar or on the coast. . . . The Sultana is the eldest daughter of the famous Kizabengo, a name infamous throughout the neighbouring districts for his kidnapping propensities. He was another Theodore on a small scale. Sprung from humble ancestry, he acquired distinction for his personal strength, his power of harangue, and his amusing and versatile address, by which he gained great ascendancy over fugitive slaves, and was chosen a leader among them. Fleeing from justice, which awaited him at the hands of the Zanzibar Sultan, he arrived in Ukami, which extended at that time from Ukwere to Usagara, and here he commenced a career of conquest, the result of which was the cession by the Uakami of an immense tract of fertile country, in the valley of the Ungerengeri. On its desirable site, with the river flowing close under the walls, he built his capital, and called it Simbamwenni, which means 'the lion,' or the strongest city."

Two days' journey beyond Simbamwenni, Mr. Stanley had his first attack of fever. Many of his attendants had suffered from dysentery and other causes. The rainy season had now commenced, and for miles their course was over swollen streams and swamps, half-wading half-swimming in the utmost discomfort. The first of May found them struggling through the mire and water of the Mataka river, with a caravan bodily sick, from the exertion and fatigue of crossing so many rivers, and wading through marshes. Shaw was still suffering from his first fever; Zaidi, a soldier, was critically ill with the small-pox. Most of the others were either really sick or driven to despair by the fatigues of the journey. "I was compelled," says Mr Stanley, "to observe that when mud and wet sapped the physical energy of the lazily-inclined, a dog-whip became their backs, restoring them to a sound—sometimes to an extravagant activity."

Once clear of the valley of Mataka, the road improved, but as population was scant, and game scarce, the expedition stopped for want of fresh meat for several days. Farquhar broke down completely, and had to be left at a friendly village until their return; but long before Mr. Stanley passed through on his way to the coast he was in his grave. On the Mpwapa slopes the party suffered from a plague of ear-wigs. "In my tent," says Mr. Stanley, "they might be counted by thousands; in my sling cot they were by hundreds; on my clothes they were by fifties; on my neck and head they were by scores. It is true they did not bite, and they did not irritate the cuticle, but what their presence and number suggested was something so horrible that it drove one nearly insane to think of it. . . . Second to the ear-wig in importance were the white ants, whose powers of destructiveness were simply awful. Mats, cloth, portmanteaus, clothes, in short every article I possessed, seemed on the verge of destruction, and, as I witnessed their voracity, I felt anxious lest my tent should be devoured while I slept. In the

Ugogo country the various Sultans and chiefs were clamorous for presents. Food was plentiful, and the weather fine, but the major portion of the donkeys died. The horses had early succumbed to the climate. The population was very numerous, and at every village hundreds of natives crowded to see the Masungu (white men). The Wahumba, a tribe of shepherds, evoked the traveller's admiration.

"The men are positively handsome, tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or a flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was this peculiar feature that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd-bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for the sculptor who would wish to immortalise in marble an Antinous, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Apollo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebon skins, not coal-black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass, pendant from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass-wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining the calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and depending from the shoulder, shade one half of the bosom, and fall to the knees."

In the Ugogo country Mr. Stanley's caravan was joined by those of two Arab traders, Sheikhs Thani and Hamed, and he had ample opportunity of observing how the Arabs are compelled to pay heavy black mail to every chief who is in a position to demand it. The contrasts of travel in Africa are very striking. Before reaching the country of Ugogo the party had to force their way through thirty miles of swamp, and flooded streams and moors. The last week of travel, before reaching the district of Unyanyembe, the party suffered from hunger and thirst, and the heat of the sun was all but unsufferable. They reached Kwikuru, two miles south of Talbor, the chief Arab settlement of Unyanyembe, on the 21st of June, and hungry and jaded as they were, they managed to enter it with banners flying and trumpets blowing, and the discharge of fire-arms. Outside the town they "saw a long line of men in clean shirts, whereat we opened our charged batteries, and fired a volley of small arms, such as Kwikuru seldom heard before. The pagazis (carriers) closed up, and adopted the swagger of veterans. The soldiers blazed away uninterruptedly, while I, seeing that the Arabs were advancing towards me, left the ranks, and held my hand, which was immediately grasped by Sheikh Sayd-bin-Salim, one of the two chief dignitaries of Unyanyembe, and then by about two dozen other people, and thus our *entree* into Unyanyembe was effected."

The country round Tabora is exceedingly fertile, as the Arabs irrigate portions of it, and cultivate it with care, and the merchants live in a state of considerable comfort and even luxury:—

“The plain in which the settlement is situated is exceedingly fertile, though naked of trees; the rich pasturage it furnishes permits them to keep large herds of cattle and goats, from which they have an ample supply of milk, cream, butter, and ghee. Rice is grown everywhere; sweet potatoes, yams, maize, millet, peas, are cheap everywhere, and always procurable. Around their *tembes* the Arabs cultivate a little wheat for their own purposes, and have planted orange, lemon, papaw, and mangoes, which thrive here fairly well. Onions and garlic, chilies, cucumbers, tomatoes, and brinjalls, may be procured by the white visitor from the more important Arabs, who are undoubted epicureans in their way. Their slaves convey to them from the coast, once a year at least, their stores of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine clothes and articles as they require for their own personal use. Almost every Arab of any eminence is able to show a wealth of Persian carpets, and most luxurious bedding, complete tea and coffee services, and magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers. Several of them sport gold watches and chains; mostly all a watch and chain of some kind. And, as in Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkey, the harems form an essential feature of every Arab household, the sensualism of the Mohammedans is as prominent here as in the Orient.

The finest-house in Unyanyembe belongs to Amram bin Mussoud, who paid ivory for it to the value of about £700. “It is one hundred feet in length, and twenty feet high, with walls four feet thick, neatly plastered over with mud mortar. The great door is a marvel of carving-work for Unyanyembe artizans. Each rafter in them is also carved with fine designs. Before the front of the house is a young plantation of pomegranate trees, which flourish here as if they were indigenous to the soil. A shadoof,\* such as may be seen on the Nile, serves to draw water to irrigate the gardens.”

Ten days after his arrival, when he and his party had rested, Mr. Stanley was visited by the principal Arab settlers of Tabora, which is the principal Arab settlement of Central Asia. It consists of over one thousand houses, and contains over five thousand inhabitants, Arabs and natives. The intelligence he received as to the state of the country he would have to cross on his way to Ujiji, was anything but reassuring. Mirambo, originally the head of a gang of robbers, had usurped the lordship of a large tract of country to the west. He had carried war and plunder far and wide, and becoming bolder with success had, previous to Mr. Stanley's arrival, begun to rob Arab caravans bound for Ujiji, and refuse them passage.

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\*A rude hand-crane, worked with a lever.

A council of war was held, at which it was determined to fight Mirambo and his followers, a decision which met with much applause from all engaged in the trade of Central Africa. As Mr. Stanley was as much interested in forcing a passage to the west as any of them, and a brush with a native chief would give him a new experience, and gratify his adventurous spirit, he agreed to join them with all his available force in men and fire-arms.

While preparations were being made for engaging in war with Mirambo, Mr. Stanley was waited upon by the head man of the Livingstone caravan he had seen at Bagamoyo, who showed him a packet of letters addressed to Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, bearing the date of leaving Zanzibar Nov. 1st, 1870, on it. "From November 1st, 1870, to February 10th, 1871, just one hundred days at Bagamoyo. A miserable, small caravan of thirty-three men, halting one hundred days at Bagamoyo, only twenty-five miles by water from Zanzibar. Poor Livingstone! Who knows but he may be suffering for want of those véry supplies that were detained so long near the sea. The caravan arrived in Unyanyembe some time about the middle of May. About the latter part of May the first disturbance took place. Had this caravan arrived here in the middle of March, or even the middle of April, they might have travelled on to Ujiji without trouble."

On the 7th of July, Mr. Stanley was insensible from an attack of fever, and had only recovered his usual state of health on the 21st. Mr. Stanley and the Arabs, and their forces, numbering in all 2,225 men, 1,500 of whom were armed with guns and muskets of various kinds, marched to the stronghold of Mfuto on the 29th of July, and on the 3rd of August, they marched out to do battle with Mirambo. At a village called Zimbizo they encountered the enemy, and defeated him. On the morning of the fifth day a small detachment went out to reconnoitre, and managed to capture a spy, who was thrown on the ground, and his head cut off immediately. Growing valiant over this little feat, a body of Arabs, under Soud, son of Said-bin-Majid, volunteered to go and capture Wilyemkuru, where Mirambo was just then with several of his principal chiefs. They were 500 in number, and very ardent for the fight. I had suggested to the Governor, that the leader of the 500 volunteers should deploy his men, and fire the long dry grass before they went, that they might rout all the forest thieves out, and have a clear field for action. But an Arab will never take advice, and they marched out of Zimbizo without having taken this precaution. They arrived before Wilyemkuru, and after giving a few volleys, rushed in at the gate, and entered the village. While they rushed in at the gate, Mirambo took 400 of his men out by another gate, and instructed them to lie down close to the road by which the Arabs had come, and when they should return, to get up at a given signal, and each to stab his man.

The Arabs found a good deal of ivory, and captured a large number

of slaves, and having loaded themselves with everything they thought valuable, prepared to return by the same road they had gone. When they had arrived opposite to where the ambush party was lying on each side the road, Mirambo gave the signal, and the forest thieves rose as one man, and each taking hold of his man, speared him, and cut off his head. Not an Arab escaped, but some of the slaves managed to save themselves, and bring the news to us at Zimbizo." The Arab soldiers, slaves, and women and children, fled pell-mell to Unyanyembe, and Mr. Stanley, who was suffering from another attack of fever, found himself left to fight the enemy, or make his way out of danger as best he could. At a meeting of the chief Arabs, Mr. Stanley told them that he was satisfied, having seen their mode of fighting, that they would not conquer Mirambo in a year. "I am a white man," he said, "accustomed to wars after a different style. I know something about fighting, but I never saw people run away from an encampment like ours at Zimbizo for such cause as you had."

Mr. Stanley turned back three days journey to Kwihara, and determined to await the attack of Mirambo there, if he should venture on such a course. He determined to fight the enemy, if fight he must, on his own account, and trust to the chapter of accidents to being able to maintain his ground, and march on to Ujiji. "A fortlet was rapidly constructed, in which all our arms and effects were placed, and a lofty bamboo was procured, and planted on the roof of our fortlet; and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters. Then began the work of ditch-making and digging rifle pits all around the court or enclosure. The strong clay walls were pierced in two rows for the muskets; the great door was kept open, with materials ready close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight; watchmen were posted on the top of the house; every pot in the house was filled with water; provisions were collected sufficient to stand a siege of a month's duration; the ammunition boxes were unscrewed, and when I saw the three thousand bright metallic cartridges for the American carbines, I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this *furor* of war be ended without much trouble.

"Before six P.M., I had one hundred and twenty-five muskets, and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives; and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality, impregnable and untakeable. All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana houses were destroyed; and the fine house of Abid-bin-Sulermain had been ransacked, and then committed to the flames. Mirambo boasted that 'to-morrow' Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumour that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed, with the ivory and

cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer. Here is a sketch of a morning at Unyanyembe, in which we are introduced to a native who was destined to excite a large amount of interest in England :—

“In the early morning, generally about 5.30 A.M., I begin to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo; for you know they are such hard sleepers, they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him; and Ferajji, the cook, who has long ago been warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring ‘chai’ (tea). For I am like an old woman; I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kululu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe’s country, is my waiter and chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by skill and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kululu, young antelope, is frisky. I have but to express a wish, and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kululu cleans the dishes, and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea-cup licking up the sugar that was left in it, and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained.

“And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal far off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye. I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji, then perhaps to the Congo river.” Clearly here was a man who was not to be turned aside from his purpose on small or even great occasions. He had been sent to find Livingstone, and find him he had determined upon, if he was alive.

Captains Speke and Grant spent a considerable time in the neighbourhood of Kwihara. The account of the latter forms an interesting pendant to Mr. Stanley’s narrative :—

“The province of Unyanyembe has nearly four months of rain, commencing in the end of November, and winding up with the greatest fall in February. As soon as the soil of sand, or black, spongy mould, has softened, the seed is dropped, and by the 1st of February all is green as an emerald. The young rice has to struggle for fifteen days against the depredations of a small, black caterpillar, green underneath. It is a precarious time for the agriculturist, for if rain does not fall, the crop is lost, being eaten close by this insect. Women walk in the fields, with small hand-picks, loosening the soil, clearing it of weeds and worms. There is only one crop in the year, and all the cereals

known in Zanzibar are grown here. Cotton was considered by an Indian resident to be as fine as that grown in Kutch, but he said they had no use for it, merely burning it as wick. . . . The surrounding country is devoid of game, but within a long day's march a forest was visited, where various antelopes, giraffes, lions, and a few elephants, might be met with along the valley of the Wallah river. The scales of an armadillo were seen worn as a charm, three inches across and striated or lined at one end. One man had a superstition that the person who found a live armadillo would become a king—meaning, I imagine, that it was so rare. However, we came upon a pet one, at 3° N. latitude. About the cultivations, near the village, no singing-birds are ever heard; but the plumage of those seen is often very brilliant. Flocks of beautiful little birds, with black bodies, golden-tinted scarlet heads and backs, pecked at the ears of corn; or in the rice-fields, the favourite of the Cape farmers, the "locust bird," black, and looking like a curlew when walking, went tamely about. Crows, with a ring of white round the neck, were seen in two's and three's. The matting in the house was full of bugs, or ticks, which pestered one while seated at night, causing considerable irritation

"Let me give the reader some idea of our life here. Moosah, an Indian, in whose house we resided, was a fine benevolent old man, with an establishment of three hundred natives, men and women, round him. His abode had, three years ago, taken two months to build, and it was surrounded by a circular wall, which enclosed his houses, fruit and vegetable gardens, and his stock of cattle. The lady who presided over the whole, was of most portly dimensions, and her word was law. Moosah sat from morn till night with his 'Foondée,' or chief manager, and other head servants, within sight, receiving salutes and compliments from the rich and poor at the front, or *gentlemen's* side of the house, while the lady presided over the domestic arrangements of the interior. We had full access to both; and no house could be conducted with greater regularity. At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange, that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Birkeen,' or Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make his shirts. After a mid-day sleep, he would refresh himself with a second and larger pill, transact business, and so end the day. The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro in

their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women, chained by the neck, fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex; and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, our white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.

"The most important functionary about this court was the head keeper, or Foondée, who had been a slave all his life, and now possessed a village, with a farm and cattle. His daily duty was to sit within sight of his master. On Speke calling to see his collection of horses, and extract a bullet from the leg of one of his slaves, the Foondée made us heartily welcome. Stools were placed, and in gratitude for the operation he produced some ripe plantain, and showed us about his premises. He also took us to one of his favourite shooting-grounds, where he certainly knew how to make himself comfortable. His servants had constructed for him a most luxurious waterproof hut, with broad stripes of freshly-cut bark, and a capital bedstead of boughs. At night five fires were kept burning round him to keep off the mosquitoes. The grate was most original: three stout pegs of green wood, driven into the ground, forming an equilateral triangle, answered every purpose of an iron utensil, and in it a frying-pan, made of bark, frizzled mushrooms and meat to the chief's satisfaction. By his own account, he had shot many lions from trees; and during the march to and from Zanzibar, with his master's property, he, with a staff of under-keepers, used to supply the porters with rations from wild animals, which plan saved the expenditure of bead-money. He had many sporting stories. The lion, he said, seldom killed men; but, not long ago, he had jumped the wall of the building, and killed five cows, two of which he dragged over the wall—the natives fearing to impede his course.

Moosah's cow-herds were a very interesting set of people—so well featured, tall, and generally superior to the Africans, that I took great interest in them. They were Watusi, from Karague. There were ten men and women, all with woolly hair—the men leaving a crescent of it unshaved. Their gums were blackened with a preparation from the tamarind-seed, powdered, roasted, and mixed into a paste with blue vitriol, and afterwards heated until fit for use. Their ornaments were large, solid rings of brass upon the wrists, and iron rings, in masses, on their ankles. In walking, they carried a bow and arrow, a staff, and long-stemmed pipe. The women were of a large stamp, with fine oval faces, and erect figures, clad in well-dressed cow-skin, from above the waists to their small feet. Their huts were quite

different from any we had seen, being shaped like the half of an orange, and only five feet high, made of boughs, and covered with grass very neatly. There was but one door; the hut had no chimney, the smoke finding its way through the light, grass roof. I observed a portable Indian 'chivlah' or fireplace inside the hut, which was tidily floored with hay. These natives are a curious and distinct race. Previous to milking the cows in the morning, they wash themselves, their teeth, and their wooden milk vessels or gourds, with the urine of the animal, as they consider there is some virtue in it, afterwards using fresh water for cleansing. They are allowed half the milk, and Moosah had his half milked into his own clean vessel, in the morning at eight o'clock. It took the milk of two cows to fill one good-sized tin tea-pot. A cow's value was four or five dollars, though a first-class one would cost double, or two pounds. Men milked them into a large crucible of wood or gourd, in an open yard; the hind-legs were tied above the hocks with a thong of leather; one of the handsome women sat on the other side, with a bough beating off the flies, and with a stick to keep away the calf, which stood at its mother's head, a boy sometimes assisting. Should the calf die, its skin is stuffed and placed before the cow, otherwise she refuses to milk. The Wanyamwezi look with great respect on this people. When two of them meet, the Wezee puts both his palms together; these are gently clasped by the Watusi, a few inaudible words are repeated, and they pass on. The form of salutation, when a native meets one of his women senior to himself, is gentle and pleasing; he places his hands on her arms, below her shoulders, while her hands hang by her sides."

The following interesting picture of African village life and industry, by Captain Grant, refers to the country a few days' march to the south of Kwihara.

"The flora was new and interesting; but we were amazed at not seeing better crops, as grasses, with pendant panicles, grew luxuriantly ten feet high. The surface-soil, however, was very light, merely the washings of the hill-sides brought down in a stream of red clay grit. In this tract of country we came upon groups of palms, not met with since we left the coast. They were converted into many uses—fences, thatching, firewood, and uprights for building, etc. Toddy, also, was occasionally extracted. The fruit hung down in rich, large, tempting clusters, at the mercy of any hungry traveller. We observed some of these palms, with their leaf stalks still remaining in the tree, to be the support and life of a species of ficus, growing like a parasite, luxuriantly healthy, its roots not near the ground, but forming a complete network round the stem of the palm. Tamarind-trees, so umbrageous and beautiful in outline, were numerous. There were also the runner, from ten to twelve feet high; and the tree, a ficus, whose bark affords the Waganda their clothing, was here seen for the first time. The bark is taken

off in strips, according to the size they can get it, then damped and beaten by heavy wooden hammers till pliant, and afterwards sewn into a shirt, the colour of Chamois leather, but much thicker; the outer bark is thrown away. Near the villages a few scrubby bushes of cotton were grown upon mounds made by white ants. Looms of the rudest construction converted the produce of these into a hard, very stout, heavy cloth, about four or five feet in size, with one-fourth of it a black border, and woven by women only. Sessamum grew in ridges with the sorghum; its oil, and that extracted from the ground-nut, being used by the natives for smearing themselves from head to foot, giving their skins a handsome colour, like the gloss on polished marble. To vary the colour some red clay is added. The sorghum is sometimes afflicted with a black blight, but the natives do not think this any deterioration; all goes into the mill. They live upon Indian corn, ulezee, sorghum, made into flour, by rubbing the grains between stones, as a house-painter pounds colours. Their vegetables are sweet potato, and the leaves, flowers, and fruits of pumpkins; and they brought us, daily, ground nuts, tobacco, and fowls, for sale. On the 3rd of April, the rice-harvest was being gathered in; but we perceived no traces of irrigation, as in Egypt. Abundant rains gave an ample crop. The reapers consisted of negro women and girls, who sang pleasantly, though the scene was marred by the sight of a gang of men-slaves, heavily ironed together by their necks, with some superintendants, gleaning. Those who had small knives, cut the stalk four or five inches below the grain, and held it in their left hand till the hand was full, when it was placed in a huge tub of bark lying in the field.

The thrashing of the rice was novel. A quantity of ears was placed upon a cow's hide, slaves in irons were made to work it with their toes and feet, and winnow it in the wind; and after being thoroughly sun-dried upon a clear space of cow-dunged ground, it was fit for the process of shelling in the large pestle and mortar. If a considerable amount was to be thrashed, a bludgeon answered the purpose of the negro's feet. The stubble would afterwards be turned over with powerful long-handled hoes, beds of the soil made, and the suckers or offshoots of the sweet potato planted there by bands of twenty or thirty villagers, shouting and singing the whole time. If one Seedee (negro) had to clean rice in the wooden mortar, a dozen hands would set about the work of two. It could not be done without those who worked keeping time with their feet to the song, the lookers-on clapping hands, and stamping with their feet. The work and song never ceased until the rice was pounded almost into dust—such joyous, reckless creatures are these Africans. Yams are grown upon mounds of earth, placed all over a field, the branches of the plant trained upon a stick, or more commonly allowed to crawl over the ground. They do not attain a great growth. Grain is buried under the eaves of stack-shaped huts, or a clustered mass of Indian-corn may be seen suspended

from the bough of a tree, as exhibited in the illustration of 'Unyamwezi harvest,' in Captain Speke's Journal.

"Provisions were all remarkably cheap upon the route. A fat cow was purchased for four fathoms of calico; another full-sized cow and four small goats were got for eight fathoms; but three small goats were a bargain at the same price; a donkey was offered for fourteen, but he would have been dear at half the amount. For a fowl, one native demanded a charge of gunpowder, and would not sell it for anything else; another native led in a goat to camp, saying if we repaired his old flint-musket we should have the animal; he refused to bargain for anything else. For two quarts of impure honey, ten strings of common beads and a fathom of calico were asked, but not given. Milk was not always to be had, the people being afraid to keep heads of cattle, as they would attract the plundering Watuta race. Milk sometimes cost three strings of beads per pint; twelve measures of rice, one fathom of calico; sweet potatoes were one-tenth of the price they brought at Zanzibar; a basinful of ground nuts, or a load of wood, cost but one string of ordinary beads.

"The people preferred keeping a few milk-cows, being more productive than oxen, which were rarely met with, except one or two, fattened up to a large size, on purpose to be killed on the visit of a neighbouring Sultan, or to celebrate some success in war. After the cattle have been brought in at night, a quantity of rubbish is allowed to smoke and smoulder in the centre of the fold. It was amusing to watch how each animal took up its nightly position, never altering it, and thoroughly enjoying the smoke, which prevented them from being annoyed by insects. The sheep were very stupid-looking animals, small, and wanting in rotundity.

"We had daily visits from the women of the country, who came in parties. They were copper-coloured, and flat featured, and wore round their necks a profusion of pendent bead necklaces, of the colour of the mountain-ash berry; their ankles were concealed with masses of wire rings. For hours they sat silently before us, smoking, nursing, and shampooing the limbs and necks of their infants; some wore the heavy cloth of the country, others had soiled robes of calico. Young girls, many of them with pleasing faces, and plump round figures, wore merely a diminutive cloth about their loins, and infants had a fringe of beads. . . . We saw some decidedly handsome girls on this route: their men attend upon cattle exclusively, while they stay at home doing household work, cooking, coquetting, and showing off their beautiful feet and ankles. Two, in the bloom of youth, sat by us, with their arms most affectionately twined round each other's necks. The arms were at once dropped, exposing their beautiful necks and busts, quite models for a 'Greek Slave.' Their woolly hair was combed out, and raised up from the forehead and over the ears by a broad band, made from the skin of a milk-white cow; this contrasted strikingly with their beautiful light copper skins."

When Mr. Stanley arrived at his next camping ground—Mkwenkwe—he found that his attendants, who had gone before to make preparations, had deserted in a body, and returned to Kwihara. To make matters worse, he was suffering from fever. The awkward position in which he found himself roused his indomitable pluck, and enabled him to throw off the fever which oppressed him; and the men who stood true to him having collected the scattered fugitives, after a couple of days' rest he continued his march. After reaching Kasegera, two of his followers deserted. When brought back, he had them tied up and flogged, and then fastened them together with a chain. This mode of treatment he found to be quite successful in quelling insubordination. He says in regard to it: "I was determined to try a new method, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before my eyes; and I am happy to say to-day, for the benefit of all future travellers, that it is the best method yet adopted, and that I will never tread in Africa again without a good long chain." A few days after this, Shaw the Englishman broke down, partly from illness and partly from fear, and was sent back to Unyanyembe.

The following extract gives a graphic picture of the country he was marching through:—"We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy, undulating waves, the land stretched before us—the new land which no European knew—the unknown mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another, is one of the most disheartening which can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, were the lengthy rectilinear ridges clad in the same garb—woods, woods, woods; forests, leafy branches, green and yellow, and dark-red and purple; then an undefinable ocean, bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all round shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest, higher than their neighbours, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest, and the same horizon, day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove, from wandering over a world without a halting-place, they return wearied with the search."

At Ugunda Mr. Stanley had an interview with a friendly chief, Maman-yara, "a tall, stalwart man, with a pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati round his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country. Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked, and as quickly answered; and the ice being broken, the chief being as candid as I was myself, he grasped my forefinger and middle

fingers, and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifle were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his were, would task my powers. The chief roared with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger; he clasped their fore and middle fingers, vowed that the Masungu (white man) was a wonder, a marvel, and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it before? 'No,' as solemnly as before. Is he not a wonder? Quite a wonder—positively a wonder."

Pushing onwards, he made the acquaintance of the honey bird, and while in timbered country never lacked the agreeable addition of honey to their meals. The honey bird "is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren. When it sees a human being it becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips and flies from branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird hopping about, and hears its sweet call, 'Sweet—Sweet—Sweet!' If he is a Wokonongo (a native tribe given to honey-hunting), he follows it. Away flies the bird on to another tree; then springs to another branch nearer to the begging man, as if to say, 'Shall I—must I come and fetch you?' Another, assured by the advance of its friend, rushes off to another tree, coquets about, and sweets his call rapidly—sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding the traveller for being so slow; and so on, until at last the treasure is found and secured. As the honey bird is a very busy little animal, while the man secures his treasure of honey, he holds himself ready for another flight, and to discover another treasure."

The following illustrates the trouble he had in maintaining discipline among his own followers. A man of less courage and nerve must either have laid down his life there and then, or have been compelled to abandon the expedition for a time, if not for altogether. Three hours' journey from the banks of the Gombe, where they had rested for three days, his men halted, and refused to proceed. The rapid marching was beginning to tell upon them, and they wished to remain encamped several days, where, from the quantity of game about, they could rest and enjoy abundance. Ever since he had left Kwihara, Stanley had been possessed by a feverish eagerness to push forward, and was in consequence in no mood to submit to any needless detention. We will let him tell what happened in his own words:—

"As I was walking up to see what was the matter, I saw the guide and his brother sitting on an ant-hill, apart from the other people, fingering their guns in what appeared to be a most suspicious manner. Calling Selim, I took the double-barrelled smooth-bore, and slipped in two charges of buckshot, and then walked on to my people, keeping an eye, however, upon the guide and his brother. I asked Bombay to give me an explanation of the stoppage. He would not answer, though he mumbled something sullenly, which was unintelligible to me. I looked on the other people, and perceived that they acted

BEATING SORGO



VILLAGE BLACKSMITHS



in an irresolute manner, as if they feared to take my part, or were of the same mood as the party on the ant-hill. I was but thirty paces from the guide, and throwing the barrel of the gun into the hollow of my left hand, I presented it cocked at the guide, and called out to him, if he did not come to me at once I would shoot him, giving him and his companions to understand that I had twenty-four small bullets in the gun, and that I could blow them to pieces. In a very reluctant manner they advanced towards me. When they were sufficiently near I ordered them to halt; but the guide, as he did so, brought his gun to the present, with his finger on the trigger, and, with a treacherous and cunning smile, which I perfectly understood, he asked what I wanted of him. His companion, while he was speaking, was sidling to my rear, and was impudently engaged in filling the pan of his musket with powder; but a threat to finish him if he did not go back to his companion, and there stand till I gave him permission to move, compelled this villainous Thersite to execute the 'right about' with a promptitude which caused commendation from me. Then facing my Ajax of a guide with my gun, I next requested him to lower his gun if he did not wish to receive the contents of mine in his head; and I do not know but what the terrible catastrophe, warranted by stern necessity, had occurred then and there, if Mabruki (bull-headed Mabruki, but my faithful porter and faithfulest soldier) had not dashed the man's gun aside, asking him how he dared level his gun at his master, and then throwing himself at my feet, prayed me to forgive him. . . . When Mabruki's prayer for forgiveness was seconded by that of the principal culprit that I would overlook his offence, I was able to act as became a prudent commander, though I felt some remorse that I had not availed myself of the opportunity to punish the guide and his companion as they eminently deserved. . . . However, as Bombay could not bend himself to ask forgiveness, I came to the conclusion that it were best he should be made to feel the penalty for stirring dissensions in the expedition, and be brought to look with a more amiable face upon the scheme of proceeding to Ujiji through Ukonongo and Ukawendi; and I at once proceeded about it with such vigour, that Bombay's back will for as long a time bear traces of the punishment which I administered to him, as his front teeth do of that which Speke (he had been a servant of Speke's) rightfully bestowed on him some eleven years ago."

After a time the character of the scenery changed, and this, together with rapid movement, and the almost certainty that Lake Tanganyika would be speedily reached, had the effect of raising the spirits of every member of the expedition. This is his description of the country within fourteen days of the great lake, on whose shore he hoped to find the object of his search:—

"Here and there were upheaved above the tree-tops sugar-loaf hills; and darkly blue, west of us, loomed a noble ridge of hills, which formed the boundary between Kamiramba's territory and that of Utendi. Elephant tracks

became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mivara, with its lengthy slope slowly declining westward, the vegetation became more varied, and the outlines of the land before us more picturesque. We grew satiated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on the trees. There was the Mbember, with the taste of an over-ripe peach; the Tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in their flavour; the Matonga, or nux vomica, was welcome; and the luscious Singive, the plum of Africa, was most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked, long past their season, and beyond eating.

“Guinea-fowl, the moor-hen, ptarmigan, and ducks, supplied our tables; and often the hump of a buffalo, or an extravagant piece of venison, filled our camp-kettles. My health was firmly re-established. The faster we prosecuted our journey, the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one drawback to it all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy, Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water at the pools at which we had camped between Manyara and Mvera; but judicious attendance, and Dover’s powders, brought the boy round again. After a halt of three days at this village for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly. . . . Traversing a dense forest of young trees, we came to a plain dotted with acres of ant-hills. Their uniform height (about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to inundations. Beyond this plain about four miles we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight, after so many months spent by brackish pools.”

Pushing onwards, their proximity to the Tanganyika lake was evident from the number of streams, all trending towards that goal of their hopes. The neighbourhood of these streams was thickly covered with brushwood, and the vicinity of these was dreaded by his followers, and not without cause. He says:—“The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard, lion, and wild boar, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys, while being driven to water along a narrow path edged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal’s neck; and it would have made short work of it, had not its companions set up a braying chorus that might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to the limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath, and prowled about a well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful

clamour without intermission until morning. Towards daylight they retreated towards their leafy caverns, for—

‘There the lion dwells—the Monarch,  
Mightiest among the brutes ;  
There his right to reign supremest  
Never one his claim disputes ;  
There he layeth down to slumber,  
Having slain and ta’en his fill ;  
There he roameth, there he coucheth,  
As it suits his lordly will.’

And few I believe would venture therein to dispute it. Not I, ‘i faith,’ when searching after Livingstone.”

He has a different story to tell of the southern portion of the same region. He says : “The fairest portion of Californian scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests; now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well-watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the river; and behold exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque, and pretty—all within the scope of vision, whichever way one may turn. And, to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across three degrees of longitude, and nearly four of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.

“Ah me! what wild and ambitious projects fill a man’s brain as he looks over the forgotten and unpeopled country, containing in its bosom such stores of wealth, and with such an expanse of fertile soil capable of sustaining millions! What a settlement one could have in this valley! See, it is broad enough to support a large population. Fancy a church spire where that tree rears its dark crown of foliage, and think how well a score or so of pretty cottages would look, instead of those thorn clumps and gum trees!

“Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle, and fields of corn spreading to the right and left of this stream! How much better would such a state of things become this valley, than the present deserted and wild aspect! But be hopeful; the day will come, and a future year will see it when happier lands have become crowded, and nations have become so overgrown, that they have no room to turn about. It really wants an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila, to lead their hosts to this land, which perhaps has been wisely reserved for such a time.”

Leaving this unpeopled paradise behind them, the party had several weary days’ march over a country as rocky and sterile as the Sierra Nevada, which, in its rocky hills, and dry, stony watercourses, reminded Mr. Stanley of the country round Magdala. Their provisions were all but exhausted,

and they were suffering from thirst, and foot-sore and weary, when they reached the village of a son of the chief of Uzogera, where they were hospitably entertained. From this point the country improved at every step, although many difficulties had yet to be overcome, the principal of which were the heavy tributes exacted by warlike chiefs for leave to pass through their territory. Mr. Stanley's account of a natural bridge, across which the expedition passed with safety, cannot fail to be interesting. "Fancy," he says, "a river as broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over with water-plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that, only a few yards higher up, an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves, and sixteen tusks of ivory, had been suddenly sunk for ever out of sight. As one-half of our column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side, and between each man; in one place like the swell of the sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled and undulated, one wave after another. As we all got on it, we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet, and a circular pool of water was formed. I expected every minute to see them sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without further accident. Arrived on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suited for agricultural settlements, or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, or a flat-topped rock on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen, and where the natives prided themselves on their security, and conducted themselves accordingly in an insolent and forward fashion, though I believe that with forty good rifles I could have made the fellows desert their country *en masse*. But a white traveller's motto in these lands is, do, dare, and endure; and those who have come out of Africa alive have generally to thank themselves for their prudence rather than their temerity."

At last their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the broad and swift Malagarazi, an affluent of Lake Tanganyika. The goal was nearly won; a few days' march, and the mighty lake of Central Africa would be spread out before their gaze. The principal Sultan of Uvinza, the country bordering on the Malagarazi, was Kiala, the eldest son of Uzogera. The command of the

river gave him great power as a levier of black-mail from travellers passing through his country, which he used to the uttermost. After much higgling, Stanley had to give 92 yards of cloth for the privilege of passing through his country. The tribute for passing the river had still to be settled, and after a long and stormy discussion, this was arranged. "Finally," he says, "seven doti (28 yards of cloth) and ten pounds of Sam-Sami beads were agreed upon; after which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish, and deep. Yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming, rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for crocodiles—crocodiles cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself pelting them with two ounce balls, I made no effect upon their numbers.

"Two canoes discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river, when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which now commenced. About twenty or so of the chief's men had collected, and backed by them he became insolent. If it were worth while to commence a struggle for two or three more doti of cloth, the mere firing of one revolver at such close quarters would have settled the day; but I could not induce myself to believe it was the best way of proceeding, taking in view the object of our expedition. And accordingly, this extra demand was settled at once with as much amiability as I could muster; but I warned him not to repeat it; and to prevent him from doing so, ordered a man to each canoe, and to be seated there with a loaded gun in each man's hand. After this little episode we got on very well until the men, excepting two, besides Bombay and myself, were safe on the other side. . . . We then drove a donkey into the river, having first tied a strong halter to his neck; but he had hardly reached the middle of the river when a crocodile beneath seized him by the neck and dragged him under, after several frantic but ineffectual endeavours to draw him ashore. A sadness stole over all, after witnessing this scene; and as the shades of night had now drawn around us, and had tinged the river to a black, dismal colour, it was with a feeling of relief that the fatal stream was crossed, and we all set foot ashore."

More and yet more pillage in name of tribute had the party to undergo. After paying tribute to the chief of Kawanga, the party marched forward cheerfully, when they were overtaken by a party, who demanded why they attempted to pass without paying the tribute to the King of Ubha. In their innocence they thought they had settled with him when they satisfied his subordinate Kawanga. Mionvu, another subordinate of the King of Ubha, came up to them to receive his master's tribute.

"He was," says Mr Stanley, "robed most royally, after the fashion of

Central Africa, in a crimson cloth, arranged toga-like over his shoulder, and depending to his ankles; and a brand new piece of Massachusetts shirting folded around his head. He greeted us graciously; he was the prince of politeness; shook hands first with myself, then with my head men, and cast a keen glance around, in order, as I thought, to measure our strength. Then seating himself, he spoke with deliberation, something in this style:—‘Why does the white man stand in the road? The sun is hot, let him seek the shelter of my village, when we can arrange this little matter between us. Does he not know that there is a king in Ubha, and that I, Mionvu, am his servant? It is a custom with us to make friends with great men, such as the white man. All Arabs and Wanguana stop here, and give us cloth. Does the white man mean to go on without paying? Why should he desire war? I know he is stronger than we are here; his men have guns, and we have but spears and arrows; but Ubha is large, and has plenty of people. The children of the king are many. If he comes to be a friend to us, he will come to our village, give us something, and then go his way.’

“The armed warriors around applauded the speech of Mionvu, because it spoke the feelings with which they viewed our bales. Certain am I, though, that one portion of his speech—that which related to our being stronger than the Ubha—was an untruth, and that he knew it, and that he only wished we would start hostilities, in order that he might have good reason for seizing the whole. It is not new to you, of course, if you have read this letter through, to find that the representative of the *Herald* was held of small account here, and never one did I see who would care a bead for anything that you would ever publish against him; so the next time you want me to enter Africa, I only hope you will think it worth while to send 100 good men from the *Herald* office to punish this audacious Mionvu, who neither fears the *New York Herald* nor the ‘Star Spangled Banner.’

“I submitted to Mionvu’s proposition, and went with him to his village, when he fleeced me to his heart’s content. His demand, which he adhered to like a man who knew what he was about, was one good bale of cloth, apportioned between the king, himself, his wife, three of his chief men, and his son, a little boy. I went to bed that night like a man on the verge of ruin. However, Mionvu said we would have to pay no more in Ubha. Notwithstanding this, a brother of Mionvu’s levied black mail on the traveller at a village further to the west, and further exactions were eluded by starting in the middle of the night, and keeping clear of the villages.”

At last they are at “the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi (a native tribe) said we would obtain a view of Lake Tanganyika. . . . On arriving at the top, we beheld it at last from the spot whence probably Burton and Speke looked at it, ‘the one in a half-paralyzed state, the other almost blind.’ Indeed, I was placed at the right, and as we

descended, it opened more and more into view, until it was revealed at last into a great inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south, without bounds, a grey expanse of water."

After feasting their eyes on this longed-for prospect, they hurry on with eager footsteps. "From the western base of the hill there was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly—the hours seemed to have been quarters—we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long in the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward receded, and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Liuche, and its thick belt of matete grass; we had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, etc; and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet, was directly beneath us.

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

The supreme moment had come at last; the American flag is flung out to the breeze; muskets are loaded and fired off in hot haste to rouse the little town of Ujiji, which as yet knew nothing of the strange and unexpected visitors now at its gates. "The flags are fluttered—the banner of America is in front, waving joyfully—the guide is in the zenith of his glory—the former residents of Zanzibar will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may, as to what it means. Never were the stars and stripes so beautiful to my mind, the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill wild clangour of it is far and wide, and still the muskets tell the noisy seconds. . . . The natives of Ujiji, . . . and I know not where else, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means, this fusillading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos (how do you do's) shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hand and ask anxiously where I come from. But I have no patience with them—the expedition goes far too slow; I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled? Suddenly a man, a black man at my elbow, shouts in

English, 'How do you do, sir?' 'Hallo, who the deuce are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions, he is running like a madman towards the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands, without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a great triumphal procession. As we move, they move; all eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt, the journey is ended for a time, but I alone have a few more steps to take. There is a group of the most respectable Arabs; and as I come nearer, I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it; his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth; and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' and he says, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus.*"



THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE



## CHAPTER XIX.

*Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji—Expedition to the Rusizi—Lake Tanganyika, and Tribes on its shores—Livingstone and Stanley arrive at Unyanyembe—Mr. Stanley bids the great Traveller farewell—Memoir of Mr. Stanley, etc., etc.*

THE following description of Dr. Livingstone, as he appeared to Mr. Stanley at Ujiji, has additional interest for us, now that its subject has passed away to the land of shadows. He says:—"Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome with a most unpretending binding. Within, the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus, outside Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the mobility of prime age, just enough to show that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very gray. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with gray over the temples; otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone show indications of being worn out; the hard fare of Louda and Manajenia have made havoc in their rows. His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking, he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round visor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally. "Of the inner man, much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself bit by bit to the stranger, a great many favourable points present themselves, any of which, taken singly, might dispose a man well towards him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and, though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he

would defer reading until night; for the moment he would enjoy the astonishment which the European caused him, and any general world news I could communicate."

" . . . . The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone, which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure; but what he had was mine and his. The wan features, which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and stooping shoulders, belied the man. Underneath that aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter; the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Varden, and Gordon Cumming, were always the chief actors. 'You have brought me new life,' he said several times, so that I was not sure but there was some little hysteria in this jovialty and abundant animal spirits; but as I found it continued during several weeks, I am now disposed to think it natural. . . . Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man, a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with owning all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome, and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmans even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man, and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and has made him—to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

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

‘Your master,’ say my servants to those of Livingstone, ‘is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours—oh! he is sharp—hot as fire.’ From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon his first arrival at Ujiji, through his uniform kindness and mild pleasant temper, he has now won all hearts. I perceived that unusual respect was paid to him by all. . . . Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ear insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately, viz. natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.”

Dr. Livingstone having expressed his determination not to return to England until he had completed his task, Mr. Stanley asked him why he had come so far back without finishing the short task he had to do.

“Simply,” said he, “because I was forced. My men would not budge a step forward. They mutinied, and passed a secret resolution, if I still insisted in going on, to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me; in which case I should have been killed. It was dangerous to go any further. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their water into the central line of drainage, and when about starting to explore the last hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body.”

After the Arabs had left Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley together, the latter says, “Said bin Majid, and a curried chicken, was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession; and as fast as they were brought we set to. I had a healthy sublime digestion—the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order; but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, he kept repeating, ‘You have brought me new life. You have brought me new life.’”

“‘Oh, by jingo!’ I said, ‘I have forgotten something. Hasten Selim, and bring that bottle; you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped, would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.’ Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and

handing the Doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said:—

“‘Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, Sir.’ ‘And to yours,’ he responded, smilingly.

“And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drunk with hearty good wishes to each other.

“But we kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was being brought to us all that afternoon; and we kept on eating each time it was brought, and until I had eaten even to repletion, and the Doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Halimah, the female cook of the Doctor’s establishment, was in the state of the greatest excitement. . . . She was afraid the Doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abilities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten, and she was in a state of delightful excitement. We could hear the tongue rolling off a tremendous volume of clatter to the wondering crowds who halted before the kitchen to hear the current of news with which she edified them. Poor faithful soul! While we listened to the noise of her furious gossip, the Doctor related her faithful services; and the terrible anxiety she evinced when the guns first announced the arrival of another white man in Ujiji; how she had been flying about in a state of the utmost excitement, from the kitchen into his presence, and out again into the square, asking all sorts of questions; how she was in despair at the scantiness of the general larder and treasury of the strange household; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘is he not one of us? does he not bring plenty of cloths and beads? Talk about Arabs? Who are they that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!’

“The Doctor and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles, and his disappointments upon his arrival in Ujiji, when told that all his goods had been sold, and he was reduced to poverty. He had but twenty cloths or so left of the stock he had deposited with the man called Sherif, the half caste, drunken tailor, who was sent by the consul in charge of the goods. Besides what he had been suffering from an attack of dysentery, his condition was most deplorable. He was but little improved on this day, though he had eaten well, and already began to feel stronger and better.”

Mr. Stanley stayed with Livingstone for a considerable period; and before they left for Unyanyembe, at which place Dr. Livingstone was to await stores and assistance from Zanzibar, they set off for the head of the Tanganyika to settle the question as to whether the Rusizi is an influent or effluent of the lake—a question which was greatly exciting the minds of Geographers at home.

“It took us,” says Mr. Stanley, “ten days’ hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a distance of nearly 100 geographical miles from Ujiji; the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Urundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward; the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearance impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks which rise abruptly out of the lake, a most wonderful scene would be presented to us. We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from 5000 to 7000 feet deep, with the large island Ubwari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it, for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is nearly 3000 feet deep. . . . Only two miles from shore I sounded, and although I let down 620 feet of line I found no bottom. Livingstone sounded when crossing the Tanganyika from the westward, and found no bottom with 1800 feet of line. The mountains around the northern half of the Tanganyika fold around so close, with no avenue whatever for the escape of waters, save narrow valleys and ravines which admit rivers and streams into the lake, that were it possible to force the water into a higher altitude of 500 feet above its present level, its dimensions would not be increased considerably. The valley of the Malagarazi would then be a narrow deep arm of the lake, and the Rusizi would be a northern arm, crooked and tortuous, of sixty or seventy miles in length.

“The evening before we saw the Rusizi, a freed man of Zanzibar was asked which way the river ran—out of the lake or into it? The man swore that he had been on the river but the day before, and that it ran out of the lake. Here was an announcement calculated to shake the most sceptical. I thought the news too good to be true. I should certainly have preferred that the river ran out of the lake into either the Victoria or the Albert. The night we heard this announcement made so earnestly, Livingstone and myself sat up very late, speculating as to where it went. We resolved, if it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza, to proceed with it to the lake, and then strike south to Unyanyembe, and if it flowed into the Albert lake, to proceed into the Albert lake and cruise all around it, in the hope of meeting Baker.

“As there was war between the rival tribes inhabiting the banks of the Rusizi, the King Mokamba advised us to proceed to his brother’s village in Mugihewa by night, which was situated about 800 yards from the river, on the right bank. Just after dark we started, and in the morning we arrived at Mugihewa. After a cup of coffee we manned our canoe, and having prepared our guns we started for the mouth of the river. In about fifteen minutes we were entering a little bay about a mile wide, and saw before us to the north a dense brake of papyrus and match cane.

“Until we were close to this brake we could not detect the slightest

opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldly up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was, vanished at once and for ever before that strong brown flood, which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should ever be able to ascend; but after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling, the river broadened, and a little higher up we saw it widen into lagoons on either side."

Several times the party were in considerable danger from the attacks of the numerous inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Mr. Stanley had a slight attack of fever, and during its continuance Dr. Livingstone nursed him with great care. An amusing incident happened at Mukamba's town.

"Susi, the Doctor's servant, got gloriously drunk, from the chief's liberal and profuse gifts of *pombi*. Just at dawn, next morning, I was awakened by hearing several sharp crack-like sounds. I listened, and found the noise was in our hut. It was caused by the Doctor, who, towards midnight, had felt some one come and lie down by his side on the same bed, and, thinking it was me, he had kindly made room, and laid down on the edge of the bed. But in the morning feeling rather cold, he had been thoroughly awakened, and, on rising on his elbow to see who his bedfellow was, he discovered, to his great astonishment, that it was no other than his black servant, Susi, who taking possession of his blankets, and folding them about himself most selfishly, was occupying almost the whole bed. The Doctor, with that gentleness characteristic of him, instead of taking the rod, had contented himself with slapping Susi on the back, saying, 'Get up, Susi, will you? You are in my bed. How dare you, Susi, get drunk in this way, after I have told you so often not to do so; get up.' 'You won't? Take that, and that, and that.' Still Susi slept and grunted; so the slapping continued, until even Susi's thick hide began to feel it, and he was thoroughly awakened to the sense of his want of devotion and sympathy for his master, in the usurping of even his master's bed. Susi looked very much crestfallen after this *expose* of his infirmity before the 'little master,' as I was called."

One of the questions left for Livingstone to settle was the outlet from Tanganyika, and whether it is or is not connected with the Nile drainage by some other channel.

Dr Livingstone and Mr. Stanley reached Ujiji on the 13th of December, and after making the necessary preparations, they started for Unyanyembe.

The Tanganyika Lake was first seen by European eyes in 1858, when Captains Burton and Speke looked down upon it from the heights above Ujiji. After a terrible journey from Unyanyembe, Captain Speke was nearly blind, and Captain Burton was so weak from fever and paralysis that for

several days he had been carried in a hammock. For three hundred years the existence of this great lake had been known, and various guesses had been made as to the course of its effluent waters. In some maps it was laid down as having a connection with the Nyassa lake; in others it figured as the head-waters of the Congo or the Nile—although Livingstone, Stanley, and Captain Grant, have visited it since the date of Captain Burton's visit, and the direction of its outflow is as great a mystery as ever. As its waters are sweet it must have an outlet somewhere, and in all likelihood they find an exit by a rent in the mountains, similar to that through which Livingstone saw the Lualaba escaping from Lake Moero, through the mountains of Rua. Captain Burton inclines to the belief that it has no effluent. He says:—

“A careful investigation and comparison of statements leads to the belief that the Tanganyika receives and absorbs the whole river system—a net-work of streams, nullahs, and torrents—of that portion of the Central African depression, whose water-shed converges towards the great reservoir. Geographers will doubt that such a mass, situated at so considerable an altitude, can maintain its level without an effluent. Moreover, the freshness of the water would, under normal circumstances, augur the escape of saline matter washed down by the influents from the area of drainage. But may not the Tanganyika, situated, like the Dead Sea, as a reservoir for supplying with humidity the winds which have parted with their moisture in the barren and arid regions of the south, maintain its level by the exact balance of supply and evaporation? \* And may not the saline particles deposited in its waters be wanting in some constituent which renders them evident to the taste.

“As in Zanzibar, there is little variety of temperature upon the Tanganyika. The violent easterly gales, which, pouring down from the cold heights of Usagara, acquire impetus sufficient to carry the current over Ugogo, Unyamwezi, and Uvinza, are here less sharply defined. The periodical winds over the latter—regular, but not permanent—are the south-east and the south-west, which also bring up the foulest weather. The land and sea breezes are felt almost as distinctly as upon the shores of the Indian Ocean. The breath of the morning, called by the Arabs *el barad*, or the zephyr, sets in from the north. During the day, are light variable breezes, which often subside, when the weather is not stormy, into calms. In the evenings, a light afflatus comes up from the lake. Throughout the dry season the lake becomes a wind trap, and a heavy ground-sea rolls toward the shore. In the rains there is less sea, but accidents occur from sudden and violent storms, which are precluded, as about Zanzibar, by sudden gusts of cold and rainy wind. The mountainous breakers of Arab and native informants were not seen; indeed, with a

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\* Dr Livingstone has demonstrated that there is no desert to the south nearer than the Kalahari Desert, nearly a couple of thousand miles to the south, so that this theory falls to the ground.

depth of three feet from ridge to dell, a wave would swamp the largest laden canoe. Wind currents appear common. In a few hours a stream will be traversed setting strongly to the east, and crossed by a southerly or south-westerly current. High gales in certain localities, when the waves set upon a flat, flush shore, drive the waves from fifteen to twenty feet beyond the normal mark. This circumstance may partly explain the Arab belief in a regular ebb and flow, which they maintain has been observed in the Tanganyika and Nyassa lakes, and which Mr. Anderson believes to exist in lake Ngami. A mass of waters so large must be, to a certain extent, subject to tidal influences; but the narrowness of the bed from west to east would render this effect almost unobservable.

“The navigation of Tanganyika is as yet undeveloped. It has neither quay nor jetty, except strips of sand; nor harbours, save shallow bays, or dwarf creeks, winding through hedges of stiff rush. In former times the Arabs built sailing vessels, bought gangs of slaves, and trained them to row instead of paddling. In 1858, there remained but one dhow, or small quarter-decked sailing-craft, capable of carrying about fifty men; it belonged to an Arab merchant, Hamid bin Sulyman, who, professing willingness to let it for a voyage, nullified his concession by removing the crew. The native boats are long, narrow canoes, rudely hollowed with the axe—the application of fire being unknown—in fact, mere logs of mvule, or some other large tree. The most considerable are composed of three parts—clumsy, mis-shapen planks, forming, when placed side by side, a keel and two gunwales, the latter fastened to the centre-piece by cords of palm-fibre passing through lines of holes. The want of caulking causes excessive leakage. The cry Senga!—bale out!—rarely ceases, and the irregular hollowing of the tree-trunks makes them lie lopsided in the water. These vessels have neither masts nor sails; an iron ring, fixed in the stern, is intended for a rudder, which, however, seldom appears except in the canoes of the Arabs, and a flag-staff, or a fishing-rod, projects from the bow. Layers of palm-ribs are strewed over the interior, to raise the cargo—which is often of salt—above the bilge-water. The crew sit upon narrow benches, extending across the canoe, and fastened with cords to holes in the two side-pieces; upon each bench, despite the narrowness of the craft, two place themselves side by side. The stout, stiff mats used for hutting and bedding, are spread for comfort upon the seats; and for convenience of paddling, the sailors, when at work, incline their bodies over the sides. In the centre there is a square place about six feet long, kept clear of benches; here also cargo is stored, passengers, cattle, and slaves are carried, the paddles, gourds, and other furniture of the crew, are thrown. It is often ankle-deep in water, and affords no convenience for leaning or lying down. The most comfortable place, therefore, is near the stern or bow of the boat. The spears are planted upright at one or two corners of the hold,

so as to be ready at a moment's notice; each man usually has his dagger stuck in his belt, and on long trips, all are provided with bows and arrows. These Africans cannot row. The paddle in the Tanganyika is a stout staff, about six feet long, and cut out at the top to admit a trefoil-shaped block the size of a man's hand. The block is adorned with black paint, in triangular patches. It is tied to the staff by a bit of whipcord, and it seldom lasts a day without breaking. The paddler, placing his hand on the top, and the other about the middle of the staff, scoops up, as it were, the water in front of him, steadying his paddle by drawing it along the side of the canoe. It is a laborious occupation, and an excessive waste of power.

“The Lake people derive their modern practice of navigation, doubtless, from days of old; the earliest accounts of the Portuguese mention the traffic of this inland sea. They have three principal beats from Ujiji: the northern abuts at the ivory and slave marts of Uvira; the western conducts to the opposite shores of the lake, and the island depots on the south-west; and the southern leads to the land of Marungu. Their canoes creep along the shores like the hollowed elder-trees of thirty bygone centuries, and, waiting till the weather augurs fairly, they make a desperate push for the other side. Nothing but their extreme timidity, except when emboldened by the prospect of a speedy return home, preserves their cranky craft from constant accidents. The Arabs, warned by the past, prefer the certain loss incurred, by deputing, for trading purposes, agents and slaves, to personal risk. A storm upon the lake, especially on one of the portentous evenings of the tropics, is indeed deeply impressive. The wind is hushed, and the air feels sultry and stifling, while low mutterings from the sable cloud-banks lying upon the horizon, cut by light masses of mist in a long unbroken line, or from the black arch rising above the Acroceraunian hills, at times disturb the death-like stillness. Presently, as the shades deepen, a cold gust of wind—the invariable presage of a storm—pours through the vast of night; lightning flashes—at first by intervals, then incessantly, with its accompaniment of reverberating thunder; now a loud lumbering roll, like the booming of heavy batteries, then deepening into a crash, which is followed after an interval by a rattling discharge, like the sharp pattering of musketry. The waves begin to rise; the rain—descending at first by warning drops, presently in torrents—blinds the crew; and if the wind increases, there is little chance of the frail canoe living through the short chopping sea. In addition to the dangers of the deep, the maritime tribes are, or are supposed to be, ever planning ambuscades against the boats touching at their land, and the sight of a few woolly heads in the bush causes the crew to rise precipitately from food or sleep, to rush headlong to their canoes, without caring what may be left behind, and to put out to sea beyond the reach of a flight of arrows.

“A voyage upon the Tanganyika begins with all the difficulties and delays

of African locomotion. When the boat is hired, the crew must be collected, and paid, rationed, and kept together. This is no easy task, as each man is thinking solely of his own affairs, disdaining the slightest regard for the wishes, the comfort, or the advantage of his employer. The cargo must then be placed on board, and the canoe moved to its original place—to a point of known departure, otherwise no man can be persuaded to embark. The expedition sets out in a kind of procession; the captain, dressed in his best dress, heads the sailors, who are followed by their loud-voiced wives, performing upon the rudest musical instruments. Of these the most noisy is a kind of shawm, (a short tube of wood, bound with palm-fibre, and opening like a clarinet): a distressing bray is kept up through a hole pierced in the side. The most monotonous is a pair of foolscap-shaped cones of thin iron, joined at the apices, and connected at the bases by a solid cross-bar. This rude tom-tom is performed upon with painful perseverance by a stick muffled with cloth or skin. After embarkation, the canoe must be paddled out for a mile, to ascertain the proper quantum of cargo and crew, an exertion followed by fresh delays for victualling, taking leave, settling disputes, hard drinking, and driving deserters. The first stage is short enough to admit of the scene being encored. Finally, when the weather is perfectly calm, and no pretext nor desire for further detention remains, the crew scramble into the canoes, and, with the usual hubbub and strife—order which no man obeys, and advice which no man takes—they pole off and paddle along the shore.

“The Wajiji, and, indeed, all these races, never work silently or regularly. A long monotonous howl, broken occasionally by a scream of delight from the boys, or by the bray and clang of the instruments, lasts throughout the trip, except when extreme terror induces a general silence. They row in “spurts,” applying vigorously to their paddling, till the perspiration pours down their sooty persons, and splashing the water in streams over the canoe: after a few minutes, fatigued and breathless, they either stop to quarrel, or they progress languidly till recruited for another effort. When two boats are together they race continuously, till a bump, and the consequent difficulty of using the paddles, afford an opportunity for a little chatter and abuse. At times they halt to eat, drink, or smoke; the bhang pipe is produced after every hour, and the paddles are taken in whilst they indulge in the usual screaming whooping cough. They will not allow questions to be asked, or scraps of provisions to be thrown overboard; moreover, it is a mortal sin to chip or to break off the smallest bit of even a worn-out boat drawn up on the sands. They will lose half an hour, when time is most precious, to secure a dead fish, as, entangled, in its net, it floats past the canoe. They never pass a village or a settlement without a dispute—some wishing to land, and the others objecting because that some wish it. The captain, seated either in the fore or in the stern, has no authority; and if the canoe is allowed to touch the shore, half

the crew spring out, without an idea of consulting anything but their own convenience. Obeying only impulse, and being wholly deficient in order or arrangement, they make the voyage as uncomfortable as possible. They have no regular stages, and no fixed halting times; they will waste a fine cool morning, and pull through the heat of the day, and doze throughout the day, and at the cry of *Pakira Baba!*—(pack up, hearties!)—they will rush into their canoes after midnight. Outward bound, they seem to seek opportunities for delay; homeward, they hurry with precipitous haste. Arrived at their destination, there is a general concert—vocal and instrumental, while the captains perform a solemn and bear-like dance upon the mat-covered benches—the apology for a quarter-deck; and when touching at places where they have friends, the crews rattle their paddles against the canoe sides, in token of greeting; an imitation, probably, of the ceremonious address which is performed by knocking the elbows against the ribs. Finally, the voyage concluded, they enter their homes by daylight with much pomp and ceremony, noise, and jollity, and are not sober for the next fortnight.

“The Lakists generally are an almost amphibious race, excellent divers, strong swimmers, and fishermen. At times, when excited by the morning coolness and by the prospect of a good haul, they indulge in a manner of merriment, which resembles the gambols of sportive water-fowls: standing upright, and balancing themselves on their hollow logs, which appear but little longer than themselves, they strike the water furiously with their paddles, skimming over the surface, dashing to and fro, splashing one another, urging forward, backing and wheeling their craft, now capsizing, then regaining their position with wonderful dexterity. They make coarse hooks, and have many varieties of nets and creels. Conspicuous on the waters, and in the villages, is the Dewa, or ‘otter’ of Oman, a triangle of stout reeds, which shows the position of the net. A stronger variety, and used for the larger ground-fish, is a cage of open basket-work, provided, like the former, with a bait and two entrances. The fish once entangled cannot escape, and a log of wood, used as a ‘trimmer,’ attached to a float of rushy plants, directs the fisherman. The heaviest fish are caught by a rope-net, weighted and thrown out between two boats. They have circular frames of lath, meshed in with a knot somewhat different from that generally used in Europe; the smaller kind is thrown from the boat by a single man, who follows it into the water—the larger, which reaches six feet in diameter, is lowered from the bow by cords, and collects the fish attracted by the glaring torch fire. The Wajiji also make big and little drag nets, some let down in a circle by one or more canoes, the others managed by one or two fishermen, who, swimming at each end, draw it in when ready. They have diminutive purse-nets to catch small fry, hoops thrust into a long stick-handle, through the reed walls that line the shore; and by this simple contrivance the fish are caught in considerable quantities.

The common creel resembles the Khun of Western India, and is well-known even to the Bushmen of the South: it is a cone of open bamboo strips or supple twigs, placed lengthways, and bound in and out by strings of grass or tree fibre. It is closed at the top, and at the bottom there is a narrow aperture, with a diagonally-disposed entrance like that of a wire rat-trap, which prevents the fish escaping. It is placed upon its side with a bait, embanked with mud, reeds, or sand, and well answers the purpose for which it is intended. In Uzaramo, and near the coast, the people narcotise the fish with the juice of certain plants; about the Tanganyika the art appears unknown.”\*

There are many varieties of fish in the lake, but most of them are somewhat tasteless. One of the largest, which sometimes attains a length of five or six feet, is called the Mguhe, and is the most palatable of the whole. Another large fish is the Singa; it is scaleless, and has long fleshy feelers or cirri, standing out from its snout. This fish is much prized by the natives on account of its rich luscious fat. Two smaller varieties, known as the Mvoro and the Sanjale, are somewhat like mackarel in shape. Minnows of several kinds, a kind of eel, and a fresh water shrimp, are very abundant, and are largely captured and eaten. A fresh-water oyster, called Sinani, is eaten by the natives, but it is unpalatable to Europeans. The numerous islands on the lake are mostly all inhabited, although many of them are exceedingly unhealthy. The inhabitants of the lake district are a quarrelsome and warlike people, and it is owing to their hostility that the lake and its shores have never as yet been properly examined by any of the travellers who have visited it.

The lake, with its continuation Lake Liemba, is about three hundred miles in length, and its breadth at the widest part ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five miles, and it covers an area of nearly six thousand square miles. Captain Burton, in speaking of the water of the lake, says:—

“The waters of the Tanganyika appear deliciously sweet and pure, after the salt and bitter, the putrid and slimy produce of the wells, pits, and pools on the line of march. The people, however, who drink it willingly when afloat, prefer, when on shore, the little springs which bubble from its banks. They complain that it does not satisfy thirst, and they contrast it unfavourably with the waters of its rival Nyanza; it appears, moreover, to corrode metal and leather with exceptional power. The colour of the pure and transparent mass has apparently two normal varieties: a dull sea-green—never, however verdigris—coloured, as in the shoals of the Zanzibar seas, where the reflected blue of the atmosphere blends with the yellow of the sandy bottom—the other, a clear, soft azure, not deep and dark, like the ultramarine of the Mediterranean, but resembling the light and milky tints of tropical seas. Under a stormy wind the waves soon rise in yeasty lines, foaming up from a

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\* The reader will remember that Dr. Livingstone noticed the same practice on the Zambesi.

turbid greenish surface, and the aspect becomes menacing in the extreme. . . . Judging from the eye the walls of the basin of the lake rise in an almost continuous curtain, rarely waving and impacted, to from two to three thousand feet above the water-level. The bay is almost due north and south, and the form a long oval, widening in the central portions, and contracting systematically at both extremities."

The principal tribes in the lake region are the Wajiji, the Wavinza, the Wakaranga, the Watuta, the Wabuha, and the Wahha. We give Captain Burton's account of these tribes:—

"The Wajiji are a lively race of barbarians, far sturdier than the tribes to the eastward, with dark skins, plain features, and straight, strong limbs: they are larger and heavier men than the Wanyamwezi, and the type, as it approaches Central Africa, becomes rather negro than negroid. Their feet and hands are rather flat, their voices are harsh and strident, and their looks, as well as their manners, are independent even to insolence. The women, who are held in high repute, resemble, and often excel their masters in rudeness and violence: they think little of entering a stranger's hut in their cups and of snatching up and carrying away any article which excites their admiration. Many of both sexes and all ages are disfigured by the small-pox—the Arabs have vainly taught them inoculation; and there are few who are not affected by boils and various eruptions; there is also an inveterate pandemic itch, which, according to their Arab visitors, results from a diet of putrid fish.

"The tribe is extensively tattooed, probably as a protection against the humid atmosphere and the chills of the Lake Region. Some of the chiefs have ghastly scars raised by fire, in addition to large patterns marked upon their persons—lines, circles, and rays of little cupping-cuts drawn down the back, the stomach and the arms, like the tattoo of the Wangindo tribe, near Kilwa. Both sexes like to appear dripping with oil; and they manifestly do not hold cleanliness to be a virtue. The head is sometimes shaved; rarely the hair is allowed to grow; the most fashionable *coiffure* is a mixture of the two; patches and beauty-spots of the most eccentric shapes—buttons, crescents, and galeated lines—being allowed to sprout either in the front, the sides, or the back of the head, from a carefully-scraped scalp. Women, as well as men, are fond of binding a wisp of white tree-fibre round their heads, like the ribbon which confines the European wig. There is not a trace of mustachio or whiskers in the country; they are removed by the tweezers, and the climate, according to the Arabs, is unfavourable to beards. For cosmetics, both sexes apply, when they can procure such luxuries, red earth to the face, and over the head a thick coating of chalk or mountain meal, which makes their blackness appear hideously grotesque.

"The chiefs wear expensive stuffs, checks and cottons, which they extract from passing caravans. Women of wealth affect the tobe or coast dress, and

some are seen to wear red or blue hood-cloths. The male costume of the lower orders is confined to softened goat, sheep, deer, leopard, or monkey skins, tied at two corners like a little apron, passed over the right or left shoulder, with the flaps open at one side, and with tail and legs dangling in the wind. Women who cannot afford cloth use, as a substitute, a narrow kilt of fibre or skin, and some were seen with a tassel of fibre, or a leafy twig, depending from a string bound round the waist, and displaying the nearest approach to the original fig-leaf. At Ujiji people are observed, for the first time, to make extensive use of the macerated tree-bark, which supplies the place of cotton in Urundi, Karagwah, and the northern kingdoms. This article, technically called 'mbugu,' is made from the inner bark of the various trees. The trunk of the full-grown tree is stripped of its integument twice or thrice, and is bound with plantain-leaves till a finer growth is judged fit for manipulation. This bark is carefully removed, steeped in water, macerated, kneaded, and pounded with clubs and battens to the consistency of a coarse cotton. Palm-oil is then spurted upon it from the mouth, and it acquires the colour of chamois-leather. The Wajiji obtain the mbugu mostly from Urundi and Uvira. They are fond of striping it with a black, vegetable mud, so as to resemble the spoils of leopards and wild cats, and they favour the delusion by cutting the edge into long strips, like the tails and other extremities of wild beasts. The price of the mbugu varies according to size, from six to twelve strings of beads. Though durable, it is never washed; after many months' wear, the superabundance of dirt is removed by butter or ghee.

"Besides common brass girdles and bracelets, armlets and anklets, masses of white porcelain, blue glass, and large 'pigeon-egg' beads, and hundreds of the iron-wire circlets, called sambo, worn with ponderous brass or copper rings round the lower part of the leg, above the foot, the Wajiji are distinguished from tribes not on the lake by necklaces of shells—small pink bivalves strung upon a stout fibre. Like their Lakist neighbours, they ornament the throat with disks, crescents, and strings of six or seven cones, fastened by the apex, and depending to the breast. Made of the whitest ivory, or of the teeth, not the tusks, of the hippopotamus, these dazzling ornaments effectively set off the shining, dark skin. Another peculiarity among these people is, a pair of iron pincers, or a piece of split wood, ever hanging round the neck; nor is its use less remarkable than its presence. The Lakists rarely chew, smoke, or take snuff, according to the manner of the rest of mankind. Every man carries a little half-gourd, or a diminutive pot of black earthenware, nearly full of tobacco; when inclined to indulge, he fills it with water, expresses the juice, and from the palm of his hand snuffs it up into his nostrils. The pincers serve to close the exit, otherwise the nose must be corked by the application of finger and thumb. Without much practice, it is difficult to articulate during the retention of the dose,

which lasts a few minutes, and when an attempt is made, the words are scarcely intelligible. The arms of the Wajiji are small battle-axes, and daggers, spears, and large bows, which carry unusually heavy arrows. They fear the gun and the sabre, yet they show no unwillingness to fight. The Arabs avoid granting their demands for muskets and gunpowder, consequently, a great chief never possesses more than two or three fire-arms.

“The Wajiji are considered by the Arabs to be the most troublesome race upon this line of road. They are taught by the example of their chiefs to be rude, insolent, and extortionate; they demand beads even for pointing out the road; they will deride and imitate a stranger’s speech and manner before his face; they can do nothing without a long preliminary of the fiercest scolding; they are as ready with a blow as with a word; and they may often be seen playing at ‘rough and tumble’ fighting, pushing, and tearing hair, in their boats. The Wajiji draw dagger or use spear upon a guest with little hesitation. They think twice, however, before drawing blood, which will cause a feud. Their roughness of manner is dashed with a curious ceremoniousness. When the Sultan appears amongst his people he stands in a circle and claps his hands, to which all respond in the same way. Women curtsy to one another, bending the right knee almost to the ground. When two men meet they clasp each other’s arms with both hands, rubbing them up and down, and ejaculating for some minutes, ‘Nama Sanga? Nama Sanga?—Art thou well?’ They then pass the hands down to the fore-arm, exclaiming ‘Wakhe? Wakhe?—How art thou?’ and, finally, they clap hands at each other—a token of respect which appears common to these tribes of Central Africa. The children have all the frowning and unprepossessing look of their parents; they reject little civilities, and seem to spend life in disputes, biting and clawing like wild cats. There appears to be little family affection in this undemonstrative race. The only endearment between father and son is a habit of scratching and picking each other, caused probably by the prevalence of a complaint before alluded to; as among the Simiads, the intervals between pugnacity are always spent exercising the nails. Sometimes, also, at sea, when danger is near, the Wajiji breaks the mournful silence of his fellows, who are all thinking of home, with the exclamation, ‘Ya mguri wange—O my wife!’ They are never sober when they can be drunk; perhaps in no part of the world will the traveller more often see men and women staggering about the villages with thick speech and violent gestures. The favourite inebriant is tembo or palm-toddy; almost every one, however, when on board the canoe, smokes bhang, and the whooping and screaming which follows the indulgence resemble the noise of wild beasts rather than the sounds of human beings. Their food consists principally of holcus, manioc, and fish, which is rarely eaten before it becomes offensive to European organs.

“The great Mwami or Sultan of Ujiji in 1858-9 was Rusimba; under him

were several mutware or minor chiefs, one to each settlement, as Kannena in Kawele, and Lurinda in Gungu. On the arrival of a caravan, Rusimba forwards, through his relations, a tusk or two of ivory, thus mutely intimating that he requires his blackmail, which he prefers to receive in beads and cloth, proportioning, however, his demands to the trader's means. When the point has been settled, the mutware sends his present, and expects a proportionate return. He is, moreover, entitled to a fee for every canoe hired; on each slave the Kiremba or excise is about half the price; from one to two cloths are demanded upon every tusk of ivory; and he will snatch a few beads from a man purchasing provisions for his master. The minor chiefs are fond of making 'sare' or brotherhood with strangers, in order to secure them in case of return. They depend for influence over their unruly subjects wholly upon personal qualifications, bodily strength, and violence of temper. Kannena, the chief of Kawele, though originally a slave, has won golden opinions by his conduct; when in liquor, he assumes the most ferocious aspect, draws his dagger, brandishes his spear, and, with loud screams, rushes at his subjects as with the intention of annihilating them. The affairs of the nation are settled by the Mwami, the great chief, in a general council of the lieges, the Wateko (in the singular Mteko), or elders presiding. Their intellects, never of the brightest, are invariably muddled with toddy, and, after bawling for hours together, and coming apparently to the most satisfactory conclusion, the word of a boy or an old woman will necessitate another lengthy palaver. The sultans, like their subjects, brook no delay in their own affairs; they impatiently dun a stranger half-a-dozen times a day for a few weeks on occasions to him of the highest importance, whilst they are drinking *pombe* or taking leave of their wives. Besides the Magubiko or preliminary presents, the chiefs are bound, before the departure of a caravan which has given them satisfaction, to supply it with half-a-dozen masuto or matted packages of grain, and to present the leader with a slave, who generally manages to abscond. The parting gifts are technically called 'urangozi' or guidance.

“ . . . The Wajiji never could reconcile themselves to 'merchants' who had come to see and not to buy, and, under the influence of slavery, made no progress in the science of commerce. They know nothing of bargaining or of credit; they will not barter unless the particular medium on which they have set their hearts is forthcoming; and they fix a price proportioned to their wants, not to the value of the article. The market varies with the number of caravans present at the depot, with the season, the extent of the supply, and a variety of similar considerations. Besides the trade in ivory, slaves, cloth, and palm-oil, they manufacture and hawk about iron sickles, shaped like the European; small bells, and wire circlets, worn as ornaments round the ankles; long double-edged knives in wooden sheaths, neatly whipped with strips of rattan; and Jembe, or hoes.

“ . . . The traveller in the Lake regions loses by cloth ; the people, contented with softened skins and tree-bark, prefer beads, ornaments, and more durable articles. On the other hand, he gains upon salt, which is purchased at half-price at the Parugerero pans, and upon large wires brought from the coast. Beads are a necessary evil to those engaged in buying ivory and slaves. . . . A serious inconvenience awaits the inexperienced, who find a long halt at, and a return from, Ujiji necessary. The Wanyamwezi porters, hired at Unyanyembe, bring with them the cloth and beads they have received as hire for going to, and coming from the lake ; and they lose no time in bartering the outfit for ivory and slaves. Those who prefer the former article, will delay for some days with extreme impatience and daily complaints, fearing to cross Uvinza, in small bodies, when loaded with valuables. The purchasers of slaves, however, knowing that they will evidently lose them after a few days at Ujiji, desert at once. In all cases, the report that a caravan is marching eastwards, causes a general disappearance of the parties. As the Wajiji will not carry, the caravan is reduced to a halt, which may be protracted for months—in fact, till another body of men coming from the east will engage themselves as return-porters. Moreover, the departure homewards almost always partakes of the nature of a flight, so fearful are the strangers, lest their slaves should seize the opportunity to desert. The Omani Arabs obviate these inconveniences, by always travelling with large bodies of domestics, whose interest it is not to abandon the master. They also wisely discourage the African’s proclivity for ‘levanting,’ by refusing to hire parties who have run away. The coast Arabs, and the Wasawahili, on the other hand, ignore this point of commercial honour, and shamelessly offer a premium to deserters.

“South of the Wajiji lie the Wakaranga, a people previously described as almost identical in development and condition, but somewhat inferior in energy and civilization. Little need be said of the Warinza, who appear to unite the bad qualities of both the Wanyamwezi and the Wajiji. They are a dark, meagre, and ill-looking tribe ; poorly clad, in skin aprons and kilts. They keep off insects, by inserting the chauri, or fly-flap, into the waist-band of their kilts ; and at a distance present, like the Hottentots, the appearance of a race with tails. Their arms are spears, bows, and arrows ; and they use, unlike their neighbours, wicker-work shields, six feet long by two in breadth. Their chiefs are of the Watosi race ; hence, every stranger who meets with their approbation is called, in compliment, Mtosi. They will admit caravans into their villages, dirty clumps of bee-hive huts ; but they refuse to provide them with lodging. Merchants, with valuable outfits, prefer the jungle, and wait patiently for provisions brought in baskets from the settlements. They seldom muster courage to attack a caravan, but stragglers are in imminent danger of being cut off by them. Their country is rich in

cattle and poultry, grain, and vegetables. Bhang grows everywhere near the settlement, and they indulge themselves in it immoderately.

“The Watuta—a word of fear in these regions—are a tribe of robbers originally settled upon the southern extremity of the Tanganyika Lake. After plundering the lands of Marungu and Ufipa, whose cattle they almost annihilated, the Watuta migrated northwards, rounding the eastern side of the lake. . . Shortly afterwards they attacked Msene, and were only repulsed by the matchlocks of the Arabs, after a week of hard skirmishing. In the early part of 1858, they slew Ruhembe, the Sultan of Usui, a district north of Unyanyembe, upon the march to Karagwah. In the latter half of the same year, they marched upon Ujiji, plundered Gungu, and proceeded to attack Kawele. The valiant Kannena, and all his men, fled to the mountains. The Arab merchants, however, who were then absent on a commercial visit to Uvira, returned precipitately to defend their depots, and, with large bodies of slave-musketeers, beat off the invader. The lands of the Watuta are now bounded, on the north by Utumbara; on the south by Misene; eastward by the meridian of Wilyankuru; and, westwards by the highlands of Urundi.

“The Watuta, according to the Arabs, are a pastoral tribe, despising, like the Wamasai and the Somal, such luxuries as houses and fields; they wander from place to place, camping under trees, over which they throw their mats, and driving their herds and plundered cattle to the most fertile pasture-grounds. The dress is sometimes a mbugu or bark-cloth; more generally it is confined to the humblest tribute paid to decency by the Kaffirs of the Cape, and they have a similar objection to removing it. On their forays they move in large bodies, women as well as men, with the children and baggage placed on bullocks, and their wealth, in brass wire, twisted round the horns. Their wives carry their weapons, and join it is said, in the fight. The arms are two short spears, one in the right hand, the other in the left, concealed by a large shield, so that they can thrust upwards unawares. Disdaining bows and arrows, they show their superior bravery by fighting at close quarters, and they never use the spear as a weapon to be thrown. In describing their tactics the Arabs call them manœuverers. Their thousands march in four or five extended lines, and attack, by attempting to envelope the enemy. There is no shouting or war-cry, to distract the attention of the combatants: iron whistles are used for the necessary signals. During the battle, the Sultan, or chief, whose ensign is a brass stool, sits, attended by his forty or fifty elders, in the rear; his authority is little more than nominal, the tribe priding itself upon autonomy (self-government.) The Watuta rarely run away, and take no thought of their killed and wounded. They do not, like the ancient Jews, and the Gallas and Abyssinians of the present day, carry off a relic of the slain foe; in fact, the custom seems to be ignored south of the equator. The Watuta have still, however, a wholesome dread of fire-arms, and the red flag

of the caravan causes them to decamp without delay. According to the Arabs they are not inhospitable, and though rough in manner, they have always received guests with honour. A fanciful trait is related concerning them. Their first question to a stranger will be—‘Didst thou see me from afar?’—which, being interpreted, means—‘Did you hear of my greatness before coming here?’—and they hold an answer in the negative to be a *causus belli*.

“The Wabuha form a small and insignificant tribe, bounded on the north by Ubha, and on the south by the Malagarazi River; the total breadth is about three marches; the length, from the Rusugi stream of the Wavinza to the frontiers of Ujiji and Ukaranga, is a distance of four days. Their principal settlement is Uyonwa, the district of Sultan Mariki; it is a mere clearing in the jungle, with a few wretched huts, dotting fields of sweet potatoes. This harmless and oppressed people will sell provisions, but, though poor, they are particular upon the subject of beads, preferring the coral and blue to the exclusion of black and white. They are a dark, curly-headed, and hard-favoured race: they wear the shushah or top-knot of hair, dress in skin and tree-barks, ornament themselves with brass and copper armlets, ivory disks, and beads, and are never without their weapons, spears, daggers, and small battle-axes. Honourable women wear tobés of red broad cloth, and fillets of grass or fibre confining the hair.

“Ubha was previously a large tract of land bounded on the north by the mountains of Urundi, southwards and eastwards by the Malagarazi River, and on the west by the northern parts of Ujiji. As has been recorded, the Wahha, scattered by the Watuta, have dispersed themselves over the broad lands between Unyanyembe and the Tanganyika, and their fertile country, well stocked with the finest cattle, has become a waste of jungle. A remnant of the tribe, under Kanoni, their present Sultan, son of the late T’hare, took refuge in the highlands of Urundi, not far from the principal settlement of the mountain king Mwezi: here they find water and pasture for their herds, and the strength of the country enables them to beat off their enemies. The Wahha are a comparatively fair and a not uncomely race; they are, however, universally held to be a vile and servile people; according to the Arabs they came originally from the southern regions, the most ancient seat of slavery in Eastern Africa. Their Sultans or chiefs are of Wahinda or princely origin, probably descendants from the royal race of Unyamwezi. Wahha slaves command the highest prices in the local slave markets.”

Dr. Livingstone, as we have previously stated, was to accompany Mr. Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, there to await stores, etc., which he undertook to see despatched from Zanzibar in safe and competent custody. Livingstone declined to return. He said, “I would like very much to go home and see my children once again; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I

have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

In order to avoid the districts through which Mr. Stanley had passed, and in which he had been so heavily mulcted in tribute, the party went south, along the east coast of the lake, partly on foot, and partly by boat, to Urimba, from whence they struck across country to Unyanyembe. For several days their route lay through unexplored country. For long distances the dense grass and brushwood, and the want of a path, made the progress tedious and difficult. On the 17th of January, 1872, they reached Imrera, where Mr. Stanley and his party had previously camped, on their march to Ujiji. Both Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley suffered from sore feet, which were cut and bleeding from the long and trying march. The Doctor's shoes were worn out, and cut and slashed all over to save his blistered feet, and Mr. Stanley's were in no better state. They rested for a day, and on the 19th, Mr. Stanley shot a male and female zebra. As they had had no flesh-meat for a considerable time, the possession of such an amount of meat had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of their tired-out followers. On the 21st, Mr. Stanley shot a giraffe. This was the noblest animal which had as yet fallen to his rifle, but he could not feel in his heart that its death was a triumph. "I was rather saddened than otherwise," he says, "at seeing the noble animal stretched before me. If I could have given her her life back, I think I should have done so. I thought it a great pity that such splendid animals, so well adapted for the service of man in Africa, could not be converted to some other use than that of food. Horses, mules, and donkeys, die in these sickly regions; but what a blessing for Africa would it be, if we could tame the giraffes and zebras for the use of explorers and traders. Mounted on a zebra, a man would be enabled to reach Ujiji in one month from Bagamoyo; whereas it took me over seven months to travel that distance.

On the 27th the party disturbed a huge swarm of bees, which stung the men and animals frightfully. This is no unusual incident in African travel. A kind of bee, which makes its nest among the long grass, when disturbed rushes out in vast numbers, and stings every animal within reach. There is nothing for it but flight in such circumstances, and men and beasts rush from the enraged insects with all the speed they may.

At Mwaru they met a slave of Sayd bin Habib, in charge of a caravan, for Ujiji. He reported that Mirambo was nearly exhausted, and that Shaw, who had been left by Mr. Stanley at Unyanyembe, was dead. They also learned that several packets of letters, papers, and goods, had arrived for Mr. Stanley from Zanzibar. The Doctor also reminded Mr. Stanley that, "according to

his accounts, he had a stock of jellies and crackers, soups, fish, and potted ham, besides cheese, awaiting him at Unyanyembe." Mr. Stanley, who had suffered from several attacks of fever, was longing for a change of diet, and the prospect of such variety cheered him. "I wondered," he says, "that people who have access to such luxuries, should ever get sick, and become tired of life. I thought that if a wheaten loaf, with a mere pat of fresh butter were presented to me, I would be able, though dying, to spring up and dance a wild fandango."

Arrived at Unyanyembe, the two toil-worn travellers found welcome letters and newspapers from home. Among other letters to Mr. Stanley was one from Dr. Kirk, H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, requesting him to do all he could to push on the Livingstone caravan. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley found it at Unyanyembe as he passed through on his way to Ujiji, and it was still there when he returned. The man who had gone and relieved Livingstone, and was half-way on his return journey when he received this request in connection with a caravan which left Zanzibar two months prior to his own expedition, has some grounds for the terms in which he speaks throughout his book of the carelessness of Dr. Kirk. He dryly remarked to Dr. Livingstone that the request came too late for his visit to Ujiji, but that he had done better, he had brought him to the caravan.

When Dr. Livingstone's boxes came to be opened, Mr. Stanley, who had been looking forward to luxuriating on all the delicacies of civilization, was grievously disappointed. We must let him tell the result in his own words; it is a fine commentary on commercial morality, and the watchful care of the traveller's friends:—

"The first box opened contained three tins of biscuits, six tins of potted hare—tiny things, not much larger than thimbles, which, when opened, proved to be nothing more than a table-spoonful of minced meat, plentifully sprinkled with pepper: the Doctor's stores fell five hundred degrees below Zero in my estimation. Next were brought out five pots of jam, one of which was opened—this was also a delusion. The stone jars weighed a pound, and in each was found a little over a tea-spoonful of jam. Verily, we began to think our hopes and expectations had been raised to too high a pitch. Three bottles of curry were next produced—but who cares for curry? Another box was opened, and out tumbled a fat dumpy Dutch cheese, hard as a brick, but sound and good, although it is bad for the liver in Unyamwezi. Then another cheese was seen, but this was all eaten up—it was hollow, and a fraud. The third box contained nothing but two sugar loaves; the fourth candles; the fifth, bottles of salt, Harvey, Worcester, and Reading sauces, essences of anchovies, pepper and mustard. Bless me! what food were these for the revivifying of a moribund such as I was! The sixth box contained four sheets, two stout pair of shoes, some stockings, and shoe-strings, which delighted the Doctor so much when he

tried them on that he exclaimed, 'Richard is himself again!' 'That man, said I, 'whoever he is, is a friend indeed.' 'Yes, that is my friend Waller.'

"The five other boxes contained potted meat and soups; but the twelfth, containing one dozen bottles of medicinal brandy, was gone; and a strict cross-examination of Asmani, the head man of Livingstone's caravan, elicited the fact that not only was one case of brandy missing, but also two bales of cloth, and four bags of the most valuable beads in Africa—Sami-sami—which are as gold with the natives.

"I was grievously disappointed after the stores had been examined. Everything proved to be deceptions in my jaundiced eyes. Out of the tins of biscuits, when opened, there was only one sound box, the whole of which would not make one full meal. The soups—who cared for meat soups in Africa? Are there no bullocks, and sheep, and goats, in the land from which far better soup can be made than any that ever was potted? Peas or any other kind of vegetable soup would have been a luxury, but chicken and game soups!—what nonsense."

Asmani, the head man in charge of Dr. Livingstone's caravan, had also broken into Mr. Stanley's store huts at Unyanyembe, and abstracted cloth and other articles. It was evident that if the two travellers had been much longer in reaching Unyanyembe the Doctor's stores would have entirely disappeared. The stolen goods found in possession of Asmani were taken from him, and he was at once discharged. Nearly one-half of the stores Mr. Stanley had brought from Bagamoyo were at Unyanyembe, and the greater portion of them were handed over to Dr. Livingstone for use in his future journeyings.

Another caravan of stores which had been prepaid from Zanzibar to Ujiji, which had been despatched shortly after Dr. Livingstone landed in the country in 1866, or rather the miserable remnants of it, was found in the possession of an Arab who had been charged with their despatch to Ujiji, and handsomely paid for the same.

On the 14th of March, 1872, Mr. Stanley departed for the coast, and left Dr. Livingstone at Unyanyembe, who was to await there the sending of carriers and some further stores for his future journey. He was, thanks to Mr. Stanley, well supplied with everything, and could rest in ease and plenty until he was joined by the carriers who were to accompany him in his march. The parting of these two brave men must have been a serious task to both. The courageous young man who had succoured the great traveller, could hardly help thinking that possibly they who had met so opportunely in the heart of Africa might never meet again; and the dauntless explorer, when he looked his last upon the lithe and active figure of the young man who had come to him in his great need, would not fail to think that this might be to him the

last glimpse—the last visible embodiment of civilization he was destined to see. Any feeling of this nature would be more than balanced in his enthusiastic nature by the hope that now he had the means of completing the great work which was dearer to him than life.

Dr. Livingstone accompanied Mr. Stanley for a part of the way, and then the moment came when they must part. “Now, my dear Doctor,” said Mr. Stanley, “the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back.”

“Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done to me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend.”

“And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. FAREWELL!”

“We wrung each other’s hands, and I had to tear myself away before I unmanned myself; but Susi and Chumah, and Hamoydah—the Doctor’s faithful fellows—they must all shake and kiss my hands before I quite turn away. I betrayed myself!

“Good-bye, Doctor—dear friend!”

“Good-bye!”

“The FAREWELL between Livingstone and myself had been spoken. We were parted, he to whatever fate Destiny had in store for him, to battling against difficulties, to many, many days of marching through wildernesses, with little or nothing much to sustain him save his own high spirit, and enduring faith in God, who would bring all things right at last, and I to that which Destiny may have in store for me.”

On the march back, Mr. Stanley and his party suffered from the flooded state of the country, as the rainy season was now on; and more than once they had extreme difficulty in passing the swollen rivers.

On one occasion a native, in wading a stream with the box containing Dr. Livingstone’s despatches and letters on his head, plunged into a hole up to the neck, and Mr. Stanley for a moment was filled with an awful dread that they might be lost. Presenting a loaded revolver at his head, he shouted: “Look out! Drop that box, and I’ll shoot you.” The poor fellow’s terror was extreme, but after a staggering effort he reached the shore in safety.

The rains being at their height, the difficulties were greater than any Mr. Stanley had as yet experienced. He gives a graphic picture of the jungle at one point of their journey. He says, “What dreadful odours and indistinguishable loathing this jungle produces! It is so dense that a tiger could not crawl through it; it is so impenetrable that an elephant could not force his way! Were a bottleful of concentrated miasma, such as we inhale herein, collected, what a deadly poison, instantaneous in its action, undiscoverable in

its properties, would it be! I think it would act quicker than chloroform, be as fatal as prussic acid."

"Horrors upon horrors are in it. Boas above our heads, snakes and scorpions under our feet. Land-crabs, terrapins, and iguanas, move about in our vicinity. Malaria is in the air we breathe; the road is infested with 'hot water' ants, which bite our legs until we dance and squirm about like madmen. Yet somehow we are fortunate enough to escape annihilation, and many another traveller might also."

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was soon in communication with the heads of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition," Lieutenant Henn, Mr. Charles New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the eldest surviving son of Dr. Livingstone. Lieutenant Dawson, the head of the expedition, had thrown up his appointment on hearing of the approach of Mr. Stanley. Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New, on learning that Dr. Livingstone had been relieved, decided to retire from the expedition, but Mr. Oswell Livingstone determined to go on with the bearers and stores needed to completely equip his father for his further journeyings. A few weeks afterwards he decided not to go, a decision which now he must bitterly regret.

The expedition sent to Dr. Livingstone consisted of fifty-seven individuals, many of whom had accompanied Mr. Stanley to and from Ujiji. The most of them had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi journey. Six Nassick boys (African lads educated at the Nassick School, Bombay), who had been brought by Dr. Livingstone from the Shire valley in 1864, and had volunteered to go with Lieutenant Dawson's expedition, were among the number. Their names were Jacob Wainwright, John Wainwright, Matthew Wellington, Canas Ferrars, Richard Rutton, and Benjamin Rutton. The first of these was destined to accompany the remains of his great master to England, and stand beside his grave in Westminster Abbey.

On the 29th of May, Mr. Stanley left Zanzibar for England, and within a few days it was known all over the civilized world that Dr. Livingstone had been found and relieved.

In addition to the assurance of his being alive, we had news of his having been in the far west among friendly tribes, exploring the western division of the great watershed of Central Africa, of the extent of which he had already informed us in his letter to Lord Clarendon of July 8, 1868.

The news of his safety did not come to us in the shape of a telegram of a few lines by way of Bombay—tantalizing us with the scantiness of its information, and the dread that in a few days, like many others, it would be contradicted—but reached us in the form of a succinct narrative of the meeting of Mr. Stanley and the explorer at Ujiji, their companionship together for several months, a brief account of his discoveries, and an intimation that Mr. Stanley was the bearer of letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone for the

Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and personal friends. As many of the most sanguine believers in his ultimate safety had begun to have grave doubts that Livingstone's great career had ended, as that of many a brave predecessor in African discovery had, the joy and satisfaction felt at the certainty of his safety was of the warmest description.

When people had time to think calmly about his safety, and the startling nature of the discoveries which he had made, while lost to our view in the recesses of the interior, a feeling of wonder arose that he should have been discovered and succoured by a private individual, a young man at the threshold of his fourth decade, the correspondent of a newspaper, whose only experience of Africa, prior to this great feat which has associated his name for ever with that of the greatest and most successful explorer of ancient or modern times, was gained in company with the expedition sent by the English Government for the rescue of the English prisoners at Magdala. Caravan after caravan, laden with stores, and accompanied by men intended to be of service to the traveller, had been despatched by Dr. Kirk, H.M. Consul at Zanzibar—the Government and the Royal Geographical Society aiding him in his endeavours to discover and succour the man in whose fate the whole civilised world was interested—in vain.

As we have seen, an imposing expedition under the auspices of the Geographical Society, and handsomely provided with means by subscriptions from private individuals and corporate bodies, had left this country, and was then popularly supposed to be far on its way towards the unknown region where its mission could be fulfilled.

That Livingstone's safety should be determined, and his wants supplied, at the cost of the proprietor of a New York newspaper, and through the pluck and daring of one of his subordinates, who went at his bidding to look for Livingstone in Central Africa, just as he would have gone to collect news in any of the great centres of European civilization, was a singular way of accomplishing a great object, sadly puzzling for a time to many; and fears were entertained that the whole was an audacious canard, which only a Yankee journalist would dare to perpetrate. By and by, as the original intelligence came to be supplemented, it became apparent that not only was his story true, but that this young journalist was one who, in determined courage and resolute perseverance, was in every way worthy to take his place among the heroes of African discovery and travel. When James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, made up his mind that an effort should be made to find Livingstone, and assigned the task to Mr. Stanley, it fell into the hands of a man capable of carrying it into successful execution. No doubt, if some Englishman or American of fortune had done this thing from a love of adventure, or some higher impulse, our ideas of the fitness of things would not have been outraged; but there are hundreds of capable and adventurous men who

cannot afford to indulge in heroic impulses of this nature, and it was a fortunate thing for Livingstone, and a matter for congratulation on the part of civilised mankind, that Mr. Bennet had such a man on his staff, and had the wisdom to know that *he* was the man who could carry out his wishes, if these were possible.

In 1841, shortly after David Livingstone had joined Robert Moffat and his coadjutors at Kuruman, with the view of fitting himself for the work of the Christian Mission to the heathen tribes, to the north of the furthest missionary outpost—in a humble cottage on the site of the old Castle of Denbigh, a son was born to John Rowlands, son of a small farmer, and Elizabeth Parry, daughter of a respectable butcher of Denbigh. No lives could have seemed so far apart as that of the resolute and adventurous Scot, who was commencing that career of lofty and “high souled-surprise” in Africa which has rendered his name illustrious, and that of the infant who was entering upon a childhood and boyhood of poverty and dependence. That child, who for fifteen years went by the name of his father and grandfather—John Rowlands—as Mr. Henry M. Stanley, was destined to have his name associated with that of David Livingstone, as his deliverer and preserver, when his fate was the subject of anxiety and discussion throughout the civilized world.

In any circumstances, the early life of such a man, prior to the great achievement which has rendered him famous, could not fail to be a subject of interest to all, but as in his case there had been crowded into his previous thirty years of life an amount of trial, vicissitude, and daring adventure, given to few to experience during the natural term of life, our interest in him is redoubled. The father and maternal grandfather of John Rowlands (Rowlands, the Welsh have it), having died when he was about ten years of age, the child was left all but dependent upon a humble couple, who, so long as their means would permit, treated him as though he had been a member of their own family. When five years of age the death of an uncle left the child totally dependent upon strangers, and he was received into the work-house at St. Asaph. This last refuge of the poor is in too many cases a cold foster-parent to the orphan, but it is a pleasure to be able to record, that the work-house of St. Asaph was not only admirably looked after by the guardians and the officials, but the outside public, from the Bishop of the diocese and the local county families down to the tradesmen of the district, took such an interest in the management of the house and the well-being of its inmates, that the incidents in the life of the orphan boy, up to the time of his leaving St. Asaph, have been easily collected.

For ten years John Rowlands was an inmate of the work-house of St. Asaph, where, amongst other experiences of much use to him in after life, he received an admirable elementary education. He was notable among his compeers in the class-room and the play-ground as a lad of more than ordinary

parts and pluck. In the class-room there was only one lad who approached him in diligence and success, but in the play-ground, whether in the amusements proper to his years, or in a rough stand-up fight, he was without a rival. Notwithstanding the comfort and even indulgence he enjoyed at St. Asaph's, his adventurous disposition manifested itself in more than one attempt to escape from the house. As Mr. J. Hughes, teacher, Llandudno, who knew him after he left St. Asaph, says:—"He burst the trammels of beadlehood three times! The widow of his uncle, Mrs. Parry of Dale Street, Denbigh, tells that, on one occasion, he presented himself at her house at an unusually late hour, and without any companion—circumstances which, taken in connection with his sheepish look, led her to suspect that something was wrong. On asking him some questions, she found he had run away. After consulting with some of her friends, John got supper and went to bed.

"Next morning he was sent to St. Asaph in the coach in charge of the guard, who had strict orders to leave him at the school. Before he left Mrs. Parry gave him a sixpence, which gratified him much, and reconciled him to his return. Years afterwards, in speaking of this incident of his life, he spoke of the feeling of being rich, which the possession of that sixpence gave him."\*

When John Rowlands, who was then fifteen years of age, left St. Asaph's, in May, 1856, he joined a cousin, Mr. David Owen, teacher of the National School at Mold, with whom he remained for some time, acting as his assistant. His residence with his cousin was a period of much trial and discomfort. The young man and the boy had nothing in common, and quarrels and bickerings were the result. Mr. John Hughes, who saw a good deal of him at this period, gives an interesting account of him. He speaks of finding a copy of Johnson's "Rasselas" on his table, and describes him as being possessed of "an indomitable will, that really knew no impediment to its purpose. . . . His youthful struggles, the character of his reading, and his bold, inflexible nature, eminently fitted him for adventure. . . . I knew every ingredient in his nature, I thought, and used to sum him up as a full-faced, stubborn, self-willed round-head, uncompromising, deep fellow. In conversation with you, his large black eyes would roll away from you as if he was really in deep meditation about half-a-dozen things besides the subject of conversation. He was particularly strong in trunk, but not very smart or elegant about the legs, which were slightly disproportionately short. His temperament was unusually sensitive; he could stand no chaff, nor the least bit of humour."

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\* "Henry M. Stanley, the Story of the Life." By Cadwalader Rowlands. London, 1873. We shall have frequent occasion to quote this work, to which we are indebted for our account of the incidents in the early life of Mr. Stanley. The book purports to be written by a countryman, who has had unusual facilities for collecting the materials.

This being his character, and his cousin having become jealous of his superior abilities, he endeavoured to crush his proud spirit, by putting him to menial occupations, and by parading his authority over him, we need not wonder that, after a year at Mold, John Rowlands walked straight away into the great world, with only a few pence in his pocket. He walked to Liverpool, and within a few hours engaged himself as extra hand on board a New Orleans cotton ship, which carried passengers on the outward voyages.

“Passage as an emigrant,” says the biographer of Stanley, “in an emigrant ship, is quite bad enough, . . . but a passage in the same ship, as an extra hand, going for the first time to sea, is an experience which few who have ever passed through it will recall with pleasure. However, John Rowlands had made up his mind to bear it, and the first sharp lesson tried his quality. The unfortunate holder of such a position on board ship is usually the slave of all the crew, and is put to all sorts of menial tasks. The value of his passage has to be taken out of him in work, and he is lucky if he escapes a plentiful share of kicks and curses in addition.”

Landed at New Orleans, John Rowlands parted with his shipmates, and went his way in search of what fortune might bring him. He was not long in learning that a cotton broker, of the name of *Stanley*, was in want of a youth to assist him in the counting house. He applied for the situation, and was fortunate enough to get it. Mr. Stanley was a bachelor, and was noted for an eccentric and kindly disposition. Our hero filled the situation to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Stanley; and the latter having induced him to tell the story of his early years, his sympathies were excited in his favour, and within a very few months, at his suggestion, he took the name of his friend and benefactor, and adopted the name by which he is now so well known. Further intimacy so deepened the affection which the old merchant bore to his friendless assistant, that he intimated to him that he would take charge of his future while he lived, and provide for him by will in the event of his death.

Unfortunately, Mr. Stanley's death took place suddenly, before he had executed a will, and the relations, who looked with no kindly eye on the young man who had so narrowly escaped coming between them and what they would naturally suppose to be their rightful inheritance, turned him adrift. He was now about nineteen years of age, and capable of looking after himself. The next two years were spent in various commercial situations. When the American civil war broke out, his adventurous spirit induced him to enlist in the Southern army. “During his service with the Confederates,” says Mr. Cadwalader Rowlands, “he took part in all the engagements fought by General Johnstone up to, and including the battle of Pittsburg Landing. The battle commenced on Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. The first day's fighting resulted in the defeat of the Federal forces, under General Grant, but the latter being reinforced by General Buell, renewed the engagement

on the following day, and defeated the enemy, General Johnstone being among the killed. Many Confederate prisoners were taken in the retreat, among whom was Mr. Stanley.

“While being conveyed with a number of others to prison, Stanley determined on making his escape, and in the most daring manner burst through the armed escort, and, plunging into a river, swam across, and got clear off. More than a dozen shots were fired at him, but he escaped without a scratch.”

He returned to England immediately after making his escape, and visited his mother in South Wales. After a short stay he went to Liverpool, where he filled a situation as clerk for several months, living with some of his father's relatives. Having some difference with his friends, he shipped again for the United States, and landed at New York. The war was still raging, and he, with characteristic promptness and audacity, enlisted as a common seaman in the Federal navy. His quality rapidly asserted itself, and within four months we find him secretary to the Admiral, on board the *Ticonderoga*, the flag-ship. “This apparently unwarlike appointment,” says his biographer, “did not prevent him from embracing opportunities of showing the stuff that was in him, and his next step in promotion was the most fitting reward for a most gallant and daring exploit. In the heat of an action, he swam five hundred yards under the fire of a fort mounting twelve guns, and fixed a rope to a Confederate steamer, out of which the crew had been driven by the Federal fire, thus enabling the *Ticonderoga* to secure her as a prize.

“He was raised to the rank of ensign on the spot. He fought in several engagements, both on sea and land, and concluded his fighting career as a naval officer, by taking part in the second attack on Fort Fisher, on the 13th January, 1865. Ten months after this decisive engagement, the *Ticonderoga* was sent on a cruise, and arrived at Constantinople in the year 1866.” Getting leave of absence, he visited Denbigh, and was well received by his relatives and friends. Visiting the old castle, the scene of his birth, and the first four years of his life, he made the following entry in the visitors' book:—

*December 14th, 1866.*

*John Rowlands, formerly of this Castle,\* now Ensign in the United States Navy, in North America, belonging to the U. S. Ship “Ticonderoga,” now at Constantinople, Turkey; absent on furlough.*

It is worthy of notice, that while he was known in the world as Henry M. Stanley, and all his friends and acquaintances in and around Denbigh knew that he had assumed that name—in the scene of his infant years he makes use of his baptismal name—John Rowlands. He called upon all his

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\* The houses built within the walls of the Old Castle were, and are still, spoken of as the Castle.

old friends—and visited the work-house at St. Asaph, and made a speech to the children. The Board of Management were very much gratified at the visit. One of the members said, in speaking of the visit—“He came gratefully, and, I may say, gracefully, to see his former acquaintances, and to return thanks to the Governors for the kindness he had formerly received, and to show how well he had merited the indulgence shown to him.

Shortly after this Mr. Stanley resigned his commission, and became the leading actor in a most extraordinary adventure. Along with two young companions, Mr. Cook and Mr. Noe, he formed a resolution of undertaking a journey in Asia Minor. The three adventurers landed at Smyrna, and penetrated into the interior, on horseback, as far as Chi-Hissar, about three hundred miles from the coast. At that place Noe was guilty of some imprudence, which exposed him to the ire of a formidable Turk, the chief of a gang of brigands, who gave him a good caning. In the excitement of the moment, Stanley drew a sword, with which he was armed, and struck him from his horse, and would undoubtedly have slain him but for the protecting folds of his turban. After an adventure of this nature, there was nothing for it but flight. Unfortunately they rode right into the robber's head quarters, and were immediately seized, stripped, and maltreated, and all their money and valuables taken from them. The robber who was struck hit upon an artful expedient for hiding the outrage he and his party had been guilty of. He took the luckless travellers before the Cadi, and charged them with assault and robbery. When asked what they had to say to this charge, Mr Stanley, as spokesman of the party, addressed the Cadi, who, fortunately, was acquainted with the English tongue, and said, “That so far from having attempted to rob their captors, they themselves had been robbed of everything they possessed, and if certain members of the party were searched (here he pointed with his finger to some of the robbers), evidence of his assertion would be proved.”

On the men being searched, many of the missing articles were found upon them, a result which the daring young fellow knew how to improve. He threatened all and sundry with the vengeance of Brother Jonathan if they were not at once set at liberty, and their property restored to them, and the robbers punished. His eloquence had such an effect upon the Cadi that the robbers were put under arrest. At Afiun-Kara-Hissar, M. Pelesa, of the Ottoman Bank, provided them with some money and clothes to enable them to proceed to Constantinople. Within a few days' march of Constantinople, Mr. Stanley sent a letter detailing the usage they had received to Mr. E. Joy Morris, the United States Representative at the Turkish Government. Another letter was sent for insertion to the *Levant Herald*, so that by the time the ragged and worn travellers reached the “City of the Sultan,” the whole Frankish community was busy with their sufferings and their wrongs. When they arrived at the American Consulate, “Mr. Morris and the American Consul-General

were waiting to receive them, and notwithstanding that they had been prepared for witnessing a case of suffering and destitution, the forlorn appearance of the three youths startled them. Mr. Stanley's clothing, if clothing it could be called, consisted almost exclusively of a single over-covering; he had neither shirt nor stockings, and his companions were in no better plight. Mr. Morris would appear to have been a model minister, for he at once advanced Mr. Stanley £150 without security of any kind."

So vigorously did Mr. Morris press the case of his suffering countrymen upon the attention of the Turkish Government that the brigands were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and the loss they had sustained in money and property was made good—the Grand Vizier, Ali Pacha, actually concluding the arrangements with Mr. Morris. The services of an English Consul in Asia Minor were also pressed into the service, and he watched the trial of the robbers on behalf of Mr. Morris, who had no official countryman within hail. English travellers abroad must think with envy of the readiness with which Yankee officials attend to the interests of their wandering countrymen.

Mr. Stanley returned to the United States early in 1867, and acted for some time as correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and the *Missouri Democrat*, with General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowa and Cheyenne Indians. On his return from this congenial expedition he, along with a companion, constructed a raft, and floated down the Platte river to its junction with the Missouri, a distance of seven hundred miles. Mr. Stanley's biographer says:—"This was an exploit strikingly illustrative of the enterprising character of Stanley, for we may safely assume that it was instigated by him. Travel by the lumbering stage down the valley of the Platte, for seven hundred miles, would have been a dull and prosaic method of finding his way back to civilization after several months' raid against the Indian tribes of the far west. A raft voyage was not without its dangers; the Indians might prove hostile; an unexpected encounter with a snag might shiver the raft into its respective fragments and drown the two voyagers, or a grizzly bear might pay a visit to their night encampment on the banks of the river, and make an end of them. But dangers like these would only give a zest to the adventure."

Mr. Stanley's letters from the far west, abounded with details of horrible massacres by the Indians, who had been goaded into madness by the ill-usage they received from the frontier men. No compact is kept with them; further and further westward they are being driven from the land of their forefathers by the advancing tide of the pale faces. The pioneers of civilization there, as elsewhere, are a reckless and lawless class, and they think as little of shooting an Indian as an Englishman would of shooting a hare. When one reads of a terrible instance of Indian vengeance, when whole families have been put to death after unheard-of tortures, we are apt to forget that some cruel wrong

and injustice on the part of the white settlers have let loose the wild and savage passions of the Redskins. We find room for an abbreviated account of a desperate Indian foray reported by Mr. Stanley. A band of Sioux Indians made a raid upon the railway, near Fort Kearney, over two hundred miles to the west of Omaha. They met a gang of telegraph repairers, and slew and scalped them—James Thomson, an Englishman, escaping with his life. This is Thomson's account of it, as reported by Mr. Stanley:—

“He (the Indian) took out his knife and stabbed me in the neck, and then, making a twirl round his fingers with my hair, he commenced sawing and hacking away at my scalp. Though the pain was awful, and I felt dizzy and sick, I knew enough to keep quiet. After what seemed to be half-an-hour, he gave the last finishing touch to the scalp on my left temple, and as it still hung a little, he gave it a jerk. I just thought then that I should have screamed my life out. I can't describe it to you; it just felt as if the whole head was being taken right off. The Indian then mounted and galloped away, but as he went he dropped my scalp within a few feet of me, which I managed to get and hide. . . . Drs. Peck and Moore, of this city (Omaha),” says Mr. Stanley, “will endeavour to reset the scalp on his head, and they are confident they can do it well. As he is a strong man, it is expected that he will recover health and strength.” There is something horrible, and yet humorously grotesque, in the securing of his own scalp, by the half-dead Englishman!

On his return to New York, he received the appointment of travelling correspondent to the *New York Herald*, at a salary of £600 a-year, and his first important commission was to accompany the forces under Sir Robert (now Lord Napier) for the relief of the English captives, detained by King Theodore at Magdala. As Mr. Stanley has recently published his account of this brilliant campaign, we will not allude to it further than to mention, that his energetic character enabled him to obtain a happy superiority, not only over his fellow-correspondents, but over the English Government itself, as he sent important intelligence to his paper, which reached England *via* New York, a few days earlier than the official intelligence sent by the Commander-in-chief.

On his return to England from Abyssinia, he spent several weeks with his relatives in Wales, before starting for Spain, to give an account of the revolution which resulted in the flight of Queen Isabella. He was at Madrid, as we have seen, when Mr Gordon Bennet sent for him to Paris, for the purpose of despatching him in search of Dr. Livingstone. As Mr. Stanley himself has informed us, he was present at the opening of the Suez canal, visited the more important places of interest in Palestine, and marched right across Asia Minor into India, landing in Bombay in September of 1869.

His old friend, Mr. E. Joy Morris, saw him at Constantinople, previous to his starting on his famous journey to Bombay. Mr. Morris gave him letters of introduction to such merchants as he knew on his route, and also recom-

mended him to the good offices of the Russian authorities. Mr. Morris says—“He started on the desperate enterprise some time after, and my table thereby lost one of its most entertaining guests. When I say desperate enterprise, I mean it—for Persia is to a European a practically unexplored country; and in consequence of its weak government, and the marauders with which it abounds, a journey from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe would be a safe trip compared to it. I received a letter from him, while on the way, narrating the hospitable manner in which he had been received by the Russian authorities, and the way in which he had astonished them by the performances of his Henry rifle. (This rifle was a present from Mr. Morris.) The journey over the Caucasus and through Georgia was a sort of triumphal march, though he was looked upon as a lost man by all who knew anything of the East.

“The route he took was an entirely new one, as he went in a kind of zig-zag way to Thibet, and he must have possessed a charmed life to have come through so much peril in comparative safety. After this affair I returned home, and I did not hear of Mr. Stanley again until I heard of him as the discoverer of Livingstone. . . . I should be astonished at no feat in the line of travel that he might not accomplish. He is a clever traveller, and I used to say to myself at my table in Constantinople, ‘Here is a man who will yet achieve greatness, and leave his mark behind him in the world.’ He has all the qualities which the great explorers possessed—Mungo Park, Humboldt, and Livingstone himself—a hardy frame, unflinching courage, and inflexible perseverance. If such a thing were possible, that I were forced to become a member of a band to undertake some forlorn hope, some desperate enterprise—I know of no one whom I would so readily select as the leader of such an undertaking as Henry Stanley.”

As the Shah of Persia is an object of more interest to English readers now than he was at the time Mr. Stanley wrote, we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Stanley’s account of the first use the “King of Kings” made of the Telegraph when Teheran was first connected with the principal places in his dominions by wire. To understand it properly we may say that the khans or governors of provinces in Persia pay the Shah for their positions, they screwing out of the people as much more than they pay to the Shah as possible. Mr. Stanley says :—

“The Shah of Persia visited the Telegraph Office in person, and—cunning fellow!—after examining the mode of operating, professed to be delighted with everything he saw. He regarded the apparatus of telegraphy intently, and then begged Mr. Pruce to explain how he manipulated the little round knob, which flashed the mysteries. Mr. Pruce did so very readily, and as he speaks eloquently, no doubt the Shah was much enlightened, for during the exposition the Shah laughed heartily, and delivered many a fervid ‘Mashaallah!’ Then the Shah wanted to telegraph; he tried a long time, but as the

words would not march, he gave it up as a difficult job. His fingers, he said apologetically, were dumb: they would not talk. Then he summoned one of his own employes from the Persian office, and bade him telegraph as follows:—

“TELEGRAM No 1, TO KOUM, FROM THE SHAH IN PERSON.

“‘How much money hast thou for the Shah, Khan?’

“ANSWER.—(After a pause of about three minutes, the rascally governor evidently considering, for all along the line the governors had been forwarned.) ‘When the Asylum of the Universe commands less than the least of his slaves, he will give all he is worth.’

“TELEGRAM No. 2, TO KOUM.

“‘How much is that?’

“ANSWER.—‘Ten thousand tomans.’ (£4,000.)

“TELEGRAM No. 3, TO KOUM.

“‘Send the money, the Shah commands; he is well pleased.’

“TELEGRAM No. 4, TO KASHAN.

“‘Oh! Khan, the Shah wants money; how much hast thou to give him?’

“ANSWER.—‘Whatever the Light of the World commands is at his service. I have five thousand tomans.’ (£2,000.)

“TELEGRAM No. 5, to KASHAN.

“‘Too little; send me twenty thousand tomans (£8,000): the Shah has said it.’

“TELEGRAM No. 6, TO ISPAHAN.

“‘Khan, thou knowest thy position is a treasure. What wilt thou give the Shah to keep it? A man has offered me fifty thousand tomans (£20,000) for thy place. Speak quickly: it is the Shah that waits.’

“ANSWER.—‘Oh! King of Kings, thou knowest my faithfulness, and hast but to speak: I have 60,000 tomans ready.’

“TELEGRAM No 7, TO ISPAHAN.

“‘It is good. Thou art a wise Khan. Send the money.’

“TELEGRAM No. 8, TO SHIRAZ.

“‘Shah-Zadeh, speak for thy place. There are evil-minded men who desire thy position. Art thou wise, and is thy hand open?’

“ANSWER.—‘The throne is the place of wisdom. When the Shah speaks the world trembles; the ears of his governors are open. I have 30,000 tomans in hand.’

“TELEGRAM NO. 9, TO SHIRAZ.

“ ‘The Ameer-ed-Dowlah offers me 45,000 tomans. Oh! little man, thou art mad.’

“ ANSWER.—‘The Shah has spoken truly: I will send 50,000 tomans.’

“From his telegram to Bushire, he received answer that 10,000 tomans would be sent immediately, which was accepted. This is the Shah and his ways of government. The handsome sum of 150,000 tomans, or £60,000 sterling, was netted in one morning from the governors’ privy purses. His governorships are sold to the highest bidder.”

Mr. Stanley arrived in England on the 1st August, 1872. His half-brother and cousin from Denbigh met him on Dover pier, and accompanied their now famous relative to London. Petty jealousy on the part of professional geographers, and certain newspapers, prompted unworthy doubts as to the truth of the story he had to tell; and both in this country and in America it was broadly hinted that Mr. Stanley had never seen Dr. Livingstone at all. The day after Mr. Stanley’s arrival, Lord Granville, and Dr. Livingstone’s son and daughter, bore testimony to the authenticity of the letters and despatches he had forwarded to them. The first public appearance made by Mr. Stanley was at the meeting of the British Association, held at Brighton during the third week of August. The geographers had a theory that the waters of the region Dr. Livingstone had been exploring for five years must find their way to the Congo, notwithstanding that Dr. Livingstone stated it as his belief that the Lualaba was in reality the Nile. Mr. Stanley’s fiery nature was thoroughly roused by the storm of doubts and cavils which had burst upon him, and he indulged in an amount of hard hitting in reply to the discussion which the reading of his paper had evoked, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience. We give a few extracts from his address:—

“Gentlemen of the Geographical Society—I have been invited to deliver an address here before you, or rather, to read a paper on the Tanganyika. Responding to that invitation, I came here; but before entering upon that subject, which seems to interest this scientific assemblage, permit me to say something of your ‘distinguished medallist’ and Associate, Dr. David Livingstone. I found him in the manner already described, the story of which in brief, is familiar to everybody. He was but little impaired in health, and but a little better than the ‘ruckle of bones’ he came to Ujiji. With the story of his sufferings, his perils, his many narrow escapes, related as they were by himself, the man who had endured all these and still lived, I sympathised. What he suffered far eclipses all that Ulysses suffered, and Livingstone but needs a narrator like Homer, to make his name as immortal as the Greek

hero's; and, to make another comparison, I can liken his detractors in England and Germany only to the suitors who took advantage of Ulysses's absence to slander him, and torment his wife. The man lives not who is more single-minded than Livingstone—who has worked harder, been more persevering in so good a cause as Livingstone—and the man lives not who deserves a higher reward.

“Before going to Central Africa in search of Livingstone, I believed almost everything I heard or read about him. Never was a man more gullible than I. I believed it possible that the facetious gentleman's story, who said that Livingstone had married an African princess, might be correct. I believed, or was near believing, the gentleman who told me personally that Livingstone was a narrow-minded, crabbed soul, with whom no man could travel in peace; that Livingstone kept no journals or notes; and that if he died his discoveries would surely be lost to the world. I believed then with the gentleman that Livingstone ought to have come home and let a younger man—that same gentleman, for instance—go and finish the work that Livingstone had begun. Also, inconsistent as it may seem—but I warn you again that I was exceedingly gullible—I believed that this man Livingstone was aided in a most energetic manner, that he had his letters from his children and friends sent to him regularly, and that stores were sent to him monthly and quarterly—in fact, that he was quite comfortably established and settled at Ujiji. I believed also that every man, woman, and child in England admired and loved this man exceedingly. I was deeply impressed with these views of things when James Gordon Bennet, jun., of the *New York Herald*, told me, in a few words, to go after Livingstone, to find him, and bring what news I could of him. I simply replied with a few monosyllables in the affirmative, though I thought it might form a very hard task. What, if Livingstone refused to see me or hear me? ‘No matter,’ said I to myself in my innocence, ‘I shall be successful if I only see him.’ You yourselves, gentlemen, know how I would stand to-day if I had come back from the Tanganyika without a word from him; some, but few, believed me, when Livingstone's own letters appeared. But how fallacious were all my beliefs! Now that I know the virtue and uprightness of the man, I wonder how it was possible that I could believe that Livingstone was married to an African princess and had settled down. I feel ashamed that I entertained such thoughts of him. Now that I know Livingstone's excessive amiability, his mild temper, the love he entertains for his fellow-men, white or black, his pure Christian character, I wonder now why this man was maligned. I wonder now whether Livingstone is the same man whom a former fellow-traveller of his called a tyrant and an unbearable companion. I wonder now whether this is the traveller whom I believed to be decrepid and too old to follow up his discoveries, whom a younger man ought to displace, now that I

have become acquainted with his enthusiasm, his iron constitution, his sturdy frame, his courage and endurance.

“I have been made aware, through a newspaper published in London, called the *Standard*, that there are hopes that some confusion will be cleared up when the British Association meets, and Mr. Stanley’s story is subject to the sifting and cross-examination of the experts in African discovery. What confusion people may have fallen into through some story I have told I cannot at present imagine, but probably after the reading of this paper, the ‘experts’ will rise and cross-question. If it lies in my power to explain away this ‘confusion?’ I shall be most happy to do so.

“There are also some such questions as the following propounded:— Why did not Dr. Livingstone return with Mr. Stanley? Why was the great traveller so uncommunicative to all but the *New York Herald*? Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him? What has Dr. Kirk been doing all the time at Zanzibar? Here are four questions which admit of easy solution. To the first I would answer, because he did not want to come with Mr. Stanley; and may I ask, was Mr. Stanley Dr. Livingstone’s keeper, that as soon as he found him he should box him with the superscription, ‘This side up, with care?’ To the second I would answer that Dr. Livingstone was not aware that there was another correspondent present at the interview when he imparted his information to the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. To the third question, I would answer that Livingstone was already relieved, and needed no stores. To the fourth question I would reply that Dr. Kirk’s relatives in England may probably know what he has been doing better than I do. Also, in answer to that article in the *Standard*, and to some articles in other newspapers, I must confess that I cannot see wherein those letters of Dr. Livingstone to Mr. James Bennet are disturbing, grotesque, or unexpected, unless the editors believed that Dr. Livingstone was dead, and that his ghost now haunts them and disturbs their dreams. We are also told that ‘Dr. Livingstone’s reports are strangely incoherent;’ that Sir Henry Rawlinson’s letter is ‘most discouraging;’ that the only theory to be gleaned from Dr. Livingstone’s letter is simply impossible; that the *Standard*, echoing the opinion of geographers, is more in the ‘dark than ever?’ Here is a field for explanation, had one only time or space in such a paper as this to explain. Let us hope that geographers who are in the dark will come forward to demand to be admitted into the light.

“But leaving these tremendous questions to a subsequent moment, let us now turn our attention to that large body of water called the Tanganyika. England is the first and foremost country in African discoveries. Her sons are known to have plunged through jungles; travelled over plains, mountains, and valleys; to have marched through the most awful wildernesses, to resolve the many problems which have arisen from time to time concerning Central

Africa. The noblest heroes of geography have been of that land. She reckons Bruce, Clapperton, Lander, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Laing, Baikie, Speke, Burton, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone, as her sons. Many of these have fallen, stricken to death by the poisonous malaria of the lands through which they travelled. Who has recorded their last words—their last sighs? Who has related the agonies they must have suffered—their sufferings while they lived? What monuments mark their lonely resting-places? Where is he who can point out the exact localities where they died? Look at that skeleton of a continent! We can only say they died in that unknown centre of Africa—that great broad blank between the eastern and the western coasts.

“Before I brought with me producible proofs, in the shape of letters, his journal, his broken chronometers, his useless watches, his box of curiosities, it was believed by all, with the exception of a few, that the most glorious name among these geographical heroes—the most glorious name among fearless missionaries, had been added to the martyrology list; it was believed that the illustrious Livingstone had at last succumbed to the many fatal influences that are ever at work in that awful heart of Africa.

“It was in my search for this illustrious explorer, which has now ended so happily—far more successfully than I could ever have anticipated—that I came to the shores of the great lake, the Tanganyika. At a little port, or bunder, called Ujiji, in the district of Ujiji, my efforts were crowned with success. If you will glance at the south-eastern shore of the Tanganyika, you will find it a blank; but I must now be permitted to fill it with rivers, and streams, and marshes, and mountain ranges. I must people it with powerful tribes—with Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo, and Wanyamwezi. More to the south, ferocious Watuta, and predatory Warori; and to the north, Mana Msengi, Wangondo, and Waluriba. Before coming to the Malagarazi, I had to pass through southern Wavinza. Crossing that river, and after a day’s march, I entered Ubha, a broad, plain country, extending from Uvinza north to Urundi, and the lands inhabited by the northern Watuta. Three long marches through Ubha brought me to the beautiful country of Ukaranga and Ujiji, the Liuche valley, or Ruche, as Burton has it. Five miles further westwards, brought me to the summit of a smooth, hilly ridge, and the town of Ujiji, embowered in palms, lay at our feet, and beyond was the silver lake, the Tanganyika, and beyond the broad belt of water towered the darkly purple mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba.

“To very many here, perhaps, African names have no interest, but to those who have travelled in Africa, each name brings a recollection—each word has a distinct meaning; sometimes the recollections are pleasing, sometimes bitter. If I mention Ujiji, that little port in the Tanganyika, almost hidden by palm groves, with the restless plangent surf rolling over the sandy beach, is recalled as vividly to my mind as if I stood on that hill-top looking down upon it, and

where, after a few minutes later, I met the illustrious Livingstone. If I think of Unyanyembe, naturally I recollect the fretful, peevish, and impatient life I led there, until I summoned courage, collected my men, and marched to the south to see Livingstone, or to die. If I think of Ukonongo, recollections of our rapid marches, of famine, of hot suns, of surprises from enemies, and mutiny among my men, of feeding upon wild fruit, and of a desperate rush into a jungle. If I think of Ukawendi, I see a glorious land of lovely valleys, and green mountains, and forests of tall trees; the march under their twilight shades, and the exuberant chant of my people, as we gaily tramped towards the north. If I think of southern Uvinza, I see mountains of hæmatite of iron—I see enormous masses of disintegrated rock, great chasms, deep ravines, a bleakness and desolation as of death. If I think of the Malagarazi, I can see the river, with its fatal reptiles, and snorting hippopotami; I can see the salt plains stretching on either side; and if I think of Ubha, recollections of the many trials we underwent, of the turbulent, contumacious crowds, the stealthy march at midnight through their villages, the preparations for battle, the alarm, and the happy escape, culminating in the happy meeting with Livingstone. There, in that open square, surrounded by hundreds of curious natives, stands the worn-out, pale-faced, grey-bearded, and bent form of my great companion. There stands the sullen-eyed Arabs, in their snowy dresses, girdled, stroking their long beards, wondering why I came. There stands the Wajiji, children of the Tanganyika, side by side with the Wanyamwezi, with the fierce and turbulent Warundi, with Livingstone and myself in the centre. Yes, I note it all, with the sun-light falling softly on the picturesque scene. I hear the low murmur of the surf, the rustling of the palm branches. I note the hush that has crept over the multitudes as we two clasp hands."

After Mr Stanley had given details of the geographical discoveries Dr. Livingstone had entrusted to him, which we will deal with further on—the geographical experts proceeded to cross-examine him, and to propound their individual theories as to the ultimate goal of the great river Lualaba. None of them agreed in the belief that Livingstone held as to its being the Nile, and Mr. Stanley was exceedingly caustic in dealing with these geographical doubters. We make a few extracts from an account of the scene by an eye-witness.

After Mr. Stanley's paper was read, some extracts from Dr Livingstone's despatches were read, "the gentleman who performed that duty skipping a good deal; and then Mr. Francis announced a paper from Colonel Grant (Speke's companion), part of which had only been received by post that morning. Mr. Stanley began to make notes for his reply directly Colonel Grant's doubts came to be read, and it was clear that he was prepared to stand by the theories he had formed after his four months and four days' close conference with Livingstone, let who would oppose them."

“Mr. Consul Petherick, a hale-looking, portly gentleman, with white whiskers and beard, then gave his experience as an explorer, and claimed to have been the first traveller who had attempted to estimate the volume of water flowing from the various African rivers.

“Dr. Beke then had his turn, and after regretting that he should have to eat his own words, said that, taking Dr. Livingstone’s facts as they stood, it was impossible that his conclusions could be correct.

“Mr. Oswell, an old fellow-traveller of Livingstone’s, who was not down on the programme, but was called on by the chair, spoke next from the body of the hall, and paid warm testimony to the heroic qualities of Livingstone’s wife, who was one of the expedition in which the speaker took part.

“Then Sir Henry Rawlinson rose at the chairman’s right, and disclaimed with some elaboration all feeling of jealousy on the part of the Geographical Society, and then paid warm compliments to the honourable loyalty and gallant courage with which Mr. Stanley had performed his onerous task.

“Still Sir Henry could not assent to the proposition, as one beyond cavil, that Livingstone had discovered the sources of the Nile; and leant rather to the opinion, that some great lake or swamp, or system of water sheds, would be found to be the outfall into which Livingstone’s river emptied itself.

“Mr. Stanley had before this pointed out, at the request of the President, on the large map of Africa, drawn by Mr. Keith Johnston, the alterations which it will, in his judgment, require before it accords with the map shown by Livingstone. This map was hung behind the platform, and was of a size which enabled every one to follow the course of exploration as it was touched upon by the various speakers.

“Mr. Galton spoke, when summing up the proceedings from the chair, of the ‘somewhat impassioned appeal’ made by Mr. Stanley on behalf of Livingstone’s conclusions, and the phrase expresses accurately the character of the traveller’s reply. He spoke like a man who was a little indignant.

“‘Dr. Beke,’ Mr. Stanley said, ‘living in London, and never having been within two thousand miles of the spot, declares positively that Livingstone has *not* discovered the sources of the Nile; whereas Livingstone, who has devoted thirty-five years to Africa, only says he *thinks* he has discovered,’ was one of the remarks which created a good deal of laughter and applause. So when Mr. Stanley, lifting his arms aloft in amazed protest, exclaimed, ‘and Sir Henry Rawlinson thinks that a river of from one to three miles in breadth can lose itself in a swamp,’ and when he alluded to gentlemen ‘sitting on their easy chairs at home, and mapping out Central Africa to their own satisfaction, and to never having known an Englishman discover anything yet, but some learned German declared he’d been there first,’ the laughter was long and loud.

“Altogether, the impression left by Mr. Stanley upon his hearers was in

the highest degree favourable; and while it is possible that some of his opinions may be modified by the light scientific geographers may supply, it is certain that he carried his audience with him this morning in debate."

On the 27th August, 1872, Mr. Stanley received the following letter from Earl Granville; it was accompanied by a valuable gold snuff-box, set with brilliants:—

“ Foreign Office, August 27th, 1872.

“ 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 out the mission which you so 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,

“ HENRY STANLEY, Jun.

“ GRANVILLE.”

Nothing could exceed the warmth with which the general public gave expression to their admiration of the pluck and daring with which Mr. Stanley had carried out his splendid achievements. At banquets, luncheons, and public meetings, he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The freedom of the principal cities of the empire was conferred upon him at the unanimous wish of their corporations, and he had a personal interview with the Queen.

He accompanied the forces under Sir Garnet Wolesley during the Ashantee Campaign, and gave the results of his observations in the *New York Herald*. His letters from thence have since been reprinted as a volume, and we need hardly assure our readers that it is not the least interesting account of that brilliant campaign among the many with which the public have been favoured.

As we write he is on his way to Zanzibar to organise the most formidable expedition ever led by a European into the heart of Africa for mere purposes of exploration and discovery. The relief of Livingstone, and the stirring and adventurous life he has led since boyhood, prove him to be thoroughly fitted for the dangerous and arduous duty he has undertaken. The proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the *London Daily Telegraph* bear the entire charges of this great undertaking. It must be months, and it may be years, before we hear of him from the centre of Africa, but we may rest assured that all that skill,

resolute daring, and an iron constitution can do, will be done to unravel the mystery of the "Heart of Africa."

As this sheet goes to press, we learn that Mr. Stanley, who had met with a gratifying reception from the authorities at Zanzibar, has, along with Mr. Laing, a Zanzibar merchant, ascended the Lufiji river, which flows into the Indian Ocean, opposite the island of Monfia. He reports that boats, of light draught, can ascend it at certain seasons, for a distance of over two hundred and forty miles. The main stream of slave traffic from Central Africa crosses this river at the point where it ceases to be navigable. While this river will materially lessen the travel to Lake Tanganyika, it will also prove of great usefulness in the final suppression of the slave trade.

## CHAPTER XX.

*Dr. Livingstone's Account of his Explorations.—His theory of the connection between the Lualaba and the Nile.—Horrors of Slave-Trade.—A Man-Eating Tribe.—Massacre of the Manyema, etc., etc.*

THE story of Dr. Livingstone's wanderings to and fro over the vast extent of country, the watershed of which, according to his belief, goes to form the Nile and the Congo, cannot be better told than in his own words. Letters to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and to Lords Clarendon and Granville, successively Foreign Ministers in the English Government, supply ample materials, and tell the story of his trials and difficulties, and the geographical conclusions he had arrived at up to the period of Mr. Stanley's meeting with him, in a far more graphic and telling manner than any paraphrase of ours could pretend to. As the letters were sent to different individuals, there is considerable repetition, which we have endeavoured, by excisions, to render as little noticeable as possible. In his first letter to Mr. Gordon Bennett, he records his thanks for the great service rendered to him by that gentleman:—

“It is, in general, somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an abstract idea; but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region, takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

“If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves, sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woeiful sights I had seen of ‘man's inhumanity to man,’ reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say, that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who,

after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot; and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, said 'that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.' After that, the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, it is out of the question.

"Well, when I had got about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan, could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand; and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' And off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling: the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics, riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and *Punch* for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866—and information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1000 to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired; and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my

friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last."

After giving a brief account of his geographical discoveries, he says:—"I must go to Unyanyembe at Mr. Stanley's and your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work; and if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijan slavery should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.

"Now that you have done with domestic slavery for ever, lend us your powerful aid towards this great object. This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave dealers."

Dr. Livingstone's despatch, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, gives the best summary of his geographical conclusions up to the time of which we are writing. No single letter from any traveller, from the scene of his labours, ever recorded so important discoveries. We give it entire:—

"I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ultimo, and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than four hundred miles beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in mind by being forced back by faithless attendants, that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend; but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyanyembe, when entrusted to the care of the Lewale or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates, and give in this as much as I can recall.

"I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between 10° and 12° south latitude, and from four thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between six thousand and seven thousand feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over seven hundred miles in length, from east to west. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable; that is, it would take a large portion of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the height of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary

sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams, in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo;' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river-beds in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches; and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the number of lichens, which make the upland forest look like the mangrove swamps on the coast.

"In passing over sixty miles of latitude, I waded thirty-two primary sources from calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge; this would give about one source to every two miles.

"A Suaheli friend, in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into 11° south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in 12° south. I tried to cross it, in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here, the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. 'They would come back for me in a few days truly,' but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft if they should leave me in this wide expanse of water; and being four thousand feet above the sea, it was very cold, so I returned.

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, one hundred-and-fifty miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapala; yet lakes are in no sort sources, for no large river begins in a lake. But this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara—which, according to a Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza—gives out a large river, which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely

be mistaken in saying that, of the three or four lakes there, only one, the Okara, gives off its water to the north.

“The ‘White Nile’ of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb’s Lualaba, of from two thousand to six thousand yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

“Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped; but they are so far from the sources, and send no water to any part of the Nile, they could never have been meant by the correct ancient explorers, from whom Ptolemy and his predecessors gleaned their true geography, so different from the trash that passes current in modern times.

“Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about six hundred miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression, that in the last hundred miles the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not, like all the rest, from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound; and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the north-east of the mound becomes Bartle Frere’s Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb’s Lualaba, the second fountain, rising on the north-west, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young’s Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the south-west, Palmerston’s, becomes the Leeambye or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell’s fountain, becomes the Kafue, and falls into the Zambesi in Inner Ethiopia.\*

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\* The following is the passage in Herodotus alluded to by Dr. Livingstone:—

“With regard to the sources of the Nile, not one of the Egyptians, or Eybians, or Greeks, professed to know anything, excepting the guardian of the precious things consecrated to Minerva in Sais, a city of Egypt. But this individual, in my opinion at least, did but joke when he asserted he was perfectly acquainted with them. He gave the following account:—‘That there were two peaked

“More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years; but had I left when the money was expended, I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave-trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinates of their last so-called expedition, I learnt that it was believed that the Luapula went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up-hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your Lordship will approve, that makes me remain, and, if possible, finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage down, I have a sore longing for home; I have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts, and an endless succession of beautiful mankind; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge overflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

“Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I

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mountains situate between Syene and Elephantis, the names of which mountains are Krophis and Memphis, and that accordingly the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless, come from between these two mountains—that one-half of the water flows into Egypt, and towards the north, while the other half flows into Ethiopia. That the sources are bottomless Bammetticus, the king of Egypt,’ he said, ‘proved, for having caused a cable to be twisted, many thousand ogyæ in length, he cast it in, but could not reach the bottom.’”

A recent writer compares Livingstone’s story with that of Herodotus. He says:—“Herodotus speaks of the peaked mountains, between which lie the sources of the river—Livingstone of an earthen mound and four fountains, as the sources of the river. Herodotus writes that one-half of the water flows north into Egypt—Livingstone, two of these run north to Egypt, Lufira and Lomame. Herodotus again—the other flows into Ethiopia: Livingstone—and two run south into Inner Ethiopia, as the Leambye, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kafue. Again the father of history is confirmed by modern research, and the information which the Doctor has obtained, almost in the immediate neighbourhood of the object of his ambition, shows how carefully the curious old traveller of two or three hundred years ago must have pursued his inquiries and recorded the results, although he puts it upon record that he thought the man of letters, or notary, was joking with him.

have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza, he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, 'twenty thousand square miles of water,' confused by sheer immensity.

"Ptolemy's small lake 'Coloc' is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north; its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash or Neibash is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

"These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them farther and farther from the sources they sought. But for devotion to the foregone conclusion, the sight of the little 'White Nile,' as unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

"The next explorer, Baker, believed as honestly as Speke and Grant, that in the Lake River Albert he had a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came farther up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between six hundred and seven hundred miles of the *caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile Slave Trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

"When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one should come after me and find such sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.

"But all that can in modern times, and in common modesty, be fairly claimed, is the re-discovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about B. C. 600. He was not believed, because he reported that, in passing round Libya, he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine.

“The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region; for in the second century of our era he gave, in substance, what we now find to be genuine geography.

“The springs of the Nile, rising in 10° to 12° south latitude, and their water collecting into two large lacustrine rivers, and other facts, could have been learned only from primitive travellers or traders—the true discoverers of what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know, and longed in vain.

“The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb's Luabala, in the centre of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least one hundred-and-eighty miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west, of about one hundred-and-twenty miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to north-east, receives the Lomame, or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for, assuming Speke's longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

“The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika two thousand eight hundred-and-eighty-feet high. Respect for Speke's memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same; but from the habit of writing the Anno Domini, a mere slip of the pen made one thousand eight hundred-and-forty-four feet. But I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling-points, and they make Tanganyika over three thousand feet, and the lower point of Central Luabala one inch lower, or about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro.

“Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick's branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the small eastern arm, which Speke, Grant, and Baker, took to be the river of Egypt.

“In my attempts to penetrate farther and farther I had but little hope of ultimate success; for the great amount of westing led to a continual effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile; and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

“The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and

Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

“The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of ‘not proven.’ They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Luabala are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

“The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema, seem to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gun-shot on a goat was shown, in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship: they looked up to the skies and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down; and afterwards, when the traders tried to force a passage, which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity; and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would leave their country.

“There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos—there is no political cohesion—not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere very honest. When detained at Bambarre, we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages, to prevent them all being stolen by the Zanzibar slaves; the slave-owners had to do the same.

“Manyema-land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as ‘lambas’ or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the ‘Muale’ palm.

“They call the good spirit above ‘Ngulu,’ or the Great One; and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, ‘Mulambu.’ A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes.

The following graphic account of travel in Manyema-land, which occurs

in a despatch to Lord Granville, gives a striking picture of the country and the difficulties of travel:—

“The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light grey granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half-an-inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant-walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with moisture which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom; but the mud, mire, or (*scottice*) ‘glaur’ is grievous: thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way, one may waddle a little distance along; but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes, cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In other cases, the Muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass-cloth is woven, and called by the same name, ‘lamba,’ has taken possession of the valley. The leaf-stalks, as thick as a strong man’s arm, fall off and block up all passage, save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.

“Every now and then the traders, with rueful faces, stand panting; the sweat trickles down my face; and I suppose that I look as grim as they, though I try to cheer them with the hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephant’s enormous weight; the deep hole is filled with mud; and one, taking it all to be about calf deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flaps on to a seat, soft enough, but not luxurious; a merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, though I have no other reason for it than that it is better to laugh than to cry.

“Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges: a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon, it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high

enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear, which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as a bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by the Manyema 'kintefwetefwe,' as if he who first coined it was grasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whip-cord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous, the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time.

"The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes, ox-like, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good ox-gun shot does no harm to parrots or guinea-fowls on their tops; and they are often so closely planted, that I have heard gorillas, here called 'sokos,' growling about fifty yards off, without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our cushat dove. Here the 'soko' sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it; but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as to build a house, and not go beneath it for shelter.

"Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of Californian gold fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde, numbering six hundred muskets, all eager for the precious tusks. These had been left by the Manyema in the interminable forests, where the animals had been slain. The natives knew where they lay, and, if treated civilly, readily brought them, many half-rotten, or gnawed by a certain rodent to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already, on this journey, two severe lessons, that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marunga I had pneumonia, the illness to which I have referred, and that was

worse than ten fevers—that is, fevers treated by our medicine, and not by the dirt supplied to Bishop Mackenzie at the Cape as the same. Besides being unwilling to bear the new comers company, I feared that, by further exposure in the rains, the weakness might result in something worse. . . .

“The rains continued into July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful; and it laid up some of the strongest men, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory. I lost no time, after it was feasible to travel, in preparing to follow the river; but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave-women, whose husbands were away from the camp in trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves and freemen say, ‘No one will ever attack people so good’ as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times even. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten.”

In a despatch addressed to Earl Granville, dated Ujiji, Nov. 14, 1871, Dr. Livingstone exposes the fact that the slave trade in Central Africa is mainly carried on for the benefit of British subjects. He says:—

“In my letter dated Bambarre, November 1870, now enclosed, I stated my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing paper, intended to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyanyembe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banyans of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent, he pilfers from his employers, be they Banyans or Arabs; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most; and as the subject of a Sultan who entrusted him because he had no power on the mainland to supersede him, he robs his superior shamelessly. No Arab or native ever utters a good word for him, but all detest him for his injustice.

“The following narrative requires it to be known that his brother, Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid, is equally notorious for unblushing dishonesty. All Arabs and Europeans who have had dealings with either speak in unmeasured terms of their fraud and duplicity. The brothers are employed in trade, chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banyan in Zanzibar.

“It is well known that the slave trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banyans advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as

their agents, perform the trading, or rather murdering; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast, the Arabs sell the slaves. The Banyans pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents. As a rule, no travelling Arab has money sufficient to undertake an inland journey. Those who have become rich imitate the Banyans, and send their indigent countrymen and slaves to trade for them. The Banyans could scarcely carry on their system of trade were they not in possession of the custom-house, and had power to seize all the goods that pass through it to pay themselves for debts. The so-called Governors are appointed on their recommendation, and become mere trade agents. When the Arabs in the interior are assaulted by the natives, they never unite under a Governor as a leader; for they know that defending them, or concerting means for their safety, is no part of his duty. The Arabs are nearly all in debt to the Banyans, and the Banyan slaves are employed in ferreting out every trade transaction of the debtors; and when watched by Governors' slaves and custom-house officers, it is scarcely possible for even this cunning, deceitful race to escape being fleeced. To avoid this, many surrender all the ivory to their Banyan creditors, and are allowed to keep or sell the slaves as their share of the profits. It will readily be perceived that the prospect of in any way coming under the power of Banyan British subjects at Zanzibar is very far from reassuring.

“The packet above referred to was never more heard of, but a man called Musa Kamaah had been employed to drive some buffaloes for me from the coast, and on leaving Ujiji the same day the packet was delivered for transmission, I gave him a short letter, dated May 1869, which he concealed on his person, knowing that on its production his wages depended. He had been a spectator of the plundering of my property by the Governor's slave, Saloom, and received a share to hold his peace. He was detained for months at Unyanyembe by the Governor, and even sent back to Ujiji on his private business, he being ignorant all the while that Kamaah preserved the secret letter. It was the only document of more than forty that reached Zanzibar. It made known, in some measure, my wants, but my cheques on Bombay for money were in the lost packet, and Ludha, the rich Banyan, was employed to furnish, on credit, all the goods and advances of pay for the men required in the expedition. Ludha is, perhaps, the best of all the Banyans at Zanzibar; but he applied to Ali-bin-Salem, the brother of his agent, the Governor, to furnish two head men to conduct the goods and men to Ujiji, and beyond it, wherever I might be then reported to be. He recommended Shereef Boshier and Awathe as first and second conductors of the caravan. Shereef, the Governor, and the Governor's brother, being ‘birds of one feather,’ the consequences might have been foretold. No sooner did Shereef obtain command than he went to one Muhamad Nassur, a Zanzibar-born Banyan or Hindoo, and he advanced twenty-five boxes of soap and eight

cases of brandy for trade. He then went to Bagamoyo on the mainland, and received from two Banyans there, whose names to me are unknown, quantities of opium and gunpowder, which, with the soap and brandy, were to be retailed by Shereef on the journey.

In the Bagamoyo Banyan's house, Shereef broke the soap boxes, and stowed the contents and the opium in my bales of calico, in order that the carriers paid by me should carry them. Others were employed to carry the cases of brandy and kegs of gunpowder, and paid with my cloth. Henceforth all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my property, and while retailing the barter goods of his Banyan accomplices, he was in no hurry to relieve my wants, but spent fourteen months between the coast and Ujiji, a distance which could have been easily accomplished in three. . . . Two months at one spot, and two months at another place, and two at a third, without reason except desire to profitably retail his brandy, etc., which some people think Moslems never drink, but he was able to send back from Unyanyembe over sixty pounds worth of ivory—the carriers being again paid from my stores. He ran riot with the supplies, all the way purchasing the most expensive food for himself, his slaves, and his women, the country afforded. When he reached Ujiji his retail trade for the Banyans and himself was finished; and, in defiance of his engagement to follow wherever I led, when men from a camp eight days beyond Bambarrie went to Ujiji and reported to him that I was near and waiting for him, he refused their invitation to return with them."

Leaders of slave parties often resort to massacre with the view of inspiring a dread of their power, and to ensure the rapid capturing of slaves during the confusion thus created. Dr. Livingstone gives a terrible narrative of an attack upon the unoffending Manyema:—"On the 13th of June, a massacre was perpetrated which filled me with such intolerable loathing, that I resolved to yield to the Banyan slaves, return to Ujiji, get men from the coast, and try to finish the rest of my work by going outside the area of Ujijian bloodshed, instead of vainly trying from its interior outwards.

"Dugumbe's\* people built their huts on the right bank of Lualaba, at a market-place called Nyangwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, [they] were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him, and make an impression in the country in favour of their own greatness by an assault on the market people, and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves. Tagamoio, the principal under-trader of Dugumbe's party, was the perpetrator.

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\* Dugumbe was an Arab trader.

The market was attended every fourth day by between two thousand and three thousand people. It was held on a long slope of land, which down at the river ended in a creek capable of containing between fifty and sixty large canoes. The majority of the market people were women, many of them very pretty. The people west of the river brought fish, salt, pepper, oil, grass-cloth, iron, fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, in great numbers, to exchange with those east of the river for cassava grain, potatoes, and other farinaceous products. They have a strong sense of natural justice, and all unite in forcing each other to fair dealing. At first my presence made them all afraid; but wishing to gain their confidence, which my enemies tried to undermine or prevent, I went among them frequently, and when they saw no harm in me, became very gracious.

“The bargaining was the finest acting I ever saw. I understood but few of the words that flew off the glib tongues of the women, but their gestures spoke plainly. I took sketches of the fifteen varieties of fish brought in, to compare them with those of the Nile farther down, and all were eager to tell their names. But on the date referred to I had left the market only a minute or two, when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market-place, but had refrained, attributing it to ignorance in new-comers, began to fire into the dense crowd around them; another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods; the men forgot their paddles; the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprang into the water. The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island a mile off; to gain it, they had to turn the left shoulder against a current of between a mile and a-half to two miles an hour. Had they gone diagonally with the current, though that would have been three miles, many would have gained the shore. It was horrible to see one head after another disappear, some calmly, others throwing their arms high up towards the Great Father of all, and going down. Some of the men who got canoes out of the crowd paddled quick, with hands and arms, to help their friends; three took people in, till they all sank together. One man had clearly lost his head, for he paddled a canoe which would have held fifty people straight up-stream, nowhere. The Arabs estimated the loss at between four hundred and five hundred souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of his thirty canoes, which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One woman refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them, next day, home; many escaped and came to me, and were returned to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's

band began their assault on the people on the west of the river, and continued the fire all day. I counted seventeen villages in flames, and next day six. Dugumbe's power over the underlings is limited, but he ordered them to cease shooting; those in the market were so reckless, they shot two of their own number. Tagamoio's crew came back next day in canoes, shouting and firing off their guns as if believing that they were worthy of renown.

"Next day about twenty head men fled from the west bank and came to my house. There was no occasion now to tell them that the English had no desire for human blood. They begged hard that I should go over with them and settle with them, and arrange where the new dwellings of each should be. I was so ashamed of the bloody Moslem company in which I found myself, that I was unable to look at the Manyema. I confessed my grief and shame, and was entreated, if I must go, not to leave them now. Dugumbe spoke kindly to them, and would protect them as well as he could against his own people; but when I went to Tagamoio to ask back the wives and daughters of some of the head men, he always ran off and hid himself.

"This massacre was the most terrible scene I ever saw. I cannot describe my feelings, and am thankful that I did not give way to them, but by Dugumbe's advice avoided a blood feud with men who, for the time, seemed turned into demons. The whole transaction was the more deplorable, inasmuch as we have always heard from the Manyema, that though the men of the district may be engaged in actual hostilities, the women pass from one market-place to another with their wares, and were never known to be molested. The change has come only with these alien bloodhounds, and all the bloodshed has taken place in order that captives might be seized where it could be done without danger, and in order that the slaving privileges of a petty Sultan should produce abundant fruit.

"Heartsore, and greatly depressed in spirits, by the instances of 'man's inhumanity to man' I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body, and it is no over-statement to say that almost every step of between four hundred and five hundred miles was in pain. I felt as if dying on my feet, and I came very near to death in a more summary way. It is within the area of bloodshed that danger alone occurs. I could not induce my Moslem slaves to venture outside that area or sphere. They knew better than I did. 'Was Muhamad not the greatest of all, and their prophet?'"

"About midway back to Bambarre, we came to villages where I had formerly seen the young men compelled to carry a trader's ivory. When I came on the scene the young men had laid down the tusks and said: 'Now we have helped you so far without pay, let the men of the villages do as much.' 'No, no, take up the ivory;' and take it up they did, only to go a

little way and cast it into the dense vegetation on each side of the path we afterwards knew so well. When the trader reached the next stage he sent back his men to demand the 'stolen' ivory; and when the elders denied the theft they were fired upon and five were killed, eleven women and children captured, and also twenty-five goats. The surviving elders then talked the matter over, and the young men pointed out the ivory, and carried it twenty-two miles after the trader. He chose to say that three of the tusks were missing, and carried away all the souls and goats he had captured. They now turned to the only resource they knew, and when Dugumbe passed, way-laid and killed one of his people."

The natives to the west of Lake Tanganyika are, according to Livingstone, a naturally intelligent and well-favoured race, and exceedingly friendly and well-disposed towards strangers, until they have lost confidence in them through cruelty and ill-usage. The following "lights and shadows" of African life are painfully interesting. He says:—

"Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast at Zanzibar, and elsewhere—are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow-men. But the low retreating forehead, prognathus jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast Negroes, always awaken the same feelings of aversion as those with which we view specimens of the 'Bill Sykes' and 'Bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk; but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the continent are fair average specimens of humanity. I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms correspond with finely-shaped heads. Insama himself, who had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others; he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bilbous' below the ribs. I don't know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good few English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

"Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the

dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Ornaments are scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on 'Women's Rights'? But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour; and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to oneself to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazembe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the top of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth; and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know, go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take *Punch's* motto for Cazembe, 'Niggers don't require to be shot here,' as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense. Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe.

“An Arab, Said-bin-Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do when natives have no guns, Said-bin-Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran at all indiscriminately in a large district. Let it not be supposed that any of these people are, like the American Indians, insatiable bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed, or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ro Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of

nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relations kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilised or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured, and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said-bin-Habib, close to the point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the River Lualaba out of lake Moero; and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the differences between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gang by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere; but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, on seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat. I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not usually cruel; they were callous—slavery had hardened their hearts.

“When Said, who was an old friend of mine, crossed the Lualaba, he heard that I was in a village where a company of slave-traders had been previously assaulted for three days by justly-incensed Babemba. I would not fight, nor allow my people to fire, if I saw them, because the Babemba had been especially kind to me. Said sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village by night and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slavery ‘hardens all within, and petrifies the feelings.’ It is bad for the victims, and bad for the victimisers.

“I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country—Lunda or Londa—of which Cazembe is chief in general. They were loaded with large heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree, or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes

are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women having in addition to the yoke and load a child on their back, have said to me on passing, 'They are killing me! If they would take off the yoke, I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with the loads.' One who spoke this did die; and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I interceded for some, but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was greatly blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted.

"The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. 'Hallo!' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state.' And I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, 'Yes, we are going away to Manga (abroad in white man's land) with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death. And we shall return to haunt and kill you.' The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man of at least one hundred-and-four years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered—

'Oh, oh, oh!  
Bird of freedom, oh!  
You sold me, oh, oh, oh!  
I shall haunt you, oh, oh, oh!'

The laughter told not of mirth, but of tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. 'He that is higher than the highest regardeth.'"

No slave hunters or traders had ever entered the Manyema country until about the time of Dr. Livingstone's visit. He was destined to see the first horrors consequent upon their presence; and his account of what he saw was destined to be the prime agent in rousing the Government of this country to attempt the complete extinction of the slave trade. To the Manyema, as they had no market for it, "the value of ivory was quite unknown." As Livingstone has already informed us, the natives readily produced the hitherto valueless ivory, and handed the tusks over to the traders for a few brass or copper ornaments. "I have seen," he says, "parties return with so much ivory, that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed. The Manyema were found to be terrified by the report of guns: some, I know, believed them to be supernatural; for

when the effect of musket-ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

“Many of the Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light-coloured and lovely: it was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resembled the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious ironfounder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, ‘Oh, if we had Manyema wives, what pretty children we should get!’ Manyema men and women are vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired through wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, ‘Were it not for fire-arms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.’ If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look woefully scraggy. But though the ‘inferior race,’ as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals.

“It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of the canine teeth of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human.”

Dr. Livingstone found it difficult to pick up genuine information as to the man-eating propensities of the Manyema. “This arose,” he says, “partly from the fellows being fond of a joke, and they liked to horrify any one who seemed incredulous. They led one of my people, who believed all they said, to see the skull of a recent human victim, and he invited me in triumph. I found it to be the skull of the gorilla, here called soko, and for the first time I became aware of the existence of the animal there.” Speaking of the soko, he says:—“I cannot admire him. He is sometimes seen in the forest, walking upright, with his hands on his head, as if to steady his loins; but on sight of man, he takes to all-fours. He is not handsome: a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-browed villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him; but he has a good character from the natives.”

“The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months it yielded between one hundred-and-twenty fold.

. . . Maize is so abundant, that I have seen forty-five loads, each about sixty lbs., given for a single goat. The 'Maize-dura,' or Sorghum, sweet potatoes, and yams, flourished in no stinted measure, the farinaceous ingredient of diet; the palm-oil, the ground nuts, and a forest tree, afford the fatty materials of food; bananas and plantains, in great profusion, and the sugarcane, yield a substitute for sugar; the palm toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco, and bange, form the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to me why they should be cannibals. New Zealanders, we are told, were cannibals because they had killed all the gigantic birds, and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs. But the Manyema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributable to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain. . . .

"The Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far in order to have something to sell. Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain, and sweet potatoes, exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish, and other relishes; fowls, also pigs, goats, grass cloth, mats, and other utensils, change hands. All are dressed in their best—gaudy-coloured, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee." As Livingstone already told us, they all unite to enforce honest trading. He says that they are such eager traders, "They set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other. The Bayenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish for farinaceous food with the women on the east of the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishery. The Manyema have told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities, the women passed through from one market to another unarmed; to take their goods even in war was a thing not to be done.

"But at these market women the half-castes directed their guns. Two cases that came under my own observation were so sickening, I cannot allow the mind to dwell upon or write about them. Many of both sexes were killed, but the women and children chiefly were made captives. No matter how much ivory they obtained, these 'Nigger Moslems' must have slaves;

and they assaulted the markets and villages, and made captives, chiefly, as it appeared to me, because, as the men ran off at the report of the guns, they could do it without danger. I had no idea before how bloodthirsty men can be when they can pour out the blood of their fellow men in safety. And all this carnage is going on in Manyema at the very time I write. It is the Banyans, our protected Indian fellow subjects, that indirectly do it all. We have conceded to the sultan of Zanzibar the right, which it was not ours to give, of a certain amount of slave-trading, and that amount has been from twelve to twenty thousand a-year. As we have seen, these are not traded for but murdered. They are not for slaves, but free people made captive.

“A Sultan with a sense of justice would, instead of taking head-money, declare that all were free as soon as they reached his territory. But the Banyans have the custom-house, and all the Sultan’s revenue, entirely in their hands. He cannot trust his Mahometan subjects, even of the better class, to farm his income, because, as they themselves say, he would get nothing in return but a crop of lies. The Banyans naturally work the custom-house so as to screen their own slaving agents; and so long as they have the power to promote it, their atrocious system of slaving will never cease. For the sake of lawful commerce, it would be politic to insist that the Sultan’s revenue, by the custom-house, should be placed in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. By this arrangement the Sultan would be largely benefited, legal commerce would be exalted to a position it has never held since Banyans and Moslems emigrated into Eastern Africa, and Christianity, to which the slave trade is an insurmountable barrier, would find an open door.”

Sometimes the great traveller met with a cold reception, from his supposed connection with Arab slavers and robbers. “In going west of Bambarre,” he says, “in order to embark on the Lualaba, I went down the Luamo, a river of from one to two hundred yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend of the Lualaba. When near its confluence I found myself among people who had been lately maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your back up. The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head traitor’s name, to look at my colour, and see if it were the same as his, she replied with a bitter little laugh, ‘Then you must be his father!’ The worst the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and show us out of their district.”

At Bambarre Dr. Livingstone was laid up with ulcers on his feet for over

six months. He says :—“I found continual wading in mud grievous ; for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. If the foot is placed on the ground, blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever. The people were invariably civil, and even kind ; for curiously enough, the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally, because they never made slaves.” Once Livingstone had a narrow escape with his life, from being found in company with traders who had ill used the Manyema. On his way to Bambarre, he says, “We passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema, who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birth-place. As all the Arabs have been enjoined by Seyed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants’ tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough ; but there were no Europeans to see it. ‘The maltreated men’ (Manyema who had been wronged by the traders), now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest with vegetation so dense, that by stooping down and peering towards the sun, we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the rank vegetation was a spear thrown from the shadow of an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it. This detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind ; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an ant-hill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down towards me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming, ‘Peace, peace ! you will finish your work in spite of all these people, and in spite of everybody !’ I, too, took it as an omen of good, that I had three narrow escapes from death in

one day. The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear; and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now; but in running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies, all eager to signalize themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiment entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not.”

The real slave dealers are thus exposed by Dr. Livingstone :—“The Banyan subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave trade: their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slaving, of the nature of which every Banyan is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called ‘butchee.’ Banyan trading is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow subjects. The cunning Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on their Arab agents.

. . . It is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji slave ‘trade’ at all—the captives are not traded for, but murdered for; and the gangs that are dragged eastwards to enrich the Banyans are usually not slaves, but captive free people. A Sultan anxious to do justly rather than pocket head-money, would proclaim them all free as soon as they reached his territory. . . .

“I cannot say that I am altogether free from chagrin in view of the worry, thwarting, and baffling, which the Banyans and their slaves have inflicted. Common traders procure supplies of merchandise from the coast, and send loads of ivory down by the same pagazi or carriers we employ, without any loss. But the Banyans and their agents are not their enemies. I have lost more than two years in time, have been burdened with one thousand eight hundred miles of tramping, and how much waste of money I cannot say, through my affairs having been committed to the Banyans and slaves, who are not men. I have adhered, in spite of losses, with a sort of John Bullish tenacity to my task; and while bearing misfortune in as manly a way as possible, it strikes me that it is well that I have been brought face to face with the Banyan system, that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India, who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banyans does not allow them to harm a fly or mosquito, would scarcely believe that they are the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocence compared

with our protected Banyan fellow-subjects . . . . The Banyans, having complete possession of the custom-house and revenue of Zanzibar, enjoy ample opportunity to aid and conceal the slave trade, and all fraudulent transactions committed by their agents. . . . Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. - I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Sambetti; thence resuming the south-west course to cross Chambezi, and proceed along the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude twelve degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From these it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. . . . About ten days north-east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days N.N.W., will take to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomame, and into Webb's Lualaba, and home."

How much of this programme he had successfully carried out up to the time of his death, we are not at present in a position to state. Of the work of exploration still to be done he spoke cheerfully and hopefully. He says: "I know about six hundred miles of the watershed pretty fairly; I turn to the seventh hundred miles with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may have only dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on the division of labour in dreaming, and each discovered one or two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far, I went two years and six months without once tasting tea, coffee, or sugar; and except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort; and have come to believe that English roast-beef and plum-pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beef-steaks and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation, on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy!"

A brief outline of Dr. Livingstone's journeyings, and their results, up to this period, will enable the reader to understand a little more clearly what he has been about since he entered Africa for the third time in 1866. From

the Lake Nyassa district until he left Cazembe's country, he was travelling in regions to some extent known to us through his own previous explorations, and those of Portuguese travellers. Beyond Cazembe's country, either to the north or the west, lay a vast extent of country totally unknown to Europeans, and of which even the most intelligent native knew only, and that imperfectly, a narrow hem of from fifty to a hundred miles in extent. Cazembe was first made known to us by Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Livingstone found the present ruler of Cazembe to be a kingly savage. He describes him as a tall, stalwart man, wearing a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print, and worn in many folds in the form of a prodigious kilt, the upper part of his body being bare. The statement of the traveller, that he was going north in search of lakes and rivers, filled him with astonishment. "What can you want to go there for?" he said. "The water is close here! There is plenty of large water in this neighbourhood!" Cazembe had never seen an Englishman before; and notwithstanding that he could not understand this water-seeker, and very possibly thought him wrong in the head, or, as Livingstone puts it, that "he had water on the brain," he gave orders to his chiefs and people that the traveller was to be allowed to go wherever he had a mind, and treated him with much consideration.

Cazembe's queen, described as a fine tall woman, paid the traveller a visit, and evidently intended to give him a striking idea of the honour done him. She was decked out in all the finery her wardrobe could muster, and was armed with a ponderous spear. Following her was a body-guard of Amazons, also armed with spears. His royal visitor and her retinue, and their dress and accoutrements, did astonish the stranger, but not in the way intended. He burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which disconcerted the royal lady for a moment; but recovering herself, she joined heartily in the laugh—which was re-echoed by her attendants—and then fled from his presence until she had recovered the dignity and gravity becoming so great a queen. The Portuguese assertion, that the river he found running to the north, and named the Chambezi, was one of the main branches of the Zambesi, cost him many a month of tedious and unprofitable wandering. Although he was not long in forming doubts as to the truth of this conclusion, the similarity in name made him cautious in accepting his own notions regarding it. Up and down and across its course he wandered like an uneasy spirit, until at last the conclusion was forced upon him, that it flowed to the north, and could be none other than the head waters of the Nile.

Striking away to the north-east of Cazembe's country, he came to a large lake called by the natives Liemba, from the country of that name which borders it. Following its winding shore to the northwards, he found it to be a continuation of Lake Tanganyika. Returning to the southern end

of the lake, he crossed the Marungu country, and reached Lake Moero; and finding its chief influent the Luapula, he ascended its course to the point where it flows out of Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, a lake nearly as large as Tanganyika itself. The most important feeder of this lake he found to be the Chambezi, so that all doubts as to the course of that river were set at rest. In the hitherto untrodden land to the north, this great and constantly increasing volume of water pursued its winding course; and he braced himself up to the effort of tracing it to a point where, under some other name, it was already well known to geographers. From this lake, Livingstone, in the first place, went to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find stores awaiting him, and where he could recruit himself for the accomplishment of the arduous task he had set himself to accomplish. From his letters we already know how sadly he was disappointed in his hopes of material help from Zanzibar. While waiting there among rascally Arab traders and their slaves, and equally rascally natives, corrupted by their association with those worthless representatives of the civilisation he had been cut off from for nearly three years, he longed to explore the shores of Tanganyika, and settle the question of its effluent; but Arabs and natives alike were so bent on plundering him for every service rendered, he was compelled to abandon his design. Although worn in body, and scantily provided with stores and followers, he determined, in June 1869, to march across country until he should strike the great river which he knew flowed northwards out of Lake Moero. At Bambarre in Manyema land, as we know, he was laid up for six weary months with ulcerated feet. So soon as he had recovered he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days' journey struck the main artery of his line of drainage—the Lualaba, a magnificent lacustrine stream, with a width of from one to three miles. This great stream pursues so erratic a course, flowing northward, westward, and even southwards, in wide loops, that he was frequently fairly at fault as to its ultimate course. Sometimes he thought he was working away at the Congo, but at last he was completely satisfied that its course was northward. After following it up to its outlet from Lake Moero, and confirming its consequent identity with the Luapula and the Chambezi, he retraced his steps, and saw it lose itself in Lake Kamalondo. As many of the great streams on the watershed were named Lualaba by the natives he christened the stream which flows from Lake Moero to Lake Kamalondo "Webb's Lualaba," to distinguish it, and also to do honour to one of his oldest friends, Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

Several days south-west from Kamalondo, he discovered another lake called by the natives Chebungo. This he named "Lake Lincoln," in honour of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States during the war of secession. Its principal effluent he named "Young's Lualaba," in honour of another fast friend, Mr. Young, of Paraffin oil celebrity; "Sir Paraffin," as

Dr. Livingstone humorously designates him. The waters of Lake Lincoln pass into the Lualaba by the river Loeki or Lomame

The river which, issuing out of Lake Kamalonda and flowing to the north, was, he now found, the central or main line of drainage, and he named it the Lualaba proper. Although sick and worn, he followed its course as far as four degrees south latitude, and found that it flowed into another large lake. From his letters we know how the brave and dauntless traveller was compelled to turn back when so near to the termination of the quest he had suffered so much in following up thus far, and fell back to Ujiji, with but little hope of succour arriving there from the coast. But help was at hand. He had barely settled down to what he feared must be a weary waiting for succour when Mr Stanley made his appearance, and so unexpectedly, that he was all but face to face with his deliverer before he even knew that any traveller with a white skin was in search of him.

What the result of his exploration after parting with Mr Stanley at Unyanyembe may be, we do not at present know. At that time, the great traveller appeared to have no doubt that the Chambezi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba, were none other than the Nile; and that these were connected by a series of lakes and shallow lakelets with Petherick's White Nile, which issues out of the Bahr-Ghazal. The great lake in four degrees south latitude into which Dr. Livingstone found that the Lualaba flowed, Mr. Stanley conjectures may be the lake discovered by the Italian traveller Piaggia. If Dr. Livingstone be correct in his conclusions—and we know that he is not a rash theorizer—the Nile is the second longest river in the world, and flows two thousand six hundred miles in a straight line, or seven hundred miles farther than we had previously supposed.

Speaking at a meeting of the Geographical Society, on 26th January, 1874, Sir Samuel Baker said "it would be quite an impossibility to say, for certain, whether or not the Tanganyika Lake was connected with the Albert Nyanza, but during his recent expedition he had heard accounts from native merchants which had shaken his faith in the opinion he had formerly expressed that there was no connection between the two lakes. Two merchants told him that they had formerly travelled from one lake to the other by boats, but had ceased to perform the journey in that way, because the canoes were too small to carry ivory. These men had no object in telling a lie—no interest in deceiving him. Some months after this, the envoys whom the Sultan of Uganda sent to Fatiko, gave him a detailed explanation of the geographical features of the country. They said that the Lake Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Speke and Grant, bore the name of Sessi. The natives had formerly stated to Speke and Grant, that Sessi was the name of an island in the lake; but these envoys said not that there was an island in the lake, but that if a person wanted to inquire for the Victoria Nyanza, he must ask for

Sessi. The lake," they added, "was divided into two parts, with a connection between them, which a canoe required a day to pass through. Both of the lakes bore the name Sessi, but they drew a distinction between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza. This latter lake," they said, "was a continuation of the Tanganyika—the whole bearing the name of Mwootanzige. He did not state this as his own theory, but as what he had himself heard."

If these statements are true, Sir Samuel Baker accounted for a connection between the lakes, even if the Tanganyika was on a lower level than the Albert Nyanza at certain seasons:—"When it is remembered that the Tanganyika received its rainfall at the season of the rainfall south of the Equator, while the Albert Nyanza received its rainfall at the season of the rains north of the Equator, it was easy to imagine, that to keep up the equilibrium between the two lakes, there must be a constant flux and reflux. In 1869, Livingstone addressed a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, in which he said—'Baker's Lake and Tanganyika are all one water.' That was what Livingstone heard at Ujiji, and he had heard exactly the same account at the north end of the Albert Nyanza." Our readers will remember that, on the occasion of Livingstone's first visit to Lake Ngami, he imagined that the River Zouga was the outlet of the lake which Mr. Chapman, several years afterwards, when the lake was very low, found the Zouga flowing into. In vast districts, where there is little difference in level for many miles, it is easy to understand how the streams may flow in one direction during the rainy season, and fill up a lake at the end of the watershed, and that, when the lower lakes fall at the end of the rainy season, the accumulated waters will flow in the opposite direction. If these two great lakes are connected, this would account for the steady flow to the north of the waters of Tanganyika, which Livingstone observed at Ujiji. As it was during the rainy season that Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone examined the Rusizi, they may have witnessed the commencement of the influx of water from the Albert Nyanza. If this be so the Rusizi is both an influent and an effluent of the Tanganyika, which would account for the conflicting accounts received of it from the natives.

Even should there be a connection between the Tanganyika and the Nile, it does not necessarily follow that Livingstone's Lualaba is not the head waters of the Nile. Geographers at home have not hesitated to theorize, and have almost unanimously gone counter to Dr Livingstone's declared impression as to the further course of the Lualaba. With wonderful unanimity, they throw aside the belief of the man who has suffered so much in acquiring it and insist that the Lualaba must be the Congo. We shall be curious to hear what they will say for themselves if it should turn out, as we believe it will, that he who had the best of means of coming to a conclusion was right, and that they who could only theorize were wrong.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Sir Bartle Frere's Expedition, and its results—Abolition of Slavery on the Gold Coast—Expeditions sent to assist Dr. Livingstone—His Death—Some Account of his Family, etc.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S letters, received through Mr. Stanley, drew such a frightful picture of the horrors of the East African slave-trade, that our Government determined to use its powerful influence with the Sultan of Zanzibar for its suppression.

It will be as well that we should here give a brief account of how it came about that the English Government recognised Stanley in any form on the East Coast of Africa up to the date of which we are now treating.

In 1822 the attention of the British Government was called to the extensive traffic in slaves then being carried on by the subjects of the Imaun of Muscat. Instead of insisting upon the complete suppression of the traffic, the British Government, by a treaty with the Imaun, dated September 10th, 1822, recognised slavery as a domestic institution within his dominions, but declared that the traffic in slaves between the ports in his dominions and foreign countries should no longer be permitted. At that time the dominions of the Imaun of Muscat, in addition to the petty state of Muscat, comprised that portion of the East African Coast, extending from Cape Delgado, 11° south latitude, to the port of Jubb, about 1° south of the Equator, and included the large islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Monfia. By this treaty the Imaun was strictly prohibited from importing slaves from his African to his Asiatic dominions. When the Imaun, who was a party to this treaty, died, his dominions were divided between his two sons, the one succeeding to the Persian and the old title, and the other to the African territory under the title of the Sultan of Zanzibar. As the African dominions were more extensive and wealthy than the Asiatic, the Sultan of Zanzibar agreed to pay to the Imaun of Muscat an annual subsidy of £8,000 sterling. We now know that this subsidy was derived from the royalty exacted from the slave-traders.

The slave-trade within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar is carried on by the Arabs, although the Banyans, who are British subjects, furnish the money for it, and receive the largest share of the profits. For every slave landed at Zanzibar the Sultan received a royalty of two dollars. Writing of

the Zanzibar slave market, in June, 1866, when on his way to enter upon his last journey, Dr. Livingstone says:—This is now almost the only spot in the world where one hundred to three hundred slaves are daily exposed for sale in the open market. This disgraceful scene I have several times personally witnessed, and the purchasers were Arabians or Persians, whose dhows lay anchored in the harbour; and these men were daily at their occupation, examining the teeth, gait, and limbs of the slaves, as openly as horse-dealers engage in their business in England.”

According to Mr. Churchill, Consul at Zanzibar, the number of slaves who passed through Zanzibar during the five years preceding September, 1867, would not be less than one hundred-and-fifteen thousand. Nor do these figures represent the full extent of the horrible traffic. Dr. Livingstone said—“ Besides those actually captured, thousands are killed and die of their wounds and famine, driven from the villages by the slave trade; thousands in internecine war, waged for slaves, with their own clansmen and neighbours, slain by the lust for gain, which is stimulated by the slave purchasers. The many skeletons we have seen amongst rocks and woods, by the little pools, and along the paths of the wilderness, attest the awful sacrifice of human life, which must be attributed, directly or indirectly, to this trade of hell.” Over and over again, Dr. Livingstone has told us, that more than five times the number of human beings who reach the slave markets are sacrificed. The indignant cry of Livingstone opened the eyes of our Government to the fact that, in spite of the treaty of 1822, the great majority of the slaves who passed through Zanzibar were sent to foreign parts.

With the view of putting a stop to this terrible state of matters, Sir Bartle Frere was sent by the English Government to Zanzibar, with ample powers accorded to him for bringing strong pressure to bear on the Sultan, in enforcing and carrying out the wishes of the English Government. The Envoy of England was well qualified for the duty entrusted to him.

At an early age he entered the Civil Service of India, in a humble position, and at the end of thirty years he was President of Bombay. Mr. A. G. Forster, in a recent work on Africa, says:—“ His government has been most successful; and he was a man of vigorous understanding, strong tenacity of purpose, a kindly disposition, a genial manner, and sympathy with suffering.” He was, as we have seen, a friend and correspondent of Dr. Livingstone, and had heard the story of the wrongs and sufferings of the African people from the great traveller himself.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, very soon, was at first very unwilling to come to terms, but as the Banyan traders, saw that the English Government were in earnest, and immediately stopped sending slaves to Zanzibar, his eyes were opened, and he submitted to the inevitable. During the negotiations an English squadron, under the command of Admiral Cummings,

anchored off the island. This vigorous and unmistakable support of their Envoy, on the part of the British Government, settled the question, and a treaty was signed, by which the slave-trade, both foreign and domestic, ceased to be recognised or supported by any of the three contracting parties. The Ruler of Muscat did not even contest the question, but submitted to the proposal of Sir Bartle Frere at once. The treaty took effect on the 5th of June, 1873. The English cruisers have succeeded in capturing several dhows laden with slaves since that date; and there can be no doubt that the traffic in slaves on the East Coast of Africa is for ever at an end. How Livingstone would have rejoiced if he had lived to know of the mission of his old friend Sir Bartle Frere and its result. But this was not to be: he died exactly one month before the treaty took effect.

Not important in its results—and no less gratifying would it have been to him, who was emphatically the Friend of Africa, to have known—was the consummation of the abolition of slavery on the Gold Coast, on November 3, 1874. The "Newcastle Daily Chronicle" says:—

"For a long time now the British Government has been endeavouring, in one way or another, to suppress the crying barbarities of the African slave-trade. Various influences have been brought to bear on African chiefs, threats and expostulations have been used, and repeated promises of amendment have been given; but the trade in human flesh has continued briskly and to as large an extent as ever. But one, and not the least, of the advantages connected with a powerful Government like that of England, is that princes, more or less barbarous, who are within reach of its influence, must, sooner or later, succumb to its wishes, even when they are not more forcibly expressed than by means of moral suasion.

"Up to the present time the abominable traffic in slaves has flourished within the British Protectorate, in spite of the efforts which have been made for its suppression, and the native chiefs have clung to it as one of their dearest privileges. The recent conquest of Ashantee, however, has put a new face upon affairs, and has established a nearer claim over the slave-dealing African potentates.

"The necessary trouble and expense of a difficult and dangerous war, undertaken in the interests of the natives of the British Protectorate, have given the Government the right to ask, and even to demand, the immediate suppression of the trade in human flesh. It is gratifying to observe that the desired opportunity has not been lost. The Queen, through her official representative, has spoken out her mind, and the slave trade on the Gold Coast is practically at an end.

"In a speech distinguished for excellent common sense and for that simplicity of language which was rendered necessary by the occasion, Governor Strahan has explained to the native chiefs the trouble which the English

Government has undertaken on their behalf, and has pointed out the salutary fact that England is determined to put an end to the buying, selling, and pawning of slaves.

“England, as Governor Strahan explained, has prosecuted the war against the Ashantees at a cost ten times greater than all the gold there is in Ashantee, Akim, or Wassaw. She had done this not because any compensating advantages were to be obtained, but simply because she desired to protect her African subjects from wrong and oppression. Of all the money which England has expended in this war nothing is to be asked back. What the British Government has done, it has done for its own honour, and from its sense of duty to those tribes which it had undertaken to protect. But whilst it may not demand any pecuniary recompense, it did demand a variety of concessions as the price of its future protection, and the first of these is the suppression of the slave-trade.

“It was in this intelligible light that Governor Strahan placed the matter before the African chiefs in the Hall of Palaver. ‘All that the Queen requires and expects from you,’ he said, ‘is obedience to her wishes and those of her people in England. The foremost of those wishes, and the one which required immediate and distinct expression, was that an end should be put to a trade which English people abhor.’ Governor Strahan left the assembled chiefs no choice. ‘It is right that I should tell you distinctly,’ he said ‘that if you require the Queen’s protection you must do as she wishes—as she orders. When the Queen speaks in this way, it is not a matter for palaver, question, hesitation, or doubt, but she expects obedience and assent.’

“Speeches of this kind will teach the African slave-sellers how white people govern; and its effect was to be seen in the readiness with which the assembled chiefs appreciated the matter as it was put before them. They had small time allowed them for decision, but they soon arrived at the conclusion that the profit accruing from the slave-trade was not to be weighed against the advantages of British protection. In future there is to be no traffic in slaves. The slaves which are already the property of their owners will remain in their possession as long as they are treated with humane consideration, but no slave can be retained who is subjected either to hardship or cruelty. We may congratulate ourselves that the trade has been suppressed with so little demonstration on either side, and that the chiefs of the Gold Coast have seen the wisdom of acquiescing without compelling a resort to force. The circumstance will be a serious blow to the slave-trade over the whole of Africa, and we may hope not only that before long it will become a thing of the past, but that the mere holding of slaves will be suppressed also.”

The following is the text of the speech delivered by His Excellency Governor Strahan at a meeting of all the kings and chiefs of the Western

and Central positions of the Gold Coast, in the Palaver Hall, on November 3, 1874:—

“KINGS AND CHIEFS—I am pleased to meet you. Most of you present have been old allies of the Queen, and some were allies of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. In times past there were disputes between you. If I speak of those it is to tell you that all these disputes must cease for ever and be at an end. Now all of you are under one flag—the flag of England. The Queen desires me to inform you of her wishes and those of her people in England; but before doing so I will first speak of what has transpired in your history, and which has brought about the relations at present existing between you and her Government.

“Few of you probably can remember how your country was disturbed by Ashantee before Sir Charles M'Carthy's time. King Osai Totoo Quamina made war on you, your armies were defeated, your women and children taken captive to Ashantee, and you had to pay much gold as tribute. You know that then Sir Charles M'Carthy was sent from England, you also know how he pitied your condition, and gave you arms and ammunition, and supported you in every conceivable manner. Yet though he lost his life in the end the Ashantees were defeated, and were forced to retire from your country, and Osai Totoo Quamina was forced to make peace, and you had peace in the remaining years of his reign. I will not say much of what occurred during Quacoe Duali's reign, though you still stood in fear of Ashantee and its might.

“At the beginning of last year an army of forty thousand Ashantees invaded your country under a general who was a member of the royal family. This army defeated and scattered your forces, and devastated the country around with fire and with sword. This army attempted to attack the English forts on the coast. Of course it would have been easy for her Majesty's land and sea forces here to have driven back the enemy, but your country would have still been at their mercy. As your forefathers were scattered and troubled by the Ashantees, so were you by Coffee Kallali.

“Then the Queen sent out a general with officers, and an army composed of some of her land and sea forces to deliver you from ruin. The general attacked Ashantee on one side, and another captain on the other. The Queen's general and army fought your battles for you. This force drove the enemy out of your country, followed them into theirs, beat them in three large battles, took Coomassie, and burnt it, and forced the King to sign a treaty. In this way you were relieved from defeat and misery.

“The Queen accomplished all this without your assistance. Her Majesty sent out these men in ships from England at a cost ten times greater than all the gold there is in Ashantee, Akim, and Wassaw. Some of these officers and men died in battle, and others from disease. Now, why do I tell you all this? Is it to tell you that the Queen wants you to pay back any portion

of the money she has expended for you? Is it to tell you that you must pay for your freedom from Ashantee? Is it to tell you that as she has done so much for you, you must do what you can for yourselves, as she can do no more? Is it to tell you that as she has saved you from your late danger you are to expect no further protection from her? No. All she requires and expects from you is obedience to her wishes, and those of her people in England.

“In return for those benefits the Queen requests your aid in putting an end to a thing she and her people abhor. This thing is against a law which no King or Queen of England can ever change. I have pointed out to some of you that the English people buy sheep, fowls, and other live stock, but not men, women, and children.

“The Queen is determined to put a stop at once to the buying and selling of slaves, either within or without the Protectorate, in any shape, degree, or form; and she will allow no person to be taken as a pawn for debt. The Queen desires to make you as happy as her own people. This buying, selling, and pawning of men and women and children, is wrong, and no country where it exists can be happy.

“The Queen does not desire to take any of your people from you; those of them who like to work for, and with, and to assist you, can remain with you. If they are happy and continue to live with you on the same terms as now no change will be forced upon you; but any person who does not desire to live with you on those terms can leave, and will not be compelled by any court, British or native, to return to you. The Queen hopes to make you happy in many ways—as happy as those in her other dominions. It is right that I should tell you distinctly that, if you desire her protection, you must do as she wishes—do as she orders.

“This is the Queen’s message. When the Queen speaks in this way it is not a matter for palaver, question, hesitation, or doubt, but she expects obedience and assent. I will only say, that without the Queen’s money and troops you would have been slaves of a bloodthirsty people. The Queen has paid a great price for your freedom. You and those near and dear to you would have been dragged hence to form a portion of the thousands who are decapitated and sacrificed by this savage race for their customs. Your homes would have been homes full of misery. I see you to-day enjoying peace, and I call on you all to join with me in the prayer, ‘God save the Queen.’ My message is delivered.”

About November 1872, two Central African expeditions, for the relief and assistance of Dr. Livingstone, were fitted out in this country, and sent, the one to the East and the other to the West Coast, with orders to converge, by way of the Congo and Zanzibar, on the scene of the traveller’s last labours. Lieutenant Cameron, R. N., took the command of the East Coast expedition

and Lieutenant Grandy, R. N., took command of that of the West Coast. Lieutenant Cameron's expedition very unfortunately got into difficulties, through the accidental shooting of a native by one of his followers. He was detained at and near Unyanyembe on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the bad health of the European members of the party. All of them had suffered from repeated attacks of fever, and were much debilitated in consequence. A grandson of Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, Dr Moffat, the well-known missionary, a very promising young man, fell a victim to fever at an early stage of the journey; and, recently, Lieutenant Cameron had to report the melancholy intelligence of the suicide of Dr. Dillon—another valued coadjutor—while in the delirium of fever.

Towards the end of January, 1874, a telegram from Zanzibar reported the currency of a rumour there, that Dr. Livingstone had died near Lake Bangweolo. On the 11th of February, a despatch to the Foreign Office from H. M. Acting Consul at Zanzibar, stated that letters received from Lieutenant Cameron, dated October 22, 1873, confirmed the report. "It appears," writes the Acting Consul, "from the information given to Lieutenant Cameron by the Doctor's servant, Elvant Chumah, that Livingstone proceeded from Ujiji to the middle of the northern shore of Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), and that, being unable to cross it, he retraced his steps, and rounded it to the southwards, crossing, besides the Chambese, three others rivers which flowed into the lake. He then went (so far as Lieutenant Cameron is able to make out) in search of the ancient fountains of Herodotus, eventually turned to the eastward, and crossed the Luapula. After marching for some days through an extremely marshy country, in which, sometimes for three hours at a time, the water stood above the waists of the traveller, the Doctor succumbed to an attack of dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten or fifteen days. During this trying journey, two of his men died, and several deserted. The remainder, seventy-nine in number, disembowelled the corpse, and embalmed it as well as they were able with salt and brandy. On nearing Unyanyembe, Chumah, with others, started ahead in order to procure supplies, as the party was nearly starving, and the remainder, with the body, were reported to be distant from ten to twenty days' march from Unyanyembe at the date of Lieutenant Cameron's letter. It will be seen, on reference to Dr. Livingstone's last communication to your Lordships, dated 1st July, 1872, that the account given by the Doctor's servants of his latest movements, agrees in the main with the route sketched out by the traveller himself before leaving Unyanyembe. His intention was to go southwards to Ujiji, then round the south end of Tanganyika, and crossing the Chambese, to proceed west along the shore of Lake Bangweolo. Being then in latitude 12 degrees south, his wish was to go straight west to the ancient fountains reported at the end of the watershed, then to turn north to the copper mines of Katanga, and, after

visiting the underground excavations, to proceed to the head of Lake Lincoln, whence he would retire along Lake Kamolando towards Ujiji and home. He distinctly stated that it was not his intention to return northward through the Manyeme (Manyema) country; and as he estimated the duration of the journey from Ujiji and back again at eight months, it is not unreasonable to infer that the design had been completely carried out, and that Livingstone was on his homeward journey when attacked by the disease to which he fell a victim. This supposition is rendered more probable by the fact, that when the Doctor left Unyanyembe he was well supplied with stores and provisions, and that he is reported by his servants to have been nearly destitute at the time of his death. . . . As a mark of respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone, the flag-staff of this agency was kept at half-mast from sunrise to sunset on the 5th of January. This example was followed by His Highness the Sultan, by Her Majesty's ships of war then in harbour, the *Briton* and the *Daphne*, and by the consular representatives of other foreign powers in Zanzibar, from all of whom I received letters of condolence on the death of this eminent explorer and distinguished servant of the Queen."

Many people were unwilling to believe the story of Dr. Livingstone's death, even when told so circumstantially, and so implicitly credited by Lieutenant Cameron and the European officials at Zanzibar. He had been so often reported as dead, and he had turned up again, patiently and devoutly carrying out his self-imposed task, that it was difficult to believe that the great traveller and distinguished Christian missionary had perished when his work was all but concluded, and the civilised world was waiting eagerly for the opportunity of showing him how high was the respect and admiration which his life of heroic self-sacrifice had evoked.

We have reason to believe that the members of his own family in Scotland, hoping against hope, had refused to accept the report of his death as final. The brief letter addressed by Lieutenant Murphy to Dr. Kirk, and dated the 20th of January, 1874, from Mpuapwa, ten days' journey from the coast, in which he states that he was bringing the body of Dr. Livingstone to Zanzibar, extinguished the last ray of hope which had hitherto afforded some comfort to those near and dear to him.

When Lieutenant Murphy left him, Lieutenant Cameron, although suffering from long-protracted illness, and deserted by many of his followers, was preparing to start for Ujiji for the papers left there by Dr. Livingstone.

No higher encomium on the character of Dr. Livingstone and the genuine value of his achievements can be passed now, or in after-time, than the devotion of his native followers. In circumstances of no common trial and difficulty, they have borne the body of their loved leader across more than a thousand miles of all but pathless country. No doubt Livingstone himself would give the directions which have resulted in the preservation of his body,

with a view to satisfying his family and the world as to the fate which had befallen him; but the carrying out of his last instructions in the face of hunger and fatigue for many months, is a striking instance of love and fidelity on the part of these ignorant men, which it is to be hoped will not be allowed to pass without substantial reward.

To his infinite honour, Mr. Gladstone, within a couple of days of his resigning the highest office under the Crown—in circumstances when he might have been supposed to be thinking of nothing save the inconstancy of the party he had so earnestly served for five years—recommended Her Majesty to grant a pension of £2000 per annum to the family of Dr. Livingstone. We need hardly say that the recommendation was immediately acted upon.

The following account of the surviving members of Dr. Livingstone's family will not be without interest to the reader:—

His mother died in 1865. Dr. Livingstone took frequent opportunity of acknowledging the debt he owed to the Christian example set him by his parents. Speaking at a banquet held in his honour in Hamilton in January 1857, he said: "A great benefit which his parents had conferred on him and their other children was religious instruction and a pious example; and he was more grateful for that than though he had been born to riches and worldly honours." Although a strict disciplinarian, and somewhat stern in his manner towards his children, Dr. Livingstone's father earned the respect and affection of his family in no common degree. He was proud of his sons, and the positions they attained; and more especially was he proud of his son David, as a great missionary and successful explorer of hitherto unknown regions. The regret felt by Dr. Livingstone on his return to this country, that his father was not alive to hear the stirring story of his adventures, was reciprocated by the longing which filled the mind of the old man on his death-bed to see once more his distinguished son. The "Hamilton Advertiser," of January 10th, 1857, speaking of Mr. Neil Livingstone, says:—

"Among his last words were, 'O Dauvit, come awa, man, that I may see ye before I dee.' The old man's favourite walk in the latter years of his life was to the woods near the ancient Roman bridge near Bothwell, also a frequent resort of the Doctor's youth, and where he had carved his name, and the polemical war-cry of the day, 'No State Church,'\* on the bark of a tree—wood-cuts which it was his father's delight to decipher. The letters 'D. L.'

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\* At that time the Voluntary Controversy was agitating the Churches in Scotland, and the "Ten Years' Conflict," which ended in the disruption of the Church of Scotland, was at its height. In his manhood, no man was more tolerant as to the question of "Creed" than Dr. Livingstone. To him all men were truly "brethren" who honestly and uprightly followed after Christ and His commandments.

have grown with the growth of the tree, and broadened by the lapse of time, as has the fame of their owner.”

The family of Neil Livingstone erected a tombstone to the memory of their parents in the Hamilton Cemetery. The inscription on it is one of the most touching we remember ever to have seen. We cannot resist giving a copy of it:—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE

OF NEIL LIVINGSTONE

AND AGNES HUNTER;

AND TO EXPRESS

THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD

OF THEIR CHILDREN,

JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES,

AND AGNES,

FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

Of this family, the best known to the general public are dead.

Dr. Livingstone's eldest brother John is still alive. He emigrated to North America in early life, and settled at Listowel, twenty-five miles from Niagara falls, as a farmer and storekeeper. He is a man of energetic character, and has done much towards the improvement of a large tract of country all but unreclaimed when he entered it. Like all the other members of his family, he is respected for his humble and unobtrusive piety, and for his uprightness and worth as a man of the world. An indefatigable representative of the "New York Herald" visited and interviewed him in 1872, and treated the readers of the "Herald" to a graphic account of the old gentleman and his surroundings, when Mr. Stanley and his discovery of Livingstone were attracting universal attention.

Charles, Dr. Livingstone's younger brother, and his loved companion in the brief holiday hours of his boyhood, was educated for the ministry, and was for a good many years pastor of one of the New England Presbyterian churches. He shared the adventurous spirit of his brother, Dr. Livingstone, and, as we have seen, accompanied him on his second expedition to the Zambesi. Returning to England, he was appointed one of H. M. Consuls to the

West Coast of Africa—a position which gave him much opportunity for doing good to the heathen, which he embraced with great zeal and success. Last year, his health having broken down, he started on his return to England, but died on the passage home. Dr. Livingstone's sisters, Janet and Agnes, removed with their parents to Hamilton in 1841, where they still reside. They are both unmarried, and are held in much respect by their neighbours for their Christian character and genial worth.

Dr. Livingstone's family have resided principally in Hamilton since his departure on his last expedition in 1866. His eldest son, to use his father's words in a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, written in 1868, "wandered into the American war," and must have been killed, as he has never been heard of since the close of one of the early battles before Richmond. His second son, Mr. Thomas E. Livingstone, represents a large commercial house in Alexandria. His third son, Mr. W. Oswell Livingstone, is at present completing his medical education at the Glasgow University. His eldest daughter, who was a great favourite of her father, and to whom he entrusted the custody of his papers sent home by Mr. Stanley, resides in Hamilton, where her younger sister is at present receiving her education.

Up to the present time, the Livingstone family have done honour to the injunction of their progenitor recorded at page 2. At a time when the morals of his neighbours were of a somewhat loose description, he did not on his death-bed tell his children to strive to be distinguished, or to become rich, but *to be honest*, as all their forefathers had been. The generations of his successors, with whom the achievements of Dr. Livingstone have made us acquainted, have more than obeyed the dying counsel of their highland ancestor. To honesty they have added godliness, and from among them has come the man of all others in this nineteenth century who will stand highest with his countrymen for the noblest human characteristics—self-denial, intrepidity, and love to God and his fellow-men. His life from early manhood has been a continual sacrifice offered up for the material and spiritual welfare of a vast people, of whose existence in the mysterious heart of the African continent modern commerce and Christian missions were previously unaware.

That he should have died on his homeward journey, after nearly a quarter of a century of successful exploration in hitherto unknown countries, is a dispensation of Providence to which we must reverently bow. His fate forms one more instance in the annals of heroic effort and self-sacrifice, where the human instrument of God's great purpose has been removed in the very hour of success, when rest and peace, and human rewards and acknowledgments, were awaiting him at the close of his stirring conflict. Though weary, worn, and broken in body, we may readily believe that his undaunted spirit remained to him at the last; and he would be thankful to

God, that to him had been given a rare opportunity of preaching the gospel of his Master to thousands of benighted heathens, who had never heard of their Redeemer. This, and the certainty that, as a result of his labours, the introduction of Christianity and peaceful commerce, and the suppression of slavery among the millions of Central Africa, would be only a question of time, would reconcile him to the laying down the burden of his life far from home and kindred, among the people he had striven so nobly to serve. Of late years, the magnitude of his contributions to our geographical knowledge has all but made us forget that he was *a Christian missionary to the heathen*. From early boyhood this was his cherished ambition, and from his own published accounts, and through Mr. Stanley, we know that he never lost an opportunity of going about his Master's work.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Account of the last Illness and Death of Dr. Livingstone—Funeral Procession—Burial Service in Westminster Abbey, etc.—Letter to Mr. Gordon Bennett—An Arab Prince's Opinion of Women—Domestic Life of a Central African Harem—Polygamy and Monogamy—Tendency of Slavery—Christian Missions, etc.*

THE following brief account of the last moments of Dr. Livingstone, which reached England on the 29th March, 1874, was sent by the correspondent of the "New York Herald" at Suez:—

"The Malwa (Peninsular and Oriental steamer) arrived off Suez at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, having Mr. Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright on board, with the body of Livingstone.

"The great traveller had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past, although well supplied with stores and medicines, and he seems to have had a presentiment that this attack would prove fatal.

"He rode on a donkey at first, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), in Bisa Country, when he said to his followers, 'Build me a hut to die in.' The hut was built by his men, who first of all made him a bed. It is stated that he suffered greatly, groaning night and day, On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'

"His followers did not speak to or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, however, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majwara, his servant, was present. His last entry in the diary was on April 27. He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized, he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his death these men consulted what to do, and the Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were, however, afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death; and the secretary therefore removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence to ensure privacy. Here they opened the body, and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried

inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on the tree as follows :—

‘ DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED ON MAY 4TH, 1873, ’

and superscribed the name of the head man. The body was then preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for twelve days. Kitumbo was then informed of Livingstone’s death, upon which he beat drums, fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. The Nassick boys then journeyed to Unyanyembe in about six months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone’s son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a few bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon, were together there. The latter was very ill, blind, and his mind was affected. He committed suicide at Kasakera, and was buried there.

“Here Livingstone’s remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone’s clothing, papers, and instruments, accompanied the body. It may be mentioned that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala he said, ‘I am going home.’

“Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, is on his way home, and has letters handed to him by Murphy from Livingstone for Stanley, which he will deliver personally only. Chumah remains at Zanzibar.

“Geographical news follow. After Stanley’s departure the Doctor left Unyanyembe, rounded the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and travelled south of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, crossed it south to north, then along the east side, returning north through marshes to Ilala. All papers are sealed and addressed to the Secretary of State, in charge of Arthur Laing, a British merchant from Zanzibar. Murphy and Cameron remain behind.”

Surely this is one of the most affecting stories ever told ! Feeling that the marvellous physical power which had hitherto sustained him had at last given way, he turned his face homeward with feverish eagerness. But the end had come, and he knew it, and set himself to die among his followers as became a hero and a Christian. We are indebted to a daily newspaper\* for suggesting how like a passage of Scripture the narrative of Jacob Wainwright, his negro follower, reads : “He rode a donkey, but subsequently was carried, and thus arrived at Ilala beyond Lake Bembe, in Bisa Country, when he said, ‘Build me a hut to die in.’” The melancholy order was

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\* “Newcastle Daily Chronicle,” March 31st.

obeyed. "The hut was built by his men, who first made him a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning day and night. On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'" And then we are told of the silent behaviour of his followers in the face of the grim enemy of man. They "did not speak to or go near him."

The language of savage tribes, when speaking under strong feeling, is frequently characterised by remarkable force and beauty; and here was a tragedy which had so moved his humble and ignorant follower, that in narrating its incidents he rises to a height of graphic simplicity.

The "Times of India" (received March 30th) publishes the following, in despatch from its correspondent at Zanzibar, dated February 11:—

"Dr Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy proceeded to Zanzibar with the remains of Dr. Livingstone, but a most melancholy misfortune happened on the way. Dr. Dillon, nearly blind and worn out with fever, committed suicide on the way down. He shot himself through the head, pulling the trigger with his toe. I reiterate my former statement, that in regard to the expedition, it is simply a march to death. They had, at the very least, a six or seven years' march before them. All the funds at their command were expended, and before six months they were short of supplies. The expedition is virtually broken up, unless Lieutenant Cameron is possessed of superhuman endurance."

There is little to add to what is already told of the last hours of the great traveller. For the last few days of his life he wished to be alone, and conversed with none but his two head men; but all his followers came to the door of his hut every morning to greet him. More than once they had to fight before they could pass on their way with the body. The donkey on which he rode at the last was killed by a lion on the way to the coast.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Malwa*, having the body, arrived in the Solent between six and seven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th April. Dr. Moffat, the famous African missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone; W. Oswell Livingstone, the second surviving son of the great traveller; Henry M. Stanley; the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and fellow-traveller of Dr. Livingstone; Mr. A. Laing, of Zanzibar; Mr. W. F. Webb of Newstead Abbey, and Mr. James Young, had been in Southampton since the preceding Saturday, for the purpose of receiving the body. Messrs. Webb and Young are the gentlemen whose names have been so happily associated with the great river the Lualaba by Dr. Livingstone, in gratitude for the many friendly services they had rendered to him, and to the great work to which he dedicated his life.

Several of the above gentlemen, accompanied by Admiral Hall, entered a tug-boat belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and steamed down the Solent to meet the *Malwa*. Getting on board, they were received

by the officers of the ship, and the eldest son of the late traveller, Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who had joined the *Malwa* at Alexandria. Jacob Wainwright, a negro follower of Dr. Livingstone, a squat little fellow, barely over five feet in height, was warmly greeted by all. He remembered Mr. Stanley, although the change in his dress and appearance puzzled him for a moment. He was rescued from slavery by Dr. Livingstone, in the valley of the Shire, on the occasion of his second visit to the countries of the Zambesi and the Shire, when a mere boy, and was left, along with several other African natives, at the Nassick School near Bombay, where he was carefully educated. When the Livingstone Search Expedition under Lieutenant Dawson was projected, towards the end of 1871, Jacob Wainwright offered to accompany it, and was at Zanzibar when the arrival of Mr. Stanley, who had successfully relieved the great traveller, rendered the expedition unnecessary. Mr. Stanley engaged him and sent him on to Dr. Livingstone along with the men and stores for which the latter was waiting at Unyanyembe. The friends of the deceased were conducted to the room where the body had lain during the voyage. "This apartment," says the correspondent of a London paper "had been draped round with Union Jacks, and the coffin covered with the Company's flag. With bared heads the deputation stood round as the chief officer unlocked the door, and then, as each peeped into what really looked like a neat little mortuary chapel, it was impossible not to feel that the gallant sailor could not have done better with the means at his disposal.

. . . The short, bulky external coffin was found to be roughly made of some native wood, stained black, with a few uncouth attempts at ornamentation, though, no doubt, the best that could be done at Zanzibar. There was an inner coffin, it was said, of soldered zinc."

In the streets a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation, the friends of the deceased, the deputation of the Geographical Society, and the various public bodies in the town, accompanied the hearse containing the remains to the railway station, where a special train was waiting to convey it to London. While the procession was in progress, the church bells rang a muffled peal, and the Hants Artillery Volunteers fired minute guns from the platform battery. At Waterloo Station a hearse and three mourning carriages were waiting to convey the body and the friends of the deceased to the Geographical Society's rooms in Savile Row.

In the course of the evening the body was examined by Sir William Fergusson, who identified it as that of Dr. Livingstone from the ununited fracture on the left arm, caused by the bite of a lion thirty years ago, an account of which will be found at page 39.

On Saturday, the 18th of April, the remains of Dr. Livingstone found a resting place in Westminster Abbey—in that Valhalla of the greatest and best of England's sons, in which there is no name more worthy of the

nation's honour than that of David Livingstone—the procession and entombment of the body being witnessed by thousands of spectators.

The ceremony within the Abbey was witnessed by a vast number of people, many of whom are the leaders in science, literature, art, politics, etc. Representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, and many other parts of Scotland, were present.

The grave is situated about the centre of the west part of the nave. Through the cloisters the coffin was reverently borne at a very slow pace,

Mr. Thomas Livingstone and Mr. Oswell Livingstone bearing the foremost ends of the pall.

Dr. Moffat, Mr. Webb, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Mr. H. Waller, and the Rev. Mr. Price, and Jacob Wainwright, brought up the rear.

Following behind all was Kalulu, Mr. Stanley's boy.

The funeral service was read by Dean Stanley. The pealing of the organ, and the beautiful rendering of the musical portion of the service by the choir, added greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the service.

On the pall were placed wreaths and *immortelles*, one of which was sent by Her Majesty.

When the body was lowered into the grave, those present were permitted to see the coffin as it lay in its narrow bed. It bears the following modest inscription:—

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

19TH MARCH, 1813;

DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,

1ST MAY, 1873.”

On the Sunday following the funeral, the lesson of Dr. Livingstone's life was enforced from thousands of pulpits throughout the country.

In Westminster Abbey special services were held. In the afternoon Dean Stanley preached to a crowded congregation, and alluded at some length, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to the services rendered to humanity by the great deceased.

Subsequently there was laid over the grave of Dr. Livingstone a large black marble tombstone, bearing the following inscription, in gold letters:—

Brought by faithful hands,

Over land and sea,

Here rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,

Born March 19, 1813,

At Blantyre, Lanarkshire,

Died May 1, 1873,

At Chittambo's Valley, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelise the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade

Of Central Africa,

Where, with his last words, he wrote,

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

On the right hand edge of the stone were the two following lines:—

“Tantus amor veri—Nihil est quod noscere malim,  
Quam Fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes.”

And on the left hand edge the following text:—

“Other sheep I have which are not of this fold,  
They also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.”

The letters received from Dr. Livingstone, and published up to the time of his death, were all written in a cheerful spirit. As yet, no letter written after the shadow of death had begun to fall upon him has been given to the public. The most interesting letter is that addressed to Mr. Gordon Bennett, giving as it does so graphic an account of the daily life of a Central African family; we reproduce the bulk of it:—

“I feel that a portion at least of the sympathy in England for what simple folks called the ‘Southern cause,’ during the American civil war, was a lurking liking to be slaveholders themselves. One Englishman at least tried to put his theory of getting the inferior race to work for nothing into practice. He was brother to a member of Parliament for a large and rich constituency, and when his mother died she left him £2000. With this he bought a waggon and oxen at the Cape of Good Hope, and an outfit composed chiefly of papier mache snuff-boxes, each of which had a looking-glass outside and another inside the lid. These, he concluded, were the ‘sinews of war.’ He made his way to my mission-station, more than a thousand miles inland, and then he found that his snuff-boxes would not even buy food. On asking the reason for investing in that trash, he replied that, in reading a book of travels, he saw that the natives were fond of peering into looking-glasses, and liked snuff, and he thought that he might obtain ivory in abundance for these luxuries. I gathered from his conversation that he had even speculated on being made a chief. He said that he knew a young man who had so speculated; and I took it to be himself. We supported him for about a couple of months, but our stores were fast drawing to a close. We were then recently married, and the young housekeeper could not bear to appear inhospitable to a fellow-countryman. I relieved her by feeling an inward call to visit another tribe. ‘Oh,’ said our dependant, ‘I shall go too.’ ‘You had better not,’ was the reply, and no reason assigned. He civilly left some scores of his snuff-boxes, but I could never use them either. He frequently reiterated, ‘People think these blacks stupid and ignorant; but, by George, they would sell any Englishman.’

“I may now give an idea of the state of supreme bliss, for the attainment of which all the atrocities of the so-called Arabs are committed in Central Africa. In conversing with a half-caste Arab prince, he advanced the opinion, which I believe is general among them, that all women were utterly and irretrievably bad. I admitted that some were no better than they should be, but the majority were unmistakably good and trustworthy. He insisted that the reason why we English allowed our wives so much liberty, was because we did not know them as Arabs did. ‘No, no,’ he added, ‘no woman can be good—no Arab woman—no English woman can be good; all must be bad;’ and then he praised his own and countrymen’s wisdom and cunning in keeping their wives from ever seeing other men. A rough joke

as to making themselves turnkeys, or, like the inferior animals, bulls over herds, turned the edge of his invectives, and he ended by an invitation to his harem to show that he could be as liberal as the English. Captain S——, of H. M. S. *Corvette*, accepted the invitation also to be made everlasting friends by eating bread with the prince's imprisoned wives. The prince's mother, a stout lady of about forty-five, came first into the room where we sat with her son. When young she must have been very pretty, and she still retained many of her former good looks. She shook hands, inquired for our welfare, and to please us sat on a chair, though it would have been more agreeable for her to squat on a mat. She afterwards inquired of the captain if he knew Admiral Wyvil, who formerly, as Commodore, commanded at the Cape Station.

“It turned out that, many years before, an English ship was wrecked at the island on which she lived, and this good lady had received all the lady passengers into her house, and lodged them courteously. The Admiral had called to thank her, and gave her a written testimonial acknowledging her kindness. She now wished to write to him for old acquaintance sake, and the Captain promised to convey the letter. She did not seem to confirm her son's low opinion of women. A red cloth screen was lifted from a door in front of where we sat, and the prince's chief wife entered in gorgeous apparel. She came forward with a pretty, jaunty step, and with a pleasant smile held out a neat little sweet cake, off which we each broke a morsel and ate it. She had a fine frank address, and talked and looked just as fair as an English lady does who wishes her husband's friends to feel themselves perfectly at home. Her large, beautiful jet-black eyes, riveted the attention for some time before we could notice the adornments, on which great care had evidently been bestowed. Her head was crowned with a tall scarlet hat of nearly the same shape as that of a Jewish high-priest, or that of some of the lower ranks of Catholic clergymen. A tight-fitting red jacket, profusely decked with gold lace, reached to the waist, and allowed about a finger's breadth of the skin to appear between it and the upper edge of the skirt, which was of white Indian muslin, dotted over with tambourine spots of crimson silk. The drawers came nearly to the ankles, on which were thick silver bangles, and the feet were shod with greenish-yellow slippers, turned up at the toes, and roomy enough to make it probable she had neither corns nor bunions. Around her neck were many gold and silver chains; and she had ear-rings not only in the lobes of her ears, but others in holes made a around the rims. Gold and silver bracelets of pretty Indian workmanship decked the arms, and rings of the same material, set with precious stones, graced every finger and each thumb. A lady alone could describe the rich and rare attire, so I leave it. The only flaw in the get-up was short hair. It is so kept for the convenience of drying soon after the bath. To our northern eyes, it had

a tinge too much of the masculine. While talking with this chief lady of the harem, a second entered and performed the ceremony of breaking bread too. She was quite as gaily dressed, about eighteen years of age, of perfect form, and taller than the chief lady. Her short hair was oiled and smoothed down, and a little curl cultivated in front of each. This was pleasantly feminine. She spoke little, but her really resplendent eyes did all save talk. They were of a brownish shade, and lustrous, like the 'een o' Jeanie Deans filled wi' tears; they glanced like lamour beads—'lamour,' *Scottice* for amber. The lectures of Mr. Hancock at Charing Cross Hospital, London, long ago, have made me look critically on eyes ever since. A third lady entered, and broke bread also. She was plain as compared with her sister houris, but the child of the chief man of those parts. Their complexion was fair brunette. The prince remarked that he had only three wives, though his rank entitled him to twelve.

"A dark slave-woman, dressed like, but less gaudily than her superior, now entered with a tray and tumblers of sweet sherbet. Having drunk thereof, flowers were presented, and then betel-nut for chewing. The head lady wrapped up enough for a quid in a leaf, and handed it to each of us, and to please her we chewed a little. It is slightly bitter and astringent, and like a kola-nut of West Africa, and was probably introduced as a tonic and preventative of fever. The lady superior mixed lime with her own and sister's—good large quids. This made the saliva flow freely, and it being of a brick red colour, stained their pretty teeth and lips, and by no means improved their looks. It was the fashion, and to them nothing uncomely, when they squirted the red saliva quite artistically all over the floor. On asking the reason why the mother took no lime in her quid, and kept her teeth quite clean, she replied that the reason was, she had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca and was a Hajee. The whole scene of the visit was like a gorgeous picture. The ladies had tried to please us, and were thoroughly successful. We were delighted with a sight of the life in a harem; but whether from want of wit, wisdom, or something else, I should still vote for the one-wife system, having tried it for some eighteen years. I would not exchange a monogamic harem, with some merry, laughing, noisy children, for any polygamous gathering in Africa or the world. It scarcely belongs to the picture, which I have attempted to draw as favourably as possible, in order to show the supreme good for the sake of the possible attainment of which the half-caste Arabs perpetrate all the atrocities of the slave-trade; but a short time after this visit, the prince fled on board our steamer for protection from creditors. He was misled by one calling himself Colonel Aboo, who went about the world saying he was a persecuted Christian. He had no more Christianity in him than a door nail. At a spot some eighty miles south-west of the south end of Tanganyika, stands the stockaded village of the chief Chitimbwa. A war had

commenced between a party of Arabs numbering six hundred guns and the chief of the district situated west of Chitimbwa, while I was at the south end of the lake.

“The Arabs hearing that an Englishman was in the country, naturally inquired where he was, and the natives, fearing that mischief was intended, denied positively that they had ever seen him. They then strongly advised me to take refuge on an inhabited island; but, not explaining their reasons, I am sorry to think that I suspected them of a design to make me a prisoner, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes, the island being a mile from the land. They afterwards told me how nicely they had cheated the Arabs, and saved me from harm. The end of the lake is in a deep cup-shaped cavity, with sides running sheer down at some parts two thousand feet into the water. The rocks, of red clay schist, crop out among the sylvan vegetation, and here and there pretty cascades leap down the precipices, forming a landscape of surpassing beauty. Herds of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, enliven the scene, and with the stockaded villages embowered in palms along the shores of the peaceful water, realize the idea of Xenophon’s Paradise. When about to leave the village of Mbette, or Pambette, down there, and climb up the steep path by which we had descended, the wife of the chief came forward, and said to her husband and the crowd looking at us packing up our things, ‘Why do you allow this man to go away? He will certainly fall into the hands of the Mazitu [here called Batuba], and you know it, and are silent.’ On inquiry, it appeared certain these marauders were then actually plundering the villages up above the precipices at the foot of which we sat. We waited six days, and the villagers kept watch on an ant-hill outside the stockade, all the time looking up for the enemy. When we did at last ascend, we saw the well-known lines of march of the Mazitu—straight as arrows through the country, without any regard to the native paths; their object was simply plunder, for in this case there was no bloodshed. We found that the really benevolent lady had possessed accurate information. On going thence round the end of the lake, we came to the village of Karambo, at the confluence of a large river, and the head man refused us a passage across; ‘because,’ said he, ‘the Arabs have been fighting with the people west of us; and two of their people have since been killed, though only in search of ivory. You wish to go round by the west of the lake, and the people may suppose that you are Arabs; and I dare not allow you to run the risk of being killed by mistake.’ On seeming to disbelieve, Karamba drew his finger across his throat, and said, ‘If at any time you discover that I have spoken falsely, I give you leave to cut my throat.’ That same afternoon two Arab slaves came to the village in search of ivory, and confirmed every word Karamba had spoken.

“Having previously been much plagued by fever, and without a particle

of medicine, it may have been the irritability produced by that disease that made me so absurdly pig-headed in doubting the intentions of my really kind benefactors three several times. The same cause may be in operation, when modern travellers are unable to say a civil word about the natives; or if it must be admitted, for instance, that savages will seldom deceive you if placed on their honour, why must we turn up the whites of our eyes, and say it is an instance of the anomalous character of the Africans? Being heaps of anomalies ourselves, it would be just as easy to say that it is interesting to find other people like us. The tone which we modern travellers use is that of infinite superiority, and it is utterly nauseous to see at every step our great and noble elevation cropping out in low cunning. Unable to go north-west, we turned off to go due south one hundred and fifty miles or so; then proceeded west till past the disturbed district, and again resumed our northing. But on going some sixty miles we heard that the Arab camp was twenty miles farther south, and we went to hear the news. The reception was extremely kind, for the party consisted of gentlemen from Zanzibar, and of a very different stamp from the murderers we afterwards saw at Manyema. They were afraid that the chief with whom they had been fighting might flee southwards, and that in going that way I might fall into his hands. Being now recovered, I could readily believe them; and they, being eager ivory traders, as readily believed me when I asserted that a continuance of hostilities meant shutting up the ivory market. No one would like to sell if he stood a chance of being shot. Peace, therefore, was to be made; but the process of 'mixing blood,' forming a matrimonial alliance with the chief's daughter, etc., required three and a half months, and during long intervals of that time I remained at Chitimbwa's. The stockade was situated by a rivulet, and had a dense grove of high, damp-loving trees round a spring on one side, and open country, pretty well cultivated, on the other. It was cold, and over four thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, with a good deal of forest land and ranges of hills in the distance. The Arabs were on the west side of the stockade, and one of Chitimbwa's wives at once vacated her house on the east side for my convenience.

"Chitimbwa was an elderly man, with grey hair and beard, of quiet self-possessed manners. He had five wives; and my hut being one of the circle which their houses formed, I often sat reading or writing outside, and had a good opportunity of seeing the domestic life in this Central African harem, without appearing to be prying. The chief wife, the mother of Chitimbwa's son and heir, was somewhat aged, but exercised her matronly authority over the whole of the establishment. The rest were young, with fine shapes, pleasant countenances, and nothing of the West Coast African about them. Three of them had each a child, making, with the eldest son, a family of four children to Chitimbwa. The matron seemed to reverence her

husband ; for when she saw him approaching, she invariably went out of the way, and knelt down till he had passed. It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows :—Between three and four o'clock in the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Some Psange smoker lights his pipe and makes the place ring with his nasty screaming, stridulous coughing. Then the cock begins to crow (about 4 A. M.), and the women call to each other to make ready to march.

“They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be efficacious. The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black loamy soil near the banks of rivulets. This they prefer for maize and dura (*holcus sorghum*), while for a small species of millet, called mileza, they select a patch in the forest, which they manure by burning the branches of trees. The distance which the good wives willingly go to get the soil best adapted for different plants makes their arrival just about dawn. Fire has been brought home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground. All the bushes also fall to his share, and all the branches of tall trees too hard to be cut down are filed round the root, to be fired when dry. He must also cut branches to make a low fence round the plantation, for few wild beasts like to cross over anything having the appearance of human workmanship. The wart hog having a great weakness for ground-nuts, otherwise called pig-nuts (*Arachis hypogæa*), must be circumvented by a series of pitfalls, or a deep ditch, and earthen dyke all round the nut plot. The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seemed to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land he may cultivate; the more they plant, the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost exclusively on the women, and the males are represented as atrociously cruel to them. It was not so here; nor is it

so in Central Africa generally. Indeed, the women have often decidedly the upper hand. The clearances by law and custom were the work of the men; the weeding was the work of the whole family, and so was the reaping. The little girls were nursing baby under the shade of a watch-house perched on the tops of a number of stakes about twelve feet or fourteen feet high; and to this the family adjourn when the dura is in ear, to scare away birds by day, and antelopes by night.

“About 11 A.M. the sun becomes too hot for comfortable work, and all come under the shade of the lofty watch-tower, or a tree left for the purpose. Mamma serves out the pottage, now thoroughly cooked, by placing a portion in each pair of hands. It is bad manners here to receive any gift with but one hand. They eat it with keen appetites, and with so much relish, that for ever afterwards they think that to eat with the hand is far nicer than with a spoon. Mamma takes and nurses baby while she eats her own share. Baby seems a general favourite, and is not exhibited till he is quite a ball of fat. Every one then takes off beads to ornament him. He is not born with a spoon in his mouth, and one may see poor mothers who have no milk mix a little flour and water in the palm of the hand, and the sisters look on with intense interest to see the little stranger making a milk-bottle of the side of the mother's hand, the crease therein just allowing enough to pass down. They are wide-awake little creatures, and I thought that my own little ones imbibed a good deal of this quality. I never saw such unwearied energy as they display the live-long day, and that, too, in the hot season. The meal over, the wife, and perhaps daughter, goes a little way into the forest and collects a bundle of dry wood, and with the baby slung on her back in a way that suggests the flattening of the noses of many Africans. Placing the wood on her head, and the boy carrying her hoe, the party wends home. Each wife has her own granary in which the produce of the garden is stowed. It is of the beehive shape of the huts; the walls are about twelve feet high, and it is built on a stage about eighteen inches from the ground. It is about five feet in diameter, and roofed with wood and grass. The door is near the roof; and a ladder, made by notches cut in a tree, enables the owner to climb into it. The first thing the good wife does on coming home is to get the ladder, climb up, and bring down millet or dura grain sufficient for her family. She spreads it in the sun; and while this is drying or made crisp, occurs the only idle time I have seen in the day's employment. Some rested, others dressed their husband's or neighbour's hair, others strung beads. I should have liked to see them take life more easily, for it is as pleasant to see the negro reclining under his palm as it is to look at the white man lolling on his ottoman. But the great matter is, they enjoy their labour, and the children enjoy life as human beings ought, and have not the sap of life squeezed out of them by their parents, as is the case with nailers, glass-

blowers, stockings, fustian-cutters, brick-makers, etc., in England. At other periods of the year, when harvest is home, they enjoy more leisure and jollification with their native beer called 'pombe.' But in no case of free people, living in their own free land under their own free laws, are they like what slaves become.

"When the grain is dry, it is pounded in a large wooden mortar. To separate the scales from the seed, a dexterous toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted out, and then the dust is tossed out by another peculiar up-and-down half-horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied, and at each stroke the flour is shoved off the farther end of the nether millstone, and the flour is finished. They have meat but seldom, and make relishes from the porridge into which the flour is cooked, of the leaves of certain wild and cultivated plants; or they roast some ground nuts, grind them fine, and make a curry. They seem to know that oily matter, such as the nuts contain, is requisite to modify their otherwise farinaceous food, and some even grind a handful of castor-oil nuts with the grain for the same purpose. The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep. They have considerable skill in agriculture, and great shrewdness in selecting the sorts proper for different kinds of produce. When Bishop Mackenzie witnessed their operations in the field, he said to me, 'When I was in England and spoke in public meetings about our mission, I mentioned that I meant to teach them agriculture; but now I see that the Africans know a great deal more than I do.' One of his associates, desiring to benefit the people to whom he was going, took lessons in basket-making before he left England; but the specimens of native workmanship he met with everywhere led him to conclude that he had better say nothing about his acquisition—in fact, he could 'not hold a candle to them.' The foregoing is a fair example of the every-day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa. It as truly represents surface life in African villages as the other case does the surface condition in an Arab harem. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more towards the east coast, who have been much visited by Arab slaves, are said to be in a state of chronic warfare, the men always ready to rob and plunder, and the women scarcely ever cultivating enough of food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slavery tends. Captain Speke revealed a state of savagism and brutality in Uganda of which I have no experience. The murdering by wholesale of the chief Mteza, or Mtesa, would not be tolerated among the tribes I have visited. The slaughter of headmen's daughters would elsewhere than in Uganda

ensure speedy assassination. I have no reason to suppose that Speke was mistaken in his statements as to the numbers of women led away to execution—two hundred Baganda. People now here assert that many were led away to become field labourers; and one seen by Grant with her hoe on her head seems to countenance the idea. But their statements are of small account as compared with these of Speke and Grant, for they now all know that cold-blooded murder, like that of Mteza, is detested by all the civilised world, and they naturally wish to smooth the matter over.

“The remedy open to all other tribes in Central Africa is desertion. The tyrant soon finds himself powerless. His people have quietly removed to other chiefs, and never return. The tribes subjected by the Makololo had hard times of it, but nothing like the butchery of Mteza. A large body went off to the north. Another sent to Tete refused to return; and seventeen, sent with me to the Shire for medicine for the chief, did the same thing. When the chief died, the tribes broke up and scattered. Mteza seems to be an unwhipped fool. We all know rich men who would have been much better fellows if they had ever got bloody noses and sound thrashings at school. The two hundred of his people here have been detained many months, and have become thoroughly used to the country, but none of them wish to remain. The apparent willingness to be trampled in the dust by Mteza is surprising. The whole of my experience in Central Africa says that the negroes not yet spoiled by contact with the slave-trade are distinguished for friendliness and good sound sense. Some can be guilty of great wickedness and seem to think little about it. Others perform actions as unmistakably good with no self-complacency; and if one catalogued all the other good deeds or all the bad ones he came across, he might think the men extremely good or extremely bad, instead of calling them, like ourselves, curious compounds of good and evil. In one point they are remarkable—they are honest, even among the cannibal Manyema. A slave-trader at Bambarre and I had to send our goats and fowls up to the Manyema villages, to prevent their being all stolen by my friend’s own slaves. Another wide-spread trait of character is a trusting disposition. The Central African tribes are the antipodes of some of the North American Indians, and very unlike many of their own countrymen, who have come into contact with Mahomedans and Portuguese and Dutch Christians. They at once perceive the superiority of the strangers in power of mischief and readily listen to and ponder over friendly advice.

“After the cruel massacre of Nyangwe, which I unfortunately witnessed, the fourteen chiefs whose villages had been destroyed, and many of their people killed, fled to my house, and begged me to make peace for them. The Arabs then came over to their side of the great river Lualaba, dividing their country anew, and pointing out where each should build a new village and other plantations. The peace was easily made, for the Arabs had no excuse

for their senseless murders, and each blamed the other for the guilt. Both parties pressed me to remain at the peacemaking ceremonies; and had I not known the African trusting disposition, I might have set down the native appeal to great personal influence. All I had in my favour was common decency and fairness of behaviour, and perhaps a little credit for goodness awarded by the Zanzibar slaves. The Manyema could easily see the Arab religion was disjoined from morality. Their immorality, in fact, has always proved an effectual barrier to the spread of Islamism in Eastern Africa. It is a sad pity that our good 'Bishop of Central Africa,' albeit ordained in Westminster Abbey, preferred the advice of a colonel in the army to remain at Zanzibar, rather than proceed into his diocese and take advantage of the friendliness of the still unspoiled interior tribes to spread our faith. The Catholic missionaries lately sent from England to Maryland to convert the negroes might have obtained the advice of half a dozen army colonels to remain at New York, or even at London; but the answer, if they have any Irish blood in them, might have been, 'Take your advice and yourselves off to the battle of Dorking; we will fight our own fight.' The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore told these brethren that they would get 'chills and fever;' but he did not add, 'When you do get the shivers, then take to your heels, my hearties.' When any of the missionaries at Zanzibar get 'chills and fever,' they have a nice pleasure trip in a man-of-war to the Seychelles Islands. The good men deserve it of course, and no one grudges to save their precious lives. But human nature is frail! Zanzibar is much more unhealthy than the mainland; and the Government, by placing men-of-war at the disposal of these brethren, though meaning to help them in their work, virtually aids them to keep out of it.

"Some eight years have rolled on, and good Christian people have contributed the money annually for Central Africa, and the 'Central African Diocese' is occupied only by the lord of all evil. It is with a sore heart I say it, but recent events have shown to those who have so long been playing at being missionaries, and peeping across from the sickly Island to their diocese on the mainland with telescopes, that their time might have been turned to far better account. About 1868 there were twelve congregation of natives Christians at the capital of Madagâscar. These were the results of the labours of independent missionaries. For some fifty years, the Malagasy Christians showed their faith to be genuine by enduring the most bitter persecutions; and scores, if not hundreds, submitted to cruel public executions rather than deny the blessed Saviour. The first missionaries had to leave the island; but the converts, having the Bible in their own tongue, continued to meet and worship and increase in secret, though certain death was the penalty on discovery. A change in the Government allowed the return of the missionaries, and a personal entreaty of Queen Victoria to the successor of the

old persecuting Queen of Madagascar obtained freedom of worship for the Christians, and peace and joy prevailed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts thereafter sent some missionaries to Tamatave, which may be called the chief seaport for the capital, where many heathen lived, and the energetic Cape Bishop slyly said that they were not to interfere with churches already formed; but the good pious man at once sent the touching cry back to London, 'Let us go up to the capital.' Sheer want of charity makes me conjecture, that if we had twelve native churches at Unyanyembe, or Ujiji, or the Tanganyika, the 'Bishop of Central Africa' would eight years ago have been in here like a shot, and no colonel's advice, however foolish, would have prevented him. It is not to be supposed that the managers of the Society named felt that they were guilty of unchristian meanness in introducing themselves into other men's labours, while tens of millions of wholly untaught heathen were usually within their reach. A similar instance occurred at Honolulu a few years ago. Mr. Ellis, the venerable apostle of the Malagasy, was working at Honolulu towards the beginning of this century, when some American Presbyterian missionaries appeared searching for a sphere of labour. Mr. Ellis at once gave up his dwelling, church, school, and printing press to them, and went to work elsewhere. Americans have laboured most devotedly and successfully in Owyhee, as Captain Cook called it, and by them education and Christianity were diffused over the whole Sandwich group; but it lately appeared that the converted islanders wanted an Episcopalian bishop, and a bishop they got, who, in sheer lack of good breeding, went about Honolulu with a great paper cap on his head, ignoring his American brethren, whose success showed them to be of the true apostolic stamp, and declaring that he was the only true bishop.

"Of all mortal men, missionaries and missionary bishops ought manifestly to be true gentlemen; and it does feel uncomfortably strange to see our dearly-beloved brethren entering into their neighbours' folds, built up by the toil of half a century, and being guilty of conduct through mere non-consideration that has an affinity to sheep-stealing. It may seem harsh to say so; but sitting up here in Unyanyembe in wearisome waiting for Mr. Stanley to send men from the coast, two full months' march or five hundred miles distant, and all Central Africa behind me, the thought will rise up that the Church of England and Universities have, in intention at least, provided the gospel for the perishing population, and why does it not come? Then, again, the scene rises up of undoubtedly good men descending to draw away stray sheep from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, at Tananorivo, the capital of Madagascar, rather than preach to the Bamabake heathen, or to the thousands of Malagasy in Bembatook Bay, who, though Sakalavas, are quite as friendly and politically one with Thovas at the seat of Government. And then the unseemly spectacle at Honolulu. It is a pro-

ceeding of the same nature as that in Madagascar, but each process has something in its favour. 'The native Christians wanted a bishop.' Well, all who know natives understand exactly what that means, if we want to cavil. 'An intelligent Zulu' soon comes to the front. I overheard an intelligent, educated negro aver that the Bible was wrong, because an elephant was stronger than a lion, and the Bible says, 'What is sweeter than honey? what is stronger than a lion?' But I did not wish to attack the precious old documents, the 'Scriptures of truth,' and his intelligence, such as it was, shall remain unsung. The excellent bishops of the Church of England, who all take an interest in the 'Central African Mission,' will, in their kind and gracious way, make every possible allowance for the degeneracy of the noble effort of the Universities into a mere chaplaincy of the Zanzibar Consulate. One of them even defended a *lapsus* which no one else dared to face; but whatever in their kindheartedness they may say, every man of them would rejoice to hear that the Central African had gone into Central Africa. If I must address those who hold back, I should say: Come on, brethren; you have no idea how brave you are till you try. The real brethren who are waiting for you have many faults, but also much that you can esteem and love. The Arabs never saw mothers selling their offspring, nor have I, though one author made a broad statement to that effect, as a nice setting to a nice little story about 'A Mother Bear.' He may have seen an infant sold who had the misfortune to cut its upper teeth before the lower, because it was called unlucky, and likely to bring death into the family. We have had foundlings among us, but that does not mean that English mothers are no better than she-bears. If you go into other men's labours, you need not tell at home who reared the converts you have secured; but you will feel awfully uncomfortable, even in heaven, till you have made abject apologies to your brethren who, like yourselves, are heavenward bound.

"Having now been some six years out of the world, and most of my friends having apparently determined by their silence to impress me with the truth of the adage, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' the dark scenes of the slave-trade had a most distressing and depressing influence. The power of the Prince of Darkness seemed enormous. It was only with a heavy heart I said, 'Thy kingdom come!' In one point of view, the evils that brood over this beautiful country are insuperable. When I dropped among the Makololo and others in the central region, I saw a fair prospect of the regeneration of Africa. More could have been done in the Makololo country than was done by St. Patrick in Ireland; but I did not know that I was surrounded by the Portuguese slave-trade, a blight like a curse from heaven, that proved a barrier to all improvement. Now I am not so hopeful. I don't know how the wrong will become right, but the great and loving Father of all knows, and He will do it according to His infinite wisdom."

No better illustration of how the great and loving Father rectifies all that is wrong, and satisfies the yearning desires of His people, as from many a heart, and from many a home, as well as from the Church militant, there goes forth the cry, "Thy kingdom come!" than that which is afforded in the results of the Madagascar Mission, to which Dr. Livingstone refers—results which have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the followers of Christ throughout the world, and given an impetus to the work of the Christian Church, which is bearing blessed fruit, not only in the widespread revival of religion, but more especially in the voluntary consecration of many hundreds of the most promising young men of our Churches to the work of Christian Missions among the heathen. A recent writer gives the following account of the Church in Madagascar, showing very clearly that not only does God make "the wrath of men to praise him," but that however intense the moral darkness which may prevail in any land, the light of the Gospel of the grace of God is sufficient to dispel it:—

"Upwards of half a century ago Christianity was introduced into Madagascar by the London Missionary Society. The missionaries found the people sunk in idolatry, without a written language, and without a literature. They taught the Malagasy men and women the truths of the Gospel, reduced their language to writing, instructed some thousands of their children to read, and gave them the Scriptures in their own tongue. A few consistent converts to the Christian faith were formed into little churches; and in addition to the Word of God, they were provided with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"In these circumstances a frightful persecution, instigated by a fanatical and wolfish Queen, was directed against the poor Christian people. The missionaries were expelled. Persecution raged from 1835 to 1857. The profession of Christianity was treated as a capital offence, and a multitude which no man has ever yet numbered were put to death in the most cruel manner for their adherence to the truth. The Church of Madagascar seemed to those at a distance to disappear from the earth; but not a few succeeded in concealing themselves and their Bibles from their cruel foes. It is now ascertained that about seventy copies of the Scriptures were preserved; and these sacred deposits, carefully guarded, became fountains of comfort and life to the persecuted but faithful remnant. In this way the Church of Madagascar not only survived the persecution, which lasted about a quarter of a century, but, in spite of persecution, gained in numbers and in spiritual strength.

"The figures which represented roughly the supposed state of matters about eighteen months ago were such as the following:—

European missionaries . . . . .	30	Adherents . . . . .	28,000
Ordained native missionaries . . . . .	50	Schools . . . . .	570
Christian workers . . . . .	3,000	Scholars . . . . .	25,000
Church members . . . . .	67,000	Contributions . . . . .	£2,000

“The Rev. Dr. Joseph Mullens has just returned from an official visit to Madagascar. In company with the Rev. J. Pillans, he went forth in name of the London Missionary Society, of which he is the Secretary, to explore the island, and to return with such an account of the state of the people as his observation would enable him to give. The deputies explored the island, went to its capital, visited its villages, crossed some of its solitudes, sailed down some of its rivers, penetrated where no European was residing, and into some places where a European face has scarcely ever been seen; and everywhere they found little churches and Christian pastors, the most of whom are natives. They found Bible-reading as well as preaching; they found psalm and hymn singing; they found children learning to read and learning to sing. In some cases they penetrated into remote regions, where native churches, under the pastorate of native teachers, had never been visited by an English missionary. They visited, for example, Mojanga, a place on the coast where Sir Bartle Frere, when passing through those seas on his noble anti-slavery cruise, landed and found (where but a little time before only savage islanders could have been seen) Christian society, a Christian church, and Christian worship. He found them observing the Sabbath and public Christian worship, and partaking of the Lord’s supper, with a decorum and propriety like what might have been seen in an evangelical church in London or in Edinburgh.

“Mr. Pillans says: Sir Bartle Frere has told you something of the two churches in Mojanga, and of their young pastor. He fully deserves the honourable mention Sir Bartle makes of him. He is a true man, a diligent teacher, and most careful of the purity of the churches. The attendance—the *ordinary* attendance—in one of the churches is about three hundred, in the other two hundred and thirty. There are fifty-six members in the two. They unite in the communion. They have six preachers and six deacons. There are sixty children in the school, of whom thirty can read well. About thirty adults can read. Six or seven Sakalavas attend worship: one was a member for a time, but went astray. In receiving members they follow the rule at the capital, of two months’ probation; then the case comes before the whole church. In a similar way, if a member goes astray, he is visited and counsel given him; if unrepentant, he is dealt with by the whole church. Rakotavao, the pastor at Mojanga, told us that he had occasion to visit all the twelve churches in the district in 1871, and he found schools in them all.

“Speaking of another district, Mr. Pillans observes: We came to a line of country near the coast, where there were large towns and some exceedingly interesting churches. One of these towns, Trabonjy, is about five or six miles from the junction of the Ikiopa and the Betsiboka rivers. We went in the evening to the chapel—a large building, capable of holding one thousand two hundred or one thousand five hundred persons. The people began to flock in, and a short time afterwards the governor came in. After

shaking hands with myself and Dr. Mullens, he said, 'Let us pray,' and offered thanksgiving to God for having brought us there, saying that it was not by our guidance we came, but by God's good guidance. Next morning the governor, the pastor, and a great many elderly matrons, came and asked some of us to stay, as they wanted to hear a missionary. The governor said that every evening he had worship in his house, and the people outside were invited to come in. Here there is no Christian missionary. All this is the outcome of the spontaneous action of the people, who are constantly pleading for some one to guide them.

"Mangasoavina is the name of a town which is situated in a district separated from any other dense population by a desert region, which it took two days to cross. It is situated in a thickly-peopled 'basin,' with a terraced amphitheatre all around, along whose sides irrigating streams are conducted, which render the scene populous, rich, and verdant. In this town (says Mr. Pillans), they told us that twenty could read, and many more knew their letters. Sixteen were baptized, and formed the church in the place. There were two pastors. They have one service on the Sabbath, at which about one hundred and fifty attend. They have three Bibles, many testaments and lessons-books, slates, etc. We wanted to learn what kind of teaching the people received, and inquired what the pastors taught.

" 'To do no evil,' they said, 'and to love one another.'

" 'But what did they teach about Christ?'

" 'To observe his laws.'

" 'But what did they teach about Christ Himself?'

" 'That he was a substitute for the guilty.'

"Inquired what they taught about the Holy Spirit, but did not get any answer; one said it was a difficult subject.

"They had many questions to ask about the Bible and particular texts, some of which reminded us of questions which have largely exercised both the learned and the unlearned at home. Who was Melchizedek? Who wrote the Epistle of the Hebrews? Why did Christ call Himself 'the Son of man?'

"The wife of one of the pastors, a daughter of the governor, took a leading part in this conversation. She seemed a very intelligent woman, and an eager inquirer.

"These facts give a wonderful evidence that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. It is very true that there have been very remarkable circumstances connected with the recent expansion of the Church in Madagascar. The supreme power in the State, the Queen and her husband, the prime minister, have been on the side of Christianity; but if this circumstance be cited as largely accounting for the multitude of adherents, we have two

answers for those who put it forth, if they do so in the spirit in which Gibbon set in array his list of secondary causes, as if to exclude the great First Cause.

“In the first place, the Christianity of Madagascar stood the test of persecution to the death, and came out of the ordeal more than a conqueror; and having asserted its spiritual power under a Queen who was a fanatical persecutor, it is the less likely to sink into weakness under a Queen that is acting as the mother of her people, and whose personal example is tender and womanly as well as Christian.

“But, secondly, there is no proof that any undue interference with the freedom of the Church has been attempted by the Queen in her official or in her private character. She attended large assemblies when the deputation was in the island—as, for example, on the 9th of October last year, when she appeared on the platform at a meeting, where, after a good hour’s singing of psalms and hymns, the assemblage of men on the one side and women on the other, amounting in number to fifteen thousand, were addressed by different native ministers.

“The Church has thus been spreading *spontaneously*. In the district of Sihanaka, for example, where five years ago an English missionary had gone, but was not able to continue, a church had been formed, and a large place of worship was filled from Sabbath to Sabbath; the native minister had, as a young man, learned by stealth the proscribed art of reading, by scanning the backs and the contents of letters sent to his master, a military commander. This lad afterwards became a Christian. By his force of character he was promoted to be a judge, and when a church was formed, within the last five years, he was appointed as its pastor. Since that time this church has sent out several teachers to the neighbouring villages, and many of the grown-up people have learned to read. The Word has thus grown mightily and prevailed, in a district where it was unknown a few years ago, and where there is a population of forty thousand souls.

“Thus over Madagascar the word of God is quickly spreading; soon it will be said of the island, as it now can be said of the larger portion of it, that ‘the idols are utterly abolished.’ There is a growing multitude of devout worshippers. The people are willing to help each other in spiritual things. Workers *there* are volunteers—some of the best preachers being of this class—men in the civil and military service of the Government; the Government itself keeping clear of the snare of mixing up things civil and sacred.

“It is calculated that a quarter of a million of people have already been outwardly gathered under the Christian standard. But as Dr. Mullens, who tells the story of Madagascar with thrilling effect, has said, reduce this number as you please, bring down the sixty thousand nominal members to twenty or twenty-five thousand men and women who know Christ—these scattered

through a thousand congregations spread over the land, present a result unexampled in modern times, perhaps unprecedented in the history of the Church."

The following is the reply sent by the Queen and Prime Minister of Madagascar to the address from the Directors of the London Missionary Society, presented by the Revs. Dr. Mullens and J. Pillans:—

"TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"GENTLEMEN—Our good friends, the Rev. Dr. Mullens, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. J. Pillans, one of the Directors, and his lady, have reached Madagascar in safety; and whilst we were in Fianarantsoa, had an opportunity of joining with Her Majesty and myself in public worship at the camp.

"On our return to the capital, they had again an audience of Her Majesty and myself in the palace, and on that occasion they presented your address, dated London, June 30, 1873, together with the various presents sent by your Society to Her Majesty and myself.

"The address has been carefully perused, and its contents duly noted by Her Majesty, and I am authorised by her to answer it.

"I have to inform you that, through the blessing of the Divine Being, Her Majesty the Queen, myself, and all the members of the Government, are well. The kingdom enjoys peace; but more than that, Her Majesty is happy to tell you, that, by the power of the Most High and the mercy of Jesus Christ our Saviour, according to the saying, 'The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord,' God has shown mercy to our Sovereign, and has enlightened her to know Jesus Christ, and has endowed her with strength, so that from the time when she began to receive the Gospel, she has led and encouraged her subjects to serve God and pray to Him through Jesus Christ, and to be diligent in using all opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge. She has also done her best to help the missionaries of your Society, so that, during the reign of Her Majesty Ranavalomanjaka, the kingdom of Christ has made great progress in Madagascar, and the number of believers has increased more than during any period, notwithstanding the way in which the missionaries for many years contended with difficulties, and exerted themselves to the utmost. But still the Queen continues to pray God that His kingdom may advance until the joyful words shall be fulfilled which say, 'They shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

"Her Majesty the Queen thanks you, the Directors, and all the constituents of the Society, because she knows your ardent desire to benefit her kingdom by your sending missionaries and teachers to preach and teach the Gospel and other useful knowledge, from the reign of His Majesty Radama I.

to the present time. Her Majesty therefore wishes me to assure you that the missionaries and teachers sent by you to labour in Madagascar shall continue to enjoy her protection, and be allowed full liberty to preach the Gospel, and to impart useful knowledge, in accordance with the laws of the kingdom.

“Our friends, the Rev. Dr. Mullens, and the Rev. J. Pillans, have been allowed perfect liberty to travel wherever they have pleased to visit the churches of Madagascar; they have had full opportunities of making their own observations, and will be able to bring you a reliable report of the state of things here. May God protect them to reach you in safety! What they have done here has been good, and has given us much pleasure. They are worthy men, and well fitted to act as the representatives of you, our friends, across the seas. We are especially pleased with their words, saying—‘We do not trade nor desire to gain anything for ourselves, but only that the people may know Jesus Christ.’ These are indeed very good words, for they show both the excellence of your views, and also what will be sought by your good brethren the missionaries in Madagascar.

“Her Majesty thanks you very much for your kind message, and the good wishes for the prosperity of her kingdom; and she prays God that they may be fulfilled. She also thanks you for the presents you sent her, and accepts them as a mark of your friendly feeling towards her.

“And I, too, thank you very much for the nice presents you sent to me.

“Her Majesty also desires me to thank you for the very kind care you have taken of Rapenoelina, for he was sent by her Government that he might obtain a good English education. What you have done for him has given Her Majesty great satisfaction, as his progress is already manifest from his letters to me. Her Majesty will be pleased if you convey to Rapenoelina’s teacher the thanks of herself and her Government, for his instruction and kind care has given her very much pleasure.

“May the Almighty God bless you in your useful labours for the evangelising of mankind, and may He give to the people earnest hearts to help you to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ among all nations.

“That, dear friends, is the wish of Her Majesty, the Queen of Madagascar, and myself for you all.

“I am, Gentlemen,

“In the name of Her Majesty the Queen of Madagascar,

“Your Sincere Friend,

“RAINILAIARIVONY,

“Prime Minister.

“Given at the Court of Her Majesty, the Queen of Madagascar, at Antananarivo, this 18th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1874.”

The Rev. Hugh Goldie, in a series of interesting papers which have appeared in the "Missionary Record" of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, very graphically describes the Calabar of the Past and the Calabar of the Present. It is impossible to peruse the following narration of the circumstances under which a few devoted men consecrated themselves to the work of an African mission, without being solemnly impressed with the wonderful overruling Providence of God in making the very curse of Africa—the slave-trade—to operate in its redemption from a worse than Egyptian bondage. That the fatherland of those emancipated slaves whom the missionaries had gathered into their congregations, should have engaged the attention of themselves and their people, is creditable alike to the men and to the cause which they had espoused. The success which has attended their efforts, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, is full of encouragement as to the future of the whole Continent of Africa. Mr. Goldie says:—

"In entering upon the consideration of the Calabar of the Present, my thoughts naturally go back to Jamaica, the gem of the Caribbean Sea, where I commenced my work in the mission field, and where memory delights to dwell amongst the scenes and people, then all so novel to me and full of interest. From our Jamaica mission, the most successful of our foreign enterprises, the Calabar mission sprang, and its offshoot showed its vitality. Buxton's book on the African slave-trade, and the Great Niger expedition, created much interest amongst the religious community of Britian on behalf of the intertropical negro tribes, which had for ages been the victims of this traffic. The Act of Emancipation having by this time set free the slaves of our West Indian colonies, the brethren who then occupied our Jamaica mission took earnest counsel together, consulting whether something might be attempted by them on behalf of the fatherland of those whom they had gathered into their congregations, and who might, to a considerable extent, supply an agency for any such enterprise. All devoted themselves before God to an African mission, should it be undertaken; and it being resolved on, Mr. H. M. Waddell was appointed by his brethren to lead the enterprise. He set sail for Scotland, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley, sen., and three natives of Jamaica, to lay the cause before the Church at home, and solicit its support. The mission was warmly taken up in Scotland, and a great interest excited even beyond our denominational connection. All were ready to bid it God speed.

"In seeking a location on the African coast, through the agency of the late Dr. Fergusson, Liverpool, who, so long as he was able, freely spent himself in its service, it was guided into the region watered by the Calabar river. The chiefs of that part of the continent had then entered into treaty with our Government to abandon the slave-trade, and, through the hands of a countryman trading to their river, they sent us an invitation to go amongst

them. We thus entered as friends; no such calamity as that of the late Ashantee war opened the way for us; and, going on their own invitation, we could ask them to give ear to the message of divine truth which we brought to them.

“The mission embarked in a small vessel, the *Warree*, kindly supplied by a Liverpool merchant, and, after a tedious and stormy voyage, entered the Calabar river in the beginning of 1846. Mr. Jameson followed a few months after, and Mr. Waddell, after locating Mr. Edgerley and the native agents, having come across in the *Warree* to Jamaica, to give an account to his constituents of his procedure and how he had sped, I accompanied him on his return, to take part in the work of the African mission.

“On entering into the African wilderness, it was found necessary to clear the bush and build houses; for though our countrymen had been trading with the natives for centuries, the traffic had hitherto been the slave-trade, which, so far from doing anything to elevate them, was a terrible power, necessarily sinking them into utter barbarism. Land was given us at our choice on which to build, to be ours so long as we occupied it, but they declined to give us absolute property in it. They could not sell their country, they said; nor amongst themselves do they know anything of absolute individual property in the soil. It belongs to the community; each town has its part of it, and each family has its share of that which belongs to their town, which the members of the family hold so long as they occupy it. By this tenure all land is held.

“In clearing the bush off the site chosen, it was found to be a receptacle of dead bodies, thrown out unburied, as the custom was; so that an application had to be made to King Eyamba, who then held power, to prohibit the practice so far as the mission ground was concerned. Ere long, houses were erected at Duke Town and Creek Town, the principal seats of population, and, through course of time, at Old Town, Ikunetu, and Ikorofiong, thus forming five principal stations. With these are now associated a number of out-stations, supplied by native agents, the two last formed of which have been thrown into tribes beyond Calabar. From a lack of European agency, we are still unable to proceed much into the interior from Calabar, as our base of operations—a purpose we are anxious to carry out.

“As a few of the natives, in trafficking with English ships, had picked up our tongue so far, they use English words, according to their own idiom, which seemed at first most barbarous, and hard to be understood. Meetings were from the beginning held on Sabbath, for the preaching of the Gospel through interpreters. The people, of course, knew not the seventh-day rest, nor the mode of observance. They had, we found, an eight-day week, one day of which was held in special honour by them as a sort of holiday—a traditional remnant, no doubt, of the primeval Sabbath; and they could not

at once get out of their own reckoning into ours, nor, when they knew the day of divine appointment, were they ready to give it the observance required.

“At Duke Town there was special difficulty in getting public meetings for divine worship and interpreters to be our mouths to the people. King Eyamba sometimes undertook the duty, not very willingly, and was apt to fall asleep during the discourse, so that, on awakening when the time came for his interpretation of what had been said, he was utterly nonplussed. His brother Ekpenyong—Mr Young, as he was called by our countrymen—was a much more intelligent man, and after the king’s death acted for some time as interpreter; but he could not be implicitly trusted to render faithfully what he heard, nor to abstain from giving his own comment, which might do away with the effect of the declaration of divine truth. For instance, on one occasion, when Mr. Anderson thought he was faithfully giving to the audience in Efik what he had just spoken in English, he learned by subsequent information that Mr. Young was giving directions about some work he wished the people to set about. On another occasion, Mr. Anderson had as his subject the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and in interpreting what was said of the condition of the former in the present life, Mr. Young added, ‘I wish I were like that man.’

“At Creek Town we had in King Eyo one who was far in advance of his fellow-countrymen, and who was really desirous of promoting our object, so far as instruction in the common duties and moralities of life was concerned. He was careful to give us a meeting in his yard regularly on Sabbath, and even proposed to call in the people of his town by tuck of Egbo drum, so as to secure a large audience. Him we could trust faithfully to interpret what was said, whatever his own view of the truth might be; frequently, after doing so, propounding his own objection or difficulty with all frankness, or putting his question for further elucidation of the statements made. One difficulty was constantly coming up—a difficulty as obvious to the savage on attaining a right view of the divine character as to the sage, and as great to the latter as to the former—the existence of evil in the universe of a God infinite in goodness and infinite in power. But these difficulties and questions we were glad to hear, indicating, as they did, how the truth struck the native mind, and the line of instruction to be taken in order to convey the one to the other.

“It was felt, however, that the method of teaching through interpreters, however good they might be, was unsatisfactory, and that, to get close to the people and effectually to reach their minds, it was necessary to acquire their tongue, the Efik. To this all the agents have addressed themselves as a first duty, and all, male and female, have made the acquisition who have been long enough in the country to do so. A few notes respecting the Efik may be interesting to those who incline to the study of languages. It is a dialect

of the language spoken in Ibibio, a country which stretches between the Calabar river and Ibo, on the Niger, and from which, as formerly stated, the Calabar people have come. All the Negro tongues are divided in the gross into two great families, though all are in idiom very much one. Our language, and all to the north of us, form the one family; all south of our river form the other. Very much one in idiom, as I have said, they are in this closely allied to the Semitic tongues. Indeed, not only in the idiom of their languages, but in manners and customs, the children of Ham are much more closely allied to those of Shem than we of Japhet are to either. In the formation of most other parts of speech from the verb as a root, our language resembles the Hebrew and its allied tongues. The root with us is mostly monosyllabic, and our nouns and adjectives are commonly formed by prefixing a vowel. Thus, *bok*, to feed; *ubok*, the hand, the feeder: *no*, to give; *eno*, a gift: *bat*, to count; *ibat*, a reckoning: *sanga*, to walk; *esang*, a staff; *isang*, a journey. A participial noun may also be formed from any verb by prefixing *eri*, as, *nam*, to do; *erinam*, the making or doing; and by prefixing *andi*, a performative noun is formed, as, *andinam*, the maker or doer. In a similar manner adjectives and adverbs are formed from the verb. Very few nouns undergo inflexion to indicate number or gender; case is indicated, except in the personal pronoun, only by position. In that important part of speech, the verb, the Efik does not form its moods and tenses exactly coincident with those of the English, and it has as a peculiarity a regular negative form. Thus, *anam*, he does; *inamke*, he does not; *edep*, he buys; *idepke*, he does not buy; and so throughout.

“Finding the Calabar people without an alphabet, we of course gave them our own, so far as it was required. *l* we rejected as redundant; and the sounds represented by *j*, *l*, *v*, *x*, *z*, are not found in their language. The omission of *l* is remarkable, and a serious defect so far as euphony is concerned; yet the language does not sound unpleasantly. The collection of a stock of words was the first thing to be seen to. Mr. Waddell, with characteristic energy, set himself to do so while he and Mr. Edgerley were clearing the bush and getting a house built; and by the time he left for Jamaica he had a small vocabulary lithographed, which formed our study in our tedious voyage from thence to Calabar, on reaching which we found Mr. Edgerley had got it printed. This task of word-collecting, simple as it may appear, and especially that of acquiring the native idiom, so different from our own, we found to be of considerable difficulty. No books existing to help us in the work, we were also destitute of the professional teacher, of whose aid our brethren in Eastern missions can avail themselves. Moreover, in seeking amongst the natives the information we wished, never having had their minds turned to such inquiries, even when endeavouring to give what we desired, they frequently gave erroneous responses; and possibly, after having their

attention taxed for ten or fifteen minutes, they got tired, and answered at random, so as to get quit of the annoyance, as they deemed it, to which we were subjecting them. However, this tedious preliminary work of acquiring the language and giving it a written form, was eventually accomplished—a work which is done to the hands of those who may come after us, enabling them to attain free intercourse with the people in their own tongue at much less expense of time and labour.

“Having done this, we set ourselves to compose books, catechisms, reading-books, hymns, for use in school and church; and when we had collected the bulk of the language into a dictionary, we commenced the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Should God spare us to accomplish this, we conceived that we should have done that which would justify all the expense of the mission, and would give to Calabar a gift which would secure that, whatever became of us, divine truth would live and grow in the land. By the good hand of God upon us, our prayers have been answered, our purpose accomplished, and by the kind aid of the Scottish National Bible Society, for several years the people have been in the possession of the whole of the Scriptures in their own tongue. The Efik translation is one of the three complete translations of the Bible in the languages of the Negro race, and I believe it was the first.

“In accomplishing such work, Missionary and Bible Societies manifest themselves to be the great literary societies of the world. No literary or scientific society has ever given to any people an alphabet. This work, of importance above all others, has been taken up by the former class of societies. By them the rude speech of the savage is formed into a written medium of communication, and made to utter those sacred oracles which ‘bring life and immortality to light,’ by revealing Christ and salvation through Him. And it is well that the work is left to such agency, as thereby the foundations of the literature of so many nations are laid in Christian truth.

“Thus, then, was this preparatory work accomplished—stations formed, as we had agents to occupy them, with their regular means of instruction in church and school; the language acquired and written, and the Scriptures translated into it. What good can now be reported as the result of all this? Much, in many respects, to the whole of the tribe, by which it is raised from that utter state of barbarism in which we found it; though but a small part of it is yet intelligently acquainted with the gospel, and a part still smaller has received it to the saving of the soul. In evidence of this, the following beneficial changes, which have passed over the community as a whole, may be named.

“The slave-trade was abolished, as I have stated, before we entered the country, but domestic slavery still prevails, as throughout Africa, with the

exception of English settlements. This, however, in Calabar, is now much mitigated. Those entering the Church who are in the position of slaveholders give up all claim of property in their people; but beyond these, and throughout the territory, the condition of the slave is ameliorated. The King Eyo I have named frequently urged this fact upon his people as a reason why they should attend to the teaching of the mission, as they, of all people, had derived most benefit from its location amongst them. The circumstance that we are living in their midst and moving amongst them, that the mission-house is recognised as a house of refuge, and the humanizing effect of the truth even where the whole of the life is not given up to its influence, have produced this happy result, and will eventually do away with this state of society, which, though existing in native Africa in quite a different and far milder form than that it assumed in our West India colonies and in the Southern American States, is always, and necessarily, wherever present, destructive of manhood in the individual and in the community.

“The power of Egbo is gradually diminishing, and as it disappears will make room for a juster system of general government. As in patriarchal times, every man is king in his own house, and has theoretically absolute power over his dependants, who are bound together, even the purchased slaves, in a close clanship. Every village, moreover, has its king or headman, who is supposed to attend to all the interests of the town, a great part of his time being given to the administration of justice, or, as our countrymen phrase it, settling palavers. When any matter of general concernment, however, is to be settled, the heads of the Egbo fraternity meet, and determine what is to be done. The society consists of several grades, admission to each of which is got by purchase, not by right of birth. Egbo himself is supposed to be a supernatural being, who resides in the forest, and is brought into the town, carefully concealed, only on great occasions. His *idem*s or representatives, however, are frequently seen running about the street in hideous disguise, and, in the higher grades, armed with a formidable whip, which they lay mercilessly on any not free person of the grade he represents whom he meets. He has a pretty large bell attached to his back, which as he walks gives notice of his approach, so that all may keep out of his way. By sending out Egbo, a tumult can be quelled speedily; and, in fact, the institution is an exceedingly rude form of general government, and is made the instrument of much oppression. To resist Egbo is death, and most Egbo laws have this terrible sanction. A man of influence can at his pleasure send Egbo to destroy the house or even village of any who may have excited his wrath, and this spoliation must be submitted to; the only redress to be had, moreover, being retaliation in the same way on the spoiler. Whatever Egbo does must be unquestioned. Every member of the society can employ its power at his pleasure, and one not free of it can, by bribe or payment to one

who is, get the use of this power to enforce any claim, just or unjust, or wreak out his malice. This instrument of oppression is gradually decaying, and the 'reign of law' in a more righteous form will by degrees take its place.

"In connection with this I may notice another step in advance, in the abolition of substitution in the case of capital punishment. Formerly, an individual having forfeited his life by breach of Egbo law could give one of his own people to die in his room, or purchase a victim for execution, and Egbo, having drunk blood, was satisfied. This custom is now abolished; every one must answer for his own deed—a happy change, which will tend to make the Egbo code less bloody. A formal pledge to abolish it, I may state, was given in writing to the representatives of the British Government, who, it is but right to say, have always been ready to second our efforts to induce Calabar to do away with its customs of blood.

"The heads of the country have laid aside the poison ordeal in the administration of justice. The people, in the depth of their ignorance not knowing God, did not recognise His hand in the visitation of sickness or death, but 'living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another,' on such an occurrence attributed it to the malice of some one, wrought out by the dreaded power of witchcraft or wizardry, and the individual on whom suspicion fixed itself, or whom the juju man on being consulted accused, was subjected to the ordeal. The method of administering it was to pound the *esere*, a kind of bean, throw it into water, and make the accused drink it. If the stomach rejected the poisonous draught, he was acquitted; if not rejected, it was sure to issue in death, and the accused was held for ever guilty. Many perished through this superstition; but now, even the appeal to the ordeal by individuals anxious to vindicate themselves from suspicion or charge of evil, is discountenanced.

"An effective breach is made in that most unnatural of their customs, infanticide. They are desirous of having a numerous offspring, and in his prayer which the patriarch of the town made on sacrificing the goat to Ekpo before the palaver-house to provide an Egbo feast, he supplicated that children might be given them, that their town might increase. The dark superstition which Satan had taught them led them in certain cases to destroy their infants, and the strongest feeling which God has implanted in the human breast, that of the love of the mother for her new-born babe, was turned by it into hatred and loathing. Children, rescued from the terrible doom to which this superstition devoted them, are now growing up amongst us; and though the crime, I am sorry to say, is still too often committed, it no longer has the force of a country custom, the observance of which must be observed in its integrity.

"The practice of human sacrifice for the dead, which ever filled the land with blood, has for several years been abolished. The immediate occurrence

which, by Mr. Anderson's united action, seconded by our countrymen in the river, secured this took place at Duke Town. On the death of an individual of some note, a number of victims were slaughtered and buried with him, and others were penned up for slaughter. This information Mr. Anderson got from refugees who took shelter at the mission-house; and asking the aid of our countrymen, which was heartily given, he charged the authorities of the town with their deed, and demanded that those shut up should be let go. The facts, as usual, were denied; but Mr. Anderson was sure of his information, and proposed that the grave should be examined in order to test the matter. They then confessed what had been done, liberated those in bonds, and, after the heads of Duke and Creek Towns had consulted together, they resolved to accede to our constant remonstrances, and the remonstrances of our fellow-countrymen, official and otherwise, and with much ceremony proclaimed the abolition of the custom. We rejoiced in this happy issue to our efforts to bring to an end this custom of blood, which no longer pollutes our land.

“Such changes, irrespective of the higher influences of the gospel, have passed over the native community, and in themselves amply repay the Home Church for all she has expended on Calabar. The gospel has much more to do amongst the intertropical tribes of intertropical Africa than amongst the semi-civilised Asiatic nations. Their customs of blood, for the most part a legacy of the slave-trade, have to be extinguished; and the broken fragments of nations left by the devastations of that terrible scourge have to be united, their tribal antagonisms removed, and formed by the peace-making power of the truth into civilised commonwealths. This great work the gospel will gradually accomplish, and make a people of such as are now no people.

“To a certain extent the governmental power of Britain can aid in this result; and holding this view, the policy which the present Ministry has adopted on the Gold Coast has given me much satisfaction. There are wise and good men who would have us abandon the coast, and leave the natives to themselves, so far as our governmental influence is concerned. But for what purpose is our great power in the world given us, if not that we may exercise it for the benefit of such degraded portions of our race? Non-intervention as regards civilised nations may be a sound political creed, but surely it is misapplied when quoted to rule our conduct towards these negro tribes. If we use our great wealth, to which every clime contributes, and our great influence, which every country acknowledges, as if all owed loyalty to the British crown, merely for our own aggrandisement, do we not act much in the spirit which dictated the response, ‘Am I my brother's keeper?’ Moreover, these tribes have a claim of justice at our hands, and that of the strongest. Britain, in by-past times, took the lead in the slave-trade. She was the principal criminal in perpetrating that crime which devastated Africa,

and sunk her tribes into the state of savagism in which we now find them. Would it be righteous in her to turn away from them, and leave them to welter as best they may out of that state of darkness and blood into which she exerted her power formerly to sink them? Surely common justice requires that she endeavour to undo the evil she has done, and use that power to save which was formerly used to destroy.

“Around our older stations, the Sabbath is now as well observed outwardly as it is in most of our British towns. Frequent meetings are held on that day and throughout the week, as most of the instruction received by the people is through the ear. We have therefore to give ‘line upon line, and precept upon precept.’ To Sabbath school and church service the regular attenders are seen wending their way, having now assumed a decent covering of their nakedness, and many of them with their Bible and hymn-book. In Duke and Creek towns especially, being the chief seats of population, are there respectable congregations as to number and appearance. In the latter, the audience ranges from one hundred and fifty in the season of farm-work, when the people are scattered into the country, to two hundred and fifty, when gathered into the town during the rains; in the former, the attendance may average from three hundred to six hundred. These higher numbers are about a tenth of the population commonly attributed to these towns respectively.

“Of those regularly waiting on the means of instruction, a number have come forward to profess the Christian faith, and have been received into the Church by baptism. These have been formed into four churches at Duke Town, Creek Town, Ikunetu, and Ikorofiong. The native converts in these four churches may number one hundred. A falling away from profession of the truth, or a lapse on the part of one numbered in the membership of the Church, is so detrimental to the cause of the gospel in the midst of heathenism, where Christianity is necessarily judged by the conduct of those who profess it, that a long period of trial and preparation is, as a rule, imposed on all offering themselves for baptism, that their sincerity may be tested so far as may be, and that they may thoroughly understand that which they wish to profess and the duties they desire to assume. Our congregations also regularly contribute, as an act of divine worship, of their substance. This we have to go about awkwardly, as we do not understand coin. The articles of trade brought out by European ships are our money, and these are deposited in the somewhat capacious receptacles placed to receive the offerings. It is not so much the amount contributed, as the inculcation of the duty, that is our care at present; but even the former is very creditable to our native churches.

“Of that of Creek Town, where my sphere of duty lies, I may speak more particularly. The native members number upwards of fifty, and the

congregation proper, including individuals of all ages who are in any way connected with the church, numbers two hundred and fifty. These are regularly organised, having their elders and deacons. One of the latter has lately been crowned King of Creek Town and its dependencies, under the title of Eyo VII. He long declined the dignity, fearing that, as the heathen party is still the stronger in the community, he might be drawn into something which would be inconsistent with his profession as a Christian; but as no one else could occupy the position, and as much inconvenience resulted from his declination, he has at length yielded to the importunity of his fellow-countrymen, and accepted the honour, on the condition that he discharge the duties of his office on Christian principles. At his coronation by the British Consul, that there might be no misunderstanding, he announced in English and in the native tongue that only on these principles would he administer the power given. On the following Sabbath he was at his post in the Sabbath school as usual; his wife also, who is likewise a member of the Church, and has been advanced to the status of teacher. Let the prayers of the friends of missions be offered, that he may be enabled to make good all that he has purposed and spoken, and that his influence may be extensively for good throughout this district and in the country at large.

“All, male and female, who are received into the membership of the Church, are instructed that it is their duty to disseminate the knowledge of divine truth which they have acquired amongst their heathen neighbours, and endeavour to draw them to Christ. This duty on the whole is very well attended to. Our young men, when going to tribes beyond us in pursuit of their traffic, carry their books with them, and on Sabbath lay aside their business, and read and speak to any who may be disposed to listen. But besides this, there is a number of our young men, about sixteen, who have given themselves, as a native agency, entirely to the work of the mission, teaching school during the week, and holding meetings on the Sabbath. These are located in out-stations, and have on the whole proved themselves worthy of their office. One of these, Esien Esien Ukpabio, was some time ago ordained to the office of the ministry. Our first native convert, he became our first native teacher, and is now our first native minister. For a good many years he has commended himself as a consistent professor of the faith and an efficient instructor of his countrymen, securing the respect of those without as well as those within the Church. We expect that he will enter into a new field, among a tribe where we have yet no station.

“The last formed of these out-stations has been thrown into the Uwet tribe, beyond which Mr. Edgerley has been of late penetrating. The people of this locality were gradually disappearing from the face of the earth by the frequent recourse they had to the poison ordeal, the whole population of a village occasionally taking it, in order to destroy the dreadful power of *Ifot*

amongst them. Those who survived joyfully proclaimed themselves pure. They were thus destroying themselves, and in some places mounds of clay only remain to show where hamlets once stood. The gospel may yet be in time to save them; but they sometimes resent the interference of our two native agents, Efium Otu and Eyo Ekanem, to prevent the administration of the ordeal; and having all faith in their dark superstitions, accuse us of shielding murderers in the perpetration of their secret deeds. We trust that ere long their eyes will be opened to see that these superstitions are their destruction and to receive in the gospel light and life, temporal and eternal.

“But these native superstitions are not the only means by which the kingdom of Satan is upheld, and the evangelistic efforts of the Church opposed. The flood of strong drink poured upon the coast by our traders builds a wall of ‘triple granite’ in defence of that kingdom, and a formidable barrier in the way of the spread of the power of Christ. Now that, happily, the slave-trade is extinct on the West Coast—a great fact, which I think has not been sufficiently recognised, so that God may have the praise which is His due—European commerce should be only a blessing to the poor tribes. As it is, it would be well for them that they never saw a European ship. A great part of their industry is exchanged for that which is their destruction, soul and body, and which our merchants, if they were wise, must see will be a preventive to the advancement of the tribe in commercial prosperity as in everything else which is good. This traffic in the ‘fire-water,’ while it renders missionary operations doubly necessary, doubles their difficulty, and consequently their expense in money and life. When will Christian men lay to heart their conduct in this matter? and when will the Church affix her stigma to such merchandise, which, as much as the heathenism of the natives, stands in the way of the successful accomplishment of her great work in the world?

“The fact that the people among whom we labour are not homogeneous as to nationality, is another circumstance which impedes the realisation of the immediate results so much desired. Our population is made up of the representatives of about thirteen different tribes, the Calabar people proper being a minority in the land. These being constantly brought in from the interior, bring with them their different tongues, their maxims, superstitions, and their tribal antagonism, and cannot be operated on as one people. In our Creek Town church, nine different tribes have representatives, and the tribe most numerous represented in our little Christian community is that not of Calabar, but Mburukom, the locality of which, in the heart of the continent, we do not yet know. But this circumstance, which in the meantime delays the much-wished-for success, will, we trust, eventually be, by the divine blessing, made conducive to the more extensive and rapid diffusion of the gospel in the unknown interior behind us. Such is the happy experience of the older

missions on the coast similarly circumstanced, especially those of Sierra Leone. There, where all the intertropical tribes are represented in those rescued from slave-ships or their descendants, a native agency of teachers and ministers has been raised up, not only to supply the schools and pulpits of the colony and its dependencies, but to enter those countries whence they or their fathers came with the light of divine truth. The Niger mission, the nearest to us on the coast, is entirely manned by a native agency, and superintended by Bishop Crowther, himself rescued from a slave-ship in his boyhood. At Sierra Leone we have just learned that he lately took from there thirteen additional native agents, to plant in the various mouths of the Niger. Such, we trust, will eventually be the experience of the Calabar mission. The natives of distant interior tribes, brought into contact with the gospel in Calabar, receiving it to the salvation of their souls, and instructed so as to be able to teach it to others, will, we hope, be raised up as an agency, and that the most effective, for evangelising the unknown regions whence they have come. May God graciously grant our prayer, and accomplish our hopes in this, that so His own promise meets its fulfilment, and 'Ethiopia soon stretch out her hands to God.'

"Situated on the margin of an unknown continent, where the power of Satan has hitherto been unquestioned, our position does not resemble that of the missionaries of the South Seas, who can stretch their influence around their little insular communities; nor of our brethren in south Africa, where long-established missions have planted their stations thickly throughout the land. We stand and gaze on a vast field, into which we have recently entered—a field which would more than absorb all denominational effort, and which, moreover, is left entirely to ourselves. Realizing these facts, let us redouble our efforts, and with all prayer and patience and perseverance address ourselves to the work, until the true light shine throughout all these wide-spread regions."

The Rev. Dr. Robb, of the Calabar Mission, Ikorofiong, in writing home on the subject of African Evangelisation, remarks:—"To Christianise Africa is one of the hardest tasks before the Church of Christ. The negroitic races have been allowed to sink to the lowest depth. There are greater facilities for spreading the knowledge of God among the peoples of Asia than can be found in Africa. The former is healthier far than tropical Africa; its greater populations can be largely reached by Christian literature at the very outset; and a higher class of native Christian labourers is furnished even by the first generation of its converts. We have now obtained pretty extensive information about the negro tribes, and never yet has one been found possessed of a literature, or that could be influenced or instructed beyond the reach of the living voice of the evangelist.

"When the Hamites entered on their inheritance—the African conti-

ment—after the flood, as they advanced into its virgin areas, what a herculean task lay before them! What a struggle had they with their surroundings! With miasma from its low, damp, alluvial fringe, like wet, green wood, making the fire of life to burn low—with a prodigious vegetation, which to this day they have never conquered, and with the other varied difficulties which the people of such a region have to encounter!

“There need be no doubt that much of this dispersion into the unhealthy tracts has been due to mutual violence, and not to a healthy emigration. Within small areas, as in the region of the Old Calabar and Cross Rivers, we find ten or twelve different languages, showing a jumbling together of tribal fragments, which must be due to a violent disruption and dispersion.

“And to these internal conditions we must add all that the superior races have done for so many centuries to degrade and destroy the negro tribes. Mahommedans, spreading themselves from the Mediterranean shores, from Egypt and from Arabia, have overrun the healthier regions of the large northern and central sections of Africa, inserting themselves like a wedge far to the south, preying upon the Pagan tribes, crushing them piecemeal, enslaving and selling vast numbers. And the Christian nations of Europe have come on to the scene with a busy commerce, not to bless and save, but with the offer of conveniences, ornaments, luxuries, and intoxicants, tempting them through their intense avarice to prey on one another, in order to supply the materials of the slave-trade. If we take a comprehensive and a fair view of the history and circumstances of the negro race, we shall not be surprised at their present and their past degradation.

“Now these very difficulties, these causes of negro wretchedness, are also very serious obstacles to the evangelisation of Africa. Look at the climate. On the extensive western fringe, and in many interior parts, and not less in large tracts on the eastern coast, the conditions are such as to make good working health in Europeans the rare exception, while they intensify the effects of the moral causes which make the natives inert and sluggish, without pluck, and without enterprise. Vast uncultivated alluvial tracts, in which heat and moisture force a most luxuriant vegetation; extensive lagoons of half-stagnant water; a sparse population, confining agriculture to limited areas, while the rest of the surface is covered with dense jungle and forest; and mud-laden streams, flowing lazily over long levels—all tend to produce an atmosphere laden with miasma. And no improvement can take place until the population becomes numerous enough to occupy the soil, and intelligent enough to grapple with the difficulties of the situation.

“Yet commerce faces all this peril to gather wealth. Europeans are found willing to go for trade to every part of this region of ‘proved pestilence.’ They have long been living at places where no missionary had ever ventured for the kingdom of the Lord. Our commerce is gathering profit where the

Church has not yet sought to gather souls. Our commerce is spreading, our manufactures and our intoxicants, among barbarians to whom the Church has not yet imparted the knowledge of salvation.

“And is it to be said that missionaries cannot go where merchants go? And that men expose their lives for commerce, but there are not zeal and conscience in the Church of Christ sufficient to carry the light of the gospel into the darkness, but that the dread of contact with men so debased and vile, and of breathing an atmosphere so pernicious to health, terrifies the soldiers of the cross of Christ? There are those who say that it is wrong to send missionaries to pestilential shores, so long as there are healthy regions that have not been fully Christianised. Christ’s commission does not except unhealthy climates. If Christ’s servants were expected to face other dangers—those arising from the hostility of the devil and his brood—are they to shrink from the perils of unhealthy climates? The ‘wisdom of the serpent’ was to guide Christians in taking proper measures to cope with the former; and may the same wisdom and good sense which we use in directing our others affairs in these regions, not serve to guide us in our evangelistic enterprises in the same? Nothing in the life and labours of our Lord and of His apostles warrants us to expect that we can escape every sort of peril in advancing His kingdom. And such dangers as these do not warrant Christ’s servants to refuse the knowledge of God to any people that does not drive it away by violence.

“Our commerce instructs us. It works by relays; it studies the health and safety of its agents; it does not overwork them; it does not doom them to protracted service; it tries to alleviate the discomforts, and to lessen the dangers, that must be faced on the coast of Guinea. It profits by the teachings of experience, and is ready to adopt any expedient that will facilitate its aims. Many die in the service of commerce, but still others have hitherto been found to take their places; and we never hear the critics of commerce condemn men as foolish in risking their lives for profit, as some would blame us because we risk them for the kingdom of Christ and the salvation of the elect, that they may obtain the ‘eternal glory.’

“The Church should select the fittest men and women for such a climate, and the best means known should be used to preserve them. The laws of health should be ascertained and obeyed; and the fact that there are those who have laboured steadily on the coast of Africa for fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty years, shows that others may still do the same until the divine blessing so prospers the work of their hands, that eventually Christian churches shall have been formed, and native Christian teachers raised up, to maintain and extend the enterprise.

“There can be no doubt whatever that Africa within the tropics is most unfavourable to European health. I would not say a word calculated to

produce the impression that it is not pre-eminently unhealthy. Its native people—in this region at least—are a weak and short-lived race. The ‘bush’ has conquered them. They seem helpless in the presence of the rank vegetation of the jungle and the forest. Too few to possess their own land, they have not the industry, intelligence, and vigour that are necessary to subdue the earth, and make it minister to their own uses and those of other countries beyond the merest fraction of its possibilities. Except the palm, whose sap is their favourite drink, and a few cocoa-nuts, our natives plant no trees. The *Elæis Guineensis*—the oil palm—which is the wealth of the region, has never been cultivated or even planted by their hands. Europeans are competing with one another for the seven or eight tons of produce obtained from this river. There are thousands of acres covered with useless vegetation, which might be planted with palm-trees so as to increase that produce; but the people laugh at the suggestion that they should plant them. This shows the utter want of industry, intelligence, and docility on the part of the people. And their region cannot be bettered in climate until a new era of intelligence and industry dawn upon it.

“If it be among the divine purposes that this most debased and grovelling race shall become a Christian people, and that this land shall smile with homes of purity, and goodness, and peace, how otherwise can the purpose pass into fact than by our facing the present peril, and going among its populations with that truth of the gospel by which the Spirit of God works His miracles of mercy?”

“I look upon European and American missionaries on this coast as pioneers. Our enterprise could not, in the nature of things, be originated by its barbarous tribes, without this aggressive foreign agency. And the day is not yet come when the freed Africans of America and of the West Indies may take the work in hand, and do it as it ought to be done. Let them come—men and means—in adequate numbers and fitness, and amount, and we will gladly give them the vantage we have gained, and bid them God-speed. But we must see them, and measure their promise, and gauge their fitness in mental and moral thew and sinew for the warfare, before we can feel justified in giving over to them the conduct of an enterprise that involves such momentous issues for God’s glory and man’s salvation. And therefore our own Church and the other Churches into whose hands Christ has put the commencement of this evangelisation of Africa must renew rather than relax their efforts, and send the fittest men to the field, and use the best methods to preserve them and make their agency effective.

“The difficulties we have referred to should have no effect, except that of making us the more docile to the teaching of experience. We who spend our lives here, and risk them for the kingdom of Christ, are not the silly fools that some insinuate we are. The Christian Churches that send us hither with

their benediction, and follow us with their love and prayers, are not deficient in brain and sense; and this alleged deficiency is not the cause of their sending us. The true Israel must not get ashamed of the warfare with which the great Captain has charged them, by either the irony or the banter of certain literary or even ecclesiastical sceptics.

“The remarkable and preternatural greed, selfishness, and jealousy of heathen negroes on the west coast also oppose serious obstacles to our work. These ill qualities have split them into these numerous fragments, ever ready to prey upon and oppress one another. And knowing only the outcome of the bad that is in man, they regard strangers with suspicion. Their greed overmasters the consideration of what is obviously for their true advantage. This leads the tribes near the coast, with whom Europeans come into contact, to bar access to those beyond them. It leads them to oppose the advance of missions. Many years ago, the heads of the Efik people declared that they would make war on any tribe farther up the Cross River that should receive us to settle among them. They fancy that the trader will endeavour to follow the missionary, and they are jealous of the barter necessary for the existence of our agents and the on-carrying of our work. Where the British Government rules, religious liberty is secured, as far as Government influence can secure it. But in regions like the one under consideration we must conciliate the heathen; for his opposition cannot be overcome by any other force at the command of the missionaries of Christianity. It might be expected that all officials entrusted with the power of Britain and allowed to wield it, and those who handle her commercial might, should always stand by the cause of the kingdom of God. But we dare not count on this; we cannot always count on having their sympathies on our side, and therefore the agents of Christian enterprises must be careful what position they take up.

“The superstitions of Africa are an enormous hindrance to the reception of the truth. These superstitions are of the most puerile character, but they lead to bloodshed and barbarities of a shocking character.

“Although he cares nothing about the living God, the heathen fancies magical and supernatural power in others, or in some inanimate thing prepared by the hands of a professor of the black art. He can furnish you with a charm by which you can shoot a person without any kind of visible missile; or one which will destroy any person that may attempt to steal the fruit from your tree or the produce from your field, or who may break into your house in your absence. He can prepare what shall preserve life and health, or destroy it. He can discover who has committed a theft, or caused sickness and death. A man belonging to a village near this had to leave it recently to preserve his life. He was accused, along with a man of another village, of having caused the small-pox which recently devastated this region, by

some evil practices of a magical kind. Superstition in this fetish form pervades the whole mind and being of these heathens, and it pollutes and shapes their whole life. It is not a harmless folly this, but acts as a barrier to truth, shuts God out of their world, and occasions shocking atrocities. If a woman bears twins, this monstrosity will bring similar and other mischief upon the whole neighbourhood. If they work in their farms on certain days, the tutelary will be offended and their farms prove worthless.

“Every district has its tutelary—in some cases invisible; at another, a stone; here a large tree. These they call *idem*. Some preside over the farms or jungle land, some have power over fish. Those towards the mouth of the river, who live by fishing and shrimping, offer human beings to their *idem*. The same was done this year, a few months ago, by our neighbours. A man was purchased, and laid down, bound hand and foot, at the mouth of a small creek, half a mile hence, to perish by inches, in order that the fish *idem* might cause their fishing to be successful. These are a few specimens of the many superstitions with which heathens are deeply imbued, and by which their whole social life is shaped. It is easy to see that such superstitions are powerful obstacles to the truth of God; and they have enslaved the whole being of these people, and made them truly children of the devil.

“Lives thus shaped, and habits so gross and vicious as these, make men very bad, and produce a field which does not welcome the holy religion of Christ, but repels it with instinctive stubbornness. What changes are needed in such a field! What slavery to evil has to be overcome among such a people! A sensual life has irresistible attractions for men of our own country, and how much more for them! They do not feel the galling burden, and they desire no higher or better life.

“Such is a very imperfect sketch of the heathen Hamite. It is not surprising that those who have no faith in the promises of God look on the attempt to raise him into a Christian man as all but hopeless. Travellers, hunters, expeditioners, political, military and naval officers, and traders, all agree in picturing him as embruted, selfish, inhospitable, intensely avaricious, treacherous, and addicted to every vice. I consider that the picture is true; and my own experience has often led me to paint it in colours of equal or of deeper darkness. I do not wonder at the contempt and disgust with which such men are regarded, or the despair of many respecting their future. ‘Can these dry bones live?’ Scepticism asks this in mockery, and piety in sadness. I know no strength and no hope but in the command and promise of God. But these supply all the strength we require. These degraded races are among the ‘all nations’ whom we are commanded to disciple; they are of the ‘every creature’ to whom we have to preach the gospel; they are of the heathen whom Jehovah bids the Son ask as His inheritance. This is enough to warrant our efforts. We dare not mock God, and we dare not

think that God mocks us. It is well that no room is given us to debate or to hesitate. To all our doubts and difficulties, honest or pretended, there is the one plain answer, 'Go thou and preach the gospel!' It seems a hopeless task, you say, especially among the barbarous blacks of Western Africa. No doubt it seems so, and that so much as to try the confidence of the most hopeful. But, as a believer in God, and in the Bible as His word to His servants and their rule of duty, I have no choice but to go on in the seemingly hopeless enterprise. But it is the very reverse of hopeless. Unless the Bible is intended to mislead, to conceal God's thoughts instead of revealing them, the enterprise that aims at the conversion of the world is the most hopeful and the most certain of success of all enterprises to which we can put our hands. The Ethiopian is included in the promise of blessings to our race from the extension and universal establishment of the kingdom of God. And past experience, while it shows that the task of evangelising Africans on their own soil is most arduous, also assures us that there is nothing in them and in their surroundings that will refuse to yield to the steady and persevering zeal of Christians, and to that divine power that works by their agency."

Perhaps there is not to be met with, in the annals of missionary enterprise, anything more romantic than that of a gentleman of high professional standing and Christian worth, surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of a happy home, and in the enjoyment of the sympathy and society of a wide circle of admiring friends—relinquishing them all, in order that he might go forth into one of the most unhealthy and uninviting fields of missionary labour, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the difficulties and dangers which beset the path of the Christian missionary in Africa, and to consecrate his time, his talents, and his substance, to the amelioration of their lot, and in making provision for those frequent visitations of sickness and disease which have operated so fatally in the removal of many of our most promising and distinguished Christian labourers in the African mission field. Surely such an instance as the following is a sufficient answer to those who would lay an embargo on the Christian Church from sending forth labourers to the benighted children of Ham. Whatever may be the perils arising from the unhealthiness of the African climate, or the barbarism of many of its most degraded tribes, the Lord is able to devise adequate means, and to raise up an efficient instrumentality for successfully carrying out his great purposes of mercy to the inhabitants of the African continent. "Mr. John Thomson, for many years an architect in Glasgow, and an elder in Gordon Street and St. Vincent Street churches there, went out to Africa nearly four years ago to do what good he could in connection with mission work. It was especially his desire and purpose to erect on Cameroons Mountain, which rises to the height of twelve thousand feet, a sanatorium or health-station, similar to those which have been found so beneficial in India at Simla and on the Neilgherries,

where missionaries and other Europeans might be able to recruit their health without taking a long sea voyage. Besides incurring large personal expenditure, which he asks and expects no one to refund, in order to promote an enterprise on which he has set his heart, Mr. Thomson has exposed himself to toil and trouble in countless forms, and has undergone more than usual risk to health and life in the explorations he has undertaken with a view to the completion of the task he has set before him." In writing from Cameroons Mountain, July 14, 1874, he says:—

"It is now over three years since I left home, and in that interval it has been my lot to see a good deal of the strange and, to me at least, interesting. From an early period of my life Africa has had a strange fascination for me. The strength of this attraction has not diminished with advancing years, nor has actual contact dispelled its force; on the contrary, the little knowledge I have acquired has increased the desire to know more. Although I cannot boast of having travelled much in Africa, still, being untrammelled by any definite line of duty, I spent the first nine or ten months of my residence in it in visiting the various mission fields cultivated in this corner of the continent, making a longer or shorter stay at each according to circumstances, and making several short journeys into the interior. In this way I have been privileged to see more of the country and its people than others who have been long resident on the coast, but whose duties confined them more to one district.

"Two serious obstacles present themselves to those who would penetrate beyond what may be called the coast-line: first, the extreme jealousy of the native traders; and, second, the great diversity of languages. The first-mentioned has arisen out of the system of trading which has sprung up between the coast tribes and Europeans. The people occupying the coast and the banks of the large rivers, a short distance from their entrance into the sea, receive the goods from the ships in exchange for produce, convey them to the tribes immediately beyond, who pass them on again to tribes dwelling more towards the interior, and they again to people more remote, each set claiming the monopoly of trade in their own range. This system is defined, both in regard to white traders and the native tribes. At first, when our missionaries sought to penetrate into the interior, they were prevented, sometimes by force and sometimes by craft, the native traders not being able to comprehend that any white man could have other motive than that of trade; and now even, when they are somewhat better informed, they fear that if the missionary is allowed to get in, others may in course of time manage and 'spoil their trade,' as the saying is. Besides this fear as to trade, the feeling of jealousy operates seriously against white men getting much beyond the seaboard, the coast tribes having come to consider it an honour pertaining to them, to have white missionaries residing in their own

country. Hence, while in general willing to have missionaries themselves, in order to increase their importance in the eyes of the bush people, they wish to control their movements, in so far as to prevent them from residing permanently among the people of the interior. Although the missionaries may be allowed to make a journey of a few days, they cannot remain for any length of time. Were they to attempt to settle down, means would easily be found to compel them to return; supplies would be cut off, or the superstitious fears of the bush people would be so cunningly wrought upon as to make continued residence impossible; or failing these, violence would be resorted to even by those otherwise friendly. In this way many attempts to get beyond the unwholesome swamps of the seaboard have been frustrated. The whole seaboard of the West Coast of Africa, with little exception, may be said to be a region of swamps, the malaria arising from which is so deadly. Far away, ranges of hills or mountains may occasionally be discerned, and the poor missionary, enervated and dispirited, longs to go there, to be refreshed by the bracing upland breeze; but he must toil on where he is, or, in very favourable circumstances, he may be privileged to visit the desired region, and wander for a few days over hill and dale, every now and again coming upon some gushing brook or stream of pure, limpid water, reminding him of his 'ain countrie.' But he may not remain; he must return again to his home among the steaming swamps.

"The other obstacle to getting into the interior which I have mentioned is the wonderful diversity of tongues which exists in this part of Africa. A thorough knowledge of any one of the languages spoken on the coast is available for but a limited distance on either side or towards the interior. From my residence at Mapanja, about two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, a pretty extensive view is obtained of the country lying to the south and east; and I believe it is not going beyond the truth to say, that in that visible region seven or eight different languages are spoken, or dialects so widely different as to render oral communication very difficult. The distance of Cameroons from this is somewhere about sixty miles; there the Dualla is spoken. At Bimbia, about ten miles from this, the Isubu is spoken. Another language is spoken by the fishing tribe close by us; and here, on this side of the mountain, the Bakwelli is spoken. As to the other side of the mountain we are ignorant, except that some other language or languages are in use there. I have been informed of another small tribe of fishermen, inhabiting the skirt of the mangrove swamp lying between Bimbia and Cameroons, who have a distinct language of their own, and are otherwise quite a distinct tribe. The seaboard and the country for some distance inland seems to be peopled by detachments of tribes, or by remnants of tribes that are passing away.

"Such influences as these have hitherto prevented progress being made,

not only in extending missions inland, but in knowing anything reliable about the interior. On one occasion I met with a very intelligent native trader at Benita, who had travelled farther inland than most; and being desirous of gathering information on the subject, I questioned him regarding the tribes occupying those parts. Having not long before been travelling myself along the valleys of the Sierra del Chrystal mountains, I knew something about the inhabitants, but wished to know what people were behind these. He told me of several tribes occupying belts of country beyond each other, and parallel with the coast, all which were noted down. 'And what tribe beyond these?' 'The people with the two toes,' was the answer. 'Two toes?' 'Yes.' 'Like cows' feet?' 'No, just two toes.' Had he seen them himself? 'No; but had heard of them.' The man seemed quite serious, and did not mention the thing as a marvel, but as an unquestionable and well-known fact. Having got thus far, however, I closed my note-book. Africa is a strange, mysterious land! All along the coast commerce has been carried on for centuries, and yet little is known of that wide region within. It still remains a mystery. From my eyrie on the mountain I can see in clear weather a long range of mountains beyond Cameroons, stretching away towards the south; but what is beyond that mountain barrier is all unknown to me.

"In consequence of their being thus confined to the seaboard, West African missions are, humanly speaking, carried on at a great disadvantage, and at much cost of life and money. Of course the work *has* to be done, at whatever cost, but still economy should be aimed at. Besides loss of life, there is much loss sustained in consequence of the interruptions caused by the necessary absence of white agents in quest of health. During these absences active operations are in general carried on very feebly, if not altogether suspended; and as may be supposed, much of what has been done becomes undone, and requires to be re-done, while a great deal may be irrecoverably lost.

"In speaking of African missions, my remarks have reference to those which I have visited, although they may be very probably applicable to other missions on the West Coast as well. The missions to which I refer are those carried on by the American Presbyterian Board at Gaboon, Corisco, and Benita; by the Baptist Society at Cameroons and at this place, and by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland at Calabar. Roughly speaking, these three missions may be said to be about the same age—a little over thirty years. By referring to a good map or chart, you will see that Gaboon is the farthest south, and almost on the equator. The others are all to the north of that, and may be said to be contiguous to each other, in so far that no other mission intervenes. To begin with the American mission, and at its most southerly station. Gaboon was at one time well supplied with agents, but

has been for several years in a languishing condition from want of these. Much good work has been done, but a great deal, too, has been lost for want of being sustained, especially in connection with the out-stations. The principal station, Bavaka, is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell. It had fallen back sadly during their last absence at home; but a very cheering revival was experienced soon after they returned, and many members were added to the Church. This mission has been subject to peculiar vicissitudes. The Bible has been translated into the language of the leading tribe, the Mpongwi; but this tribe and two others, the Skekanis and Bakellis, among whom mission work was carried on, have been rapidly dying out, and are being supplanted by a powerful tribe from the interior, detachments of which have been for the last twenty years or so coming down the river and occupying its banks. Fresh interest in this southern portion of the mission has recently been awakened by the discovery of a large river, the Ogoveh, to the south of the Gaboon, on the banks of which a considerable branch of the Mpongwi tribe is located, and it is hoped that by this river access may be got to the interior, which is not unlikely if immediate advantage be taken of the opening, before the obstructive trade system becomes established. About the time of my coming to Africa, the American Mission received a considerable accession of agents—two married missionaries with their young wives, an unmarried male, and an unmarried female; of these six, not one is in the field now. All of them have gone home, some of them, I understand, not intending to return, having found the climate unfavourable to their health and consequent usefulness. With a few exceptions, the operations are being carried on by agents of long standing, some of them advanced in life and worn out with long-continued service, and who cannot, humanly speaking, continue many years longer.

“The Baptist mission occupies the Cameroons river, where two ordained missionaries are located. Not long since there were four married missionaries; at present there is only one actually on the ground, two being at home, and one having removed to the mountain here, to begin work among the Bakwellis. Another agent is located here in Victoria, as pastor of the little flock of settlers who came over from Fernando Po some fourteen or fifteen years since, in consequence of the persecution to which they were subjected by the Spaniards. This mission was commenced with great spirit, but the result has come sadly short of what might have been expected. Not only was there a large force of ordained missionaries, but a small vessel was employed in connection with it, which brought about forty settlers from Jamaica, consisting of mechanics and persons versed in cultivating the soil. A settlement was formed at Bimbia, about ten miles eastward from this, where suitable buildings were erected and machinery for making sugar put up. Nothing was spared to make the undertaking successful, and yet little, very little, has resulted from that part of the scheme. Several of the missionaries and almost

all the settlers returned to Jamaica, the buildings fell into decay, and Bimbia has long ceased to be the merest out-station. It has lapsed to heathendom. Ultimately the school, which was continued under the care of a native agent, was given up, and the few converts removed to this place.

“For many years a good work was carried on at Fernando Po—chiefly, however, among the semi-civilised settlers, who had been drawn thither from Sierra Leone and other parts of the coast at the time the British held possession of the place; but after it was handed over to the Spanish Government, who had established their claim as owners, persecution broke out, the mission was broken up, and a few of the stauncher members of the Church, much to their credit, migrated here, and established the settlement of Victoria, in many respects a most interesting little republic, of which I have the distinguished honour of being chief magistrate. We owe allegiance to no earthly power, for Britain has disowned us, and we care not to seek the protection of any other government; and so we must fight our own battles with such weapons as we can muster, the most formidable consisting of two Martini Henry rifles and a revolver pistol. Besides the pastoral and educational work carried on here by the Rev. Mr. Pinnock, a native of Jamaica, and educated there, a mission has recently been commenced among the Bakwellis inhabiting the mountain by the Rev. Quintin W. Thomson; and higher up I have a catechist engaged, who, besides his teaching and other mission work, keeps my house at Mapanji open, and looks after my interests there. Although paid by me, he is, in so far as mission work is concerned, entirely under Mr. Thomson’s control. He is a native of Bimbia, and the most thoroughly qualified for his position of all the native converts in this portion of the field.

“Cameroons has for many years been the chief seat of the Baptist mission, and a great deal of good work has been done; but unless more effectively supported than it has been of late, I fear there will be a sad falling back. Mr. Saker, the senior missionary, has finished the translation and printing of the Scriptures in the Dualla tongue, and has, besides, done a good deal in training some of the young men as mechanics; but there are few capable of carrying on mission work—at least such is my impression. There is a large population at Cameroons to work upon, but trade influences are very powerfully antagonistic. There is only one ordained missionary at present at work—Mr. Fuller, a native of Jamaica, who came when a youth with his father and others to form the settlement at Bimbia, and is, I understand, the only one of them that has remained in Africa.

“The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland mission at Old Calabar has suffered much from such evils, but not so much as other missions. The progress made there is much wider and deeper than in those other fields. More extensive work has been done in translating and in education; but the most

hopeful feature is the great number of native agents engaged, by whose means the population is more thoroughly laid hold of. I am more and more convinced that little real progress in evangelising Africa will be made until native agents are employed to do the work, under the close superintendence of European missionaries. This method is being carried out most encouragingly at Calabar, chiefly under the oversight of Mr. Edgerley, whose taste and ability for travelling about, with other necessary qualifications, mark him out as thoroughly adapted for such kind of work. I need not dwell much upon the Calabar mission; but I may state, that although from special circumstances I was pretty well posted up in regard to it, still actual contact with the work and workers there tended much to strengthen any favourable impressions that had been formed. A good solid foundation seems to have been laid; or, to use another figure, Christianity has got rooted in the soil, and is showing signs of vigorous life, putting forth branches, leaves, and fruit, and gives every promise of becoming a goodly tree in due season. Still it should be for a long time yet carefully nourished.

“From what I have seen of African missions, it is my decided opinion that the time has come for inaugurating a new method of working, the principal feature of which should be the employment of native agents, which demands a more systematic mode of training them than has yet been attempted, except, probably, by the Church Missionary Society’s Educational Institution at Sierra Leone. It must not be supposed, however, that fewer agents will be required than hitherto from home. A much larger force than ever will be needed effectually to carry on the work, although it may be in another way than heretofore; a much larger amount of money must be expended, and a much greater number of lives given, in order to win Africa for Christ. I trust that the martyr spirit is not yet extinct in the churches, and that there will be no lack of brave hearts ready to respond to the demand. Many young men have perished on this deadly coast in the pursuit of a very questionable kind of commerce; and if the lust of gain lead so many to risk their lives, surely the love of Christ and of the souls of fellow-men will yet draw many more to the glorious work of proclaiming the glad news, ‘God so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.’”

The following account of a conference of native Christians in South Africa, is full of interest. Major Malan, accompanied by Mr. Robert Radley, has been engaged for about two years in evangelistic labours, at Mbulu, with the most gratifying results. In writing to the “Christian,” of 19th November, 1874, he says:—“I desire to praise the Lord for His presence and blessing in a conference of Christians held at Mbulu, the centre of this mission field, on Sept. 22 and 23, 1874. Very marked was the presence of the Lord in our midst. There is an annual Missionary Conference; but that is a busi-

ness meeting, and not what Christians in England understand as a conference. Like Hezekiah's conference (2 Chron. xxix. 36), the thing was done suddenly. But the Lord had prepared all our hearts, as he had theirs. I believe it was His will that I should leave the Mbulu for some months to preach His word to other tribes. I wished before leaving to gather my people *for special waiting upon the Lord*. I therefore invited them to a *two days' conference*. My field, containing *seven churches*, is about forty miles wide. We have neither post, bridges, railways, nor clocks; but as I tell my people, we have the Lord! He always arranges when His servants obey His word. He had put it into my heart to hold a regular Tuesday mid-day service for believers, so that the elders and members of the other six churches could join us once a week in prayer. This weekly meeting He had greatly blessed. The members of out-churches attended it well. Many women walked over the hills sixteen and eighteen miles to be present. I called a special meeting for prayer on Tuesday, Sept. 15, and invited all the churches to a conference of two days for the following week.

"The Lord gave us lovely weather. Our first meeting was held at one o'clock, some of our members having to come about twenty-five miles. The subject for this meeting was 'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' There was no difference between this conference and the Mildmay Park Conference, except in the numbers, the size of the building, the colour of the skin of all the saints, except two, and the tongue in which it was conducted. He who presides at conferences in England presided at the Mbulu Conference. The subject chosen of course drew all hearts to the Lord Jesus, to His person in glory, to Him alone, and round Him this band of Caffre Christians were drawn by His word and Spirit.

'We numbered about 150 or 200. I explained the command for conferences (Heb. x. 25); how they are generally conducted in England; and then I addressed the churches on 'the words of the Lord Jesus.' Addresses were alternated with prayer and praise. The selection of appropriate Caffre hymns was wonderful. The elder who spoke after me followed on the words, 'Come unto me.' He is a faithful brother, an earnest labourer for the Lord. Another faithful elder followed him, speaking on John vi. 51. I never saw such marked attention. I would gladly have continued, but many had come from far, and needed food. So, after about three hours' conference, I closed our first meeting. Many had been deeply affected. When all had gone out but one woman, who was crying strongly, I said to her —

" 'Sister, there is crying for joy as well as for sorrow; are you crying for joy?'

" 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'for joy, for joy!' And then she told me, that although she had known the Lord Jesus long, she had never seen Him so clearly as to-day.

“After the meeting I entertained them. Two sheep of my flock, a goat, meaties, and tea, provided for all. I made the men serve the women, a thing quite contrary to the Caffre custom; but I told them it was according to God’s word, giving honour to the weaker vessel, and as we do in England. Then the younger men waited on the elder. At sun-set we met for prayer before the evening meeting.

“The portion of the word for the second meeting of the conference was, ‘Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.’ Silent prayer opened it. Then a hymn. I pointed out what I believe is a deep truth hidden in this whole utterance, that the first rest offered by the Lord Jesus is rest of heart in Him to the heavy-laden sinner. The rest of soul, the second rest, is the blessing of humble discipleship, obedient learning of Him. Many Christians get rest of heart in forgiveness who never find rest of soul, because they will not become humble pupils of the Lord Jesus.

“Three of the elders addressed the churches; others prayed. I had previously given out the subject, and invited those who felt led by the Spirit to speak and pray to let me know. One of the elders spoke on John xv. 4; another on the yoke of pupilship to the Lord Jesus; the third on His meekness, and our obligation to be like Him in heart before we can enjoy rest of soul.

“It was after 10 P.M. when our happy meeting ended. The members all went to the houses of friends. I had put up my elders and two teachers—seven on the floor of my drawing-room, three in my study, and one in the dining-room.

“The third meeting took place at noon on the 23d of September. It was preceded by a prayer meeting. The portion of the word was, ‘My yoke is easy, my burden is light.’ After silent prayer and praise, I opened the subject. ‘My burden,’ ‘Abide ye in my love.’ Is it heavy?—does its weight overpower?—this His burden? He knows that as His love abides in our hearts and we abide in His love, we shall keep His commandments, and not find them grievous.

“Several of the elders and members addressed the conference, or led in prayer.

“As many had long distances to return, and many were women, I was obliged to close, after more than three hours’ delightful communion around the person and concerning the love of our Lord.

“The last address by one of my evangelists, an elder, a poor, humble Caffre, was most beautiful. He took John xiv. 1, and referring to the call the Lord had given us, ‘Come unto me,’ ‘Learn of me,’ he added His command, ‘Believe in me.’ He dwelt on the love of God, the love and power of the Lord Jesus, the gift of God, the Holy Ghost, by whose power Satan was

driven out of the heart. The word of Jesus alone powerful; His word enough; believe it. 'It is written,' enough for us. He spoke earnestly, with great power.

"I gave them some refreshment—meaties and tea—and then assembled them in the garden for a short meeting of praise and prayer before parting. I told them of praise meetings in Mildmay Park garden at Beckenham; and as I looked at the glorious rocks around Mbulu, I felt there could be no fitter place for our parting.

"One of the elders then spoke. No sooner had he finished than a Caffre woman burst out into the most perfect praise that I ever heard issue from human lips—'Egive, Inkosi,' 'Yea, Lord, we praise Thee.' In the simplest language, so that I could understand, she blessed and praised the Lord for the joy and peace which had come into her soul in these two days' conference. For quietness, melody of voice, simplicity, perfect punctuation, and fulness of praise to the Lord Jesus, I never heard anything among Christians in England, America, or Asia, equal to the praise-giving of this Caffre sister. Yes; the Lord had come into our midst, according to His word. I felt the presence and power of the Holy Ghost in this conference as I never felt it before in my life.

"All the churches have been filled with joy and the Holy Ghost. The change in many of the faces was most marked. All said that they had never received such blessing to their souls as during these two days' gathering together round the person of the Lord Jesus. For my own part, though I never doubted the call of the Lord to me to watch over this field, I never expected such marvellous tokens of His presence and blessing as He has given me here, and I praise and adore Him the more.

How full of encouragement to every one like-minded, and with the means at his disposal, to go and do likewise. "My prayers," says he, "have been most manifestly and abundantly answered; and I find, by experience, that the more closely preachers of the gospel live, act, and speak like the Lord Jesus in all things, strictly obeying his least commands and God's word, and live a life of prayer before the natives, the more they draw them to Him and to themselves.

"And who is my fellow-labourer? On the 11th of July, 1866, I was with three companies of my regiment at Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland. I invited my soldiers desirous to hear the word to come to me without the town, to an old Roman camp there. At the appointed time one redcoat, a private soldier, Robert Radley, came. We read the first chapter of I Peter together. It began to rain. We knelt bareheaded, and prayed before parting. This was the first time I ever met him. Now we are companions, fellow witnesses for the gospel of Christ.

"May I ask the earnest prayers of my brethren and sisters in Great

Britain? When they are reading this, I shall probably be hundreds of miles away from Mbulu, preaching among another tribe, the Basutos. I hope to return from the Basutos, and go to another tribe, the Galekas, about the end of the year. I entreat your prayers, that the Lord will quicken me mightily for His service, give me utterance by the Holy Ghost, power in prayer, and physical strength; for my body is weak, and nothing but the manifest life of Jesus has upheld me so far. Pray for me, my beloved friends, as I do for you, and then I shall hope by and by to have some other news to give you from Africa which will cause you again to praise the Lord."

"The following additional incidents of missionary work amongst the Caffres, furnished by the Rev. John Davidson, who has just returned from an evangelistic tour among the natives, present a faithful portraiture of the mode in which aggressive missionary work is carried on in South Africa. In giving an account of his work (in which he was assisted by Ishuka and Mr. Robert Balfour), he says:—"In these days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, when so many are daily being added to the Church of such as shall be saved, and when the tide of Christian life has risen so high as to break every barrier down, we are fondly led to cherish the hope, that ere long the blessed influence will extend in copious measure to the sable tribes of Ham. The accounts of the revival which we read from time to time are very cheering, and beget the secret wish to be in the midst of it for a little, to receive a fresh baptism of the Spirit. In the prosecution of our mission, our visits were principally to those living in valleys and cloughs, difficult of access by waggon or on horse, and were therefore principally travelling on foot. The country in this part is very similar to the Highlands of Scotland. We lived among these barbarians six days, teaching and preaching the gospel of the kingdom. During that time we visited forty kraals, each having from twenty-five to thirty inhabitants. Everywhere we were well received, our message respectfully listened to, and hospitality shown us of the very best, and somewhat after the style of that shown by Abraham of old to his visitors.

"In visiting the Caffre in his native, rude, barbarous state, one cannot help observing oftentimes a striking resemblance in their manners and customs to those of the ancient patriarchs—such as killing a kid of the goats on the arrival of strangers; offering of sacrifice; practising the rite of circumcision; giving a dowry, like David or Jacob, for a wife; making the father responsible for the actions of his family, and the son doing all legal actions through the father; settling all principal questions at the gate of the kraal. As in the case of Job, one special institution is that of comforters, arriving from far and near to soothe those in affliction.

"Physically, the Caffre is a good specimen of humanity. He has a great idea of honour and dignity about him, and is very intellectual; but rigidly

conservative, awfully lazy, trained from infancy to tell lies and to deceive, morally corrupt to the very core, and superstitious to such a degree as to justify us in saying that the nation is ruled by superstition. I met with a witch doctor in my visits; I came upon him in the very act of finding out the *ubuti* (poison) that had bewitched some people. On seeing me he fled into his house. We followed and told him to proceed with his work. 'No; do not speak to me, I will not dispute with you. You are the servant of God.' 'And you,' I said, 'are the servant of the devil, I think.' I made him ashamed of himself before all the people, and saved some poor innocent soul from the rapacious grasp of the vile wretch.

"When we have taken possession of our hut for the night we have plenty of visitors, many looking for a little of the fat sheep they have just given us. About eight o'clock all, young and old, assemble for worship. This over, we converse with those interested to all hours in the night. The most good is done by these conversations. One man said on leaving us, 'I am thankful that you have come to my kraal, and I will be very happy to entertain you again. I do think that if I were near any preaching place I would soon be among the professors.' And I believe that many feel in the same way; but they are ignorant of the way of salvation, and are far from any regular place of worship, and must be taught before we can expect to see them brought in as a nation. At one kraal we came on the grave of a chief who had recently died, and two men were seized and compelled to watch that grave for at least twelve months. The poor creatures complained that it was very hard to be taken from their families, and never permitted to see them. I reported the matter to the Government agent; but when he sent, the men were frightened to speak, and said that they were contented.

"At one place three persons gave themselves to the Lord—husband, wife, and eldest son. The son has been attending school for some time, and is doing well, and I believe that it is through him that the parents have been moved. We joyfully gave thanks to the Lord that even these three had been willing to say that they wished to be instructed in the way of salvation. It seemed like a pure beam of heavenly light on the dark cloud, assuring us that the ear of Jehovah is still open and a voice saying: I will give the heathen to my Son for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.'

"You will be glad to hear that a few Sabbaths ago I baptised eight persons, admitting them to the fellowship of the Church here. One man, recently from the ranks of the heathen, was among the number. He had two or three little children, who were baptised at the same time. His wife, who still holds out against the gospel, was present, and very nearly broke down when handing her baby to her husband to be baptised. It was a solemn and joyful sight to the whole Church; even the heathen present seemed to be im-

pressed, and to feel that it was good for them to be present to see eight souls publicly renouncing the world, and giving themselves to the service of God. But still all this is only like a drop in the bucket; thousands and thousands are sinking into perdition unsaved. The fields are white to the harvest, but the labourers are few. Oh, in these days of revival, surely some will be found ready to come to Africa with their simple but effective instrumentality—their sling and their stone from the brook, to help us to slay this Goliath of heathenism!”

In the foregoing accounts of missions and missionary work, we have an amount of interesting and valuable information, from which many important lessons may be derived in the further prosecution of missionary labour in Africa. Amidst many failures and discouragements, there is much to be grateful for, and much that is fitted to stimulate and encourage all who are engaged in the great work of African evangelisation. It is with much pleasure we learn from accounts just to hand, of the encouraging prospects of the Church of England Mission at Zanzibar, in reference to which Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the “New York Herald” and London “Telegraph,” says:—

“As we have arrived at the English Church Mission buildings, what shall I say about the mission except the honest, truthful facts? The Right Rev. Bishop Tozer, ‘Bishop of Central Africa,’ in priestly purple and fine linen, is no more to be seen here, and it really appears as if the mission had opened a new life, and had begun to lift its head among the useful societies of the world. As yet I have seen no great increase of converts, but fair promise of future usefulness is visible everywhere. As a friend to the Church which has sent this mission out, I was formerly restrained from saying much about it, because I knew very little good of it; and had I not seen the erudite but undignified prelate exhibiting himself in such unusual garb to the gaze of the low rabble of Zanzibar, I would certainly have passed the Church Mission and its mistaken ways of converting the heathen in silence. Now, however, I may speak with candour. The great building at present known as the British Residency, was, in 1871 and 1872, the Episcopal Palace and Mission House. After its sale to the English Government, the missionaries removed their school to their country house, a half mile or so beyond the extremity of Malagash inlet. With the money obtained by the sale of the Mission House the superintendant purchased the old Slave Market—a vacant area surrounded by mud-huts, close to the cattle-yards of the Banians and the ooze and stagnant pools of the Malagash. On the site of so much extreme wretchedness and crime the Church missionaries have commenced to erect structures which, when completed, may well be styled superb. These buildings consist of a fine residence, a school, and a church, which, with another building, just begun by Lackmidoss the Banian, will surround an irregular square, in which palms and flowers and fruit trees will be planted.

“A view from one of the windows of the unfinished residence gives us a clearer idea of the locality the missionaries have chosen, and suggests grave doubts of the wisdom of its selection. Looking at it from a sentimental point of view, the locality is, no doubt, very appropriate, and a certain fitness is also seen in it. The British Government denounced the slave trade, and made a grand effort to crush it; and the market for the sale of slaves in old times was purchased by the mission, on which the missionaries erect a church wherein peace and goodwill and brotherly love will be preached and taught. The neighbourhood also is one of the most miserable quarters of Zanzibar; but the missionaries convey with them the power to improve, refine, and elevate, despite its extreme poverty and misery. It is all very well, we think; but if we look from the windows and examine the character of the ground into which the walls of the building have been sunk, we must see that it is a quagmire of putrid heaps of refuse and circular little pools of sink-water, which permeate through the corrupting soil, and heave up again in globules and bubbles, exhaling the vilest odour that ever offended the civilised European’s sense. And if what we have seen below is not enough to conjure up in the mind a dismal prospect of sickness, pain, and sorrow, for the unhappy missionaries who may be appointed to live here, the view of the long and broad stretch of black mud, which the shallow waters of the Malagash leave behind them for hours night and day, will certainly do it. It would require the treasury of a Government to redeem the ground from its present uninhabitable state. All I can say, however, is that I can only hope that the dismal future suggested by the scenes near the mission buildings may never be realised, and that the worthy missionaries may be prosperous in the new field before them.

“Dr. Steere, lately consecrated Bishop of Central Africa, is about to arrive here, as successor of Bishop Tozer. If report speaks correctly, he intends to establish mission buildings near Lake Nyassa, in which case he will have the hearty sympathy and support of every good man; and, were Livingstone yet among us, Bishop Steere would depart with his blessing and best wishes for success. The very name of Bishop Steere suggests success. He is a practical and an indefatigably industrious man. He is devoid of bigotry, but, while devoted to his Church, he does not neglect the great fact that conversion of the heathen means more than the mere teaching of the dogmas of the Church of England. In short, he is a fit leader for the new Christian mission, because of his plain, practical good sense, his industry, his intellectual acquirements, and religion, and I heartily congratulate the Board of the Church Mission upon their selection of such a man. While we are almost certain that Bishop Steere will be able to show results worthy of him, it is absolutely necessary for the cause of religion throughout Africa that he should be properly supported by his friends at home. There must

be no niggard supplies sent to him, for the establishment of such a basis as will ensure success requires considerable resources, and the Church Mission should this time make a supreme effort worthy of their great Church."

There is nothing more characteristic of the great missionary traveller than his unwearied application and utilisation of every spare moment at his command. Nothing escaped his observation; and everything which might prove of use was carefully noted. The following suggestions on the establishment of a mission near Zanzibar, we extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Diary" just published:—

"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 in the general effect of the mission in 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, 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 characters. 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, Monyungo, 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 recognised.

“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, 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 September, 1868, without either. A trader at Cazembe’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.

“Expenses need not be large. Intelligent Arabs inform me that, in

going from Zanzibar to Cazembe's, only three thousand dollars' worth are required by a trader, say between £600 or £700, and he may be away three or more years—paying his way, giving presents to the chiefs, and filling two 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 £600 or £700. 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 £1000 less than it will actually cost me."

The perfect unanimity which characterises the experience of all who have been engaged in missionary labour in Africa, as to the necessity for special attention being given to the training of native converts for the work of the Christian ministry, is a subject of vital importance to the future welfare of this great Continent; and it is to be hoped that it will receive that attention from the Churches at home which its importance demands.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Dr. Livingstone's "Last Journals"—Enthusiastic Reception—Eulogistic Reviews by the Secular and Religious Press—Founding of an Industrial Mission at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, as a Memorial to Dr. Livingstone.*

WHILE the concluding sheets of this work were in the press, "Dr. David Livingstone's Last Journals" have been published. The enthusiastic reception which has greeted them from all grades of society throughout the civilised world, and the eulogistic tributes which have been paid, by the leaders of thought in all lands, to the memory of the heroic traveller, and to the work which he has accomplished in Central Africa, attest the depth and the sincerity of that sympathy which has been so widely felt and expressed. At a period when Materialism is making such rapid strides, and when many scientific minds are turning aside from the great truths of Revelation, it is refreshing to meet, in the columns of one of our most influential leading Journals, with such a hearty appreciation of Christian character and work as that which is evinced in the following exhaustive review of the last scenes in the life of the lamented Dr. David Livingstone. In noticing his "Last Journals," the "Daily Telegraph" observes:—

"These long-looked-for volumes are now placed in our hands, and a sentiment new to the critic, the geographer, and the journalist, must pervade the mind in opening them. Never did book of travel come before the public under circumstances of such pathos and dignity; never were any preserved so strangely, and, we may surely say of David Livingstone's work, so providentially! We have here a wonderfully rich and full narrative of journeyings accomplished over an enormous space of the unknown portions of Africa, page after page disclosing to us—for the first time, be it remembered—mighty rivers, majestic lakes, great ranges of mountains, nations of men unknown before, with a thousand strange productions, customs, rites, objects, novelties of the floral, the zoological, the mineral worlds—all so thickly cropping up in the Diary of this great Explorer that the language of wonder entirely departs from him. He has evidently lost the habit of being astonished long ere we travel in his society a hundred miles up the Rovuma; the only things

which never fail to excite his enthusiasm are the signs of good in the poor heathen people, and the hope perpetually renewed and expressed, that his lifelong labours may benefit them. But it is when we reflect upon the double chance which has preserved for us the present minute and inestimable record of these labours that the book becomes thus almost sacred—stamped as it is with the character of a treasure rescued from oblivion by what cannot but appear the direct will of Heaven. These two volumes embrace the painstaking and faithful day-by-day register of all the immense travel from the mouths of the Rovuma to Lake Nyassa, thence to Tanganyika, thence again to Lake Bangweolo, after that to the labyrinth of inland waters tied together by the Lualaba, across Tanganyika once more to Ujiji, and yet again away upon the final journey which, commenced at Unyanyembe, terminated in the Explorer's death at Ilala. Merely to name the stations along this amazing route makes a long sentence—and day by day, until his last hour, the steadfast Livingstone noted down for us everything he saw and heard of import upon that vast path, the result comprising two copious volumes, from which African geographers may drink deep for many a month to come. And all this precious treasure-house of research, from 1865 to 1873, has been saved by two memorable incidents—the happy rescue effected in the first place by Stanley, and the bold and loyal behaviour of the negroes, Chumah and Susi. To the American—now pursuing under our joint Commission the task of his friend and master—the public owes the first portion of the journals which Mr. Waller has edited so lovingly, for it was Mr. Stanley who brought down Letts' Diary, containing all the story of these marches from the Rovuma to Ujiji. The second, and if possible, more precious part, has been redeemed from the loneliness of the wilderness wherein the traveller perished, by nothing except the splendid fidelity of those very negroes for whose sake Livingstone lived and died. Could he have wished a nobler testimony to his labours? Could there have been a more eloquent comment upon this great pioneer's work? It is as if Africa herself had, from her 'darkest places, presented these precious records to us, saying, 'Do not forget him or me!' It is as if the Power whom Livingstone served had chosen this plain means of signifying approval of his labours, and stamping them as far too pure and noble to be lost—putting it into the hearts of poor, ignorant blacks to risk all in the self-imposed task of bringing back to us in England the body and the books of their Leader. Is it chance which has preserved for us every note of these brave years of toil? We might say so of other strange events, but not of the extraordinary incidents which have secured to us the possession of what we have here—the complete narrative, namely, Livingstone's last six years of wanderings.

“The exceptional character of the book as regards its origin extends to the manner in which it will be read. Who will not turn at once to the latter



THE LAST MILE



part of the 700 pages in order to glean new and minute particulars of the last hours of the great and good Traveller? Obeying that impulse ourselves, we search the close of the Diary, and towards the end of the second volume the mournful chapter duly comes, which all will be most anxious to peruse. The entries in the note-book have gradually grown shorter—the mention of pain and mental weakness is frequent—the narrative brings the reader finally to Ilala; and then two pages present us with the fac-simile of the last—the very last—words legibly pencilled by Livingstone. He was unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda, and to mark on the map which he was constructing the streams which enter the lake as he crossed them. From the 22nd to the 27th April he had not strength to write down anything but the several dates. Fortunately Susi and Chumah give a very clear and circumstantial account of every incident which occurred on these days, and Mr. Waller therefore adds what they say, after each of the Doctor's entries:—

“ ‘21st April. *Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted.*—The men explain this entry thus: This morning the Doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol, and picked up his cap, which had dropped off, while Chumah threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the Doctor said, “Chumah, 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.”

“ ‘22nd April. *Carried on kitanda over Buga, S.W. 2¼.* (Two hours and a quarter in a south-westerly direction.)—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 a 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. The start was de-

ferred this morning until the dew was off the heads of the long grass sufficiently to ensure his being kept tolerably dry. The excruciating pains of dysenteric malady caused him the greatest exhaustion as they marched, and they were glad enough to reach another village in two hours and a quarter, having travelled S.W. from the last point. Here another hut was built. The name of the halting-place is not remembered by the men, for the villagers fled at their approach; indeed the noise made by the drums sounding the alarm had been caught by the Doctor some time before, and he exclaimed with thankfulness on hearing it, "Ah, now we are near!" Throughout this day the following men acted as bearers of the kitanda: Chowpere, Songolo, Chumah, and Adiamberi. Sowfere, too, joined in at one time.

"*23rd April.* (No entry except the date.)—They advanced another hour and a half through the same expanse of flooded treeless waste, passing numbers of small fish-weirs set in such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the lake, but seeing nothing of the owners, who had either hidden themselves or taken to flight on the approach of the caravan. Another village afforded them a night's shelter, but it seems not to be known by any particular name.

"*24th April.* (No entry except the date.)—But one hour's march was accomplished to-day, and again they halted amongst some huts—place unknown. His great prostration made progress exceedingly painful, and frequently when it was necessary to stop the bearers of the kitanda, Chumah had to support the Doctor from falling.

"*25th April.* (No entry except the date.)—In an hour's course S.W. they arrived at a village in which they found a few people. Whilst his servants were busy completing the hut for the night's encampment, the Doctor, who was lying in a shady place on the kitanda, ordered them to fetch one of the villagers. The chief of the place had disappeared, but the rest of his people seemed quite at their ease, and drew near to hear what was going to be said. They were asked whether they knew of a hill on which four rivers took their rise. The spokesman answered that they had no knowledge of it. They themselves, said he, were not travellers, and all those who used to go on trading expeditions were now dead. In former years Malenga's town, Kutchinyama, was the assembling place of the Wabisa traders, but these had been swept off by the Mazitu. Such as survived had to exist as best they could amongst the swamps and inundated districts around the lake. Whenever an expedition was organised to go to the coast, or in any other direction, travellers met at Malenga's town to talk over the route to be taken; then would have been the time, and they, to get information about every part. Dr. Livingstone was here obliged to dismiss them, and explained that he was too ill to continue talking, but he begged them to bring as much food as they could for sale to Kalunganjovu's.

““26th April. (No entry except the date.)—They proceeded as far as Kalunganjovu's town, the chief himself coming to meet them on the way, dressed in Arab costume and wearing a red fez. Whilst waiting here Susi was instructed to count over the bags of beads, and, on reporting that twelve still remained in stock, Dr. Livingstone told him to buy two large tusks if an opportunity occurred as he might run short of goods by the time they got to Ujiji, and could then exchange them with the Arabs there for cloth, to spend on their way to Zanzibar.

““To-day, the 27th April, 1873, he seems to have been almost dying. No entry at all was made in his diary after that which follows, and it must have taxed him to the utmost to write:—

““*Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.*—They are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. From this point we have to trust entirely to the narrative of the men. They explain the above sentence as follows: Salimane, Amisi, Hamsani, and Laede, accompanied by a guide, were sent off to endeavour, if possible, to buy some milch goats on the upper part of the Molilamo. They could not, however, succeed; it was always the same story, the Mazitu had taken everything. The chief, nevertheless, sent a substantial present of a kid and three baskets of ground nuts, and the people were willing enough to exchange food for beads. Thinking he could eat some Mapira corn pounded up with ground nuts, the Doctor gave instructions to the two women, M'sozi and M'toweka, to prepare it for him, but he was not able to take it when they brought it to him.

““April 28. Men were now despatched in an opposite direction, that is, to visit the villages on the right bank of the Molilamo as it flows to the lake; unfortunately they met with no better result, and returned empty-handed. On April 29, Kalunganjovu and most of his people came early to the village. The chief wished to assist his guest to the utmost, and stated that as he could not be sure that a sufficient number of canoes would be forthcoming unless he took charge of matters himself, he should accompany the caravan to the crossing place, which was about an hour's march from the spot. “Everything should be done for his friend,” he said. They were ready to set out. On Susi's going to the hut Dr. Livingstone told him that he was quite unable to walk to the door to reach the kitandi, and he wished the men to break down one side of the little house, as the entrance was too narrow to admit it, and in this manner to bring it to him where he was. This was done, and he was gently placed upon it and borne 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 superintending 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 kitandi 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 kitandi, 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 Chumah, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp both 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 Molilamo by Chowpere, Susi, Farijala and Chumah. The same precautions were used on the other side; the kitandi 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. Chumah, 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 speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitandi, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further 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 being 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 in 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 leaves 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 their 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 *April 30, 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 Molilamo, 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 him 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 four a.m. when Susi heard Majwara's 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 Chumah, 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 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 it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable certainty that he expired early on the 1st of May. It has been thought best to give the narrative of these closing hours as nearly as possible in the words of the two men who attended him constantly, both here and in the many illnesses of like character which he endured in the last six years' wanderings; in fact from the first moment of the news arriving in England, it was felt to be indispensable that they should come home to state what occurred. . . .

"The men have much to consider as they cower around the watch-fire, and little time for deliberation. They are at their furthest point from home, and their leader has fallen at their head; we shall see presently how they faced their difficulties. . . . Several inquiries will naturally arise on reading this distressing history; the foremost, perhaps, will be with regard to the entire absence of everything like a parting word to those immediately about him, or a farewell line to his family and friends at home. It must be

very evident to the reader that Livingstone entertained very grave forebodings about his health during the last two years of his life, but it is not clear that he realised the near approach of death when his malady suddenly passed into a more dangerous stage. It may be said, "Why did he not take some precautions or give some strict injunctions to his men to preserve his notebooks and maps at all hazards, in the event of his decease? Did not his great ruling passion suggest some such precaution?" Fair questions; but, reader, you have all—every word written, spoken, or implied. Is there, then, no explanation? Yes; we think past experience affords it, and it is offered to you by one who remembers, moreover, how Livingstone himself used to point out to him in Africa the peculiar features of death by malarial poisoning. In full recollection of eight deaths in the Zambesi and Shire districts, not a single parting word or direction in any instance can be recalled. Neither hope nor courage gives way as death approaches. In most cases a comatose state of exhaustion supervenes, which, if it be not quickly arrested by active measures, passes into complete insensibility; this is almost invariably the closing scene. In Dr. Livingstone's case we find some departure from the ordinary symptoms. (The great loss of blood may have had a bearing on the case.) He, as we have seen by the entry of the 18th April, was alive to the conviction that malarial poison is the basis of every disorder in Tropical Africa, and he did not doubt but that he was fully under its influence whilst suffering so severely. As we have said, a man of less endurance in all probability would have perished in the first week of the terrible approach to the Lake, through the country and under the continual downpour that he describes. It tried every constitution, saturated every man with fever poison, and destroyed several, as we shall see a little further on. The greater vitality in his iron system very likely staved off for a few days the last state of coma to which we refer, but there is quite sufficient to show us that only a thin margin lay between the heavy drowsiness of the last few days before reaching Chitambo's, and the final and usual symptom that brings on unconsciousness and inability to speak. On more closely questioning the men, one only elicits that they imagine he hoped to recover, as he had so often done before; and if this really was the case, it will, in a measure account for the absence of anything like a dying statement; but still they speak again and again of his drowsiness, which in itself would take away all ability to realise vividly the seriousness of the situation. It may be that, at the last, a flash of conviction for a moment lit up the mind. If so, what greater consolation can those have who mourn his loss than the account that the men give of what they saw when they entered the hut? Livingstone had not merely turned himself—he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head: when they approached him he seemed to live. He had not fallen to right or left when he rendered up his spirit to God. Death required no

change of limb or position; there was merely the gentle settling forwards of the frame unstrung by pain, for the Traveller's perfect rest had come. Will not time show that the men were scarcely wrong when they thought "he yet speaketh"—aye, perhaps far more clearly to us than he could have done by word or pen or any other means. Is it, then, presumptuous to think that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer sped forth once more—that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness, and that from his "loneliness" David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he laboured to break down the oppression and woe of the land? . . . . Before daylight the men were quietly told in each hut what had happened.'

"Thus, then, amid many another touch of pathos which this complete narrative brings, we learn that the hero died upon his knees—that he rose from his couch of mortal anguish, like the gallant and pious soldier of God that he was, to give up the ghost, praying to Heaven for Africa, for us, for himself. The attitude of David Livingstone's death-moment speaks of a faith in Heaven unchangeable, of a joy in Heaven's service supreme, of tenderness of love, of trust, of hope, of prayer for all his fellow creatures, of a mission perfected in agony and surrendered in supplication, but never so nobly triumphant as in that last crowning minute of his lonely life. The Cæsar who proudly staggered from his bed, exclaiming that 'an Emperor should die standing,' is outdone in majesty and becomingness by the attitude of this grand Scotchman who passes away in the solitude of the African wild on his knees. In days when the fruits of Livingstone's labours are gathered, and Africa, emancipated and happy, shall know all that she has owed to her friend and martyr, this beautiful and solemn thing will not be forgotten in song and picture; they will remember, when she has her poets and sculptors at last, how he 'died upon his knees,' 'witnessing' for the Africans. Notwithstanding what has been said above there do occur some tender last messages in this Diary. One is the following:—

"My daughter Agnes says—"Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, "She is a chip of the old block." My blessing on her and all the rest.'

"After a passage of such transcendent human interest as this, which we have not hesitated to quote at length, geographical disquisitions would come like something out of tune. We prefer to confine our remarks to some of the personal traits and memorials which occur in these volumes—all of them agreeing with that impressive final scene, in portraying to us the perfect Explorer; dauntless, indomitable, sagacious, patient, gentle, intelligent, keen-eyed, full of confidence in his mission and himself. We have spoken already

of the absence of all extravagance or expressions of surprise in these Journals. It is a consistent feature in them. There is plenty of warm appreciation of natural beauty, of vivid description, and lively interest displayed in the strange spectacles and curious people visited. But the narrative goes calm and stately as a great river, which sparkles and winds indeed about every little and large thing in its course, yet without fret or turmoil. He loved travel. At setting forth upon the Rovuma he says:—

“ ‘Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa I feel quite exhilarated: when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives every act becomes ennobled.

“ ‘Whether exchanging the customary civilities on arriving at a village, accepting a night's lodging, purchasing food for the party, asking for information, or answering polite African inquiries as to our objects in travelling, we begin to spread a knowledge of that people by whose agency their land will yet become enlightened and freed from the slave-trade.

“ ‘The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

“ ‘We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger, either from man or beast.’

“ ‘But of this danger he always makes pretty light either in expectation or arrival; and he knew, with that same quiet courage, how to impress and govern his followers far better than all the brow-beating and violent sorts of travellers. On one occasion, when the bad conduct of a sepoy, Perim, tempted him to strike the man with a cane, he enters the incident in his Diary with a ‘black mark’ against himself, says that it ‘is degrading,’ and scores up the resolution, ‘I am not to do the punishment myself again.’ At every other page his passion for African scenery comes out quietly but strongly; as when he reaches the Nyassa, and writes, ‘It is like coming home; it is so pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, to hear the roar of the lake and dash in the rollers. I feel quite exhilarated.’ But Nyassa saddened him too. He says:—

“ ‘Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake slave dhows prosper! An Arab slave-party fled on hearing of us yesterday. It is impossible not to regret the loss of Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shire, and with him all hope of the Gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly abandonment of all the

advantages of the Shire route by the Bishop's successor I shall ever bitterly deplore, but all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even the commencement of better times.'

"He notices with kindly appreciation everywhere the good traits of the negroes at Mokomba:—

"'The population is very great and very ceremonious. When we meet any one he turns aside and sits down; we clap the hand on the chest and say, "Re peta—re peta," that is, "we pass," or, "let us pass." This is responded to at once by the clapping of hands together. When a person is called at a distance he gives two loud claps of assent; or if he rises from near a superior he does the same thing, which is a sort of leave-taking.'

"And again at Mapuio's village:—

"'Clapping the hand in various ways is the polite way of saying, "Allow me," "I beg pardon," "Permit me to pass," "Thanks;" it is resorted to in respectful introduction and leave-taking, and also is equivalent to "Hear, hear." When inferiors are called they respond by two brisk claps of the hands, meaning, "I am coming."

"'They are very punctilious. A large ivory bracelet marks the head man of a village; there is nothing else to show differences of rank. . . . 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 we 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 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. I like to see the men weaving or spinning, or reclining under these glorious canopies, as much as I love to see our more civilised people lolling on their sofas or ottomans.'

"He laughs pleasantly at Zeore's people, who pity England so much because there are no chilobe-peas in that benighted land; and who but Livingstone, after the hardships and provocations of the year 1866, would close his journal and begin a new one with words so gentle and child-like in their faith and purpose as these?—

"'We now 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 '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

"'1st January, 1867.—May He who was full of grace and truth impress

His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour—for His mercy's sake.'

"And when he loses his medicine-chest in the forest near Lake Liemba, by the desertion of two of his men—a tremendous disaster—we find the incident—which, as he says, was almost like sentence of death to an African traveller—lightly and bravely disposed of by the remark that nothing happens except by God's permission, and, 'perhaps this, too, may turn out for the best by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious, charm-fearing people further south.' And then he adds with a sigh, which is as naive as it is touching, 'I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and to the heathen.' When he is very ill indeed, as at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, he hardly mentions his sickness in his daily jottings, or does so with some gracious word for the attention of his followers. These qualities, it is true, were well known of him, and equally well known is that righteous indignation against the cruelties which he was obliged to witness, travelling so constantly amid the horror of the slave traffic. On the Luongo he describes an incident in words which show what was his foremost purpose in all his African wanderings:—

"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 if on the side of the oppressors there was a power, there be higher than they!

"A little further on we encounter an entry of strange interest; it is where Livingstone speculates on his last resting-place. He writes:—

"We came to a grave in the forest; it was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way; it was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it; a little path showed that it had visitors. 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 so 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.'

"And to this he adds, 'Poor Mary sleeps in Shupanga brae, and beeks forment the sun.' Strange, and sad, and glad at once must appear the way in which the wish of the good Livingstone has been half granted by Heaven, half refused. His bones repose at home with the noblest of his native land

in the shadow of the Royal Abbey; and yet Africa, which holds the dust of his beloved wife, possesses his heart! That the negroes buried at Ilala; and it is quiet enough, 'after life's fitful fever,' in the gloom of the 'still, still wood,' near the great lake. Africa had his heart always; we scarcely possessed the right to take that from her. Subjoined is a specimen of the traveller's tender quickness of gratitude, even to an outcast and in the bad Manyema country:—

“ ‘A woman (he says) with leprous hands gave me her hut—a nice clean one—and very heavy rain came on. Of her own accord she prepared dumpings of green maize, pounded and boiled, which are sweet, for she said that she saw I was hungry. It was excessive weakness from purging she mistook, but seeing that I did not eat for fear of the leprosy, she kindly pressed me: “Eat, you are weak from hunger; this will strengthen you.” I put it out of her sight, and blessed her motherly heart.’

“ Further on, when Livingstone has suffered for eighty days from ulcers in the foot, his medicines gone, his force failing, and, one would think, even his great heart breaking—as the hearts of the slaves do when they see the last of their native hills—we have him extracting humorous solace from a review. He copies a favourable notice of his last book from the ‘British Quarterly Review,’ and labels it ‘A drop of comfort.’ It is a little bit of well-deserved praise which the traveller has found quoted on the fly-leaf of one of his travelling-volumes, and he turns it gallantly into a moral tonic. The reviewer is happy, indeed, whose pen can thus boast that it has reinforced David Livingstone in one of his sorest straits. Yet what straits are sore for a man whose one thought and hope are thus expressed in the beginning of his Diary for 1871: ‘O Father! help me to finish this work to Thy honour’? Such natures may suffer, but they cannot despair, and cannot be defeated.

“ With one citation more we close our present notice. It describes, from Livingstone’s own hand, that thrilling and happy hour of glad surprise when, at the end of all his resources, the traveller was lying at Ujiji in a state of illness, poverty, and depression, which probably would soon have put an earlier end to his journeying than that fixed by natural decay. It was the 24th October, 1871, and, while Livingstone was as near to despair as such a man could go, Mr. Stanley was already within a morning’s march of his hut. The Doctor writes:—

“ ‘My property has been sold to Shereef’s friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef; but they would not restore stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come

by on either side; but one morning Syed bin Majid said to me, "Now, this is the first time we have been alone together; I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you." This was encouraging; but I said, "Not yet, but by-and-by." I had still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think, "This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wit's end like me." The visitor was no other than Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, jun., at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead, bring home my bones. 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 on 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 £1,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned, and, instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles.'

"After this there is a happy silence of many days in the journals, and we all know that the rescue gave Livingstone means to renew his strength, while we owe to it the larger portion of these valuable memorials. Yet one little record more, inscribed just when Mr. Stanley has taken his departure, for it possesses an almost prophetic character. It runs:—

"15th March.—Birthday. My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.'

"With this solemn and affecting passage we close our present notice of these volumes. Of David Livingstone it may, indeed, be truly said, 'being dead, he speaketh,' and the real significance of this notable publication—which

in itself is a monument of honour to the country from which the traveller drew his blood—is in the reflection that it is the last appeal of Livingstone to the British people, and the legacy to them, as his heirs, of undying hostility to slavery, of love and pity for the African continent, and its suffering, unfriended, desolate children.”

The following appreciative notice of “Livingstone’s Last Journals” by the “Christian World” affords another specimen of the manner in which the religious as well as the secular press delighted to do honour to the memory and to the work of the great Philanthropist:—“There was perhaps no man in whom so large a proportion of the English-speaking race took such an affectionate interest as in the heroic traveller, and to whose researches men of so many different classes and characters looked for the information which specially concerned and moved them. The trader listened eagerly to hear from him of new staples for manufacture—of new openings for commerce; the statesman watched to see whether he might discover lands suited to receive the surplus population of old and densely-crowded countries; the man of science scanned his account of new plants, new fish, new apes, new mountains, lakes, and rivers; and that portion of the community—a portion which cannot be called small—which desires beyond all else that the good tidings that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners should be carried to the utmost corners of the earth, expected from him full and trustworthy information upon that matter which, to them as to him, was the impelling motive and grand object of African exploration. . . . Not a single entry in Dr. Livingstone’s journals has been lost from the time of his leaving Zanzibar in 1866 until ‘his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala, at the end of April, 1873.’ He had always been careful and diligent, and it was his custom to post up at moments of leisure in the large Diary the daily jottings entered in metallic note-books which it was his custom to carry with him. But in the last three or four years of his life he had been unable, through toil, exhaustion, and distressing illness, to carry out this rule. His note-books, besides, as well as his ink and pencils, ran out, and he had to resort to various shifts to supply the deficiency. At last ‘old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewn together, and his notes were written across the type with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree.’

“The faithfulness and courage of Chumah and Susi, the native attendants upon Livingstone in his last moments, entitle them to a place in one group with the master whom they so devotedly served. Africans have an intense horror of dead bodies, and it is often difficult to get them to carry corpses to the grave. But Chumah and Susi, and about half-a-dozen other followers of Livingstone, including two native girls, Ntoaeka and Halima, not only overcame this horror, but carried his remains from ‘the banks of

the Molilamo,' in the centre of Africa, to Zanzibar. They were under no small temptation to bury the corpse where Dr. Livingstone had died, for the superstitious terror of the tribes on their way to the coast, all of which look upon the dead as haunting and injuring the living, would, they knew, increase their difficulties in the journey. They never wavered, however, and no company of Europeans could have conducted the matter better than those unsophisticated creatures. Chumah and Susi were appointed leaders by consent of all, and were not only appointed, but obeyed.

"David Livingstone died like a soldier in battle, 'falling on the foe-man's ground.' His constitution was naturally so strong, and he had so often rallied when death seemed to have got hold upon him, that, after he was unable to stand or to sit upon a donkey, he still pressed on, carried in a litter. Through flooded country, under a continual downpour,' which 'saturated every man with fever-poison,' on he went, clinging to the hope that he might yet reach Luapula, and solve the problem of the sources of the Nile." How touching is the following entry in his Diary:—"In this journey I have endeavoured 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 endeavour 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 labour 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 home."

"Among the last words he uttered was a question to Susi, 'How many days to the Luapula?' 'I think it is three days, master.' 'O dear, dear!' said Livingstone, fearing that after all he would be too late. He then dosed off, his comatose condition being a presage of death, and at the same time obscuring his consciousness of its approach. Next morning before cock-crow he was found dead.

"The specific problem on which, perhaps, more than on any other, Livingstone set his heart in his last days was not solved. The sources of the Nile have not been indisputably ascertained, or rather it has not been settled

whether and in what manner the waters of the Nile are connected with that system of lakes which Livingstone explored. A passage in Herodotus is believed to have exerted an undue influence upon his mind, sending him in search of a mountain from which flowed four streams, when mere myth and legend had suggested the existence of such a scene. But that his life was well and gloriously spent—that a rich harvest has been the result of his exertions—admits of no question. The civilised and Christian world knows now, as it never did before, what manner of land the great African continent is, with its broad plateaus of wood and swamp, its entangled rivers, its systems of lakes, its singing birds, its musical frogs, its fevers, its leprosies, its eaten ulcers, its insects, whose mysterious nature prompts them to bury themselves in horse, camel, ox, or ass, and to kill the thing they fix on, its animal races which seem to border on humanity, going about erect in companies of ten, male and female accurately matched, and its human races, strangely near the brute, living on roots and bulbs. There are, indeed, African races which stand high in the scale among savages, stalwart men and comely women, who would not, said Dr. Livingstone, be physically unworthy of England; but one of the most remarkable facts connected with those mysterious regions is that the human and the animal tribes approach so near each other. The native African modestly pronounces the Soko—something between a gorilla and a chimpanzee—a man without the badness that is in man.”

One on occasion, Dr. Livingstone received the present of a very interesting young Soko, which he describes as follows:—“Katambo presented me with a young Soko or gorilla that had been caught while its mother was killed; 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 round 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, smelled my clothes, and held out her hand to be shaken. I slapped her palm without offence, though she winced. She began to untie the cord with which she was afterwards bound, with fingers and thumbs, in quite a systematic way, and on



LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA



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 lift her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf."

"On behalf of mankind, however, Dr. Livingstone finally attests that, if one is but civil, he can traverse Africa unhurt from shore to shore. The simple African races would, to all appearance, be reasonably happy were it not for the unmitigated and poisonous curse of slavery," of which the following charming picture of the simplicity of African village life by Dr. Livingstone affords abundant proof:—"We came to some villages among beautiful tree-covered hills, called Basilange or Mobasilange. The villages are very pretty, standing on slopes. The main street generally lies east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his clear hot rays from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drained off by the slopes. A little verandah is often made in front of the door, 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 we think so much better for them if not for us." How sad the contrast:—

"In some cases we found all the villages deserted; the people had fled at our approach, in dread of repetitions of the outrages of Arab slaves. The doors were all shut: a bunch of the leaves of reeds or of green reeds placed across them, means 'no entrance here.' A few stray chickens wander about wailing, having hid themselves while the rest were caught and carried off into the deep forest, and the still smoking fires tell the same tale of recent flight from the slave-traders."

“ To the last the great heart of Livingstone was fired with inextinguishable, immeasurable wrath against this diabolical system. He gives the lie to much thoughtless talk by declaring that slavery is *not* good, *not* natural, in any state of society. The man who finds himself a slave often loses his hold on life, and dies with his hand on his heart where the death pain struck him. Is it not pathetic that Homer should have said something very like this nearly three thousand years ago? We have advanced, however; for it never occurred to Pagan Homer to denounce slavery, or to plead for the slave, whereas Christian Livingstone was glad to give his life to break his fetters.

Of all the tributes which have been paid to the memory of Dr. Livingstone there is none which reflects greater lustre on his Christian heroism and self-sacrificing labours, and which is more likely to produce important results in the regeneration of Africa, than the founding of an Industrial Mission Station at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, in connection with the Free and Reformed Churches of Scotland, as a Memorial to Dr. Livingstone! The project has not only been definitely adopted, but an expedition will shortly be equipped to proceed by the Zambesi under the command of Mr. Young, the successful leader of the Search Party to the same region in 1867, who will make the commencement of a town to be called “Livingstonia,” with the view of encouraging trade, suppressing slavery, disseminating the arts of industrial civilisation, and opening the southern interior of the Lake country to commerce. At a meeting recently held in Glasgow, liberal subscriptions were made towards this good purpose, including the following:—Mr. James Young, of Kelly, £1,000; Mr. Jas. Stevenson, Glasgow, £1,000; Mr. W. Mackinnon, of Balma-kill, £500; Mr. P. Mackinnon, £500; Mr. Geo. Martin, of Auchendennan, £500; Mr. Jas. White, of Overtoun, £500; Dr. Joshua Paterson, £100; and Dr. Hugh Miller, £100. Five thousand pounds of the ten thousand required have already been collected; and it is to be hoped that all the Christian Churches and the British public generally will gladly take part in furthering so promising a work, for which purpose we give the following interesting particulars.

The locality of the proposed settlement will be at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. Probably on the promontory known as Cape Maclear. At this point the Shire River leaves Nyassa at a distance of about sixty miles above the Murchison Cataracts. The distance to the sea is about three hundred miles; there is also water communication for flat-bottomed vessels, drawing from two to three feet, all the way, with the exception of these cataracts, which extend over a distance of between thirty and forty miles.

With regard to the nature of the proposed Mission—In addition to the ordinary evangelistic or preaching work directly connected with the formation of such a project, it is intended to establish an industrial institution similar to that already existing at Lovedale, in which the arts of civilised life as well

as the truths of the Gospel would be taught to the people of the region. It is believed also that such a place would speedily grow into a native town, and would become a centre towards which the native population would steadily gravitate. Wherever there is protection and security the African tribes take advantage of it.

As to the method of carrying out the work.—At first there will be little demand, doubtless, for either educational or industrial teaching. After a time this will arise. The first work to be done by those who go there is to gain a footing in the country, to obtain the confidence of the natives, to become acquainted with the surrounding district, to establish communication on the river, and to acquire a knowledge of the native language. This would be work enough for a year or two. But while it is going on, if there can be secured one or two native interpreters from Cape Town or elsewhere, the teaching of the truths of the Gospel can be commenced at once from day to day as well as on Sundays.

After a little also a small school will be opened, and the work of education would be begun. Slowly the influence of this teaching, of various kinds, will begin to spread, and though no converts might be seen for some considerable time, yet afterwards, if God blesses the undertaking and no serious disaster occurs to the mission, these would make their appearance. The work would then have taken root. But it should always be remembered that progress at first in such directions must be extremely slow.

With reference to route.—The party will proceed to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, either by the Red Sea or *via* the Cape by steamer. They would carry with them two boats, one the size of a ship's cutter. It would be formed of iron, made in sections to take to pieces by screws, and similar in construction to that used by Mr. Young in 1867. The boats and goods having been landed at the Luabo mouth, they will proceed to put together the iron boat and load their goods. They would then hire fifty or more natives from a village about a mile south from the river mouth, and with their assistance as paddlers or otherwise would proceed up the river. At the lower end of the Murchison Cataracts they would leave one boat, and unscrew the sections of the iron boat, and carry it and the goods by means of porters over the cataracts, then put the boat together again and sail upwards to Lake Nyassa, and commence their work by selecting a suitable spot, either side by side with a native chief or headman who might be willing to receive them, or in any other suitable place. They will then proceed as above described. At first, and for some time to come, no other building will be wanted than huts, square or round. The latter can be built by the natives, and the former by them under the direction of Europeans.

As to the number of Europeans.—Four at least or, better, five will go—two of them being artisan and one a doctor, who will act as a medical

missionary. The latter (Mr. Black) has been already secured and although he will not be ready for a year, his place could be temporarily supplied.

As to dangers and obstacles.—It is probable that those difficulties which are most anticipated will not occur, and that others not expected may possibly arise. Amongst the chief are those which will probably spring from the natural obstacles of the country and the climate.

Communication will at first be irregular. If all goes well, it will become easy and regular after a while. In regard of climate, fever undoubtedly prevails on the coast, and on the valleys it is deadly; on the highlands it will occur to some extent, but in much less degree.

As to natives, except from accident or mistake, all along the route indicated little danger need be apprehended on this account. The necessary transport of goods for the settlement will year by year be gradually lessening. Sugar, flour, and coffee, are three of the articles most constantly wanted. In three years they should be able to grow all their wheat; in five or six they might grow as much sugar and coffee as would serve for their own use, and all they would want of the former might be manufactured in a rude way by themselves, though they had nothing better than wooden rollers and a few pots.

If, by God's blessing on this undertaking, and the exercise of every care, success is obtained, the results will be of a most momentous kind. It would be difficult to calculate the effects of such a settlement in a country where at present so little moral or social influence of a healthy nature exists. The amount of this better influence depends, of course, on the wisdom, energy, and caution, with which the scheme is developed, and also on the material support which it can reckon on at home.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Lieutenant Cameron's Expedition to Lake Tanganyika—Discovery of the Lukuga, the long-looked for Outlet to the waters of the Lake—Lieutenant Grandy's Expedition to the Congo District—Recall on the Death of Livingstone.*

ONE of the most interesting problems which remained to be solved in connection with African geography was the system to which Lake Tanganyika belongs. Since the discovery of this lake by Burton and Speke on the 13th February, 1858, the solution of this question has exercised the ingenuity of geographers, and has given rise to various conflicting theories. Captain Burton describes the lake as occupying a position on the western extremity of the eastern third of the breadth of Africa, and as lying parallel to the Inner African line of volcanic action. The general formation suggested to him the idea of a volcano of depression, not of a reservoir formed by the drainage of mountains. Judging from the eye, the walls of this Tanganyika basin rise in an almost continuous curtain to two thousand or three thousand feet, and its length is over three hundred miles, with a mean breadth of twenty miles. Burton found the water of the Tanganyika to be deliciously sweet; yet a careful investigation and comparison of statements, led him to the belief that the lake receives and absorbs the whole river system of that portion of the Central African depression whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir. Burton ascertained that the Rusizi flowed into the lake at the northern, and the Marungu at the southern extremity, while on the eastern side he had himself descended the incline for two hundred and forty miles, until he came to the shores of the lake, and had seen that the Malagarazi and other rivers flowed into it. He, therefore, conjectured that Tanganyika had no outlet, suggesting that it maintains its level by an exact balance of supply and evaporation, and that the freshness of its waters is accounted for by the saline particles deposited in them being wanting in some constituent which renders the salt evident to the taste. But the uncertainty gave rise to endless discussion, and the solution of the question was certainly one of the most important achievements which remained for future African explorers. Some geographers maintained that the Rusizi flowed out

of the north end of the lake, and that consequently Tanganyika was the main source of the Nile. Others suggested that the outlet was from the eastern side, and that the Ruaha or Lufiji carried the waters of Lake Tanganyika to the Indian Ocean; while a third school contended that the lake had no outlet.

Dr. Livingstone added to the knowledge on the subject which we derive from Captain Burton's admirable work. But the health of the great Explorer was completely worn out when he reached the southern extremity of Tanganyika in April, 1867, and little reliance can be placed on his observations, as he says that his head was out of order at the time. He was then suffering from a severe attack of fever, and in November, 1871, he had lost all count of time. In March, 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake, at a time when he was again suffering from illness; and during the fourteen hours of March the 7th, making the voyage against a head wind, and most of the time in darkness, he appears to have passed that part of the coast where the outlet actually is. In November, 1871, he made a voyage to the northern end of the lake, and found that the mouth of the Rusizi is formed of three branches about twelve to fifteen yards broad, and six feet deep, with a strong current of two miles an hour. He ascertained that all the rivers round the northern end flowed into the lake, and thus confirmed Burton's original conclusions. Dr. Livingstone himself does not appear to have formed any definite opinion on the subject of Tanganyika hydrography. At Ujiji he observed that a current flowed northwards at the rate of nearly a mile an hour from February to November. Then evaporation is at its strongest, and the water begins to go gently south, until arrested by the flood from the great rains in February; so that there is a flow and reflow caused by rains and evaporation on the surface of a lake three hundred miles in length. At one time he seems to have thought there was no outlet, for he accounts for the sweetness of the water by the existence of this current flowing "through the middle of the lake lengthways." At another time he says that he has not the smallest doubt that the Tanganyika discharges somewhere, though he may not be able to find the outlet. The question was thus left in a complete state of uncertainty, and the larger portion of the lake was unsurveyed and unvisited, when Lieutenant Cameron reached its shores on the 21st February 1874, exactly sixteen years after their discovery by Captain Burton.

After a careful survey of the southern and unknown portion of the lake, the young Lieutenant proceeded to explore the western side, and at a distance of twenty-five miles to the south of the Kasenge Islands, visited by Speke and Livingstone, he discovered the river which forms the outlet to Lake Tanganyika on the 3d of May, 1874. This outlet, it appears, is called Lukugu, and had actually been passed by Livingstone, though in the night-time, which might account for his having somewhat hastily concluded that

the waters flowed into, instead of out of, the lake. Lieutenant Cameron proceeded for about four or five miles along the stream, the current of which runs from one to two knots per hour, but further navigation was impeded by floating grass and large rushes. In a letter to Lord Derby, from Kawele, Ujiji, May 14, 1874, Lieutenant Cameron says:—"I think, from what I have heard from the Arabs here, that the Lualaba is the Congo. One important fact mentioned by my Arab informant requires looking into. He said he met no English merchants, although he heard of them and of our men-of-war, as all the white merchants he met traded in slaves. This, if true, would point to the Spanish and Portuguese merchants on the Congo. Of the vast importance to the trading community of England of the Congo and Lualaba proving one there is little for me to say, but I will glance over the principal articles of export. The Guinea palm extends, I believe, from the West Coast to here; india-rubber is abundant in Manyema; sem sem (from which much so-called olive-oil is extracted) grows well wherever cultivated; the castor-oil plant grows almost wild; ground nuts the same; copper and gold are found in Katanga; cotton grows well, and of two or three kinds; coffee is reported to grow wild; ivory, it is well known, mostly comes from this portion of Africa; there are many sorts of fibrous substances which might be exported with advantage, and the various millets and maize grow in such abundance that they would form a profitable export; rice also grows most luxuriantly wherever cultivated. The only obstacles to a free water communication of which I know are the Yellala Falls and the rapids on the Lualaba, a short way above the Nyangwe. The Lukuga is at present obstructed with grass, but a way might easily be cut through that. The trade at present is about here entirely in the hands of Arabs who, when in Manyema, live nearly entirely by plunder, and who take the wretched inhabitants as slaves to carry their ivory and other goods. The efforts of England will, I trust, be successful in putting down the slave-trade by sea; but at present they leave untouched an equally crying evil, the internal trade, which is rapidly depopulating vast districts. In going round the lake I was constantly shown places where villages had been, and when I asked where the former inhabitants were, invariably received the same, 'Killed, or carried off for slaves.' The price of a slave is only 5 dotis (20 yards) of calico, while the hire of a passage is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  from Unyanyembe here, so that it is far cheaper to buy slaves than to hire porters, besides which no porters are obtainable in Manyema, and the whole trade there is carried on by means of slaves. The Arabs take with them a horde of Wagwana or free men, armed with muskets, and carry a few stores by means of domestic slaves, and the ivory, of which they obtain large quantities, is all brought by fresh-caught slaves to Ujiji. The numbers of Arabs settling in the country is constantly increasing, and they all have large numbers of slaves for domestic purposes, for cultivating their gardens, and for porters.

Many of those employed as porters only receive rations whilst on journeys, and when not travelling have to live by plunder. Of the relations between the various tribes there is little to be said; the agricultural people seldom make war on each other, unless they get mixed up with the quarrels of the Arabs, to any great extent; predatory tribes prey on all others indiscriminately, carrying off slaves, and murdering all who attempt to resist; the cattle they slaughter at once, and find a ready market for their slaves among the Arab traders and tribes with whom they are not actually warring. I am afraid that stopping the export of slaves, although it will diminish the evil in the districts around the Nyassa, from whence Kilwa draws its principal supplies, will only exacerbate it elsewhere by causing many now engaged in that trade to settle in the interior, where they will become slaveholders and traders afresh. In conclusion, let me add that, in my belief, this internal slave-trade will continue to increase until proper means of communication are opened up, and the country brought under the influence of civilisation and legitimate commerce."

Lieutenant Cameron has thus achieved the honour of solving one of the great African problems, which previous explorers had failed to solve, by his discovery of the long-looked for outlet, which all physical geographers had agreed must exist, as in no other way could the sweetness of the water be accounted for.

The further discovery of the course of the Congo will be the greatest achievement that remains to be done on that continent; for the difficulties are so serious that they can scarcely be exaggerated, and it will call forth qualities of no ordinary kind to surmount them. Cameron's first idea was to have obtained some light canoes, and to have followed down the outlet from its commencement. He subsequently appears to have determined to make direct for Nyangwe, across the Manyuema country, and to descend the great river from that point. He started from Ujiji on his lonely and chivalrous expedition, on the 20th of last May, and surely he will take the hearty good wishes of all true Englishmen with him. The undertaking will necessarily involve great expense, towards which the Council of the Royal Geographical Society has headed the Cameron Expedition Fund by a subscription of £500. Many other sympathisers have also come forward, and the amount already subscribed is £994, or, including the grant of the Council, £1,494.

Lieutenant Grandy, who, by the munificence of Mr. Young, of Kelly, was sent to try and meet Livingstone on the Congo, by penetrating from the West Coast by way of Ambriz and Bembe, has found greater difficulty of penetrating into the interior of the country by that route, and from his comparatively early recall on account of the death of Livingstone, he has been unable, apparently, to achieve any great geographical discovery. His opinion of the Congo is, that there are two main branches, the southern one

draining Angola, and the northern one being apparently identical with the Lualaba.

The expedition under Lieutenant Grandy left Liverpool on the 3rd of November, 1872, arriving at Ambriz in February 1873, where considerable difficulty was experienced in securing the requisite number of carriers. On the 23rd of March after a journey of eleven days, they reached Bembe, where they were very kindly received by the chief, who gave up a portion of the barracks for the accommodation of the men, as well as a lock-up store for stowing away their cargoes. Bembe is the most advanced port of the Portuguese, and from its command of the roads to and from the interior, is of considerable importance. The fort is in a very dilapidated state, and a rumour prevailed that the Portuguese intended abandoning it. While at Bembe Lieutenant Grandy paid a visit to the copper mines, where there seems still to be a considerable amount of ore. In his published Journal, he says:—"Formerly they had an English manager here, and every requisite machinery, but the manager died, and the Company got into difficulties, and the whole plant was eventually destroyed by fire. There is a chief at Encoge, three days south of this place, through whom communication is kept up with Loanda. The place produces large quantities of good quality coffee, and fine sheep may also be obtained; but the climate, from the greater quantity of rain that falls, is much more unhealthy. . . . Paid a visit to the caves, which are in the same valley as the mines, but a mile further to the south-eastward: they are very interesting, and the rocks from which they have been scooped form a strange feature amongst the surrounding soil of slate and shale, being composed entirely of limestone. The entrance to the first cave is by a low, narrow passage, and having arrived at the end, you enter a circular vaulted chamber about thirty-five feet in diameter and forty feet high. Beyond this again is another chamber, nearly sixty feet in height, and also circular. In these caves, it is said, the natives deposited the copper ore they collected at the mines before the Portuguese took possession. Passing round to the right, after emerging from the first two chambers, you enter a second cave of greater extent, but not so singular in shape, the roof gradually sloping to the ground. We found some few specimens of malachite in the caves."

On Wednesday, the 8th March, Lieutenant Grandy left Bembe, and bade farewell to the chief, of whom he says:—"I was exceedingly sorrow at parting with the chief, who, in his kindness to our men and selves, has been almost as a brother. He pressed on me from his small store some rice, wine, bread, etc., and accompanied me to the first village, where he embraced me, and wished me Godspeed and good fortune. Our men, I am glad to state, fell in of their own free will, and one of them, acting as spokesman for the rest, thanked the chief for his great kindness to them. The chief seemed

much moved at their gratitude, and said he had never known black men thankful before."

On the 15th of April, Lieutenant Grandy reached Congo, where he had an audience of the king, by whom he was received in great state, the old king sitting on a chair, under a huge state umbrella, habited in the uniform of a Portuguese lieutenant, and surrounded by his sons and principal chiefs. He expressed himself as being very much gratified at being visited by Englishmen—hoped that many more would follow, and ended with a cordial invitation to the party to make their home in his town, which Lieutenant Grandy describes as follows:—"Congo, or San Salvador of the Portuguese, is situated on an elevated plateau fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. It has formerly been an extensive fortified city, surrounded by a loopholed wall, averaging fifteen feet in height and three feet in thickness, portions of which are still standing. There are also the ruins of an old church or cathedral at the north-west portion of the town. The Portuguese held military occupation for some years, but abandoned it in 1870, and their forts and barracks are now ruins, completely overgrown with rank grass and shrubs. The town is supplied with water from a beautiful spring, which issues in three small streams from the clay soil half way down the plateau on the east side of the town. There are very few trees near the town; bananas, plantains, and fowls are plentiful and cheap, and the farms of beans, cassava, and ground-nuts are well kept. There are three markets weekly held near the town. The Congoese are great snuff-takers, are well clothed, and a great many speak Portuguese. They are dark coloured and of average height, but not muscular; indifferently armed with flint muskets and knives, and very fond of hunting. They make free use of the knife in their quarrels, not using it as a dagger, but giving long sweeping cuts across the back, breast, and stomach. They are habitually lazy. The women are decently clothed, modest and virtuous, and exceedingly industrious. They tend the farms, look after the house, and cook the meals, whilst the man sits quietly down and smokes his pipe. Polygamy is general in the country, and a man is accounted rich according to the number of his wives, who, as soon as married, select a piece of ground which they industriously farm, the produce being sold at the markets for beads, cloth, etc. The King of Congo has two nephews, and, by the laws of the country, one of them, who shall be the choice of the people, succeeds to the throne. Failing a nephew, the people elect a king themselves. The sons of the king do not in any way participate, nor are they entitled to any of his property; but during his lifetime he can appoint them to chiefships of towns in his kingdom as vacancies occur. The King of Congo commands the roads from the interior to the coast, and levies contributions on all 'chiboukas' of ivory. He was once a very powerful chief, and, being supported by the Portuguese, was much respected; but

since they withdrew from Congo he has been gradually sinking to the level of other chiefs, and, although he keeps up an outward show of authority, he has very little power." Of the River Congo, Lieutenant Grandy observes:—"The Congo, which is one of the grandest rivers of the universe, and still awaits exploration, is navigable for steamers to a distance of one hundred and ten miles from its mouth, even in the dry season; it floods twice annually, the first and great rise taking place from 10th of September to the 23rd of December, the second from first week in March till nearly the end of June. In 1873 it only rose nine feet six inches with the first flooding, and two feet with the second. A very low run was expected at the end of August of this year, owing to the small quantity of rain which fell. There are hundreds of canoes on this river, some of them capable of carrying three tons of cargo. A very large trade in nuts and oil is carried on with them between Boma and the towns and markets above the factories. The natives are very skilful in the handling of their canoes, yet a great number of lives are lost annually through the swamping of their frail craft by whirlpools. They stand to paddle, singing the while. The large canoes have two men to steer, and six to paddle; they chose the early morning for descending the river when there is no wind. The fishermen use nets shaped like a spoon, and choose dark nights for their work, one man holding a lighted brand over the water, whilst the other dips up the fish attracted by the glare with the net."

Notwithstanding the professions of friendship by the King of Congo, he proved utterly powerless to secure a sufficient number of carriers to enable the party to prosecute their journey. Lieutenant Grandy says:—"I began to fear we never should get out of Congo; the disaffected people were constantly bringing in reports that chiefs whose towns we had to pass had sent word that they intended to fire upon and exterminate the whole party, and therefore carriers had better not come with us. These, and like stories, which it would be tedious to repeat, lost us a whole month of the best season of the year." After innumerable delays, and vexations enough to try the spirit of any Job, Lieutenant Grandy succeeded in collecting together a sufficient number of carriers, and, on the 21st June, he left Congo. Proceeding in a northerly direction, he passed through several inconsiderable towns and villages; and having crossed the Quilo and Luanga rivers, the party at length reached Tungwa, which Lieutenant Grandy declares to be by far the most populous and best-built town he had seen. "The streets are regularly laid out and cleanly; the people are ivory traders, and the whole place has an appearance of prosperity. Our interpreter said the chief had in his house chairs, tables, and every article of European manufacture that is traded with, and lives in comparative luxury. He looked upon our presents as being very insignificant. The estimated population is about one thousand six hundred. The river, which rises from a fountain about eight miles eastward of the town,

flows round three sides of it, the fourth having a background of hills, the slopes of which are cultivated. Since crossing the Quilo River, we have noticed that the natives are smaller in stature and of a lighter colour; this being especially remarkable with the Tungwa people. Banza Macoota, the residence of the king, is a large manufacturing town lying in the valley to the northward of the Tungwa; it is noted for pottery, pipes, mats, and grass cloths. The surrounding country is very fertile and well-cultivated, producing sugar-cane, corn, ground-nuts, mandioca, yams, beans, etc; poultry, sheep, and goats, are also plentiful.

The marriage customs of the inhabitants of some of the villages beyond Congo are rather peculiar:—"As soon as a young man has built himself a house, and can assure the parents of the girl that he has sufficient money to keep a wife, he can marry. Girls are betrothed at their birth, and the intended husband continues to make presents to the parents, and give cloths to the girl, until she arrives at the age of puberty, when she is handed over to him. In the event of a married man dying, if he has a younger brother, his estate and wives are handed over to him. If there is no brother, the wives go back to their parents, and the children are supported by the deceased man's family, and his property sold. They keep no account of the children's ages after they are two years old. A man is not allowed by 'fetish' to cohabit with his wife after the birth of a child until it can walk alone. In many villages there is what is called a young man's house. When a boy is about eleven or twelve years old, he leaves his parents' house for this place (only returning for his meals), where he lives with the other young men until he marries."

Baffled by the opposition of the native chiefs in carrying out his mission, Lieutenant Grandy was waiting on the Congo River for the recurrence of the proper season for a renewed attempt, for which his arrangements were completed, when he was informed of Dr. Livingstone's death; and having received a letter of recall from the Royal Geographical Society, he at once made preparations for returning to England, very much regretting the idea of leaving his work when all seemed so full of promise.

## CHAPTER XXV.

*Description of Zanzibar—Its Commercial Advantages and Prospects—Mr. Stanley's Interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar—Capture of an Arab Slave Dhow—Organisation of a New Exploring Expedition, under Mr. Stanley—Proposed Route, etc.*

IN a previous portion of this work we gave an account of Sir Bartle Frere's Mission from the English Government to Zanzibar, and of the successful conclusion of a treaty, by which the slave-trade, both foreign and domestic, ceased to be recognised or supported by the Sultan of Zanzibar and his brothers on the East Coast of Africa. The conversation which is recorded in the following letter from Mr. Stanley, the joint commissioner of the "New York Herald" and "The Daily Telegraph," as having taken place between him and the Sultan of Zanzibar, is full of interest, and is well worthy of careful perusal and consideration. It would be well for the Sultan of Zanzibar, instead of mourning over the loss of the gains which he formerly derived from the traffic in slaves, to devote his attention to the development of legitimate traffic, by utilising those rivers debouching along the coast spoken of by Mr. Stanley. That there is an immense future opening for Zanzibar cannot be doubted, but it depends, as does the salvation of Africa, upon the relentless, the uncompromising, the final extirpation of slavery, external and internal. To Mr. Stanley also we are indebted for a most interesting word-picture of this great African Emporium, which bids fair to become the Alexandria of the Eastern Coast. In the first of two long letters, published in "The Daily Telegraph," dated Zanzibar, Nov. 15, 1874, Mr. Stanley says:—

"For the last four or five years the island and town called Zanzibar have been very prominently before the public. The rigorous measures pursued by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on this coast, and the appeals of Livingstone on behalf of the aboriginal African, have made Zanzibar a well-known name. Previous to this time it was comparatively unknown—as little known, indeed, as the polysyllabic name by which it is described in the Periplus of Arrian. The mention of Zanguebar, Zanji-bar—or, as it is now called, Zanzibar—produced very little interest. Some few people there were who remembered there was such a name in very big characters on the map of the world, occupying a large strip on the east side of Africa, seen during their school-boy days, but what that name indicated or comprehended very few knew or cared. They thought that it might be a very wild land, peopled with cannibals and the like, no doubt; for I

remember well, when I first returned from Africa, that a great number of those gentlemen who frequent clubs and fashionable societies often asked me, 'Where the deuce is Zanzibar?' There were people, however, who prospered and grew rich on the ignorance of their white brothers, so woefully deficient in elementary geographical knowledge. These were the staid old merchants of London, New York, Salem, and Hamburg, who had agents living at Zanzibar, unobtrusively collecting precious cargoes of African productions, and shipping them home to their employers, who sold them again quietly and unobtrusively to manufacturers at enormous profits. Great sums of money were made for many years by these old merchants until the slave-trade question began to be agitated and Livingstone's fate became a subject of inquiry. At this date a Committee of the House of Commons held a protracted sitting, sifting every item of information relating to the island and its prospects, its productions, commerce, etc., and the 'New York Herald' despatched a special commissioner in search of Livingstone, one result of whose mission was the publication of the name of Zanzibar far and wide. Captain Burton has also written two large volumes, which bear the conspicuous title of 'Zanzibar,' in large gold letters, on their backs; but very few copies of this work, I imagine, have found their way among the popular classes. I mean to try in the present letter to convey a description of the island, its Prince, and such subjects in relation to them, as will suit any mind likely to take an interest in reading it. De Horsey's 'African Pilot' describes Zanzibar as being an island forty-six miles in length by eighteen miles in width at its greatest breadth, though its average breadth is not more than from nine to twelve miles. The 'African Pilot' and None's 'Epitome' place the island in south latitude  $6^{\circ} 27' 42''$ , and in east longitude  $39^{\circ} 32' 57''$ , but the combined navigating talent on board her Majesty's surveying ship Nassau locates Zanzibar in south latitude  $6^{\circ} 9' 36''$ , and east longitude  $39^{\circ} 14' 43''$ . Between the island and the mainland runs a channel from twenty to thirty miles in width, well studded with coral islands, sandbars, sandbanks, and coral reefs.

"The first view the stranger obtains of Zanzibar is of low land covered with verdure. If he has been much informed concerning the fevers which trouble the white traveller in equatorial Africa, he is very likely to be impressed in his own mind that the low land is very suggestive of it; but a nearer view is more pleasing, and serves to dispel much of the vague fear or uneasiness with which he has approached the dreaded region of ill-health and sorrow. The wind is gentle and steady which fills the vessel's sails; the temperature of the air is moderate, perhaps at  $70^{\circ}$  or  $75^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit; the sky is of one cerulean tint; the sea is not troubled and scarcely rocks the ship; the shore is a mass of vivid green; the feathery fronds of palm trees, and the mango's towering globes of foliage relieve the monotony; while the gleaming white houses of the rich Arabs heighten the growing pleasure with

the thought that the 'fever may not be so bad as people say it is.' Proceeding southward through the channel that separates Zanzibar from the continent, and hugging the shore of the island, you will many times be gratified by most pleasant tropical scenes, and by a strange fragrance which is borne from the leaf-clad island—a fragrance which may remind you of 'Ceylon's spicy isle.' With a good glass you will be able to make out first the cocoa palm and the deep dark green orb of foliage which the mango raises above when the tree is in its prime, the graceful bombax, and the tall taramind, while numbers of gigantic trees of some kind loom over masses of umbrageous shrubbery. Bits of cultivated land, clusters of huts, solitary *tembes*, gardens, and large square white houses, succeed each other quickly, until your attention is attracted by the sight of shipping in the distance; and near by, growing larger and larger every moment, is the city of Zanzibar, the greatest commercial mart on the East Coast of Africa. Arrived in the harbour, you will find the vessel anchors about four hundred yards from the town, close to a few more European ships, and perhaps a British man-of-war or two; while a number of queer-looking craft, which you will style 'native,' lie huddled between your own vessel and the shore. These native boats are of various tonnage and size, from the unwieldy Arab trading dhow, with two masts leaning inelegantly and untrimly towards the bows, while the towering after-part reminds you of the pictures of ships in the Spanish Armada, to the lengthy, low, and swift-looking *mpete*, which when seen going before the wind, seems to be skimming the sea like a huge white seagull.

"Beyond the native fleet of trading Muscat dhows, Kilwa slavers, Pangani wood-carriers, and those vessels which carry passengers to the mainland, the town of Zanzibar rises from the beach in a nearly crescent form, white, glaring and unsymmetrical. The narrow, tall, white-washed house of the reigning Prince, Burghash bin Said, towers almost in the centre of the first line of buildings; close to it on the right, as you stand looking at the town from shipboard, is the saluting battery, which numbers some thirty guns or thereabouts; and behind rises a mere shell of a dingy old Portuguese fort, which might almost be knocked into pieces by a few rounds from Snider muskets. Hard by the water battery is the German Consul's house, as neat as clean white-wash can make an Arab building, and next to this edifice rises the double residence and offices of her Britannic Majesty's Assistant Political Resident, surmounted by the most ambitious of flagstuffs. Next comes an English merchant's house, and then the buildings occupied by Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, the agent of the great house of John Bertram and Co., of Salem, Massachusetts; while between the English merchant's house and the Bertram agency, in neighbourly proximity, is seen the snow-white house of Mr. Frederick M. Cheney, agent of Arnold, Hines, & Co., of New York; and beyond all, at the extreme right, on the far end of the crescent, at Shangani

Point, appears in isolated vastness the English Residency, which was formerly the house of Bishop Tozer and his scanty flock of youthful converts. If you start again from that central and prominent point, the Palace of his Highness, and intend to take a searching view of the salient objects of observation along the sea front of the town, you will observe that to the left of the water battery are a number of sheds roofed with palm fronds, and that in front of these is about the only thing resembling a wharf visible on the beach. This, you will be told, is the Zanzibar Custom House. There may be a native dhow discharging her cargo, and lines of burly strong labourers come and go—go and come—continually bearing to the Custom House bales, packages, ivory tusks, and what not, and returning for fresh burdens; while on the wharf turbaned Arabs and long-shirted half-castes either superintend the work, or, from idle curiosity, stand by to look on. Moving the eye leftward of the Custom House to a building of noble dimensions, you will see that mixture of richness of woodwork with unkempt slovenliness and general untidiness or semi-decay, which attracts the traveller in almost all large Turkish and Arab houses, whether in Turkey, Egypt, or Arabia. This is the new Palace of Prince Burghash. The dark-brown verandah, with its open lattice work, interlaced bars of wood, and infinitesimal carving—the best work of an Arab artisan—strikes one as peculiarly adapted for a glowing climate like this of Zanzibar. But if the eye surmounts that woodwork it will find itself shocked at observing the half-finished roof and the seams of light which fall through it, and the dingy whitewash and the semi-ruinous state of the upper part of the structure. A little left of this, stand two palatial buildings, which for size dwarf even the British Residency. One is the house of Nassur bin Said, the Prime Minister of his Highness; the other is inhabited by the Sultan's harem. Beyond these large buildings are not many more. The compact line of solid buildings becomes broken by unsightly sheds with thatched roofs. This is the Melinde quarter, a place devoted to the sale of fish, fruit, etc., to which new European arrivals are banished to seek residences among the few stone houses to be found there. Past Melinde is the shallow Malagash inlet—the cause, I may say the main, perhaps the only cause of the unhealthiness of the town of Zanzibar—and beyond the Malagash inlet extends the country, like a rich, prolific garden, teeming with tropical plants and trees, sloping gently upward as far as the purpling ridges of Elaysu.

“Such is Zanzibar and its suburbs to the new arrival, as he attempts to note down his observations from shipboard. Descending the side ladder, he is rowed ashore, and if he has a letter of introduction is welcomed by some ‘noble specimen of a British merchant,’ or an ‘American merchant of thirty-five or forty years’ standing,’ or a British official, or by one of those indescribables who have found their way into Zanzibar, and who patiently bide for the good time that is reported and believed to be coming; for I find that Zanzibar,

instead of attracting the real merchant, has, since my last visit, but changed its European inutiles. When I was here before I met a living specimen of the happy and sanguine Micawber class. He is gone, but another fills his place. One can scarcely dare say anything good of Zanzibar, or of any other place, without attracting the wrong class of persons; and, as I am on this topic, I may as well specify what class can be benefited pecuniarily by immigration to Zanzibar. To an enterprising man of capital Zanzibar, and the entire sea-line of the Sultan's dominions, offer special advantages. A person with a capital of £5,000 might soon make his £20,000 out of it, but not by bringing his money and his time and health to compete with great rich mercantile houses of many years' standing and experience, and settling at Zanzibar, vainly attempting to obtain the custom of the natives, who are perfectly content with their time-honoured white friends, when the entire coast-line of the mainland invites his attention, his capital, his shrewdness, and his industry. The new arrival must do precisely what the old merchants did when they commenced business. He must go where there is no rivalry, no competition, if he expects to have a large business and quick returns for his money. He must bring his river steamer of light draught, and penetrate the interior by the Rufiji, the Pangani, the Mtwana, or the Jub, and purchase the native produce at first cost, and re-sell to the large mercantile houses of Zanzibar, or ship home. The copal of the Rufiji plain, accessible, as I know by experience, to a light-draught steamer, is now carried on the shoulders of natives to Dar Salaam and Mbuamajii, to be sold to the Banyans, who re-ship it to Zanzibar, and there re-sell to the European merchant. The ivory trade of Unyamwezi is brought down close to Mbumi Usagara, which is accessible in a light-draught steamer by the Wami. The ivory trade of Masai, and the regions north, is carried down through a portion of the Pangani Valley, and the Pangani for a short distance is also navigable, and furnishes a means of enabling the white merchant to overreach his more settled white brothers at Zanzibar. The Jub river, next to the Zambesi, is the largest river on the East Coast of Africa, while it is comparatively unknown. Arab caravans penetrate the regions south of it, and obtain large quantities of ivory and hides. Why should not the white merchant attempt to open legitimate trade in the same articles by means of the river? When John Bertram, of Salem, Massachusetts, came to Zanzibar, some forty years ago, there was not a single European house here. He was an officer of a whaling vessel when he saw this large town, with its splendid opportunities for commencing a mercantile business. On arriving home, he invested the results of his venture in chartering a small vessel with goods, such as would meet a ready sale in Zanzibar. The speculation turned out to be a fine one; he repeated it, and then established an agency at Zanzibar, while he himself resided at Salem to conduct the business at home, to receive the cargoes from Zanzibar, and ship cloth and other goods to his

agency out here. The business which the young whaler started continued to thrive. Agent succeeded agent as each man went home, after a few years' stay in Zanzibar, to enjoy the fruit of his labours. Boys sent out to learn the business become responsible clerks, then head agents, and subsequently opulent merchants, and so on from year to year, until John Bertram can point with just pride to his own millions and the long list of men whom he taught, encouraged, sustained by his advice, and enriched. The moral of all this is, that what John Bertram, of Salem, did at Zanzibar can be done by any large-minded, enterprising Englishman or American on the mainland of Africa. Nay; as there is a larger field on the mainland, and as he can profit by the example of Bertram, he can do more.

“Men experienced in the ways of Oriental life need not to be told in detail how people live in Zanzibar, or how the town appears within, or what the Arabs and half-castes and Wanguana know of sanitary laws. Zanzibar is not the best, the cleanliest, or the prettiest town I have ever seen; nor, on the other hand, is it the worst, the filthiest, or the ugliest town. While there is but little to praise or glorify in it, there is a good deal to condemn, and while you censure it, you are very likely to feel that the cause for condemnation is irremediable and hopeless. But the European merchants find much that is endurable at Zanzibar. It is not nearly the intolerable place that the smelted rocks of Aden have made Steamer Point, nor has it the parboiling atmosphere of Bushire or Busrah, nor is it cursed by the merciless heat of Ismailia or Port Said. If you expose yourself to the direct rays of the sun of Zanzibar for a considerable time, it would be as fatal for you as though you did an unwise thing on the Aden isthmus. Within doors, however, life is tolerable—nay, it is luxuriously comfortable. We—I mean Europeans—have numbers of servants to wait on us to do our smallest bidding. If we need a light for our cigars, or our walking-cane, or our hats when we go out, we never think of getting these things for ourselves, or of doing anything which another could do for us. We have only the trouble of telling our servants what to do, and even of this trouble we would gladly be relieved. One great comfort to us out here is that there is no society to compel us to imprison our necks within linen collars, or half-strangle ourselves with a silken tie, or to be anxious about any part of our dress. The most indolent never think of shifting their night *pyjamas* until nearly midday. Indeed, we could find it in our hearts to live in them altogether, except that we fear a little chaff from our neighbours. Another luxury we enjoy out here which may not always be obtained in Europe without expense. What think you of a salt-water bath morning, noon, and evening, just before dinner? Our servants fill our tubs for us, for our residences stand close to the sea, and it is neither trouble nor expense, if we care at all for the luxury, to undress in the cool room, and take a few minutes' cooling in the tub. Though we are but a very small colony of

whites, we resemble, microscopically, society at home. We have our good men, and true, and sociable men; we have large-hearted hospitable men, our peg-giving friends, our hail-fellows-well-met, and perambulating gossips. Our houses are large, roomy, and cool; we have plenty of servants; we have good fruit on the island; we enjoy health while we have it; and with our tastes, education, and natural love of refinement, we have contrived to surround ourselves with such luxuries as serve to prolong good health, peace of mind, and life, and Inshallah! shall continue to do so while we stay in Zanzibar. The above is but the frank, outspoken description of himself, that might be given by a dignified and worthy Zanzibar merchant of long standing, and of European extraction. And your Commissioner will declare that it is as near truth as though the Zanzibar merchant of long standing and experience had written it himself.

“Now we have had the Europeans of Zanzibar, their houses, and mode and law of life described, let us get into the street and endeavour to see for ourselves the nature of the native and the Semitic resident, and ascertain how far they differ from the Anglo-American sublimities. As we move away towards the Seyyid’s Palace, we gradually become conscious that we have left the plastered streets with their small narrow gutters, which re-echoed our footsteps so noisily. The tall houses where the Europeans live, separated by but a narrow passage ten feet wide, shut out the heat and dazzling glare which otherwise the clean whitewashed walls would have reflected. When we leave these behind we come across the hateful blinding sunlight, and our nostrils become irritated by an amber-coloured dust, from the ‘garbling’ of copal and orchilla weed, and we are sensible of two separate smells which affect the senses. One is the sweet fragrance of cloves, the other is the odour which a crowd of slaves bearing clove bags exhale from their perspiring bodies. Shortly we come across an irregular square blank in the buildings which had hemmed us in from the sunlight. A fetid garbage heap, debris of mud houses, sugar-cane leavings, orange and banana peelings, make piles which, festering and rotting in the sun, are unsightly to the eye and offensive to the nostrils. And just by we see the semi-ruinous Portuguese fort, a most feeble and dilapidated structure. Several rusty and antique cannon lie strewn along the base of its front wall, and a dozen or so of dusky and beggarly-looking half-castes, armed with long straight swords and antique Muscat matchlocks, affect to be soldiers and guardians of the gate. Fortunately, however, for the peace of the town and the reigning Prince, the prisoners whom the soldiers guard are mild mannered and gentle enough, few of them having committed a worse crime than participating in a bloodless street brawl, or being found intoxicated in the street. Passing the noisy and dusty Custom House, with its hives of singing porters at work, and herds of jabbering busybodies, nobodies, and somebodies, we shortly arrive at the Palace, where we might as well

enter, and see how it fares with his Highness Burghash bin Said, the Prince of Zanzibar and Pemba. As we may have merely made an appointment with him, as private citizens of a free and independent foreign Court, and are escorted only by a brother citizen of the same rank, etiquette forbids that the Seyyid should come down into the street to receive his visitor. Were we her Britannic Majesty's Consul or Political Resident, his Highness would deem it but due to our official rank to descend into the street and meet us exactly twenty-four steps from the palace door. Were we an Envoy Extraordinary, the Prince would meet us some fifty or seventy-five paces from his gate. We are but private citizens, however, and the only honour we get is an exhibition of the guards—Beloochis, Persians, and half-castes—drawn up on each side of the door, their uniforms consisting of lengthy, butternut-coloured *dishdashes*, or shirts, which reach from the nape of the neck to the ancles of each.

“ We have ascended a flight of steep wooden steps when we discover the Prince, ready to receive us with his usual cordial and frank smile and pleasant greeting; and during a shower of good-natured queries respecting our health we are escorted to the other end of the barely furnished room, where we are invited to be seated. I have had (adopting the first person singular again) a long conversation with the Prince of Zanzibar; but, omitting all extraneous matter, I shall only touch upon such portion of our conversation as relates to a subject in which we are all interested, viz., the slave-trade, and the diplomatic mission of Sir Bartle Frere. We have all read the dispatches of Sir Bartle, relating his intercourse officially with the Sultan of Zanzibar; we have also heard from his own lips his views upon East African slavery; but none of your readers have heard the story of the Sultan himself, with his views of slavery and of the mission of Sir Bartle Frere. Without pretence of literal and exact record of what the Sultan said, I yet declare that the spirit of what he said will be found embodied in the following:—‘ During Majid, my brother's time, Speke came here, and travelled into Africa, and what he said about us Arabs caused us a little trouble. The Consuls too have given us great trouble. Some have written home much that is not quite true; but some time ago my brother Majid died, and by the grace of God I succeeded him. The trouble which my brother Majid endured was as nothing compared to that which has been the result of Doctor Livingstone's letters. I maintain that those letters you brought from him and carried to England were the cause of all this great trouble. Indeed, I have had a troublous time of it ever since I came to the throne. First, there was the hurricane of two years ago (April, 1872), which destroyed my entire fleet and all the ships of my people, and devastated the island and the coast. We were well off before that time, and we became suddenly poor. I had seven ships and steamers of war lost, and my people lost about two hundred ships; and if you doubt my word respecting the devastation on the land, take one of my horses and ride

out into the country that you may see for yourself. In the midst of the desolation and ruin which had overtaken us we heard that the former Governor of Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere, was coming out to talk to us about the slave-trade. Now, you white people must understand that all Arabs trade in slaves—that they have done so from the beginning. Our Koran does not say it is a sin; our priests say nothing against it; the wise men of Mecca say nothing against it; our forefathers traded in slaves, and we followed their footsteps and did likewise. But my father, Said Said, and my brothers, Thouweynee, Majid, and Toorkee, were friends with the English, and the English gave them advice and got them to sign treaties not to trade in slaves any more. To the treaty that my brothers signed I gave my consent freely when I came to the throne, for I have always been a friend to the English and to Englishmen. When Sir Bartle Frere came here we were in sore distress, and very poor. He asked me to sign a treaty that no slave-trade should be permitted in my country. When I consulted my chiefs, they held their hands out to me, and said, ‘We have nothing, we are poor; but if the English will give us time—say a year or so—we are quite willing to sign that which they ask us.’ I repeated to Sir Bartle what my chiefs were willing to do, and I asked him to give us time, such as they gave the Portuguese; but Sir Bartle, in his hurry to get us to sign the treaty, overlooked the distress we were in from the hurricane. Time and time again I asked that he would give us but a few months to consider and prepare for this final stroke of misfortune; but he would not listen; he was deaf to me. Continually he said to me, ‘Sign this treaty.’ I was quite willing to sign it, though by signing it I was losing about £4,000 a year revenue; but my people could not understand this haste of Sir Bartle Frere to get the treaty signed without giving us time to think of it. We all knew that the English could do what they wanted to do in Zanzibar; if they took the island, we were too poor and weak to resist; if they destroyed us all, we could not help it. All we could have done would have been to consign our cause to God, and submit. Sir Bartle Frere went away angry. I cannot help it; but I grieve that he should be angry with me for what I could not help. One of the things he asked me to give my consent to was that I should assist the English in putting down the slave-trade. How can I assist the English? I have no ships as I had formerly, or I would willingly do so. Soon after Sir Bartle Frere went away an English fleet came to our harbour. The English Admiral (Rear-Admiral Arthur Cumming) and Dr. Kirk came to see me about the orders they had received from the Foreign Office to stop the slave-trade. They both advised me, as friends, to sign his treaty. I got my people’s consent to do so and I signed it—not because I was afraid of the English ships, for if the English came to Zanzibar, and said, ‘We want this island,’ I would not resist them, for I know that they are strong and I am weak—but because the English Admiral and Dr.

Kirk advised me as friends, for they knew my poverty and understood my case better than I could have told them.'

"Such is the story of the Sultan without embellishment, and I dare say that Sir Bartle Frere will endorse most of it, if not all. Now, however, that the treaty has been signed, and England's indignation at the Seyyid's first refusal to concede to her demands, has been appeased, strict justice requires, in his opinion, that the Prince shall in some measure be requited for the concession he made. This is not merely his opinion, nor is it only my definition of what justice demands, in this case; but it is the outspoken and frank declaration of several eminent English gentlemen with whom I have conversed. They say that the Prince should be indemnified, for this concession on his part, with some grant of money or aid, in some form or another, for sacrificing to England's views of what is right and wrong an eighth portion of his revenue. That the plea that England may use, that she guaranteed Prince Burghash's release from the annual subsidy of 40,000 crowns to his brother at Muscat, cannot be employed at all, as England herself had imposed this sum on the Zanzibar Sultan in order that her commerce might not be endangered in the fratricidal war which might ensue on Prince Burghash's refusal to pay this heavy subsidy; and that it is doubtful whether Prince Toorkee could ever summon sufficient force to compel Prince Burghash to pay him a single coin. With which views just men will not fail to agree. The presents which Sir Bartle Frere and his suite brought to Zanzibar for presentation to the Sultan were, again, hardly worthy of the nation, which, no doubt, intended to act generously, or of the representative of her Britannic Majesty which conveyed them, and of the Prince for whom they were purchased. Well enough, no doubt, for the petty potentate of Jobama, who ultimately received them, but not for the Sovereign of Zanzibar and Pemba, and a thousand miles of coast, with whom a British envoy was charged to negotiate. It is not common sense to suppose that any private citizen would look indulgently upon any proposition which required of him to sacrifice £4,000 a year of his income in consideration of a few petty gifts which did not exceed over a few hundred pounds in value at the most, any more than that Prince Burghash should. Yet this is precisely what Sir Bartle Frere was charged to propose by the Foreign Office in his late mission to Zanzibar. Owing to the losses incurred by him and his people during the hurricane of 1872, and the sacrifice of a large portion of his revenue by the demands of England, the Prince of Zanzibar suffers from straitness of income and ready money. He has leased the customs to Jewram Sujee, a Banyan, during a term of years, for a very insufficient sum. He is sorely troubled with the native war in Unyamwezi, which prevents the ivory from arriving at the sea. His private estates are mere wrecks of what they once were, and the real pecuniary condition of Prince Burghash may be summed up as truly deplorable. Now, a present of two condemned gunboats,

or any two vessels of war, such as the Admiralty has almost always on hand for sale cheap for cash, would be a god-send to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and a round sum of a few thousands of pounds, given to him as a sign of friendship and good-will, might obviate in some measure the necessity of the large expense which England incurs annually in her laudable endeavours to suppress the slave-trade. There are several ways of regarding such a proposition, but it will not appear outrageous to the candid reader if he reads the above facts dispassionately, and without prejudice. It is a good adage which advises that we should choose the lesser of two evils, and every body will admit that if England could purchase the hearty co-operation of the Zanzibar Sultan with a timely and needful present, in the philanthropic scheme which England has so long attempted to enforce on the East African Coast, it would be less expensive than supporting a large squadron at an expense of several thousand pounds per annum. And now that the slave-trade is carried on inland, it is more necessary than ever that Seyyid Burghash's good-will should be secured. Without the aid that England could give the Prince, I doubt much whether, however friendly disposed he may be, he can do anything to assist in suppressing the trade for the reasons already given.

“Turning again to other topics, I may as well sketch the Prince before bowing him my adieu. He is now in the prime of life, probably about forty-two years old, of vigorous and manly frame, and about five feet nine inches in height. He is a frank, cordial, and good-natured gentleman, with a friendly brusqueness in his manner to all whom he has no reason to regard with suspicion. He wears the usual linen dress of the Arabs, with his waist cinched by a rich belt of plaited gold, which supports the crooked dagger generally borne by an Arab gentlemen. Over his linen dress he wears a long black cloth coat, the edges of which are trimmed with narrow gold braid. His head-dress is the usual ample turban of the Arab, and completing in his person a somewhat picturesque figure. It would be difficult to choose a Prince with whom diplomatic relations could be carried on so easily, provided always that the diplomat remembered that the Prince was an Arab and a Moslem gentleman. Politeness will always effect more than rudeness with a well-bred Arab. In whatever school of deportment these old British Admirals who, over a steely firmness wear such urbanity, are brought up, it might be recommended that diplomats charged with delicate negotiations should be sent there too, to learn lessons of true politeness. There is, however, one phase in Prince Burghash's character which presents a difficulty in dealing with him, and that is his fanaticism. Ever since he undertook the journey to Mecca, he has shown himself an extremely fervid Moslem, indisposed to do anything or attempt anything not recommended in the Koran. A prince of more liberal religious views might have had an opportunity during the late diplomatic negotiation of permanently bettering himself and his people; but

Burghash was restrained by his extreme religious scruples from asking any aid of England.

“Before closing this letter, I should like to ask the reader to accompany me as far as the ridges of Elaysu. The path which we choose lies through cultivated tracts and groves of fruit trees that stretch on either side of it, thickening as they recede, and growing intensely deep and umbrageous, even to the depth and intensity of a forest. We note the sad effects of the hurricane in the prostrate and fast-rotting trunks of the cocoa-nut palm, and the vast number of trees which lean from the perpendicular, and threaten before long to fall. We observe these things with a good deal of pity for the country, the people, and the poor unfortunate Prince; and we also think what a beautiful and happy place this Isle of Zanzibar might be made under a wise and cultivated ruler. If such a change as now visible in Mauritius, with all its peaks and mountains, and miles of rugged ground, can be effected, what might not be done with Zanzibar, where there are no mountains nor peaks nor rugged ground, but gentle undulations and low ridges eternally clothed in summer green verdure! At every point, at every spot, you see something improvable, something that might be made very much better than it now is. And so we ride on with such reflections, which are somewhat assisted, no doubt, by the ever-crooked path that darts towards all points of the compass in sudden and abrupt windings. But the land and the trees are always beautiful and always tropical. Palms and orange groves are everywhere, with a large number of plantains, mangoes, and fruit trees; the sugar cane, the Indian corn, the cassava, are side by side with the *holcus sorghum*, and there is a profusion of verdure and fruit and grain wherever we turn our eyes. Shortly we arrive at the most picturesque spot on the Island of Zanzibar—Elaysu, or Ulayzu, as some call it, every inch of which, if the island were in the possession of the white man, would be worth a hundred times more than it is now, for its commanding elevation, for the charming views of sea and land and town its summit presents, for its healthiness, and its neighbourhood to town, whence it is five or six miles distant. What cosy, lovable, pretty cottages, might be built on the ridge of Elaysu, amid palms and never-sere foliage, among flowers and carol of birds, deep in shade of orange and mango trees! How white men and white women would love to dream on verandahs, with open eyes, of their far-away homes, made far pleasanter by distance and memory, while palms waved and rustled to gentle evening breezes, and the sun descended to the west amid clouds of all colours! Yes, Elaysu is beautiful, and the receding ridges, with their precipitous ravines fringed with trees and vegetation, are extremely picturesque—nay, some short bits of scenery which we view across the white glaring bars of sunlight are perfectly idyllic in their modest beauty.”

How painful to turn away from this beautiful scene, which the writer

depicts with such graphic power, to another, the horrors of which the Sultan of Zanzibar would willingly prolong, for the sake of the accursed gains which he and his chiefs have so long derived from the traffic in slaves, although it is the very root of the evil which is gnawing at the vitals of the prosperity of his kingdom, and paralysing, by its seductive and benumbing influence, all the effort and enterprise of his subjects, in developing the natural resources of Central Africa, and in bringing down to the seaboard the commercial wealth of the interior. The Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," in a communication from Mahe, Seychelles, December 16, 1874, gives the following harrowing details, in connection with the capture of an Arab slave dhow:—

"The last batch of slaves rescued from Arab clutches arrived at Seychelles on Sunday, the 23rd August, 1874. They were re-captured by H.M.S. Vulture—the same ship, by the way, that so recently conveyed the remains of Livingstone from the continent to Zanzibar. The Vulture was steaming into Majungel, a post on the east coast of Madagascar, when a large dhow was made out inshore of the ship. When the Vulture was near enough, a boat, in charge of a young officer, was sent on board the Arab, whose true character, and the nature of his cargo, were soon made known. On going below the men found a framework of bamboo constructed on each side of the hold, ranging fore and aft, in which two hundred and thirty-eight human beings were packed, tier upon tier, like bottles in a rack. The occupants of each tier were placed in the closest personal contact with each other—so much so, in fact, that, to use the men's homely phrase, they really 'were stowed away like herrings in a cask.' When taken out and placed upon the deck, their limbs were useless; they were seized with vertigo, and fell from sheer inability to stand. Some were found in a truly shocking condition. One or two young children were found crushed to death. The lower tier had been laid upon the sand ballast and was half buried. One poor woman really was buried, with the exception of her face; her mouth was full of sand, and when taken out was on the point of suffocation. The mortality among a batch of negroes must be sometimes frightful, not only on board the dhows, but also during the journey down from the interior. There was a woman among this lot who, if her statement is to be credited, was the only survivor of a numerous band. Six months since she roamed as free as air in her native village in the middle of Africa. The Arabs went with fire and sword; the village was burnt, and the greater number of the women and children were made prisoners. Then commenced a weary march of four months' duration. Fresh accessions of slaves were made as they passed along on their way to the coast. Manacled women fell by the way side, and being unable to travel, were left to die in the jungle. Young children withered like plucked leaves, and the Arabs, to these more merciful, struck off their heads and threw them aside. The woman

has survived them all, but she is alone. Of all the band captured with her, she states that she only has escaped alive to tell the sickening tale."

It is very gratifying to learn from Colonel Gordon, who is engaged in active measures for the suppression of the slave-trade at Gondokoro, that one tribe had already sided with him, and, through their instrumentality, one thousand six hundred slaves had been captured, which had proved the death-blow to the slave-trade in that particular district.

In the following letter, written from Zanzibar, Nov. 16, 1874, Mr. Stanley gives some very important information respecting the organisation, prospects and intentions of the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph" and "New York Herald," and which was about to commence its long journey into the heart of unexplored Africa. After a humorous portraiture of the numerous applicants, of all nationalities, who tendered him their assistance and advice, he says:—

"I never knew how many kind friends I could number until I was about to sail from England. The White Star Line treated me in the most princely fashion; gave me free passages to America and back. The Peninsular and Oriental Company and the British India, through their obliging agents, showered courtesy after courtesy on me. Testimonials from hundreds of gentlemen were thrust on me, and invitations to dinner and dances, and to 'spend a month or more in the country,' were so numerous, that if I could have availed myself of them in succession years must elapse before any hotel need charge a penny to my account. But though my preparations for the journey monopolised my time and compelled me to 'decline with thanks' these manifold kindnesses, my numerous friends must believe that I am none the less grateful. I departed from England on August 15, loaded with good wishes, keepsakes, photographs, favours of all kinds. At Aden I met my white assistants, whom I had despatched from England, *via* Southampton, in charge of the boats, etc. My young English assistants had quite got over all melancholy feelings and were in capital spirits, though they entertained a doubt whether, if Central Africa were as hot as Aden, they should enjoy it very much. On my assuring them that they need fear nothing on the score of heat in Africa after Arabia, they expressed themselves relieved from their greatest fear. On the British Indian Steamer Euphrates, I was delighted to find that the Pocock brothers possessed several qualifications beyond those of sobriety, civility, and industry. I discovered that they were capital singers and musicians, having belonged to some choir in their native town, where they were justly much esteemed. The delightful weather we experienced between Aden and Zanzibar was most grateful after the intense heat of Steamer Point, and we consequently arrived at Zanzibar on the 22nd of September, almost as fresh and robust as when we left England.

"The next morning after I landed, some of my old friends of the former

expedition heard of my arrival, and I was much gratified by the good-will they manifested towards one who had been so stern to them on certain occasions when naught but sternness of the most extreme kind would have sufficed to overmaster a disposition they sometimes betrayed to be sullenly disobedient and mutinous. But they remembered, as well as I did, that, though I was merciless when they were disposed to be stubborn, I was kind enough to them when all went fair and well; and they knew that, when the rewards were distributed, those who had behaved themselves like true men were not forgotten. The report that I had come was soon bruited through the length and breadth of the island, and Livingstone's and my own old dusky comrades gathered quickly about my good host Mr. Sparhawk's house, to pay their respects to me, and, of course, to receive *heshimeh*, or presents, with which, fortunately, I had provided myself before leaving England. Here was Ulimengo, the incorrigible joker and hunter of the Search Expedition, with his mouth expanding gratefully on this day at the sight of a gold ring which soon encircled one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain which held an ornament, and hung down his broad and muscular chest; here too, was Rojab, who narrowly escaped destruction for immersing Livingstone's six years' journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, his ebony face lighted up with the most extreme good-will towards myself for my munificent gift; and Manwas Sera also, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke and my most faithful messenger, who had once braved a march of six hundred miles with his companion, Sarmine, in my service, and Livingstone's most devoted captain on his last journey; he was speechless with gratitude, because I had hung a splendid jet necklace round his neck and encircled one of his fingers with a huge seal ring, which to his mind was a sight to see and enjoy. Nor was the now historical Mabruki Speke—styled by Captain Burton 'Mabruki, the Bull-headed'—who has each time distinguished himself with white men as a hawk-eyed guardian of their property and interests—less enraptured with his presents than his fellows; while the comely, valiant, faithful Chowpereh—the man of manifold virtues, the indomitable and sturdy Chowpereh—was pleased as any with the silver dagger and gold bracelet and ear-rings which fell to his share. His wife, whom I had purchased from the eternally wandering slave-gang, and released from the harsh cold iron collar which chafed her neck, and whom I had bestowed upon Chowpereh, as a free woman for wife, was, I discovered the happy mother of a fine little boy, a tiny Chowpereh, who I hope will grow up to lead future expeditions in Africa and be as loyal to white men as his good father has proved himself. After I had bestowed presents on his wife and child, Chowpereh, having heard that I had brought a wondrous store of medicine, entreated me that I should secure his son during his absence with me in Africa against any visitation of the small-pox, and this I hope I have done by vaccination.

“Two or three days after my arrival a deputation of the ‘Faithfuls’ came to me to learn my intentions and purposes. I informed them that I was about to make a much longer journey into Africa than before, and into very different countries from any that I had ever been into as yet, and I proceeded to sketch out to the astonished men an outline of the prospective journey. They were all seated on the ground before me, tailor-fashion, eyes and ears interested, and keen to see and hear every word of my broken Kiswahili. As country after country was mentioned, of which they had hitherto but dimly heard, and river after river, lake after lake, named, all of which I hoped, with their aid, to explore carefully and thoroughly, various ejaculations, expressive of emotions of wonder, joy, and a little alarm, broke from their lips; but when I concluded each man drew a long breath, and, almost simultaneously, they uttered, in their own language, ‘Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!’

“‘But, master,’ said they, with some anxiety, ‘this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years?’

“‘Nonsense,’ said I. ‘Six, nine or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to go to Ujiji, it is true; but I was only sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji, and back to the sea. Is it not true?’

“‘Ay, true,’ answered they.

“‘Very well. And I tell you further, that there is not enough money in this world to pay me for stopping in Africa ten, nine, or even six years. I have not come here to live in Africa. I have come here simply to see these rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home.’

“‘Ah, but you know the big master (Livingstone) said he was only going for two years, and you know that he was gone, altogether, nine years.’

“‘That is true enough. Nevertheless you know what I did before, and what I am likely to do again, if all goes well.’

“‘Yes, we remember that you are very hot, and you did drive us until our feet were sore, and we were ready to drop from fatigue. Wallahi! but there never was such a journey from Unyanyembe home! No Arab or white man came from Unyanyembe in so short a time as you did. It was nothing but throw away this thing and that, and go on, go on, all the time. Ay, master, that is true.’

“‘Well, is it likely, then, when I marched so quick before, that I am likely to be slow now? Am I much older now than I was then? Am I less strong? Do I not know what a journey is now? When I first started from Zanzibar to Ujiji I allowed the guide to show me the way; but when we came back who showed you the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass, which could not lie like the guide?’

“‘Ay, true, master; true, every word.’

“ ‘Very well, then, finish these foolish words of yours, and go and get me three hundred good men like yourselves, and when we get away from Bagamoyo I will show you whether I have forgotten how to travel.’

“ ‘Ay, Wallah, my master ;’ and ‘ they forthwith arose, and did as they were commanded.’

“ The result of our polite ‘ talk ’ or ‘ palaver ’ was witnessed shortly, when the doors and gates of the Bertram Agency and former Consulate were thronged by volunteers, who were of all shades of blackness, and who hailed from almost every African town known. Wahiyon, Wabera, Wagnido, Wanyanzezi, Wagogo, Wasegubba, Wasagara, Wabehe, Somali, Wagalla, Wanyassa, Wadirigo, and a score of other tribes, had their representatives, while each day added to the number, until I had barely time to do anything more than strive with calmness and well practised patience, to elicit from them information as to who they were, what they had been doing, and whom they had served. The brave fellows who had accompanied Livingstone on his last journey, or myself, of course had the preference, because they knew me, and fewer words were wanted to strike a bargain with them. Forty-seven of those who marched with Livingstone on his last journey answered to their names, along with two hundred strangers, on whose fidelity I was willing to risk my reputation as a traveller, and nearly £1,000 sterling in advanced wages. These were finally enlisted and sworn as escort and servants. Many of them will naturally prove recreants and malcontents, braggarts, cowards, and run-aways ; but it cannot be helped—I have done all that I am able to do in providing against desertion and treachery. Where there is such a large number of wild people it would be absurd to hope that they will all be faithful and loyal to the trust and confidence reposed in them, or that a large expedition can be conducted thousands of miles without great loss. After the men, the armed escort, and the porters, had been secured, I devoted myself to examine the barter goods which were necessary in order to procure sustenance in the far interior. I discovered, contrary to my expectations (for it had been stated that these goods had risen in price since my departure from Zanzibar), that the barter goods were one per cent., and in some instances two per cent. cheaper than the rate at which they were purchasable formerly. Bales of American sheeting, that cost me 93dol. 75c. in 1871, I was now enabled to buy for 87dol. 50c. per bale ; while the sami-sami beads, that were formerly worth 13dol. the frasilah, could now be got for 9dol. 75c. This was very much in my favour ; and after long consultation with the lately returned leaders of caravans upon the present prevailing fashion of beads and cloth among the distant tribes, I ordered the necessary stock of both, which, when piled up in portable bales and sacks, present quite an imposing and indeed somewhat formidable mass. If, however, cloth and beads, and wire, are cheaper than they were two years ago, the hire of *pagazis*, or porters, is

double. In 1871, and in 1872, I employed Wanyanmezi and Wanguana at the rate of 2dol. 50c. per month each man; the same class of persons now obtain 5dol. per month, and with some people I have had great difficulty in procuring them at this pay, for they hold out bravely for a week for 7dol. and 8dol. per month.

“It has grown to be a custom now for servants, porters, and escort, to receive at least four months’ pay in advance. Before starting from Bagamoyo I expect that my expedition will number four hundred men. Each of these men, previous to his marching, will have received £4 pay on account, either in money or in cloth. The most prudent ask that their advance be given them in cloth. Those who take money require three days to spend it in debauchery and rioting, or in purchasing wives; while a few of the staid married men who have children will provide stores for their families. On the morning of the fourth day, when the bugle sounds for the march, I need not be surprised if I find it a difficult task to muster my people together, or if hours will be employed in hunting up the laggards and driving them on to our first camp, when very probably I shall learn that at least fifteen or so have absented themselves altogether. This, of course, will be annoying; but it is well that I know it is a probable thing, and that I am in a measure prepared for such desertion. On the second day of the march I shall probably find myself minus ten more, which will also be vexatious, and exceedingly trying to the stock of patience I have in reserve for the emergency. For several days longer there will be constant desertions by twos and threes, and fours; but the losses will have to be borne and remedied somehow. Finally, disease will break out, the result of a mad three days’ debauchery, to be succeeded by small-pox, ulcerous sores, dysentery, fever, and other maladies. And about this time, too, the white men will begin to suffer strange languor of body and feverish pulse, and these, despite the rapidly-diminishing force of carriers, will have to be transported on the shoulders of men or on the backs of such asses as may be strong enough for that work. The future of the expedition depends upon the way in which we shall be able to weather this stormy period; for the outlook about this time will be sad indeed. The magnificent caravan which started from the sea four hundred strong, armed to the teeth, comfortable, well laden, and rich, each man vigorous, healthy, well chosen, his skin shining like brown satin, eyes all aglow with pride and excitement, strong in his Snider rifle and twenty rounds of cartridges, his axe, and knives—twelve stately, tall guides, tricked out in crimson *jobo* and long plumes, heading the procession, which is nearly a mile long, while brazen trumpets blow and blare through the forest, awakening the deep woods with the sounds, and animating every soul to the highest pitch of hope—this was a scene worth seeing. But three weeks from that how different will be the greatly diminished caravan; scores will have deserted, the strong will have become weak, the

robust sick, the leader will be half ready to despair, and to wish that he had never ventured a second time into the sea of mishaps and troubles which beset the traveller in Africa! These are my anticipations, which are none of the brightest, you will allow. However, when the soldier has donned his helmet, it is too late to deplore the feelings that induced him to enlist.

“Among many other things which I convey with me on this expedition to make our work as thorough as possible is a large pontoon, named the ‘Livingstone.’ A traveller having experience of the difficulties which prevent efficient exploration is not likely to enter Africa without being provided with almost every requisite likely to remove the great obstacles which lack of means of ferryage presents. After I had accepted the command of this expedition I began to devise and invent the most portable kind of floating expedient or vehicle to transport baggage and men across streams and lakes, so as to render me independent of the native chiefs. I thought of everything I had seen likely to suit my purpose. Zinc tubes, such as the Engineer Department conveyed to the Prah in the late Ashantee War—canvas boats such as Marcy, in his ‘Prairie Traveller,’ recommends, the devices and contrivances suggested in ‘Art of Travel,’ india-rubber boats, Irish wicker boats, and so forth; but all the things I thought of that previous travellers had experimented with seemed to me objectionable on account of their weight and insufficient floating power. It is one of the most interesting things in African travel, among chains of lakes and numerous large rivers, to resolve the problem of navigating these waters safely and expeditiously without subjecting an expedition to the caprice and extortion of an ignorant savage chief, or entailing upon yourself heavy expense for portorage. As no carts or wagons can be employed in conveying boats or zinc pontoons through the one-foot-wide paths which are the channels of overland trade in Central Africa, zinc pontoons were not to be thought of. A metal tube eighteen inches in diameter and eight feet long would form a good load for the strongest porter; but fancy the number of tubes of this size required to convey across a lake fifty miles wide a force of three hundred men and about nine tons of the baggage and material of my expedition. And what kind of boat could transport such a number and weight across such a stormy lake—such a boat, I mean, as we could carry with us, at a moderate rapid rate of travel, a distance of from one thousand to two thousand miles? After long and anxious deliberation and sacrifice of much paper, I sketched out a series of inflatable pontoon tubes to be two feet in diameter, and eight feet long, to be laid transversely, resting on three separate keels, and securely lashed to them, with two separate triangular compartments of the same depth, eight feet at the base, which should form the bow and stern of the inflatable craft. Over these several sections three lengthy poles were to be laid which should be lashed between each transverse tube to the three keels underneath. Above these upper poles,

laid lengthwise, were to be bamboo poles, laid transversely, upon which the passengers and baggage might rest, without danger of foundering. The design being fully matured the next thing to do was to find a manufacturer intelligent enough to comprehend what was required, and as Mr. Cording, of Piccadilly, had a good reputation among travellers, I tried him, and after a few moments' conversation with the foreman of the shop, I was delighted to find that he perfectly understood what unusually strong material was requisite, and every part and portion of the plan. I need only add that within a month I had in my possession the several fittings and sections of this peculiar floating craft, beautifully and strongly made, in as complete and efficient order as would please the most fastidious traveller. All these several sections, when put in the scales, weighed three hundred pounds, which, divided into portable loads of sixty pounds each, require but five men to carry the entire construction. No material can possibly equal this caoutchouc. If the strong thick indiarubber cloth is punctured or rent, Mr. Cording has supplied me with the material to repair it, and if all turns out as well with it as I strongly anticipate and hope, it must of course prove invaluable to me.

“But an explorer needs something else—some other form of floatable structure, to be able to produce results worthy of a supreme effort at penetrating the unknown regions of Africa. He must have a boat with him in which he may be enabled to circumnavigate lakes, and go long distances up and down rivers with a small but efficient body of men, while the main corps is encamped at some suitable and healthy site. And what kind of boat can be invented for the traveller such as he can carry thousands of miles, through bush and jungle, and heat, damp, and rain, without impairing its usefulness, or causing him to regard it as an incumbrance? After having considered various plans and designs, I could think of nothing better than a light cedar vessel, something after the manner and style of the Okonagan (Canada) cedar boat, but larger and of greater capacity. These Canadian boats are generally thirty feet in length, and from five to six feet in width. They are extremely light and portable, and when near rapids are taken ashore, and, being easily hoisted on the shoulders of six men, are carried to smooth waters again. But a craft of this kind, though available for short distances in Canada, would have to be constructed differently to be carried along the crooked narrow paths of the African jungle; it would require to be built in water-tight sections, each section light enough to be borne by two men without distressing the bearers. Mr. James Messenger, of Teddington, near London, has a well-deserved reputation for building superb river boats, and while enjoying a Sunday, near Hampton, I examined the various specimens of his skill and workmanship, and came to the conclusion that he would be able to suit me. I had an interview with this gentleman, and I laid my plans before him. I soon discovered that I was in the presence of a master workman, by the intelligent

way in which he followed my explanations, though it was evident that he had not the slightest idea of what an African jungle path was like. He understood what I meant by 'portability,' but his ideas of that quality naturally suggested a broad highway, an English turnpike-road, or at the utmost a path over treeless fields or commons. I doubt if even now the gentleman understands the horrors of a jungle path, with its intricate and never-ending crooked curves, beset on each side by a depth and intensity of vegetation through which we must struggle, and twist, and contort our bodies in order that we may pass along with our burdens, while almost blinded by perspiration, we grope, and stumble, and halt in the sickly, dull twilight which reigns there. To convey anything very large, or wide, or high, or long, through such a tangle, is out of the question under such circumstances; and I endeavoured to describe such a locality to the boat-builder as vividly as my powers would enable me. Mr. Messenger accepted the contract to build a boat of light, well-seasoned cedar, forty feet in length, and six feet in width, in five sections, each of which was not to exceed more than 120lbs. in weight. I saw the boat after it was constructed, and before it was sawn up into sections, and her beautiful lines and the skilled workmanship lavished on her elicited at once from me unqualified approbation. Before departing from his yard I suggested to Mr. Messenger that he should weigh her as she stood, and divide her, if he found her of greater solidity than he or I anticipated, into sections not exceeding the weight named above. This boat, completed and packed with care, followed me to Zanzibar by the next mail. When I opened the packages a perfect marvel of river architecture was revealed; every bolt and nut worked close and free, and all who saw the sections admired them. In a transport of joy, I ordered the scales to be rigged up, and each section weighed carefully. Four of the sections weighed 280lbs. each, and one 310lbs.! The utter impossibility of rectifying this mistake in a place like Zanzibar made me despair at first, and I thought the best thing to do was to ship the boat back to England; but, upon enquiring for a carpenter, a young shipwright, named Ferris, was introduced to me, and recommended for his intelligence. I exhibited the beautiful but totally unmanageable boat, and told him that in her present state she was useless to me and to everybody else, because she was too heavy and cumbersome—that I could not possibly carry her, and that time was short with me. I desired him to cut her down six inches, and subdivide each section, and to complete the work in two weeks, for that was the utmost time I could give him. To effect these improvements, the two after sections had to be condemned, which would curtail her length considerably, and, of course, mar her beauty. I can now congratulate myself (good Mr. Ferris having completed his work to my entire satisfaction) on possessing a boat which I can carry any distance without distressing the porters, competent to hold twelve men, rowing ten oars and two short paddles,

and able to sail over any lake in Central Africa. I ought to state here that I do not blame Mr. Messenger for sending me such unmanageable sections, so much as I blame myself for not stopping over another month in England, to watch the construction of so great a novelty as this kind of boat must necessarily be to a Thames boat-builder. As this expedition is for a different purpose from the former one in which I discovered Livingstone, I am well provided with the usual instruments which travellers who intend to bring home results that will gratify scientific societies, take with them. I have chronometers, sextants, artificial horizons, compasses, beam and prismatic; pedometers, aneroid barometers, and thermometers; Nautical Almanacs for three years, hand leads, and one thousand fathoms sounding line, with a very complete little reel, mathematical instruments, a planisphere, and a complete and most excellent photographic apparatus, and a large stock of dry plates. I have also half-a-dozen good time-pieces, silver and gold, blank charts, and all the paraphernalia and apparatus necessary to obtain satisfactory geographic observations.

“The East Coast of Africa, from the mouth of the Juba River to that of the Rovuma, possesses hundreds of good starting-points for the unexplored interior; but the best, for many reasons, is Bagamoyo. The present expedition is a large and costly one, and promises so far to be the best organised and best equipped of any that ever left the sea-coast of East Africa for the purpose of exploration; therefore it would be a great pity if it were wrecked or ruined just as it began to set out to fulfil its mission. To guard against the possibility of such a sad collapse, I have, after much deliberation, decided to start from Bagamoyo, and to proceed some distance along the well-known caravan path, so as to give confidence to my men, and withdraw them as much as possible from the temptation to desert, and afterwards to plunge northward into the Masai Land—a country as yet untrudged by white men, and of the state of which the best-informed among us are totally ignorant. It will be a risky undertaking, but not half so dangerous as starting for that region from some unknown seaport. My present intention is then to make my way westward to the Victoria Nyanza, and ascertain whether Speke’s or Livingstone’s hypothesis is the correct one—whether the Victoria Nyanza consists of one lake or five. All the most important localities will be fixed by astronomical observations; and whether the Victoria Lake consists of one or many pieces of water, we shall discover it by complete circumnavigation. When this work is finished, I intend to visit Mtesa or Rumanika, and then cross over to the Lake Albert Nyanza, and endeavour to settle how far Baker is correct in his bold hypothesis concerning its length and breadth. On this lake I expect to meet Gordon and his party, by whom I hope to be able to send the first reports of my travels and discoveries since leaving the Unyanyembe caravan road. Beyond this point the whole future appears to

me so vague and vast that it is impossible to state at this period what I shall try to do next."

Mr. Stanley has, no doubt, plunged, with his four hundred followers, into that abyss of silence and peril which the African wilderness really is; he has already surmounted, we hope, those difficult first three weeks of marching which he paints so graphically; and we trust that, with forces not greatly diminished, and resolution not lessened at all, he has entered upon that vast blank space upon the map which lies between the Kilima Mnjaro and the Victoria Nyanza. No one has yet visited this region, wherein the dubious Lake Manyara is said to lie, and where the Masai, reputed fierce and inhospitable, reside; but Stanley has a strong and well-equipped band, and knows how to push his way past difficulties. The original plan of the journey has been so far modified by circumstances, that, instead of attacking the great African problem from the south and east Mr. Stanley approaches it from the west and north. In doing this, he at once penetrates a country of extreme interest to geographers, and can hardly fail, while making his way towards the Victoria Nyanza, to light upon revelations of much moment. Arrived at the Victoria Lake, about which Colonel Long's recent visit has still left an immense deal to be learned, he will, we trust, be able to complete our knowledge of the discoveries of Speke and Grant; and while he contemplates far more than this large task, it is certainly enough for the present to fill all who love adventure and exploration with excited anticipations.

In addition to the expedition under Mr. Stanley, the Viceroy of Egypt, having annexed the important kingdom of Darfur, has just commissioned two parties under European command to proceed to Kobbo and El Obeid—tracing the paths, clearing the wells, and pioneering generally towards the mouth of the Sobat, and the country to the westward of the Albert Nyanza. This, together with the work already done by Nachtigall and Schweinfurth, will soon leave little that is unknown on the left banks of the White Nile. Colonel Gordon will, in all probability, shortly be able to have his steamer afloat on Baker's Lake, where the first voyages of that little craft will enable us to map the shores of that great inland sea. To the southward upon Tanganyika, Lieutenant Cameron is at work, whether the Lualaba leads him northwards or westwards. Another expedition to Equatorial Africa, under the command of Captain von Homeyer, has left Lisbon for the Loanda Coast; while there are also three Missionary enterprises on foot, and three parties of men will shortly wend their way to Lake Nyassa, to the head waters of the Shire, which communicate with the Zambesi, the great highway of that part of Africa.

From these various efforts it is all but certain that before the year 1875 closes, immense results will have been obtained for science and civilisation. We may hope to know at last where Tanganyika drains, whither the Luapula

and Lualaba run, what is the southern connection of the Albert Nyanza ; and all the important revelations—which Mr. Stanley means to make, if they are not made before he reaches the spot—will have been augmented by his accounts of that vast blank chasm in the map westward of Kilima Mnjaro, and by a final declaration as to the geography of the Victoria Lake or Lakes.

There are some, perhaps, who ignorantly say, “ Well, and what then ? Who will be a jot the better for knowing where these distant waters flow, and whether Livingstone died beside the fountains of the Nile or the Congo ? ” It matters very much to the future of commerce, and to the destiny of the Africans, which way these lakes empty, and whither those mighty channels flow. If the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika waters are united, a railway of one hundred and fifty miles is alone required to open the continent from Alexandria to the parallel of south latitude. If, again, the Lualaba comes into the Albert Lake, there is a water road from Ilala, where Livingstone died, into Egypt, opening up three more degrees of south latitude ; while, if it run westward as the Congo, the Nile must yield its ancient honour to so wonderful a stream, but commerce will find a magnificent gateway at Loanda. Upon the decision of these and the cognate problems rests the question of the course which trade will take, and upon trade depends the gradual extinction of that dreadful slave-traffic which Livingstone called “ the open sore of the world,” an ulcer eating away the life and loveliness of this wonderful continent. Lovely it is in all its wealth of splendid scenery, its majestic rivers, mighty inland seas, flowery forests, and sunny mountains ; nor can any large-minded man doubt that, when justice is done to its vast and patient populations, the entire region will not contribute richer gifts to humanity than will these industrious, glad-hearted, artistic Africans.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Lieutenant Cameron Starts from Ujiji—At Kasenge—Between the Rugumba and the Lukuga—Dress of the Wabudjwa—Joins Trading Caravans—The Bambarre Mountains—Crosses the Luama—Troubles at Karungu—Leaves for Kwakasongo—Reaches Nyangwe.*

IN May, 1874, as we noted in a previous chapter, Lieutenant Cameron started from Ujiji, to proceed as directly as he could across the Manyema country for Nyangwe, with a view of descending the Congo from that point to the West Coast. Having discharged such of his men as were afraid or unwilling to proceed, and after packing up a map of the Tanganyika, and a map of Dr. Livingstone's, which he had found at Ujiji, and some other small things, and despatching them to the coast, he set out for Kasenge, on the west shore of the lake, in company with a half-caste Arab, called Syde Mezrui, whom he had engaged to show him the road to Nyangwe. His journey to Kasenge was uneventful, except that the night during which they crossed from the east to the west it blew a fierce gale. They left the shore of the lake on the 31st of May, and the same day reached Ruanda, the chief town of Uguhha, which was very populous. The people formed a regular lane all the way through the town, in the midst of which they had to march. At Ruanda the traveller got extra porters to carry some of his loads, as the men of the caravan were all out of condition, on account of having been so long without marching; he also bought some goats here, as they were cheap and plentiful. The chief at Ruanda pretended to be a man of considerable influence, and independent of any control, though Cameron afterwards found that he was feudatory to Kasongo, the great chief of Urua.

The day after leaving Ruanda, they crossed the Rugumba, a stream of considerable size, flowing swiftly into the Tanganyika, and with many small particles of quartz glittering in the sunshine, brought down from the mountains of Ugoma, which ended abruptly on their right. On this march, one of the men, in crossing a small water-course, fell down, and one of the sticks, forming the cradle for his load, ran into his eye, thus completely destroying it. Owing to this, and the illness of the other men, fresh helpers had to be engaged. They then made a march of four or five days along the watershed, between the Rugumba and the Lukuga, passing many streams going towards

both, and arrived at Meketo, a fertile vale, and a scene of almost perfect rural beauty.

Whilst at Meketo, a wretch of a slave dealer brought a small boy of seven or eight years old into the camp for sale. The poor child was crying bitterly, and his master had him confined in a slave fork, one end of which he held in his hand, and twisted and shoved the poor boy about cruelly. Cameron felt inclined to thrash the master and set the slave free, but he knew that directly afterwards he would be worse treated, and therefore contented himself with turning the dealer in human chattels out of the camp. Leaving Meketo, they passed through a moderately hilly country, crossing a number of tangled streams, which it was very hard to sort into their right basins; and just as they left Uguhha and came into Ubudjwa they came upon the Rubumba, a stream which, rising close to the Rugumba, is often confounded with it, though the Rubumba falls into the Luama, and the Rugumba into the Tanganyika.

The people of Ubudjwa are tributary to Kasongo. One of the most striking peculiarities of the women is the custom they have of piercing the upper lip, and inserting in the hole an oval stone, or piece of wood, or bone, which they keep on increasing in size to a diameter of one or two inches. This sticks out in front, and gives the wearer the appearance of having a bill like a duck when seen in profile, and prevents her from speaking plainly. Another peculiar habit is that of wearing leather bolsters, tapering from centre to end like buffalo's horns, round the waist. Sometimes a dandy lady will wear two or three of the peculiar vestments, though it cannot be for decency, as the barest requisites of what is considered indispensable with most people are scarcely complied with. Some wear, instead of these bustles, belts split in the rear into two or three parts, where they serve to keep up a small piece of leather about twelve inches by eight, which, with the belt and a small patch in front, constitutes the whole of a lady's dress, with the exception of a few indispensable articles, such as anklets, bracelets, and necklaces. The largest chief in Ubudjwa was Pakwanywa, close to whose village Cameron stopped a couple of days. This chief and his wife came to visit the traveller, and although her clothing was scanty in quantity, she was very dressy in her get up, her apron being ornamented with beads and cowries. She also wore gaiters, and bracelets from wrist to elbow, tassels just in front of her ears, and several necklaces, all of good beads. Her hair was done up in a pretty fashion, and ornamented with bright steel or copper ornaments; and across her forehead, just below the roots of her hair, stripes of red and yellow were carefully painted. Altogether she had a very effective appearance, and seemed fully conscious of it, though at the same time she was a ladylike, merry body.

Two days after leaving Pakwanywa's they overtook a large body of Wamerima and slaves of Syde idn Habib, who were in front of them, and

were waiting for them to come up in order to make a formidable body to cross Manyema; and though our traveller would, for various reasons, have much preferred journeying alone, he was obliged to unite himself to the party. The next country after Ubudjwa was Uhiya, where the people wore, on the back of their heads, enormous leather chignons, with a piece like a tongue sticking out behind, and indulged in tattooing in irregular and diversified patterns. On leaving Uhiya they began to get into a hilly country, the commencement of the offshoots of the mountains of Bambarre. Here they came upon a people having other methods of personal decoration—they pierced the centre cartilage of the nose, and ran straws through; and worked their hair into ridges or tufts, with small plaits along the top of them. Wood carving was here carried to great perfection; and clay idols were common outside the village. For some reason or other, which was not very obvious, many of the villages had been lately deserted.

A very hilly road now took the travellers to Rohombo, according to the natives, the first district in Manyema; though geographically and ethnologically Manyema proper can only be said to commence on the northern side of the Bambarre mountains. The population here was very dense, and the roads were lined by black crowds, who had turned out to look at the strangers, and especially at the white man. In this district oil palms were very numerous, from which the natives made a wine which, when new, is very good and refreshing, somewhat in its taste and exhilarating influence like ginger-beer. The people climb the trees with a belt made to go round the tree and themselves, something like the Tamils in Ceylon. Salt was in very great demand here—all that the people get being brought from Ujiji by the traders, as, since the Arabs have come here, the Warua, who used to do the trading, have deserted the country. A man would cut and bring into camp a large load of firewood for a pinch of salt, the size one usually puts on one's plate.

Leaving Rohombo, they went over a rolling and fertile country, intersected by many streams, all draining to the south-west, till they reach the ascent of the Bambarre Mountains. These mountains stood up like a narrow spire, with very declivitous sides, which gave the travellers a steep climb; and then, before they could reach the top, they had to camp in a deserted village. The next morning they had another climb before surmounting the crest; and then, plunging into a mass of forest, they suddenly commenced their descent amongst numbers of ravines and gullies, all crowded with enormous trees. Some of the gorges were over a hundred and fifty feet deep, and trees growing in their bottoms towered to an equal height above the head of a person standing on the brink. It was truly a primeval forest, that had never been desecrated by the hand of man. No sun or breeze reached the dark, damp depths, and every tree seemed to try and force itself aloft into the blue heaven, to get a sight of the life-giving sun.

When they emerged from the forest at the foot of the mountains, they came upon a cultivated country, studded over with many villages. The huts in these villages were arranged in long broad streets, the walls and ends of bright red clay, with sloping roofs thatched with yellow grass. The scene was altogether unlike anything Cameron had yet seen in Africa. The people also presented a change as striking as that of the houses. The women dressed their hair into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet in front, with long ringlets, daubed with mud and grease, hanging down their backs. The edge of the bonnet-like part in front was trimmed with beads, cowries, or seeds of the wild banana. Round their waists they wore a string of the same materials, which served to support two small aprons, constituting all their clothing, and which, when going to work in the field, or fishing, they replaced by small bunches of leaves. The men, in their way, were equally peculiar, plastering their hair thickly with mud, and forming it into cones, lumps, and flat plaits, into which they inserted cowries and bits of copper as ornaments. Between the different patches the scalp was shaved perfectly bare. Some wore a cone on the top of their heads, and the side and back hair formed into long flat flakes with mud, with round holes in them, to which iron and copper rings were hung. The remainder of their dress consisted of leather aprons about six or eight inches wide, reaching to their knees.

After travelling for some time, they encamped at the village of Moene Bugga, son of Moene Kussu. Livingstone made this village his headquarters for some months; and many of the people inquired after the "old white man," and seemed very sorry to hear of his death. The chiefs wore large kilts of fringed grass cloth, and the peculiar Manyema knife or sword slung over his shoulder by a belt of otter skin. They were attended by people carrying rattles, who proclaimed their names and titles; two, Moene Gohe and Moene Boote, had dwarfs for their rattlers, and Moene Boote had also a man playing on an instrument made of different sized gourds fastened in a frame, and over them were keys of hard wood, which, when struck, gave a clear metallic sound, varying in pitch according to the size of the gourd under each key. This instrument is called the "marimba," and is known close to the west coast, from whence it reaches to Manyema. The name is the same everywhere.

From Moena Bugga's village they passed through another forest of enormous trees, coming at last to the Luama. Cameron found this river a fine stream, two hundred yards wide, and varying from twelve to fourteen feet in depth, with a moderate current. Its banks are mostly covered with fine timber, and its winding course was often visible from some of the small hills over which the path of the travellers led, forming an agreeable feature in the landscape. After crossing the Luama, they came to a flat country, intersected by many streams and water-courses, which had grooved out for themselves deep

beds in the sand and shingle of which the strata are composed. Strips of green trees mark the position of these water-courses, and the rest of the country is covered with the Manyema grass, interspersed with trees stunted by the grass fires. Until this grass is burnt down it is impossible to proceed, as it is often twelve and fourteen feet high, with stalks as thick as the thumb of a man's hand, and growing in such a dense mass that a person may throw himself against it and make scarcely any impression. Even after it is burnt down, the thicker stalks remain, and sadly impede progress.

Soon after leaving the Luama, they passed a few hills on their left, and many streams, some flowing to the Luama, and some direct to the Lualaba. Their road took them through many villages, in several of which the men belonging to the Wamerima traders stole food from the natives. At Karungu, a large village, matters came to a crisis, and a row between the traders and natives occurred. The people of the caravans rushed for their guns, and the natives threw their spears at the people nearest them. One fellow's spear fell only a couple of feet from where Cameron was sitting quietly writing. For a couple of days things were in a state of semi-warfare, the traders' people going out in bodies whenever they saw a chance, and the natives gathering together in a jungle with their spears and shields, shouting and yelling. In their numerous sorties, the traders' people caught a lot of women, children, and goats; and the natives soon found that spears, their only offensive weapons, were no match for the guns of their opponents. After several abortive attempts to settle the quarrel, peace was at length concluded. It was afterwards ascertained that people from several of the places through which the caravans had passed had joined with those of Karungu; and if there had been any equality in the way in which the two sides were armed, the traders and their party would have been in great peril.

Two days after leaving Karungu they arrived at a village called Mangarah, the chief of which was friendly with the Arabs. His son had come out to Karungu to welcome the strangers; and, on their arrival at his father's, he introduced Cameron to him in the most gentlemanly manner possible. Mangarah is one of several villages in which there are many iron foundries; a beautiful black speculum ore being obtained close to the surface throughout the district. At Mangarah they were met by an Arab partner of Syde Mezrui, who resided at Kwakasongo, and several chiefs who accompanied him. Instigated by Syde Mezrui, these men endeavoured to dissuade Cameron from pursuing his contemplated journey, by telling him the most unwarrantable tales of danger as to the road in front.

They started the next day for Kwakasongo, and after taking a couple of marches to get there, instead of one which they should have taken, reached the place. Here Cameron found no fewer than fourteen or fifteen Arabs, Wasuahali and Wamerima, settled; they had about two thousand Wanyamwesi

and slaves all armed with guns, so that they had command over the whole surrounding country. One man alone had over six hundred armed Wanyamwesi. After a week's detention at Kwakasongo, our traveller proceeded on his journey, and in three days reached Kumbwi, on the Lualaba. The first view of the river exceeded all his previous expectations concerning it. It varied from a thousand to three thousand yards in width, with a swiftly-flowing current, and many well-wooded and inhabited islands. At Kumbwi he got canoes for himself and some of his men, and went down to Nyangwe by water in one day, leaving the others to follow by land. At Nyangwe he was warmly welcomed by an old Arab, Habib ibn Salim, with whom Livingstone had stayed when he was there. Two days after his arrival, the men whom he had left at Kwmbwi came by land; and then began preparations for following the great river down to the coast.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Cameron leaves Nyangwe—Suffers from Fever—Russuna's Village—Tipo-tipo's Camp—Kasongo—Crosses the Lukanzi—Halts at Munza—Arrives at Kilemba—The Villages of Lake Mohrya—Camp burnt down—Continues his Journey towards the Coast.*

DURING Cameron's stay at Nyangwe, he received considerable kindness from Habib ibn Salim, but most of the traders regarded him with suspicion and were very half-hearted in their welcome. His great object now was to obtain canoes to convey him and his party down the Congo to the Falls of Yellalla. He was told at first that he could get them at the markets, which are held every fourth day at Nyangwe; but he soon found that the Wagenya (a tribe inhabiting a narrow strip on the left bank of the river, to whom all the canoes belonged) would not sell any for such stores as he had to offer, although their unwillingness might have been overcome if he had consented to buy slaves from the Arabs, and to purchase the canoes with them. He was next advised to send men through the country belonging to the Wagenya, to get boats from the people who made them, and who lived in the jungle, about ten miles from the river. He was unable to go himself, and this effort therefore failed. At the end of three weeks he found himself with only one canoe, which had been given to him by Habib ibn Salim, and which would hold only four or five men and their loads.

Just at this time a party of Arabs and others, who had been away to the south of the river, making war and fomenting disturbances amongst the natives, principally with the view of obtaining slaves, returned and brought news that Tipo-tipo, a trader, was coming to Nyangwe to arrange peace between Russuna, chief of Marera, and the traders settled at Nyangwe. When Tipo-tipo arrived, he advised Cameron to give up the idea of going down the river in canoes, or of attempting to march along its banks direct from Nyangwe. He told him that if he would go with him to his camp, which was about ten days' march south by west of Nyangwe, guides could be obtained to show him the way to a great lake about fifteen marches west of it, where men came in large canoes, holding from eighty to one hundred people, and the crews of which wore hats and trousers. Cameron had already heard many reports concerning this lake at Nyangwe, and among

other things that the Lualaba fell into it; but now, in addition, two men, belonging to the district in which Tipo-tipo's camp was situated, assured him that they had been there, and gave the name as Sankorra; and also mentioned a small lake called Iki, situated on the River Luwembi, just to the west of the Lomami.

After some consideration, our traveller determined to go with Tipo-tipo to his camp, and thence march to Sankorra, and trust to getting boats from the trouser-wearing traders who, he hoped, would prove to be half-caste Portuguese from Cassanci, or thereabouts. They therefore left Nyangwe, and camped in a village of Wagenya, on the left bank of the Lualaba. The left bank of the Lualaba is low and swampy, with many semi-stagnant backwaters, which render it a very hotbed of fever, whilst the right bank is raised and healthy. When the traveller had got his men and stores together, and ready for the road, he found himself suffering from a heavy attack of fever, the effect of one night's exposure to the malaria. He managed, however, to struggle on for a long march, which, including an hour's halt, lasted from half-past twelve at noon to between seven and eight in the evening, although, for the greater part of the time, he was reeling about like a drunken man, from fever and weakness. For the last hour or so the path led through tracts covered with gigantic pyramidal ant-hills, which, in the partial delirium of fever, he kept on mistaking for his tent. When at last they encamped, he was so exhausted, that he was obliged to turn in at once without being able to eat a morsel of food.

Feeling somewhat better the next morning he was able to proceed on the journey, and every succeeding day he grew stronger. When they were about half-way to Tipo-tipo's camp, they halted for a couple of days at Russuna's village; but just as they came near to it, a quarrel took place between some of the Wamerima from Nyangwe and the natives, which resulted in the death of two natives. The consequences of this might have been most serious, had not Tipo-tipo possessed influence enough to restore peace as soon as he heard of the affair, and compelled the Nyangwe people to pay something to the chief. During the two days our traveller stayed at Russuna's he was an object of the most intense interest to that chief's wives, who would scarcely let him have one moment to himself, and kept on turning up the legs of his pyjamas, to see if he were really white all over; in fact, he had to use a certain amount of restraint to prevent them from undressing him altogether. All these wives of Russuna, about forty or fifty in number, live together in a small village, formed of two rows of huts, with one hut in the middle for himself and his mother, on whom devolves the task of keeping the harem. Many of the wives were really very good-looking, and, like many other ladies, seemed quite sensible of their charms.

After two days' rest at Russana's, they resumed their journey to Tipo-

tipo's camp. The country through which they travelled was exceedingly beautiful and fertile, and was filled with groves of nutmeg-trees, and large quantities of oil-palms. Everywhere they saw numerous tracks of elephants; and sometimes they heard them trumpeting in the jungles.

Cameron found, on his arrival at Tipo-tipo's camp, not so-much a camp as a neatly-built and well-arranged town. Besides the principal trader, Tipo-tipo himself, there were four or five smaller ones. Tipo-tipo, and the armed followers from Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, amounted to nearly a thousand; in addition to these, slaves and native hangers on raised the sum total to upwards of two thousand five hundred. Arrived at this place, our traveller at once sent some of his men, with guides belonging to the district, to ask permission from the chief of the country to the west of the Lomami to pass through his territory, as none of the Arabs had been allowed to pass that way, though native traders were constantly going to and returning from Lake Sankorra, which they reported as being fifteen marches distant. Cloth and beads, obtained from traders who came there from the west, were shown in confirmation of this report. The cloth and beads were of a different sort altogether from any that were brought from Zanzibar. Cowries, too, which were greatly in demand at Nyangwe, were here a perfect drug in the market, owing to the large quantities that came from the West Coast.

The traveller had not been at Tipo-tipo's camp more than two days before he received a visit from Kasongo, the chief of the district. It was a visit characterised by much parade and pomp. The first to arrive were drummers and marimba players belonging to several petty chiefs; then there came a sort of master of the ceremonies, with a huge carved stick, that looked like the sign of his office, followed by the small chiefs, each of whom he announced in due form; and at last came Kasongo himself, and two of his daughters, with a retinue of men, armed with spears and bows and arrows. A clear space having been formed, Kasongo and his daughters executed a sort of dance, accompanied by the musicians, and some singers, who chanted a monotonous recitative. A large open hut, which was the general rendezvous of the traders, and where they usually passed the day, was now spread with carpets and mats in honour of the chief's arrival; when he had finished his dance, he entered this hut. Here he and Cameron had a long palaver; at first, he said he would go himself to the chief on the opposite side of the Lomami, and try to make terms with him about the stranger's passing through to the westward; but afterwards he drew away from this promise, saying that he was too old to travel and that he could not go himself, but he would send some of his head men instead to carry on the negotiations.

Cameron waited for a day or two, and then, accompanied by Tipo-tipo, and most of the principal Arab people, he returned Kasongo's visit. He found the chief seated in a clear, open grassy plot, in the centre of his village,

looking clean and tidy, in a dress of grass cloth. He presented a striking contrast to his appearance when he had called on the white man, when he was decked out in tawdry and dirty clothes which had been made up for him by the Arabs, and when he had produced an unfavourable impression on the white man's mind. Whilst Cameron remained at the village, both the chief's men and his own who had been to the west of the Lomami, returned with the answer of the chief resident there, and which was to the effect, that no people armed with guns had ever passed through his territory, and that if any came he would resist them, and, if possible, destroy them. At the same time the traveller saw many men who declared that they had been both to Lake Sankorra and Lake Iki; and there was every reason for believing that their statement was true.

On his return, therefore, to the Arab settlement, he racked his brains to find out what was best to be done; and when Tipo-tipo told him of Portuguese traders coming to a place about two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles south-south-west from the settlement, he made up his mind to go there, and then to try to work his way back to Sankorra, thus avoiding the chief who had refused to give him permission to pass. No sooner did Tipo-tipo hear of his determination to push on in this direction than he gave him three guides, natives of Urua, under charge of Mona Kasanga, son of the chief of Kowamba (a lake on the Lualaba), to show him the road. His men now threw every obstacle they could in his way, as they were thoroughly afraid of going on through a country where no caravan had passed; some half-a-dozen deserted the day he started, and although he sent back from the place he halted at, he could get no news about them.

In addition to giving Cameron the native guides, Tipo-tipo also sent a free man of Zanzibar to accompany him for ten days on the road; but this, although intended to be a help, proved rather a hindrance, as he said every day, after about two hours' marching, that the next place at which they could possibly halt was about six or seven hours further on, and therefore they had better camp where they were. He seemed to share an opinion common among the Arabs, that a European was unable to march far or fast in Africa: he soon had this opinion, however, practically disproved.

The road along which they travelled led them close to the right bank of the Lomami, of which they caught glimpses from time to time. They crossed numerous affluents, all of which they had to ford. The country was on the whole level; here and there hollows were grooved out through the sand and pebbles, which formed the upper strata. These small valleys were always well-wooded, and many very beautiful ferns and mosses grew in them, some of the club-mosses being above twelve inches high. After journeying some days, the guides became very doubtful about the road; and as most of the villages through which they passed had been deserted by the inhabitants

from an absurd rumour that the strangers were in search of slaves, they were unable to get any directions from them. Filled with fear, the guides kept on trying to work away to the eastward, towards the village of Mona, Kasanga's father. Cameron's patience was at length exhausted, and one day, after having lost the track three times he took the bull by the horns, and walked on by himself, leaving the guides and caravan to follow him or not as they liked; of course he was pretty sure that they would not leave him altogether, but they straggled and wandered all over the country.

That night they camped in a deserted village, near a large branch of the Lomami, called the Lukanzi, the guides persisting that there were no means of crossing it. On asking where the natives of the village were gone to, he was told that they had crossed the river; he was therefore sure that there must be some way to get over to the other side, and sent the guides along a path to find if it led to a bridge. After having been absent some time, they returned and reported that the path came to an end near the river, leading only to a watering-place. He did not believe this, so went down the path himself, and, four or five hundred yards from the camp, he found a large fishing-weir bridge. The next morning, after a great deal of trouble, he got the men across; they were all in a terrible fright, as the guides had been alarming them all night with hobgoblin stories about the natives beyond the river. As soon as the whole party had crossed, Cameron took the lead again, and about a mile from the river, whilst he was passing through a strip of jungle, a native lurking near shot at him; but the arrow glanced off a leathern coat he was wearing at the time without penetrating it. He saw the fellow running off, and, dropping his rifle, he ran him down, and gave him a regular good thrashing.

In a short time a company of natives appeared on the path in front of them, and wanted to prevent them proceeding any further; but after half an hour's palaver, which ended in the traveller giving them a few beads, they became very good friends, and went on to the village of a chief four miles off, escorted by an excited mob, shouting, yelling, and playing on large wooden horns, out of which they managed to get the most hideous noises. It was said here that Kwarumba, a chief whose village lay directly on the road, was only one march distant. In the expectation of getting some information from him about the Portuguese, Cameron was anxious to proceed to meet him at once; but this somehow offended the pride of Mona Kasanga, who succeeded in causing a whole day's delay. Next morning, however, they went on their road, and after again crossing the Lukanzi by another fishing-weir bridge, arrived in the afternoon at Kwarumba's first village, which they found to be very large, and well populated. Here they halted, and immediately large crowds gathered to look at the white man. The sight was one they had never witnessed before, and it seemed to fill them with the

greatest wonder. On the following day they marched a short distance, and camped close to the village in which Kwarumba lived. In the afternoon the chief came to see his visitors; and he said that a short time before, strangers, who were not Arabs, and who wore hats and carried umbrellas, had come to the neighbourhood. Our traveller welcomed this as good news, concluding that these strangers were the Portuguese of whom he was in search.

After leaving Kwarumba's village, the guides again began to give him trouble, but he held on to his own course as well as he could, until he reached Kamwawi. Here, at first, he was well received, but circumstances afterwards proved that this reception was deceptive. He engaged guides to take him down to the chief with whom the strange caravan was stopping, and paid them in advance; and during the whole afternoon women were in the camp, selling flour, beans, and other provisions. The next morning, however, he found that his pet goat Dinah was missing, and therefore went up to the village to inquire about her. So little did he suspect that anything was wrong, that he did not even take his pistol or gun with him. He could get no answer concerning the goat, and the people began throwing spears and shooting arrows at himself and the men who were with him, so that he had to send and get all his party together in the village, and show a bold front. For some time he would not allow his men to fire in return, as he wanted to try every means to make all straight without resorting to force. However, as he found that the natives grew bolder and bolder, he at last allowed some three or four of his men to return their fire, and a native was shot through the leg. Almost immediately a party of about five hundred men came up from the road by which they had intended to go, and where they had been posted in ambush.

When the natives saw the traveller and his party begin to defend themselves they consented to a parley, although they were in such immense force. After a few preliminaries, it was decided that the chief of the village and Cameron should exchange presents, and that one of Cameron's men should make brothers with the chief, after which the caravan should go on its way in peace. But before this could be carried out, another chief, with a large body of men, came up and said to the chief of Kamwawi, "Don't be such a fool; they are a small party, and we shall be able to kill or make slaves of them all, and divide their beads and cloth amongst us." In consequence of his advice the negotiations were broken off; Cameron therefore set fire to a hut, by way of terrifying them, and threatened that, unless he was allowed to go in peace, he would burn the whole village. On this he was told that he could go unmolested to a village where his guide said the party would be received as friends, and he therefore gave orders to march for it. The natives, however, hung about them all the march, which lasted from ten in the morning till nearly six at night; and whenever the caravan passed through

a strip of jungle, they closed in and began shooting at the travellers with their long arrows.

Just before sunset they arrived close to Mkatete, the village which they had been led to expect would prove to them a haven of rest, but they were destined to be disappointed. When the guides asked as to whether the party would be received as friends or not, the only answer which the villagers condescended to give was a volley of arrows. Cameron sung out for his men to follow him, and three or four responding to the call, they made a dash through a strip of jungle and across a stream into the village. As soon as the natives saw the strangers taking the offensive they fled; and the remainder of the caravan coming up, they burnt down all the village, except four huts, which were utilised as the corners of a species of fortification. By dint of working all night, the morning saw them fairly protected. In this place, which Cameron named Fort Dinah, in memory of his pet goat, they remained five days, when the natives, finding themselves thoroughly worsted, volunteered to make peace. On leaving Fort Dinah the travellers found the people apparently very friendly—all the little children running after them and saluting them; but, at the same time, a large number of temporary huts in the villages through which they passed showed that men had come from far and wide to join in the attack on them. The chief of the village now offered to pay them an indemnity. This was refused, but presents were exchanged to show that no ill-will was borne on either side.

Leaving the valley of the Lomami, and crossing many streams flowing directly into the Lualaba itself, they pursued their way with varying fortunes. At a place called Mangwa Sanza, Cameron heard that the village of Kasongo (the head chief of Urua) was only two or three days distant, and that two caravans were settled there. He was anxious to find a guide and go there direct, but Mona Kasanga said that the man who had professed to indicate the direction in which the place lay had pointed in the wrong quarter, and that, if they took that road, they would get into trouble, and he persisted that their course lay to the east-south-east. Following this road for three days, they came to a village called Mukalombo, and there our traveller found out the reason why Mona Kasanga and the other guides had been deceiving him. Mona Kasanga had heard that, having neglected to pay his tribute, his father, together with some of his sons, had been killed, and his village destroyed by Kasongo. Dreading the same fate, Mona Kasanga was afraid to trust himself in Kasongo's clutches. Mukalombo was also the home of the second guide, and on this account he had joined with Mona Kasanga in trying to lead the white man astray. Mona Kasanga now refused to go any further, and they had to trust to the second man, Kongwe, to show the road.

Four days' marching west by south brought them to Munza, a large dis-

trict, where a good deal of iron is worked, and where they found a party of men belonging to a traveller called Jumah ibn Salim, and they promised to send a man to show the way to Kasongo's village. They also said that the second caravan, of which Cameron had been told, was commanded by a Portuguese from the West Coast. After a day's halt at Munza, they went with Ngoori, a man detailed by Kasongo to act as a sort of dragoman to Jumah ibn Salim; and after three days they arrived at Kilemba, where our traveller was most warmly and hospitably welcomed by Jumah ibn Salim. He found that Kasongo was away on an excursion to collect tribute, and punish those who had neglected to pay it. In this work he was assisted by numerous persons, both from the Arab and Portuguese caravans, who were rewarded by being allowed to make slaves of all captives they could obtain.

The day after their arrival, Kendele, as the Portuguese trader was called by the natives, came over from his camp, about a mile distant, to pay a visit to the Englishman. He said that he was soon going west, but that he must first collect his various detached parties, which would occupy about a month, and that directly that was done he should bid farewell to Kasongo, and start. On Cameron asking him if he would require any payment for allowing him to travel in his company, he said that, although he was black, he was all the same as a white man, and never told lies, and would trust to his generosity. His proper name turned out to be Jose Antonio Alviz, and he was a native of Dondo on the Kwanza. He eventually proved to be trading from Bihe, though at first he said he came from Cassange, owing to his having heard that Cameron wanted to go there.

As Senhor Alviz said he was not going to start for a month, Cameron determined to employ the time in visiting Lake Mohrya, on which he had heard there were regular lake dwellings. He found it difficult to make up his party, and in consequence of his wanting to take only half-a-dozen men with him, all tried to shirk going. At last he made his start on the 30th of October, 1874, and after marching through a pretty, but half-deserted country, he arrived at the lake. It was a mere pond compared to the giant lakes of Africa, and its visible surface was much diminished by floating vegetation; but in the clear waters were the regular lake dwellings. They were clustered together in villages; each house stood alone, though in many cases only separated a few yards from its neighbour; the intermediate space being filled up by ruined piles of former houses. He tried in vain to obtain canoes to visit these curious dwellings. One of the chief causes of his failure was the presence of a guide furnished by Fume a Kenna (the wife of Kasongo), who, exercising his prerogative as one of the royal household, used to rob all the country folks he came across. He often remonstrated with the man on this practice, and tried to bribe him to refrain; but he said it was his right granted to him by his king, and that nothing should prevent his exercising it.

The inhabitants of these lake villages were afraid to let our traveller approach them in this man's company, for fear of similar outrage; at the same time he would not have been able to see the lake at all unless he had been accompanied by a court guide. He contented himself reluctantly with getting as near as he could to one of the villages, by walking on the floating vegetation, which was quite strong enough in growth to support a man, and taking a good look at the houses, and their inhabitants, through his opera glass. The inhabitants of these lake dwellings somewhat defy the power of their suzerain, and consider themselves free from the danger of the punishments inflicted by him on his other subjects.

Cameron returned to Kilemba in two days, the second march being over five hours through drenching rain, without a check or halt of any kind. He learnt that Kasongo was still absent; and no one appeared to know exactly where he was, or when he was likely to return. Kendele, the Portuguese trader, still said he should stay a month before returning. Our traveller, therefore, endeavoured to obtain guides from Fume a Kenna, to show him the way to Lake Kassali or Ki Konja, through which the Lualaba was said to flow. Her Highness kept on promising to give him men to take him to the lake, and two or three times sent one, only, however, to be re-called an hour or two after he had made his appearance. At last, tired of waiting, and determined not to be thus befooled any longer, he set out with four or five of Jumah ibn Salim's men who had been there, and so knew the way. They arrived at Kowedi, a village about eight miles from the lake; but here difficulties arose. The river Lovoi flowed between them and the lake, and the chief of Kowedi said he had received orders from Kasongo to prevent their crossing. Hearing that Kasongo was only two marches off, Cameron sent men to find him, and obtain if possible his permission to cross the Lovoi. Unfortunately, before they could reach his camp, he had set off no one knew where, and they returned without having seen him. Notwithstanding these obstacles, he managed to get a distant view of the lake. After waiting for over three weeks, he determined to return to Kilemba, more especially as he had been very ill with dysentery, and thought that milk, with which he used to be liberally supplied by Jumah ibn Salim, who kept a large flock of goats, would do him more good than any medicine.

The day that he arrived at Kilemba, he met guides coming from Fume a Kenna, who appeared to wish to help him, whilst in reality she, in consequence of orders from Kasongo, was doing her best to thwart him. On his arrival he found that during his absence Kasongo had returned and again started off, leaving orders that the white man was on no account to be allowed to depart without seeing him, and also desiring that notice of his arrival should be sent to him at once. Kendele had all his ivory lashed and packed, and said that when Kasongo came back he would require a few days to say

good-bye to him, and that after that there was nothing more to detain them, and that they should get to Benguela, the place of his destination, in about seventy days. Six weeks elapsed (a dreary time) before Kasongo turned up, though Cameron sent many messengers to say he was waiting at Kilemba, and wanted to get away. The only thing that happened to divert his attention during this time of waiting, was the discovery that his people had stolen nearly all his beads, in the vain hope of forcing him to retrace his steps. Jumah ibn Salim, however, stood his friend, and supplied him with stores, which he expected would be sufficient to last to Benguela, or at all events to Bihe, where he would be able to get enough to reach the coast. Kasongo's advent was, however, by no means the signal for their immediate departure, for he had to swagger and talk largely about his greatness, and hold many meetings, suitably to impress the stranger with a sense of his influence and importance. One day he held a very large levee, at which all the neighbouring chiefs were assembled to do him homage, and where he made a very long speech, in which he asserted that he was the greatest man in the world, and that the only one that could at all compare with him was Mata Yafa, his friend and relation, the chief of Ulunda.

It seemed to our traveller as if they should now soon start, but Kendele first wanted an agreement made out as to what he was to receive for the work he was to do; and when this was arranged he began to give himself airs, and to find excuses for delaying their start. He said he had to build a house for Kasongo, but that it would not detain them more than a few days, as it was to be precisely similar to that in which he was living, and which he declared was finished in four days. They left Kilemba for Totela, where the house was to be built, on the 25th of February, 1875, and made a very dilatory march of four days, besides halting two or three in order to give Kendele an opportunity of stealing provisions, as he issued no rations whatever to any one. In fact, even he himself and his women lived on a portion of the plunder brought in by his people, and which he used to extort from them as leader of the caravan. Besides his own carriers, there were also independent bands of people of Bihe and Lovale, who ravaged the country in all directions, and were under no restraint whatever. Kasongo, instead of checking these ruffians, gave them liberty to do as they liked; he even encouraged them in their atrocities, if in return they would go with him when he went to punish any of his villages, either for not paying tribute at all, or whose tribute he thought insufficient. On these occasions all the males who could not escape were shot down like dogs, and the women and children were seized as slaves.

Kasongo's house was, after a time, finished; but it was built almost entirely by Cameron's men, and under his superintendence, or it would never have been finished at all. Even when the house was completed there were still more delays. A party of Kendele's men had gone to Kanyoka, a

place on the boundary between Kasongo's and Mata Yafa's kingdoms, some time before Cameron's arrival at Kilemba, and as nothing had been heard of them since, Kendele refused to start without them; so there was no leaving till men had gone and brought them back. They did not return until the 27th of May, and in the meanwhile Coimbra (Kendele's second man) was off on a slave-hunting expedition. On the 28th Cameron's camp was burnt down by the carelessness of one of his men, and he very nearly lost his journals and all he possessed. Owing, however, to the pluck and coolness of his servant Jumah, though the tent itself was burnt, everything of importance inside was saved.

Two or three days after this, they started for Lunga Mandis, ten days (short marches) south by west of Totela. Here they were detained nearly three weeks, waiting for Coimbra. When he arrived, he came in driving a string of fifty or sixty wretched women tied together with knotted cords, and all heavily laden with plunder, and several with babies in their arms. These poor creatures represented twenty or thirty villages burnt down, and a population of two hundred and fifty to three hundred people utterly destroyed. About three or four hundred more may have escaped to other villages. There were now in the caravan upwards of fifteen hundred slaves, all of them obtained by plunder and murder from a country which has only been recently tapped to supply slaves for export.

"This testimony of Cameron's as to the hardships and sufferings associated with the slave trade is borne out by some remarks of Bishop Steere, in his paper, entitled, "A Walk to the Nyassa Country." Speaking of his arrival at the River Luatize, he says:—

"When we got to the ford we found it a scene of the wildest confusion. A place had been chosen where the stream is cut up by six or seven islets, with narrow channels between. The water in some of these was nearly up to the armpits, and ran so strongly that, except for the trees laid across to hold on by, it would have been impossible to cross. Over and through these they were bringing some two hundred slaves, many of them women and children, and very many with forked sticks fastened to their necks. The noise and tumult were beyond description.

"Another day we met an oldish woman, with a slave stick still on her neck, carrying a bag of cassava root, on her way to Mataka's, having escaped from a caravan which had just turned out of our road to buy provisions, to which she had been sold by Makanjila. One of our men cut off the slave stick, and we gave her the best advice we could to avoid the caravan behind us. We also met the sick man we had seen in the hut as we went up; he said he had found that his caravan had got on so far that he had better go back than try to follow it. We offered him some food, but he said he did not want it.

"In all we met nine caravans, five belonging to Yao chiefs, and four to

coast Arabs, most of them having been two or three months on the way, and all exclaiming at the scarcity and dearness of provisions. We found afterwards at Makochero's—where we had bought most of our provisions in going up, and amongst us we had eaten some hundred fowls—that nothing was now to be had, and everything about the place looked hungry. These nine caravans would represent from one thousand five hundred to two thousand slaves, and possibly some ten thousand for the whole year.

“Here we saw some of the horrors of the slave trade, as we were close behind a caravan which had left in each day's journey one or more of its number cruelly murdered by the road side, and the very last day before reaching the villages we came upon a man lying in the path in the very act of dying of hunger and fatigue. He was far beyond all help, and we could only watch his last sighs. Surely if there can be a holy war it would be one against a traffic which bears such fruits as these. If we had the means to hire and feed some hundred or two of men to clear, and plant, and build, and defend themselves if necessary, I think this line of trade at least might be finally closed, but it would be madness to attempt force unless one had ample means, and at least the passive support of the English Government. The true cure must be the abolition of slavery itself on the coast, and I think the English Government could easily procure it. Let all present slaves be held indebted to their masters in a sum equal to their market value, to be paid in labour or in money as the two may agree, and all further comers to be *ipso facto* free. There would then be no great hardship on the owners, a fitting gift might be found, which would save the Sultan's honour in yielding to our wishes, and the presence of the Admiral for a few weeks would satisfy his people that he was only submitting to the inevitable. I heard good news at Kilwa on my return, which was that the land route northwards was stopped by war near the Lufiji. We have got beyond half measures, and no native would be surprised at fresh action. If we need a pretext, the fact that Pemba has notoriously imported large numbers of slaves under the eye of the Sultan's officials, and in direct violation of the treaty, is more than a pretext, it is substantial justification. None can find pleasure in detailing horrors, but the actual sight of such cruelties as abound on the slave routes moves one strangely.”

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Ussambi—The Country of the Walunda—Lovale and its People—Kibokwe—King Antonio Kagnombe—Settlement of Senhor Guilherme Goncalves—Other Settlements—Bailunda—Arrives at Benguela—Reports himself at Loanda—Reaches Liverpool—Welcome Reception Everywhere.*

COIMBRA having arrived, Cameron was able to pursue his journey. The caravan crossed the Lovoi on a fishing-weir bridge, and entered the country of Ussambi. Ussambi is a sort of debateable ground between Urua and Ulunda. The people say that they are properly under the rule of Kasongo, but that they are forced to pay tribute to Mata Yafa also, as his territory is so close, especially on the north-west, that if they refuse to acknowledge his claims, he can easily enter their country and desolate it. In addition to the extortions they are subjected to by these two chiefs, they also suffer from the raids of one Msiri, who has established himself at Katanga by force of arms, and now sends armed parties in all directions in search of slaves and other plunder. He sends the slaves he thus obtains to Unyan-yembe and the West Coast, and receives in exchange, cloth, guns, and powder. The guns and powder enable him to retain his position, and he is also greatly assisted by large armed caravans from Bihe, commanded by confidential slaves of Portuguese, who use his territory as a safe basis from whence to start their numerous expeditions. These Portuguese are generally accompanied by a few of Msiri's own people, in order that they may be considered as acting under his commands, and thereby spreading the terror of his name far and wide; besides this advantage, he receives a large proportion of the slaves captured in these raids.

Growing wise by experience, the people of Ussambi are now congregating in large villages, well protected by wide and deep ditches and embankments, and are rapidly subdividing into a number of small and independent tribes, only bound together by the necessity of defence against the common enemy, the slave trader. The country of Ussambi is one pleasant to the eye, and well watered; woods, meadows, streams, and cultivated grounds, succeeding each other in agreeable diversity. Whilst passing through Ussambi, Cameron heard that Mata Yafa was only a few miles distant from his camp, being then on his way to Kasongo, in order to seek his protection and assist-

ance. In consequence of some unheard-of cruelty he had committed on women, an elder sister, whose rank was nearly equal to his own, had formed a conspiracy, and had driven him out of the country. He only just managed to escape with his life, accompanied by a few followers, who still remained faithful to him; and he was skulking along through the jungle, afraid to enter any village.

After Ussambi, the party came into Ulunda. The huts of the people of Ulunda are of exceedingly small dimensions, and are as a rule scattered about the country in clusters of three or four, situated in the middle of small clearings, each of which just suffices to support the one family who inhabit it. Whilst passing through this country, they crossed many important affluents of the Lualaba or Congo; and at one place the source of the Zambesi was only ten or twelve miles to the south of them.

Leaving Ulunda, they first passed through a country which is considered at present as neutral ground, but which is rapidly being colonised by the people of Lovale. Lovale is a country of considerable extent; the eastern portions are very similar to Ulunda, but, as they proceeded westward, they came upon large plains, which, in the rainy season, are nearly covered with water, and are then well-nigh impassable. From these inundations the inhabitants derive the greater portion of their wealth. When the waters are out, innumerable fishes, principally siluri (or mud fish), swarm forth from the rivers, and spread themselves all over the country. The inhabitants take advantage of the slight inequalities of level to form small dams, by which, when the floods subside, the fishes are confined, and are then easily captured by the natives, who dry them, and barter them with passing caravans, and with their neighbours. So eager are the tribes on either side for these fish, that they refuse all other articles of barter from caravans who have passed through these piscatorial districts. In order to gratify this peculiar taste of the people they were to meet on their road, Cameron and his companions were obliged to lay in a large stock of this half-rotten fish; and the effluvia arising from it made their camp nearly pestilential.

The place where they halted to buy in their fish cargo was very near the point at which Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekeletu's to Loanda crossed Cameron's; and the chief Livingstone met there was the same that Cameron saw. He remembered Livingstone well, and remembered the fact of his riding an ox. In Lovale they had a good many annoying, though not serious, troubles with the natives. These people had innumerable fetishes, and every time any fetish was offended a fine was levied, and as a stranger had no means of finding out what was fetish and what was not, these fines were very numerous and vexatious. Certain trees might not be cut down to build a camp; against others no one might rest a gun; some paths might not be traversed by a stranger; and so on *ad infinitum*. As nearly every man

in Lovale was armed with a gun, they considered themselves powerful enough to insist on all these regulations.

After Lovale, they came to Kibokwe, where the country began to get more broken and hilly; and they began to ascend towards the western edge of the basins of the Congo and the Zambesi. Here the fish which they had bought in Lovale were in demand, and Cameron soon exhausted all his stock; and if he had not been able to purchase a little cloth at a most exorbitant price, from some people of Bihe, who were out collecting bees-wax, he and his men would have starved. The only product of Kibokwe which is exported is this bees-wax. From the honey the natives make a sort of mead, which in taste is very like strong ale. At one village where the caravan halted, the chief offered the white man some in a china pint mug, which, as he was very thirsty, he emptied at once. The chief held him in great admiration, when he saw that this potent draught took no effect on his head, and followed him to the two next camps to give him some more drink before starting in the mornings. He brought a little pot with him, in which he warmed the mead, and as the mornings were then raw and cold, the beverage proved most acceptable.

Leaving Kibokwe, they passed out of the basins of the Congo and the Zambesi (the affluents of which are so interlaced with each other that it was almost impossible to determine the actual watershed), and came into that of the Kwanza. After crossing the Kwanza (which here, some distance above the falls, was a fine navigable stream) they arrived at Komanante, in Bihe, where Kendele (or Alviz) had his settlement. Although he said he was a civilised man, his establishment was little better than that of the natives, and a disgrace to the name of civilisation. Cameron was delayed a week at Komanante before he could procure a guide from Kendele to show him the road to the coast. Kendele himself remained up in Bihe, in order to dispose of some of his slaves for bees-wax and ivory; the others he retained to sell at the coast. When our traveller left Komanante, he had first to go to the town of Kagnombe, the chief of Bihe, as his guide would have been afraid to return if it had been known he had guided a white man through Bihe, without taking him to see Kagnombe. Kagnombe's town proved to be the largest he had ever seen in Africa, but Kagnombe (or, as he called himself, King Antonio Kagnombe) was a most despicable specimen of a negro. He said he had been to Loanda, but the only result of his travels seemed to be a grafting of the worst European vices on those already engrained on his nature.

The day Cameron left Kagnombe's he arrived at the settlement of Senhor Guilherme Goncalves, where he was most kindly and hospitably received, and felt as if he were once more getting into civilisation. The owner of this settlement has lived at Bihe for upwards of thirty-three years,

and his entire establishment is in a state of wonderful order and prosperity. He has planted orange-trees, vines, roses, etc., which all grow to perfection; there are great hedges of roses, thirty feet high, covered with blossoms. He is an old officer of the Portuguese navy, and a very gentlemanlike man; but he has become so completely habituated to African life, that, though he had just visited Portugal, he felt he could not live there, and was obliged to return to Bihe. From this settlement Cameron proceeded to that of Senhor Goao Baptista Ferreira, where he was also kindly received. Senhor Ferreira has travelled far into the interior (on one occasion nearly up to Kasongo's country), but being utterly uneducated, and almost solely dependent on the slave trade for his profits, he cannot fail to lower the prestige of the white man among the natives. Close to his settlement is that of Silva Porto, famous for his journey with Syde ibn Habib half across Africa. His place is now in the charge of slaves, who make frequent trips to Katanga for copper, slaves, and ivory, whilst he himself lives in comfort at Benguela.

After one day's halt at Ferreira's Cameron started for Benguela; but after only four days' marching, he was delayed by the illness of the wife of his chief native guide, and, after all, had to leave him with her, and to go on with one of his brothers. Besides the natives, he had also a black Portuguese, called Manoel, from Dondo, supplied to him by Kendele, who formed a very favourable contrast to that individual, as he endeavoured to assist the traveller in every way in his power. They now came into the lovely and fertile country of Bailunda, the chief of which Cameron visited in his village, situated on a rocky hill, standing by itself in the middle of the plain. To reach the royal hut, which was perched on the very summit of the hill, he had to pass through no fewer than seven stockades; besides this, the path was so steep in some places, that he had a regular scramble to get up. Two or three days after leaving this chief he got into a very mountainous country, and as the rainy season had set in in full force, his men began to break down; four or five of them had to be carried, and one poor fellow died. The day after his death, Cameron found that, in bringing up the rear of the caravan, he was about nine hours doing what might easily be done in three under ordinary circumstances, owing to the number of men who were unable to march, and who kept halting. On his arrival in camp, he therefore made up his mind to throw away everything he could possibly spare, and pressing on to the coast, now one hundred and twenty six miles distant, with a few of the best men, to send back assistance to the others. He accordingly threw away his boat, the remains of his tent bed, and everything but a blanket and a change of clothes.

The next morning he went on with Manoel and six other men; and after five days' stiff marching across a very rough and mountainous country, he arrived at Katombela, a suburb of Benguela. Here he was most warmly

welcomed by Monsieur Charles Cauchoix, an ex-lieutenant of the French navy, who rendered him every assistance in his power. The very day he reached Katombela, scurvy broke out on him with great violence, and by the evening he found he could neither speak nor swallow. Monsieur Cauchoix started off with him in a hammock for Benguela at two o'clock in the morning, to place him at once under the care of Dr. Cavacho, in charge of the military hospital there, to whose kind and scientific treatment the traveller in a great measure owes his life. The Portuguese governor, Major Brito, was also most kind, giving lodgings and rations to the men; and from him, and all the inhabitants of Benguela, our traveller received every sort of hospitality.

After staying about a fortnight at Benguela, a passage was given to himself and his men to Loanda on board the Portuguese mail steamer, "Bengo." When he arrived at Loanda, he landed as quickly as possible, and got up to the consul's before that official heard of his arrival. He was not a very prepossessing-looking individual at the time, but when, on the consul's coming out to him, he said—"Come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland," he caught hold of him by both shoulders and said, "Cameron, by God!" The consul (Captain Hopkins) did everything he possibly could for him; and all the other English at Loanda received him most warmly. As soon as he was able to despatch his men for Zanzibar, he started himself for England by the next homeward-bound English steamer; and, after a tedious and uneventful voyage of fifty-four days, he arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd of April, 1876, and met with a very warm reception from a large crowd on landing.

The next day he was presented with an address by the Town Council and Burgesses of that important borough. The presentation was made in the Town Hall; and the large and influential company which assembled to welcome the distinguished traveller bore ample testimony to the high esteem in which he was held. On his arrival at the Hall, he was received with loud and prolonged cheering, and every mark of respect. The Mayor, having read the address, presented it to the brave guest, who, on rising, was greeted with loud applause. He said—"I thank you, Mr. Mayor, Members of the Corporation, and Inhabitants of Liverpool, for this address, which I shall cherish as long as I live, as a mark of appreciation of the work I have been doing. I esteem myself especially fortunate that my arrival in England should be at Liverpool, one of the most important commercial communities of the world, and one more intimately connected with the continent I have been exploring than any other commercial emporium. I shall always remember yesterday and to-day as two of the proudest and happiest days of my life. The thought that the work I was doing would be appreciated by those who understand its importance has sustained me through many a

wearry march and trying hour when I had no European nor friend to speak to. On my arrival in England, what I had trusted to has been nobly fulfilled. I thank you again, Mr. Mayor, Members of the Corporation, and Inhabitants of Liverpool, for the cordial, kind, and noble way in which you have received me."

Shortly afterwards the traveller was entertained at a banquet presided over by the Mayor, and attended by upwards of a hundred distinguished guests. After proposing the toast of "The Queen," which was duly honoured, the Mayor next said—"I have great pleasure in proposing the health of our gallant guest, Lieutenant Cameron. I esteem it a great privilege to have the honour of first welcoming him on his return to his native land. For nearly four years he has been exploring a country in which danger and difficulties ever attend the traveller. He went out in command of the Livingstone East Coast Expedition at a time when that distinguished traveller had not been heard of for several years, and on finding that Dr. Livingstone was dead, he determined, though in no wise bound to do so, to pursue the discoveries of that eminent man and traveller. Since then he has with great intrepidity and courage crossed South Africa from east to west; made important astronomical and geological observations; prepared a careful survey of his route; and thus achieved, under many trials, privations, and sickness, one of the great events in the history of Geographical explorations. This town cannot fail to be deeply interested with African exploration, its early history as a commercial port being closely identified with that country. Everything that tends to develop the resources of Africa is sure to be watched with interest by the merchants of this port. Such labours as those of Lieutenant Cameron must be of great commercial advantage to this country, as the more such countries as Africa are opened up, and civilisation allowed to reach the people, the better it must be for trade and commerce. But we congratulate and welcome our esteemed guest on other grounds than these. Much as we are interested in trade and its increase, we are more interested in the progress of civilisation and the spread of Christianity. Dr. Livingstone was a pioneer in promoting these blessings in Africa, and Lieutenant Cameron has been nobly following in his footsteps, and so we delight to do him honour. Englishmen are always proud to recognise courage, bravery, and self-denial, and when shown, to the honour of their country, they specially rejoice to do so. Lieutenant Cameron's acts have become history, and have added fame to his country's name. On behalf of this great commercial town, and of those present to day, I tender to our gallant guest our heartiest congratulations and a cordial welcome to his native land. Lieutenant Cameron was sustained and encouraged in his travels by the thought which he expressed in one of his letters, 'that the British public and the Geographical Society would never desert any one who tried to do his best;' and the greeting we offer to-day, and the one that awaits him in the metropolis, will prove to him that his confidence was not misplaced."

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, who was received with enthusiastic applause, said—"Mr. Mayor, Mr. High Sheriff, Ladies and Gentlemen—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind and cordial way in which you have drunk my health. It is most cheering when one comes back to one's native land, to be welcomed as I have been welcomed here. I am proud to say that I have been welcomed in a way that has surpassed anything that I could ever have expected. I thank you all most heartily. I am glad that I came to this port of Liverpool on my arrival in England, because I believe that Liverpool has more to do with Africa than any other port in the world. Nearly all the trade of the West Coast of Africa comes to Liverpool. In my journeys, as the Mayor has said, I was sustained by a belief that the English public would never desert me; and I am glad to say that I have found that my belief was true.

"I left England on the 30th November, 1872. I went out to Zanzibar with Sir Bartle Frere. I had a good many difficulties in getting men together. There were at first four of us. I left two behind—Murphy and Moffat—to rejoin us later; one of them, Moffat, a nephew of Dr. Livingstone and a grandson of the Rev. Dr. Moffat. He died before he could rejoin us; he was too young to stand the journey. Mr. Murphy rejoined Mr. Dillon and myself at Rhenneko. We then marched over country which is known, and which has been travelled by Stanley, Burton, and Speke, who have described it better than I could. We arrived at Unyanyembe; and there I found some opposition on the part of people belonging to the coast—not, however, the well-bred Arabs, who are gentlemen in the best sense of the word—but pedlars, who injured us in many ways and took away our men. The Arabs of Omau and the Arabs of Zanzibar, who are friends and countrymen of Seyyid Burghash, are in the highest sense of the word, gentlemen. There poor Dillon, one of my dearest friends, left me; he had to go home, and his sad death occurred directly afterwards. Mr. Murphy had to go back with the corpse of Dr. Livingstone to the coast. I then went on a road between that of Stanley and Burton to Ujiji, and there I met Arabs who were kind and hospitable. I remained at Tanganyika two months, going round the south end, and I am happy to say that at the end I found there was an outlet to the Tanganyika, which I always believed there must be, called the Lukuga. I am certain, from my levels and position, that the waters of the Lualaba and the Congo are the same. I saw Hamed ben Hamed, who bargained to take me down to his settlement, and to try to get me across the Loami, the lake into which the Lualaba flows. The chief on the other side, however, refused to give me a passage. I then walked away south to where there were Portuguese traders, and there I found another kind and hospitable Arab, and a subject of Portugal, named Alviz, who said he was going down the coast. In sundry ways he delayed me for upwards of six months, and during that

time I was able to go to Lake Kassoli, although I was not allowed to cross the river Lovoi, one of the affluents of the Congo. Then I followed from there the watershed of the Zambesi and the affluent of the Congo down to Bihe, till I came to the basin Quanza. There, there is one of the most magnificent natural systems of water communication in the world; and the Congo and the Zambesi could be joined by a canal of thirty miles. The richness of the country is unspeakable, and I cannot describe it; and I am sure that, hereafter, the centre of Africa, especially at this side of the Tanganyika, will be a centre of civilisation, and productive of trade. There will be new granaries for the world, new mines, new coalfields, which will be carried on when the mines in other parts of the world have been worked out. If my journey has done any good towards opening up this country, I am amply repaid."

The Mayor next proposed the toast of "The Royal Geographical Society," who had promoted the Expedition, and Mr. Tinne responded on behalf of the Society. "It has been deputed to me," he said, "as one of the oldest members of the Royal Geographical Society, to welcome the gallant Lieutenant on his landing here; and in their name, and that of my brother associates, I beg to thank you, Mr. Mayor, and my townsmen, on the hearty reception you have given the plucky traveller and explorer. Mr. Cameron has walked, as you are aware, from east to west, some three thousand miles of ground, one thousand two hundred of which are entirely new to geographers, having made most valuable observations, which will correct previous ones, and having laid down other new positions. We used to consider the interior of Africa a sandy desert; but now we find there magnificent watercourses and lakes, leading to extensive districts of great commercial value."

Lieutenant Cameron afterwards proceeded to the Exchange Newsroom, where he was received with cheering and clapping of hands, and to the Literary and Philosophical Society, where he was cordially welcomed.

Referring to Cameron's work as an explorer, and to his Liverpool reception on his return, the "Liverpool Daily Post," the day after the banquet, thus wrote—"The fascinations of African adventure have added another name to the roll of heroic explorers of whom England, more than any other country, has reason to be proud. At the early age of thirty, Lieutenant Cameron finds himself famous as a traveller and discoverer, and it was fitting that Liverpool should accord to him the hearty welcome which he formally received yesterday on his return, after so eventful an absence, to his native land. More than three years ago, the Lieutenant started for Central Africa at the head of an Expedition for the relief of the illustrious Livingstone, between whom and the civilised world all communication had been cut off. But the mission arrived at its destination too late to fulfil the purpose for which it was organ-

ised. The veteran traveller had at last succumbed to the fatigues which his vigorous frame and indomitable spirit so long enabled him to endure, and all that remained to be done was to arrange for the transport to the coast of the dead body which the natives had reverently guarded. Fortunately, also, the Doctor's papers were found, and these Lieutenant Cameron took charge of, and provided for their safe conveyance to England. The complete story of the Lieutenant's subsequent proceedings has yet to be given to the world. The first instalment will be submitted to an early meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, which has already by anticipation expressed its sense of the value of Mr. Cameron's discoveries; and it is to be hoped that before long the whole of the interesting details will be published in a permanent form.

“What may be described as the most sensational feature of the Lieutenant's explorations relates to the Congo, the great western river whose sources have hitherto been shrouded in as much mystery as those of the more famous Nile were for so many centuries. Mr. Cameron discovered the outlet, on the west side of Lake Tanganyika, of a magnificent stream, which he identified as the head waters of the Lualaba, and the Lualaba he believes to be identical with the Congo. Unfortunately, he was unable to verify this conjecture by following the entire course of the river, but his hypothesis is accepted by the most eminent geographers as a probable one, and at least as trustworthy as that which assigns the equatorial chain of lakes as the source of the Nile. The problem will, no doubt, engage further attention, and, in these days of adventure and research, it is almost certain that the steps which are wanting to give Lieutenant Cameron's assumed solution the character of a demonstration will be followed up under conditions more favourable to perfect success. In the meantime, the Lieutenant's countrymen have substantial grounds for hailing him as a genuine hero of travel; and Liverpool especially would have failed in its duty had it been backward in recognising the services which he has indirectly rendered to civilisation and commerce on the side of the great continent with which so many of our merchants maintain intimate relations.”

On the 5th of April, the following laudatory article appeared in “The Daily Telegraph:”—

“Lieutenant Cameron arrived yesterday in London—with his African honours not exactly blushing, but brown and sun-stamped upon him—and received from a circle of intimate friends and well-known geographers the hearty welcome which public appreciation will confirm. The gallant young traveller is in excellent health, and has left behind him in Loanda all ill results of his journey. What that journey has been he will himself explain at length in presence of the meeting to be held on Tuesday next in St James's Hall; but when we add to that which is already known of it from published sources—the further details soon to be heard from his own lips—it

will be found that he well deserves the cordial greetings which have hailed his return from the silences of the mysterious continent. We may claim, perhaps, an especial right to criticise the young officer's achievement, because in an honourable and friendly sense he has performed his task in a sort of necessary rivalry with Mr. Stanley, to whom we have hastened to despatch all the particulars of the discoveries and travels of Mr. Cameron, with the certainty that no one would rejoice more in his safety than the indomitable explorer who is at this moment perhaps completing the map of Central Africa where it still remains blank. It was among the instructions of Mr. Stanley to turn aside and aid Lieutenant Cameron, if any intelligence should be brought of his proximity; and, during the long lapse of time when no news arrived, the letters of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' Commissioner were eagerly scanned for any word of tidings which might reassure the friends of the missing officer.

"The paths of the two travellers, however, lay far apart; for, while Stanley was pushing northward for the Victoria Nyanza, which he has since all but completely laid down and navigated, Cameron, having finished his survey of the southern end of Tanganyika, was making across the country to the westward of that remarkable water, aiming to reach Nyangwe, Livingstone's furthest point. Had it been possible for him to follow the Lualaba from that town down towards the coast, or even so far as to the watershed he afterwards reached by land, the last secret but one of the vast continent would have been yielded up; and the traveller whose melancholy honour it was to have received and transmitted the body of Livingstone, would have figured for ever as the executor and legatee of the Doctor's scientific fame. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Cameron was obliged to quit the sure clue of that prodigious stream which Livingstone revealed to us, and to strike southwards wide of the Lualaba. He traversed, nevertheless, twelve hundred miles of a district absolutely unknown before to geography, and, crossing the water-parting of the Zambesi and the Congo, saw the streams which drain into the latter river. Finally he emerged, after a weary transit on foot in company with a trade caravan, into the western regions and the Benguela coast-line, thereby accomplishing a feat which has no equal except in the great record of Livingstone, and the adventurous journey of the Pombeiros. It is a new tribute to British pluck and patience that the young officer thus tramped nearly three thousand miles from coast to coast, and that he brought his Expedition through with but one unfortunate collision with the natives, although, of course, the latter part of his progress was materially aided in the way of passage, and sadly hampered in the geographical sense, by the Portuguese trader with whom he was obliged to link his fortunes.

"The scientific results of his bold journey are such as well deserve the first great honour which can hardly fail to await them—namely, the gold

medal of the Royal Geographical Society. We ourselves attach the chief importance to the observations made over that four hundred leagues of new region which no European foot has trodden except that of the Lieutenant. These observations, which are, like all taken by the gallant officer, extremely careful, must, together with his descriptions of the people and the face of the country, open up to us fresh scenes and perfectly novel tribes; and were it for this alone we should pay the homage of a sincere admiration to the explorer. But the most debated portions of his work are the supposed discovery of an outlet to the Lake Tanganyika, and also the identification of the Lualaba with the Upper Congo. We hope, and are inclined to expect, that one or perhaps both of these announced discoveries will turn out to be accurate, although at present a haze of uncertainty hangs over them, which cannot be dispelled by the generous and patriotic feeling shared by all alike to see our countryman's triumph rendered as perfect as possible. The Lukuga may well be the outlet of Tanganyika, but there are still two points at least to clear up about it—the first, how an effluent from such a body of water, with such a slope to descend to Nyangwe, could have so slow a current? and the next, why Livingstone's path through the Bambarre district never crossed it? So, again, if the Lualaba at Nyangwe be, as Lieutenant Cameron says, only one thousand four hundred feet above the sea, there is an end to any idea that it can find its way into the Nile, and the odds are overwhelming in favour of the theory that it runs to feed the Congo. This gives a fall of thirteen hundred feet from Tanganyika to Nyangwe, which is possible enough, but does not leave too much elevation for the further course of the Congo-Lualaba; while, if we hesitate at the immense volume of water which comes from Bemba, Moera, Kamolondo, and Tanganyika, we cannot forget that the 'Moeinzi-Enzaddi' is, in its lower course, one of the deepest of known rivers.

“On the highly probable supposition—which Cameron's journey has greatly strengthened, though not positively affirmed—that all those vast sweet-water seas empty into the Congo channel, the approximate certainty which the traveller has obtained well deserves the recognition which the President of the Royal Geographical Society is prepared to give, and the mighty Nile itself must look forward to being content with the divided glory of a sister stream. The Congo in this case will prove one of the noblest waterways on the globe; and flowing as it does through one of the fairest countries ever beheld, an immense and splendid future for civilisation and commerce seems opened up by Lieutenant Cameron's journey. We must, however, ask for special verifications of the altitudes taken at Nyangwe, and for careful comparisons of them with the levels obtained elsewhere, nor is it necessary to the correctness of this part of the Lieutenant's discoveries that the Lukuga should be the outlet of Tanganyika. We must not forget the reiterated reports conveyed to Sir Samuel Baker of a connection by water between the

Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika, though here, indeed, Cameron has Stanley on his side. At any moment we may receive from our Commissioner news respecting the exploration of Baker's Lake—the last and greatest secret yet surviving in Africa, if we except the unseen portion of the course of the Congo—and it would be curious if it arrived in time to give confirmation to the view that the Nile henceforth must rest satisfied with the two magnificent Nyanzas as its 'nursing mothers!'

"Ardently hoping, then, that subsequent researches may endorse and fulfil the considerable additions made to our knowledge by this young officer, we yield to none in our welcome to him, and publicly add our warm recognition of the fresh lustre which his courage and perseverance have cast upon the record of British work in Africa. We trust that the Government will not be behind the representatives of geographical science in marking their sense of the good service performed by Lieutenant Cameron. When it is remembered that he was out of reach of all help and knowledge for nineteen months; that wherever he has gone the people have had reason by his conduct to think well of Englishmen; and that, whether fully confirmed or not, his discoveries are certainly among the most remarkable of the generation, public opinion will not be satisfied unless he receives, at least, his promotion from the Admiralty, with such other proofs of favour as precedents allow. His services on the East Coast of Africa already gave him a clear title to the C. S. I., for which his African tramp has newly recommended him; less than these official signs of approval would be too little. Meanwhile, the interest of his passage across the wonderful continent will turn public attention with fresh fascination to Africa, destined so surely to play a splendid part in the history of the earth's development. It will make thoughtful men more and more anxious to rescue the beautiful paradise which Lieutenant Cameron will describe on Tuesday next from the slave-drivers, and to bring into the music of humanity those 'black notes' on the world's key-board which have been too long and too mournfully silent."

A special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held in St. James's Hall on April 12th, 1876, to hear from Lieutenant Cameron an account of his Explorations in Africa. The Hall was crowded in every part, and the platform was occupied by a large company of distinguished visitors, including Sir John Hay, M. P.; Sir. G. Campbell, M. P.; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M. P.; Mr. Clements Markham, etc. A number of maps, diagrams, flags, and relics, illustrative of Lieutenant Cameron's narrative, were arranged about the platform. On His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Henry Rawlinson entering the Hall, accompanied by Lieutenant Cameron and some of the leading members of the Society, the audience rose *en masse* and cheered heartily.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who was received with great cheers, said—"I

have great pleasure on this occasion—the first occasion on which I have had the honour of occupying the chair since I became President of this Society—of presenting to you so distinguished a member of a profession to which I have the honour to belong, and a gentleman who has distinguished himself so much by the journey which he has accomplished—a journey from sea to sea through the centre of Africa. I feel that it requires very little preface on my part to introduce him to you. The remarks upon this interesting journey are to come from him, and any words that I might make would only take away from the interest with which I am sure you will listen to him in his account of his interesting exploits. At the same time I must congratulate the Navy that it should fall to the lot of a member of that profession to show that pluck which distinguishes all Englishmen, but which, in my opinion, more particularly distinguishes naval officers—to accomplish so great a feat as the journey across that vast continent—a journey which occupied two years and eight months, and which, though the original object was to search for our late lamented explorer, Dr. Livingstone, eventually became a separate and independent exploration on Lieutenant Cameron's own part. I have great pleasure in introducing to you Lieutenant Cameron, and I do so in the confidence that we shall all be deeply interested by the account he will give us of his interesting journey.”

Lieutenant Cameron then rose, and was received with loud cheers. In the course of his address he said—“In consequence of the shortness of the time I can do no more than give a very brief *resume* of my journey this evening. The first portion of the journey may be considered as that from the East Coast to Ujiji. The Expedition consisted originally of Dr. Dillon and myself; at Aden, Mr. Murphy, of the R.A., volunteered, and joined us afterwards at Zanzibar, and a day or two before leaving Bagamoyo, Mr. Moffat, of Natal, a nephew of Dr. Livingstone, also joined. My first great difficulty was to provide porters to carry our stores, and after nearly a month at Bagamoyo I formed a camp at Shamba Gonera to try and make them keep together, but with no good results. In the middle of March, 1873, Dillon started to form a camp at Kikoka, the farthest Balooch outpost of H.H. Syed Burghash, and a little beyond the Kingani. A few days afterwards Sir Bartle Frere came over to Bagamoyo, bringing Moffat with him. Two days afterwards I joined Dillon at Kikoka, leaving Murphy ill with fever under charge of the French missionaries at Bagamoyo. The French missionaries were most kind and hospitable during our stay, and they are doing a very good and important work in the country. They have a large number of pupils, who, besides being Christianised and taught to read and write, are also instructed in the ways and means of earning their livelihood in after life.

“There was a great deal of opposition amongst the Wamerima, owing to an idea (which pursued us to Unyanyembe) that we were personally engaged

in putting down the slave trade, though the higher class Arabs were friendly to us. Moffat accompanied me to Kikoka, and then returned to Bagamoyo to assist Murphy. On March 28, 1873, Dillon and I started from Kikoka, but had to leave many loads behind, owing to the porters having got back into Bagamoyo, notwithstanding my having paid the guard at the Kingani to prevent their crossing. From Kikoka, Dillon and I marched to Msuwah, across an almost uninhabited country, with park-like stretches of open grass, clumps of fine trees, and strips of jungle, and here and there intersected by nullahs, which, after heavy showers of rain, became considerable streams. We were detained in one place some days trying to get food, which was very scarce, and the villages lay some way from the road. I went out once to look for it, but, owing to trusting to Bombay, lost the track, and had to sleep in a swamp, amid pouring rain, in consequence of which I was laid up with fever until our arrival at Msuwah. At Msuwah the country began to rise more decidedly than it had hitherto done. There was a good deal of cultivation about, but the villages were in dense clumps of jungle, and very few strangers are allowed to enter them. We formed our camp close to the village of the chief, and were initiated into paying tribute, having to give thirty dotis to a smiling old villain. From Msuwah we travelled on with an Arab caravan, till past Simbaweui, crossing the Lugereugeri on our third march, and going through a pass in the Duthumi hills, and then through a well cultivated fertile valley full of small conical knolls, and by another pass on to Simbaweui, and then across the Lugereugeri a second time. From here we followed the same route as Stanley to Rehenneko, on the other side of the Makata.

“At Rehenneko, Dillon and I halted for a month, to wait for Moffat and Murphy, at the end of which time Murphy came up alone, bringing the sad news that Moffat had died before crossing the Makata. Poor young fellow! His whole heart was in the Expedition; he had sold his all, a sugar plantation in Natal, and was willing to expend his last farthing in the cause of African exploration. Murphy himself was very ill when he arrived. After a few days' halt to enable him to recover his strength somewhat, we started across the Usagara mountains, and then passed Miunyi Useghara, up the valley of the Mukoudokwa, by the same route as Stanley to Lake Ugombo, and then across a rough waterless country to Mpwapwa. At Mpwapwa were three or four caravans of different sizes, and one of the Wanyamwezi would have been robbed if I had not interfered to prevent it. From Mpwapwa we went on across the Marenga Mkali, and to obviate the inconvenience of being without water for two days I filled four air pillows with water, which held three gallons each. After the Marenga Mkali we arrived at Moume, the first station in Ugogo, and came into the full swing of tribute paying, and were detained three or four days before it could be settled. The first day the chief and all hands were drunk, and next day the chief would only receive the tribute through

his prime minister, and he was too drunk to transact any business, and so on from day to day. There is no passing through Ugogo without paying tribute, for, although the people do not as a rule fight, if the demand is resisted they carry off all they can of their provisions and stores, destroy their houses and all they leave behind, fill up their water-holes, and retreat into the jungles, leaving the strangers to die of thirst and starvation, assured of being repaid by the stores, which are certain to be abandoned, for any losses they may themselves have incurred. This occurred two or three times when Arab caravans have attempted to avoid paying mhongo. Soon after Moume we struck Burton's route at Kanyenye, or Great Ugogo, where the same chief (Magomba) reigns as was there in his time.

“From Kanyenye we went on rising, at the end of the plain, which leads up a steep wall-like range of hills to another plateau. On this plateau we went through a range of hills formed of blocks and boulders of granite piled about in the wildest confusion, and came to Usekhe, where we camped close to the largest boulder of granite that, up to that time, I had ever seen. Here again tribute, drunkenness, and delays, and then on our march to Khoko, where some Wamerima are settled, and where we camped under one of three enormous trees—our own caravan and others accompanying it—in all, amounting to about five hundred men, camping under one tree. From here was one march to Mdabaree, the last district of Ugogo, and where we finished with mhongo for the time being. As we were a short way from where white men had passed before, the chief's head man said we had to stop till all the people had seen us; in fact, he made a raree show of us. We now entered on what used to be dreaded as Mgunda Mkali, or fiery field, but which now is far easier to traverse than it was in the days of Burton and Speke. After a few days we came to Jiwe la Singa, where there were almost as many fantastic boulders as near Usekhe, the name of the place meaning the rock of soft grass. From here we marched through a wild and uninhabited country, with much game, but very wild and scared, making longish marches on account of the scarceness and badness of the water. On July 31, 1874, we reached the village of the chief of Uргу. Here we stopped one day to buy food, as our provisions were exhausted, and for the first time, camped in a village. Our tents were crowded all day long by the natives, and at night we found that they had left many small but disagreeable inhabitants behind them.

“From here to the outlying villages of Unyanyembe, was four long marches through uninhabited country. At the end of the second we camped at a place called Marwa, where water is only to be obtained by digging at the base of a boulder, and no one is allowed to say maji—the common word for water—to fire a gun, or walk by with sandals or boots, for fear of offending the fiend in charge of the spring, and causing him to stop the supply of

water. The next morning, as Dillon and I were out on one side of the track looking for game, we saw a couple of lions six hundred or seven hundred yards off, trotting quietly home after a night out. The same afternoon we heard an alarm of 'Ruga, Ruga,' or robbers, and, going to the front, found that a small party had been robbed of some ivory and two women slaves, and had had a man wounded. Our men were in a great funk, but we managed to get them along; and about five P.M. we arrived at a large pond, camped, and fenced ourselves in. In the early part of the night a few arrows were shot into the camp, but we kept watch ourselves, and made our men do likewise, and so the rest of the night passed without further alarm. The next day we arrived at the outlying villages of Unyanyembe; and on the 5th of August we marched into Kwikuruh, its capital, and were entertained at breakfast by Said ibn Salim ibn Raschid el Lamki, the Arab governor, and thoroughly did we enjoy our good breakfast after the scanty fare on which we had been living. After breakfast he and many other Arabs escorted us to the house where Stanley had lived, and which was now lent to us by Said ibn Salim. After a couple of days we had to pay a round of visits to all the principal Arabs, and eat with all. This was a very formidable undertaking, as we had to eat something with each to avoid giving offence, and this lasted from 10 A.M. till 4 P.M. A day or two afterwards I was knocked over by fever, and Dillon and Murphy soon followed suit. About the 21st of August 1874, a letter from Sir Samuel Baker arrived in charge of some of King Mtesa's men, and I sent a letter back by them. We were delayed by fever, blindness, and other illnesses till the end of October—and also by desertion of men—when Chuma and another man arrived bringing the news of Dr. Livingstone's death, and saying that his caravan was near. I instantly sent off a large bale of cloth to assist them. When the body of Dr. Livingstone arrived, all the principal Arabs assembled at our house to show respect to his memory. A few days after Murphy resigned, and when I was on the point of starting westward, having fitted out Livingstone's men with stores for the coast, Dillon was so ill as to be unable to proceed. After he had decided to return, Murphy volunteered to rejoin the Expedition, but, owing to difficulties about stores and porters, I thought it best to go on alone. Dillon and Murphy, with Dr. Livingstone's corpse, left for the coast on the 9th of November, 1873, and the same day I started for Ujiji. I tried to steer straight for Ujiji, but, owing to the fear all my men were in of the ubiquitous Mirambo, and the desertions caused by it, I had to make a considerable detour to the south.

"A few days after I parted from my two companions, I received the sad news of Dillon's death. I reached Uganda in the beginning of December, and there found Murphy, who had lost some of his cloth, and had to send back to the Arab governor for more. After one day at the capital of Uganda, I went on west, but two marches out was met by a chief who said we could not

pass that road until he had settled some row with the Arabs at Unyanyembe. This delayed us till the beginning of January. On Jan. 5, we reached the boundaries of Unyamwezi proper, and then across a large plain and the S. Ngombe, and came to Ugara, in all three districts of which I had to pay tribute. After Ugara I came to a mountainous country—Kawendi—and running water, the first which I had seen since leaving Mpwapwa. The mountains extend to the borders of the Tanganyika; but at Ugaga we came on Burton's route, and thence, passing just to the north of the Malagarazi Valley, we arrived at the Tanganyika by a comparatively easy route. Before reaching Ugaga, however, we had a good deal of trouble, as the guides did not know the road. I was utterly lame from a large abscess on my leg, and therefore unable to take the head of the caravan and direct its course. On my first view of the Tanganyika I could scarcely comprehend it. Such was the immensity of the view that I fancied the grey lake to be sky, and the mountains of Ugoma in the distance to be clouds. However, it dawned on me by degrees that this was the lake, and nothing else. At Kawele, the capital of Ujiji, I was well received by the Arabs; and after securing the books and other things left here by Dr. Livingstone, I immediately made preparations, and got away for a cruise round the lake. In my cruise I found ninety-six rivers, besides torrents and springs coming in to the lake in the portion I went round, and one—the Lukuga—going out. This river flows to the Lurwa, and joins it at a short distance below Lake Moero.

“As soon as I could get a few stores I returned to Kasenge, the place where Speke landed on the western bank of the Tanganyika. The next portion of the journey will be from Kasenge by Nyangwe down to the capital of Urna. After leaving Kasenge we first crossed the southern end of the mountains of Ugoma (although nominally in Uguhha), and many streams flowing S. and S.W. towards the Lukuga. The first country we passed was Uguhha. The people there are distinguished by the peculiar and tasteful manner in which they dress their hair, and the elaborate tattooing on the women's stomachs. Their clothing then appeared to me to be remarkably scanty, but, compared with what I saw further on, was very ample. From Uguhha we crossed the mountains of Bambarre, and on arriving at their foot came into a completely new style of country. The huts were all built in long low streets, and rows of oil-palms were planted down the centre. The women did up their hair in the most extraordinary manner. Many of their head-dresses looked like an old-fashioned bonnet with the back out, and long ringlets hanging down their necks. The men plastered their hair with clay into cones and patches, so that they looked as if they had some sort of helmet on their heads. Between the patches of clay their heads were shaved, leaving the scalp bare. After having been detained at Nyangwe about three weeks, a party of Arabs came in from the south side of the river,

where they had been fighting with the natives, bringing news that Tipu Tipu was coming. Tipu Tipu, on his arrival, told me that if I would come down with him to his camp, some eight marches south of the Nyangwe, I should from there be able to find my way to a great lake into which the Lualaba fell. When I reached his camp I found that the chief on the opposite side of the Lomami refused to let me pass, saying that no caravan had ever been through his country, and if anybody tried to pass he would fight them. When at Tipu Tipu's camp I heard of a lake called Iki, which I believe is the Lake Chebungo, or Lincoln, of Livingstone, which is a little to the west of the Lomami and on the Lawembi. Leaving Tipu Tipu's, we went nearly south, going close along the right bank of the Lomami.

“At many places the people were very friendly, but in others, so many reports had come that no caravans came near there for any other purpose than getting slaves, that the villages were deserted, and we were often in difficulties about food. As we were passing through a strip of jungle, some people commenced shooting at us, and an arrow glanced off my leather coat. I ran this man down and gave him a thrashing, but would not allow any one to fire in return, and walked straight up to some people who were in front of us. We tried to make a palaver, in which, after a time, we were successful, and we went on with the natives as the best of friends. In the afternoon, women were about our camp selling food, and everybody seemed most friendly. Next morning, as we were packing up for the road, I missed my pet goat Dinah, and, asking where she was, I was told that she slept outside the camp. I went to look for her, and walked up into the village to ask about her; and so little did I suspect any harm, that I had no gun or pistol with me, and the man who accompanied me was also unarmed. When we made inquiries about the goat the natives began shooting at us. Some of my men ran up and brought me my rifle and pistol, and the remainder packed up all our stores and came into the village. For a long time I would not allow my people to fire. At last, as the natives were closing in, and a large body of from four hundred to five hundred men came up from the road which we had intended to go, I at length allowed two or three shots to be fired and I believe one of the natives was then shot through the leg. After this we commenced a parley, and it was proposed that my goat should be returned, and that one of my men should make brothers with the chief, and that we should exchange presents, and be good friends. While that was going on another large party came in, headed by a chief, who told the people of the village that they should not be such fools as to make peace with us, as we were a very small caravan, and they would be able to kill or make slaves of the whole of us, and share our beads and stores amongst them. When they arrived the people again began shooting at us. I would not allow my men to fire for fear of breaking off the negotiation, until the men

closed in, throwing their spears at us. I then fired two or three shots close to some of the natives, set fire to one of the huts in the place, and told the chief that if he did not take his men off I would burn the village down. They had already burned our camp. On this he said that, if we went away from the village, we should go unmolested.

“At every slip of jungle the natives closed in upon us, shooting, and we had two or three men wounded; but it was next to useless returning the fire, as we could not see them, and, being short of ammunition, I was afraid of wasting it. At sunset we arrived close to a village called Kamatete (which I afterwards re-named Fort Dinah, in memory of the goat), and I told the guide to say that we wanted to be friends and to camp there. Their only answer was a volley of arrows. As we were unable to stop out in the night in the jungle with all these fellows round us, I called out to my men to follow me and storm the village. Four men followed me; the rest, except one or two men with Bombay, who was told to look after the stores, ran away. Luckily the natives ran the other way. When we got into the village I burned all the huts down but four, and my men, coming up, set to work to make a fortification. Here we remained five days. We were being constantly shot at, and some men wounded. We were fortunately close to water and plantations of cassava, so that we were well supplied with food and drink. The guide told me we must shoot some of the natives before we could get out of our prison, and at last I was forced to use my gun. The report of my heavy rifle they soon learned to respect. At the end of five days we made peace, they having been frightened by some of their people being killed and wounded. The natives, after the fight was over, offered an indemnity, which, however, I did not accept; but we exchanged presents as a token of friendship. The result of these various interruptions was, that I had to content myself with a distant view of the lake.

“The fourth section of the journey was from Kasongo capital to the west Coast at Benguela. We passed nearly along the watershed between the Zambesi and the Congo until we arrived at the basin of the Kwanga. I arrived at Benguela on the 4th of November. At the first camp we were delayed by people going to look for their runaway slaves. The next morning, when I was ready to start, a message came, ‘No march. Kwarumba is coming up with his slaves.’ Kwarumba arrived that afternoon with a string of fifty or sixty wretched women, carrying heavy loads of plunder, and some of them with babies in their arms; these women represented as many as forty or fifty villages destroyed and ruined, most of the male inhabitants having been killed, and the rest driven away into the jungle, to find what subsistence they could, or die of starvation. I have no doubt these fifty or sixty slaves represented upwards of five hundred people, either killed in defending their homes, or who had died of starvation afterwards, besides a large number rendered homeless.

All these women were tied together round their waists with thick-knotted ropes, and if they lagged on the march were unmercifully beaten. The Portuguese half-castes and black traders are most brutal in the treatment of their slaves; the Arabs, on the contrary, as a rule, treat them kindly. Slaves taken from the centre of Africa like these do not, as a rule, reach the coast; on the contrary, they are taken down to Sekilitu's country—where, owing to several causes, the population is scanty, and slaves are in demand—and are sold for ivory, which is afterwards brought to the coast, a caravan usually making a journey towards the centre and then on to Sekilitu's country, and so on alternately.

“All this country was very beautiful, with hills and woods, and marvelously fertile. Here we were beginning to rise out of the broad valley of the Lualaba; and as we came to a height of about two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, the oil-palm ceased to flourish. From this place we went on through Ulunda, which name Mr. Cooley says means wilds or forests. After Ulunda, we came into Lovate, and passed close to the sources of the Lubea and the Zambesi; beyond these we came to enormous plains, which, in the rainy seasons, are covered with water about knee-deep, and this extends across between the affluents of the Congo and the Zambesi. I passed across Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekilitu's to Loanda, and found that the people still remembered him from the fact of his having had a riding-ox. We arrived late at Kagnombe's, the chief of all Bihe. This town was the largest I had seen in Africa, being four or five miles in circumference, but a large portion of the interior was taken up by pens for pigs and cattle, and tobacco grounds. There were also three gullies, in which were sources of streams flowing to the Kokema. I had to present King Antonio, as he called himself, with a gun, and a leopard skin which I had had spread out in the hut that was given to me to sleep in. When the secretary, who could not write, called to see me, I was told I must give him something, or else there would be trouble. The next morning I went to see King Antonio, and first of all went into a small outer court, the doors of which were guarded by men wearing red waistcoats with white backs, whom he called his soldiers. Some were armed with bows, and others with spears, and a few of them with old flint-lock muskets. They only put down a stool for me to sit on, and brought in a large leather chair studded with brass nails for Kagnombe. On this I sent up to my own hut to get my own chair to sit on. After a time King Antonio arrived, dressed in a suit of black clothes and an old wide-awake hat, but without any boots, and a Scotch plaid over his shoulders, and held up by a small boy, and looking very drunk indeed. He first informed me that he was a very great man, but that as he had heard I had been so long on the road he did not want a great present, but I must remember him if ever I came back there again. He also informed me that he was not the same as any of the

other chiefs in Africa, because his name was Antonio Antonio Kagnombe, and that his likeness had gone to Lisbon, and I must not think he had not finer clothes, with gold lace and other fine things. After a while he went into an inner enclosure, and there the stools and chairs were arranged in a circle, and he went to one of his houses and brought out a bottle of aguardiente and wanted everybody to have a drink round, but he took care to have the largest sip for himself, after which there was a little palaver, and I went away to my hut, and the next morning I got away and marched over to the house of Senor Gonsalves. Here I was astonished at finding myself in civilisation once more. Remaining there one night I marched through an open prairie country, with a few bushes and trees, and intersected by many streams, to the settlement of Joa B. Ferreira, who enjoys the position of a district judge on account of his having travelled a good deal.

“Kisanji was the first place where we found that milk was to be got, although the first where we saw cattle was in Lovali. From Kisanji to the coast there are no inhabitants, the whole being a desolate tract of mountains, the marching lying through passes and over granite rocks, skeletons lying by the side, showing the severity of the march, signs of the slave trade still remaining in slave-forks and clogs lying by the roadside. After leaving the pass we went across a barren plain till we came close to the coast, and then we came upon what appeared sea cliffs facing the land, as if a continent had sunk in what is now the Atlantic, and Africa had been upheaved afterwards. At forty-five miles from the coast we sighted the sea, and our feelings were even more thankful than those expressed by Xenophon's 10,000. The main point of the discoveries I made I believe to be the connection of the Tanganyika with the Congo system. The Lukuga runs out of the Tanganyika, and there is no place to which it can run but to the Lurwa, which it joins at a short distance below Lake Mocro. The levels I have taken prove conclusively that it can have nothing whatever to do with the Nile.

“The blot upon this fair country is the continuance of the slave trade, which is carried on to a great extent to supply those countries which have already had their population depleted by the old coast trade. The chiefs like Kasongo and Meta Yafa are utterly and entirely irresponsible, and would give a man leave, for the present of two or three guns, to go and destroy as many villages and catch as many people as he could for slaves. The Warna especially, although holders of slaves, would rather die than be slaves themselves. I have heard instances of their being taken even as far as the island of Zanzibar, and then making their way back single-handed to their own country. The Portuguese are the principal agents in this trade, as they are able to dispose of them advantageously for ivory and other products in many countries. The Arabs, as a rule, only buy enough slaves to act as their porters and servants for cultivating the ground round the permanent camps.

The people of Bihe, who work under Portuguese, are most cruel and brutal in their treatment of these unfortunate wretches. I would have interfered far oftener if I had not found that my interference brought a heavier punishment on the unhappy beings when my back was turned. The only thing that will do away with slavery is opening up Africa to legitimate commerce, and this can best be done by utilising the magnificent water systems of the rivers of the interior."

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, speaking on behalf of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, rose to express the high opinion which they entertained of the services rendered to geography by Lieutenant Cameron. "They considered these services not only important geographically, but equally interesting to the politician, the merchant, and the philanthropist. Although Lieutenant Cameron made rather light of his journey, it was to be borne in mind that it extended over three thousand miles, and that the gallant young officer had been continually, or with very short intervals, on the tramp for two years and eight months, exposed to all vicissitudes of climate, and to all kinds of hardship and danger, and yet his courage never gave way. The services he had rendered to geography were very important. He had not been one of those explorers who carried their eyes in their pocket. He had always kept his eyes well about him, and the observations he had made of the country were of extraordinary value. The observations he had taken, and which were now being computed at Greenwich, numbered five thousand, and were not only numerous, but elaborate and accurate. He had every expectation that the result would be that they would have a definite line laid down from sea to sea, which would serve as a basis for all further exploration of equatorial Africa.

"Among the minor objects—if he might so call them, where everything was so important—he had to notice Lieutenant Cameron's circumnavigation of the Tanganyika and discovery of the outlet by which it discharged itself into the Luabala. Another important matter had been his identification as nearly as possible, though it was not absolutely proved by mathematical demonstration, of the Luabala with the Congo, and one of his main objects had been to follow the course of the former river, so as to prove or disprove this identity. He had not been able to carry out that scheme in its entirety, but he had collected fresh information to render it a matter, not perhaps of positive certainty, but at all events of the very highest degree of probability, that the two rivers were one and the same. In regard to the political results of the Expedition, it was to be noticed that he had discovered a new political power, of which they had hitherto known nothing. He referred to the great chief Kasongo, who appeared to be the most powerful potentate in all equatorial Africa; and this discovery was most important in regard to the future of that country—for whatever negotiations were carried on, or whatever

measures were adopted for the suppression of the slave trade, would mainly have to be conducted through his instrumentality. He had tracked the atrocious traffic in slaves to its fountain-head, and therefore his services might be said to be not only of great importance to geography, but to philanthropy and civilisation. In making these remarks, he desired it to be understood that the Council of the Society paid all possible honour to the old pioneers of African discovery; in fact, Lieutenant Cameron was to be regarded, not as the rival of Livingstone and other explorers, but as having enlarged and followed up their discoveries." In conclusion, Sir Henry stated that, at the meeting of the Council on the previous day—having weighed the claims of the most eminent geographers of the time—they had decided unanimously that Lieutenant Cameron was entitled to the first place, and accordingly they had presented him with the principal gold medal for the year.

DR. BADGER remarked that, when he had an interview with Lieutenant Cameron in 1872, before he started on his Expedition, it struck him that he had not the necessary physique for his journey, and that he was too quiet and gentle in his disposition to have to do with the roughs and savages he was likely to meet with in Central Africa. He was delighted to find, however, that in those respects and in all others Lieutenant Cameron had proved himself equal to the task he had undertaken. He had acted throughout in the spirit of a philanthropist as well as a traveller, and he was sure that his work would be appreciated.

SIR ALEXANDER MILNE remarked that Lieutenant Cameron had done credit to the service to which he belonged.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH—"When I first entered the room I asked the Secretary to give me an agenda of the proceedings for this evening, and I have had placed before me a very long list of those gentlemen whom it was thought desirable should address you upon the subject of this interesting paper, but the evening is far advanced, and I find that the questions which gentlemen are set down to speak upon are liable to be changed. For instance, I may mention that Dr. Badger's speech is described in the agenda as 'Remarks on the Herbs of Central Africa,' whereas he has entertained us for some time with remarks upon the personal temper of Lieutenant Cameron. I think, under those circumstances, it would be dangerous for me to go through the full and extended list I have before me. I must, however, thoroughly endorse every word which has been said by Sir Alexander Milne, and I believe the resolution I now wish to propose to you will be unanimously accepted. Once more congratulating the naval service on the additional lustre he has cast on the profession, I beg to move that a cordial vote of thanks be given to Lieutenant Cameron for the very interesting paper of which he is the author in deed as well as in name."

The vote of thanks was carried by acclamation, and a similar compliment

was, on the motion of SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, paid to His Royal Highness for his conduct in the chair.

The proceedings then terminated.

Two days after this meeting, the following article—just and wise in its criticism and its counsel—appeared in ‘The Daily Telegraph:’—“Lieutenant Cameron—we hope, after the speech of Sir Alexander Milne on Tuesday evening, that we may soon know him as ‘Captain’ Cameron—richly merits the honours which he has received at St James’s Hall. He owns no English rival save Livingstone in the feat which he has accomplished of tramping across the African continent from sea to sea, and his discoveries in the Lualaba Valley throw an entirely new light upon the head-waters of that wonderful lacustrine system which Livingstone was the first to reveal. On the two great points, however, of the identity of the Lualaba with the Congo, and of the drainage of Lake Tanganyika by the Luvubu or Lukuga, we must frankly say that the fuller details supplied by the young traveller’s narrative leave a great deal still to be discovered. Entirely sympathising with the pride felt by the Royal Geographical Society in the explorer—with whom they allowed themselves to break off contact and succour only too long—we must indicate the necessity for remembering the laws of geographical logic even in the generous flush of a first re-union. As to Tanganyika, it is a lasting pity that Cameron did not follow his Lukuga down from the lake instead of taking Livingstone’s path to Nyangwe. The consequence is, that we have still nothing but the fact that the Lieutenant saw water slowly effluent just below Kasenge, and heard a chief’s report to the effect that it drained the lake into Lualaba or Lurwa. The chief may have lied in order to please. The effluent may be one of the many grassy backwaters into which the Tanganyika throws an eddy; and an inspection of Livingstone’s map will show that he twice crossed the track of this hypothetical outlet, which, leaving an enormous basin of water, fed, in its lower part alone, by ninety-six rivers, has yet only a knot, or a knot and a half, of current. No lake can have two active outlets, and this one certainly appears at present unequal to the task assigned to it, especially with so immense a fall in the surface between Tanganyika and Nyangwe. Again, as to the identification of the Lualaba with the Congo, it must be borne in mind that the Lieutenant has not seen with his own eyes more than a league or two of the river beyond what Livingstone beheld.

“All is still conjecture past that point where the great channel which the Doctor saw going north, was witnessed turning westward—possibly for a short bend only—by Cameron. The position of the Lake Sankorra—the nationality of the ‘trousered’ traders—the reported westing of the river—even the destination of the Kassabe—are matters resting entirely on native stories at present, and all know how absurdly these mislead. We must, of course, allow that the weight of probability is strong on the side of the theory

adopted by the young traveller. If his instruments did not deceive him about the elevations at Nyangwe—which Livingstone took at two thousand feet, and Cameron sets at one thousand four hundred—no water from the Lualaba can run into the Nile south of Gondokoro, which is at the same level, or even a little higher. But Schweinfurth has not so absolutely settled the Nile Basin about the Bahr-el-Ghazal that we can be sure that no great volume of water glides into the Nile amid that great wilderness of reedy swamp, where all the lakes of Africa might lose themselves. As to the mass of the element upon which so much is founded, it must be borne in mind that the Nile has no tributaries at all north of the Atbara, and loses by irrigation and evaporation vast proportions of its contents, while the Congo runs in a deep and walled channel, with so many feeders, that it is called ‘the swallow-up of waters.’

“Again, deep as the Congo is, its current is commonly slow, and at the farthest point known it was found coming from the north-east, while the highly imaginative map displayed on Tuesday night at St. James’s Hall represents it as running almost all the way due west between the third and fourth parallel of south latitude. Still more puzzling is the existence of that large river, the Lowa, which the Lieutenant heard of as ‘joining the Congo’ a little below Nyangwe. If this be, as Cameron believes, the Buri or Uelle, it is the same which Schweinfurth thought ran into the Shari and Lake Tchad, while Nachtigal holds that it is a head-water of the Benuwe or Tshadda, which flows out at Cape Nun after mingling with the Niger. We cannot help agreeing with Mr. Monteiro—who knows the Congo so well—that the geography of Mid-Africa is far from being cleared up yet. The Mayumba and Quillo are among many streams still without fountains, and the elevation ascribed to the Lualaba at Nyangwe leaves, be it remembered, not nearly a foot in the mile of fall, counting windings, for the Zaire’s current, which has to pass besides over the great cataracts, or Yellalas. Our geographers must at least take care that, while disallowing the kingly claim of the Nile by figures, they leave the precipitous Congo slope enough for an outflow. The placid Nile falls more than a foot per mile between Gondokoro and the sea! These are but some of the considerations which warn us to be careful until the Albert Nyanza and the Lake Sankorra country have been investigated. The chances are certainly strong in favour of the Congo-Lualaba hypothesis, but not so strong that they should be regarded as rendered overwhelming by the gallant and meritorious journey performed on a line five hundred miles south of this supposed rival of the Nile.”

Other honours have been conferred on our traveller. On the 22nd of April, 1876, he was presented with the freedom and livery of the Turners’ Company. The proceedings took place at the Guildhall, London, under the presidency of Mr. Tapping, President of the Company.

An address having been delivered by Past Master Jones,

LIEUTENANT CAMERON rose, and met with a warm reception. He said—  
“ I beg to return you my most sincere and hearty thanks for the honour which you have done me this day. In all my journeys, when alone for upwards of two years, without seeing any Englishman, I was sustained by the thought that, when I returned to England, the work I was about would be appreciated by my countrymen. I am proud to think that my hope and thought has been verified as it has been to-day by the honour which has been done me. The eloquent speech which you have heard leaves me little to say. A sailor’s trade is not to talk, but to try to do what he is directed to do. The country of Africa which I have traversed, and especially to the west of the Tanganyika, is one of the richest portions of the world; and if one was only in a position to give the climate a fair chance, it would be found to be far more healthy than that noble dependency of the British Empire, India. Ivory, which has been mentioned as one of the materials of the Turners’ art and mystery, is there found in greater abundance than anywhere else. At Nyangwe, the Arabs, trading amongst themselves, give thirty-five pounds of ivory for seven and a half pounds of beads, or five and a half pounds of cowries, and very often they are able to buy a tusk, irrespective of size, which may weigh from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, by the present of an old copper bracelet, or any worn-out useless thing, which may take the fancy of the natives.

“ This country of Nyangwe, I firmly believe—in fact, I am sure, may be reached by the Congo; and hereafter I hope that, where my steps have been, we shall see a system of English trading-stations for the purchase, not only of ivory, but for other merchandise, for the richness of the vegetable products of the country is something beyond description. I have walked along for fifty or sixty yards under a grove of nutmeg trees, with the whole ground covered with nutmegs, and no one knew what they were worth. Besides that, there are many other valuable products in abundance, many different species of cotton and oil-producing palms. Up the valley of the Congo, to a height of two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, the country is crowded with oil-palm, and hereafter that trade alone—leaving the question of ivory altogether on one side—will well be sufficient to repay any enterprising merchants of England who embark in it. The people, in many of the countries I passed through, are very clever smiths. They have not yet advanced to the art and mystery of turning, but some of their work, executed simply with a rough hand hammer without a handle, and with no file to finish off with, might favourably compare with a great deal which is shown in this advanced country of England, where we have all the appliances of modern machinery and workmanship to help us. Now, the land which furnishes all the articles I have mentioned, is also opened

up by two of the most magnificent systems of water-communication in the world.

“The River Congo has rapids at Ilalla, about one hundred and sixty miles above its mouth; and beyond them the only other rapids that I know of are small ones, a short way below Nyangwe, near where my route quits the Congo. But I think that river ought to be hereafter called the Livingstone, for after all it was he who really discovered its sources. In the Zambesi country there is a system of lacustrine 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 third place among the rivers of the world. It has navigable affluents that reach north within two hundred miles of Lake Nyassa, where at present a colony in memory of Livingstone is being formed, which has been reached from the Zambesi. Where my route passes near the sources of the Zambesi, and where you see so many rivers dotted on the map, there is a sandy plain, through which, if a canal were cut for twenty or thirty miles across an easy country, the two systems of the Congo and Zambesi might be joined, and a water communication formed 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 in days far in the future, I am afraid—locks will be formed, so that there may be uninterrupted steam communication from the east to the west of tropical Africa, by the Congo and Zambesi systems, and we shall then tap the ivory trade completely.

“By large rivers which flow into the Congo from the north, a short way in front of Nyangwe, we can get back into the country of Ulega, to which traders come three thousand miles down the Nile to trade, and from which they draw their principal supplies of ivory. Now, ascending the Congo a thousand miles, will take us into this marvellously rich country. Again, the offsets of the Tanganyika would also tap a great portion of the ivory trade which is now carried on by the Arabs trading from Zanzibar. The Zambesi, again, would form the means of obtaining ivory, if the communication were made by joining it to the Congo, and so giving access to its northern affluents. I passed numerous affluents of the Zambesi, some of which take their rise on the West Coast, and these would act as offsets to the main system. By that river, which you see marked on the map as falling into the Congo from the north, we should get close up to the sources of the Nile and the Congo systems by a very short route instead of by the long one from Alexandria up a river which is far from healthy, and is choked with grass; while the country through which I have gone may be considered as fairly healthy. Let me, in conclusion, thank you again for the great honour which you have done me.”

Referring, a day or two after, to the above proceedings, one of our lead-

ing journals made the following observations :—“ On Saturday afternoon the freedom of the City of London was presented to Lieutenant Cameron by the Ancient and Honourable Guild of Turners. The occasion was one of more than usual interest. The Turners are among the City Companies what Baliol was for many years among the Oxford Colleges. They boast no gorgeous hall or colossal rent-roll; they do not confine themselves to the giving of banquets; they actually contrive to spend a reasonable portion of their slender corporate income upon the encouragement of technical education; and, lastly, they exercise discrimination in the selection of candidates for the roll of their Livery. Lieutenant Cameron is emphatically one of those men to whom honour of some kind is pre-eminently due. He who has tramped across Central Africa from sea to sea deserves well of the State, even though his labours may not have added greatly to our existing stock of geographical knowledge.

“It is an oversight little short of a national misfortune that we have in England no adequate honorary rewards for any achievements save those of statesmanship, diplomacy, and war. The want, which undoubtedly exists, of some national ‘Legion of Honour,’ for admission to which high merit of any kind shall be sufficient passport, is at present vicariously supplied, partly by the honorary degrees conferred by the two sister Universities, and partly by the liberal, and, if we may say so, cosmopolitan spirit in which the City Companies, or the best-managed amongst them, have distributed their franchise. In the present instance, Mr. Past Master Jones, who fulfilled the post allotted at Oxford to that eminent functionary, the Public Orator, introduced Lieutenant Cameron to the Turners in conclave assembled, not, perhaps, as ‘Qui unus optime de Republicâ meritis, terram adhuc incognitam penitus perlustravit’—which is about the style of Patavinity in which the Public Orator for the time being is apt to indulge upon such occasions—but, more simply, as ‘a gallant gentleman who had done a good work.’ What this good work is, the public already knows, and it is only fair to say that Past Master Jones, in dwelling upon the results of Lieutenant Cameron’s exploits, showed himself fully sensible of their real value and importance.

“The gallant officer has not, it is true, exactly solved for us the vexed problem of the sources of the great African rivers, and of their connection with the grand system of inland seas in which they take their rise. Neither has he much that is new to tell us of the mysterious land which he has traversed—of its inhabitants and their customs, of its *fauna* and *flora*, and of its mineral products. The true importance of his achievement lies in the fact that he has shown it to be possible for an Englishman, single-handed, and to all intents and purposes unarmed, to explore this vast and wonderful continent in comparative safety; and by doing this, he has set an example which cannot but give a most powerful impulse to future discovery and research. It

is usual for a newly-elected Turner to express his sense of the honour and dignity conferred upon him by a few appropriate remarks, and accordingly Lieutenant Cameron stood forward, and with all that simple unaffected frankness, which is the chief charm of great travellers, told his story about the vast Continent which he has traversed.

“What he had to say was, as is the custom of sailors, brief and to the point. Africa is, he assured the Turners, the richest country in the world, while—if it be only allowed a fair trial—its climate will be found more healthy than that of even India itself. Its wealth, animal, vegetable, and mineral, is practically inexhaustible. It is, in short, an El Dorado, which, if only properly worked, would in a few years, and in virtue of its own inherent resources, develope into a vast and mighty Empire. He had seen, the newly-elected Turner assured his brethren of the guild, whole districts abounding in ivory and vegetable products, which only needed to be opened to commerce. He had seen nutmegs lying about as unheeded as acorns, because the natives did not know their value. He had seen gold, cotton, and oil-producing plants of all kinds. He had even known of a case in which a quantity of gold dust and small nuggets had been found in a water-hole; but the natives had not thought it worth their while to collect it, because it was in such small pieces. But, as became the occasion and the interests of his audience, the gallant explorer dwelt chiefly upon the ivory traffic, and pointed out at some length that, by availing herself of the system of large rivers connected with the Congo, England would be able ‘to tap the ivory country,’ and that a new impetus would thus be given to the ancient craft of ‘turning.’ Ivory, in short, is what Lieutenant Cameron evidently regards as the great export of Central Africa, ranking in value far above even its spices or its gold. It is, perhaps, only natural that an African traveller should take this view, knowing, as he does, the high price which good ivory commands in civilised countries, he will inevitably be struck by its abundance in that vast *terra incognita* where the elephant still roams at large. He will see huge tusks used as doorposts or props, or even lying idle, or rotting under the vertical sun, and will think with regret of the profits which could be made, if only a shipload of beads, pocket-knives, tin kettles, and the like, could be bartered against its bulk of this scarce and precious product of nature.

“There are, however, two sides to every question, and when Lieutenant Cameron invited the Turners to look at the grand prospect of ‘tapping the ivory country,’ it may be doubted whether he fully considered that the probable consequence of realising that anticipation would be a war of extermination against the elephant. Ivory is not, like iron or coal, a necessary of life. It is simply an *objet de luxe*, and almost the only manufactures for which it is absolutely indispensable are those of artificial teeth, plates for miniature-painters, and billiard balls. Ivory paper-knives, brush handles, napkin rings,

chessmen, fans, caskets, dice and dice-boxes, statuettes, and knick-knacks made of the same material generally, are all in their way very pretty objects; but the demand which exists for them is not a sufficient justification for hunting the African elephant from off the face of the earth. There are some animals, it is true, which would seem to be altogether proof against persecution. The merry little rabbit, the Hanoverian rat, and the common sparrow, defy all efforts to keep down their numbers, short of an absolute and pre-concerted massacre. It is otherwise, however, with the larger creatures of the earth.

“Within historical times the bear and the wolf have disappeared from our English forests, and the seal from our shores. The otter and the marten cat become rarer and rarer every year, and the fox and the red deer are artificially preserved. In India, it has already been found necessary to protect the elephant; nor has this wise precaution been taken too early. Docile and tractable as the great creature is, all attempts to breed it in captivity have hitherto failed, and we have still, like the Carthaginians in the time of Hannibal, to catch our elephants as we want them. In this respect, the history of the elephant contrasts strangely with that of the camel. The last-named animal has been bred in captivity from a time to which no records reach, and the wild camel had ceased to exist probably for many centuries before Herodotus, the first great traveller, wrote his ‘History.’ The elephant, on the other hand, although from time immemorial he has been tamed and made to labour for man’s service, still remains in his natural condition, and it is to be hoped that for centuries to come that extinction with which Lieutenant Cameron threatens him may be averted. The huge brute, apart altogether from the interest which he owes to his size, his marvellous sagacity, and the fact that he is one of the few surviving relics of the pre-Adamite *fauna*, can also claim our consideration and forbearance on the ground of his use and value. He is the natural railway of the countries in which he is found, and in Africa more especially, where the venomous tsetze fly renders whole regions impassable for cattle and horses, his services will for many centuries remain indispensable to the cause of progress and civilisation. The elephant is, indeed, to that great and unknown land what her coal-fields are to England, and it would be a barbarous and short-sighted act to wage such a war against him for the sake of his ivory as would deprive the world of his many other and more valuable uses.”

A more distinguished honour awaited the gallant explorer, and was conferred upon him, when, on the 29th of April, the Queen held a council at Windsor, after which he was presented to her Majesty by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and received the insignia of a Companion of the Bath (Civil Division), in recognition of his distinguished services in Africa.

On the 3d of May, our traveller was a guest at the eighty-seventh anni-

versary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. In the course of the evening, Sir Henry Rawlinson proposed the "Travellers," and briefly recapitulated the results of Lieutenant Cameron's African Expedition. Cameron, who was much cheered, returned thanks, dwelling on some of the more remarkable incidents of his travels, and expressing confident hopes as to the future of Africa. Two days afterwards, there was a large and enthusiastic gathering of the principal inhabitants of the district of Shoreham—the district of his home—for the purpose of presenting to him a valuable silver inkstand and a sword. Returning thanks for the presentation, the gallant officer remarked that the sword, which they had done him the honour to give him, should never be drawn without cause, or sheathed without honour. He then read a short sketch of the resources of Africa, which country, he said, was the richest in the world, with no one to develop its riches.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on May 22nd, 1876, at Burlington House, for the purpose of transacting the business of the Society, and to award the medals. The chair was taken by Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., who, in presenting the founder's medal for the year 1876 to Lieutenant V. L. Cameron, R.N., for his journey across Africa from Zanzibar to Benguela, and his survey of the southern half of Lake Tanganyika, said—"I have been requested by my colleagues of the Geographical Council to present you with 'the founder's medal of this year for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery, which has been awarded to you for your journey across Africa from Zanzibar to Benguela, and for your survey of the southern half of Lake Tanganyika;' and I fulfil this duty with all the more pleasure and satisfaction that I was in the chair when we sent you forth on your honourable and important mission, and have thus had the opportunity of watching your progress, step by step, through the many trials and triumphs of your memorable journey. As Englishmen, we are proud that the great feat of traversing Equatorial Africa, from sea to sea, should have been accomplished for the first time by an officer in the Naval service of the Queen; but we wish it to be understood that it is not your success in this particular exploit, it is not your remarkable exhibition of manly courage and perseverance—though these qualities, which you possess in an eminent degree, will always secure you the well-merited admiration of your countrymen—which have on this occasion exclusively, or even in an especial degree, recommended you to the favourable notice of the Council.

"We have selected you to be our medallist, above all other reasons, because you have, amidst difficulties and dangers, in failing health, under privation and fatigue, steadily kept in view the paramount claim on your attention of scientific geography, and have thus brought back with you from the interior of Africa a register of observations for latitude, longitude, and elevation, which, for extent and variety—and we are authorised by the report of the

Greenwich authorities to add, for judicious selection and accuracy of result—may favourably compare with the finished work of a professional survey. We feel, therefore, that we may fairly hold you up as a model to future travellers, trusting, indeed, that geographical science may as largely profit by the example which you have set to others as by the results which you have yourself contributed. You have already received at the hands of your Sovereign, as a reward for your brilliant achievement, the distinction of Companionship of the Bath—which I believe was never bestowed on so young an officer in Her Majesty's naval service. You are also daily receiving proofs of the interest that your discoveries have excited among the public at large, owing to the practical benefits which the nation may expect to derive from them, both in regard to its commerce, and especially in regard to that object it has so much at heart—the suppression of the African slave trade; and I am now to offer you, in the name of geographical science, the highest honour we can confer—the founder's medal of the year. And in congratulating you on thus taking your place on the golden roll of the Geographical Society's medallists, may I be permitted to add, that having presided on five occasions at the distribution of our annual awards, it has never been my fortune to present the medal to one who, by his services, has more thoroughly earned it."

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, in reply, said—"Sir Henry Rawlinson, I beg to thank you most heartily for the medal. It has been the one great hope that has sustained me throughout my travels, of aiding, in some degree, the objects of the Royal Geographical Society. I knew very well that I was not in Africa to play, but to take observations; and the training that I received in the service to which I am proud to belong taught me how to accomplish this. I am glad to find my observations have been appreciated, and that they are considered accurate and good. I beg to thank you for the honour that you have done me."

In the course of his annual address, SIR HENRY said—"In Africa—and especially in Equatorial Africa—has been centred the chief geographical interest of the year. When I delivered my last anniversary address to you in this hall, I drew your attention to the grave—not to say perilous position of the two adventurous travellers, Mr. Stanley and Lieutenant Cameron, of whom nothing had been heard for many months, but who were believed to be pushing their way into regions of the most inaccessible and inhospitable character. With regard to Lieutenant Cameron, I may now confess that I felt more anxiety than I cared to express, knowing, as I did, that he was trying to force a passage through the savage tribes who line the lower course of the Congo, and feeling assured that he would persist in his attempt to reach the western sea-coast, appalled by no dangers, recoiling before no difficulties. Mr. Stanley's temporary disappearance did not excite the same amount of uneasiness, since his track lay in a less remote portion of the continent, and

he was better equipped for the emergencies of travel; but still, the absence of all intelligence regarding him was becoming painful, when, in the autumn of last year, intelligence was received almost simultaneously from Egypt and Zanzibar that the gallant explorer had reached the coast of M'tesa at Uganda, on the north-western shore of the Victoria Nyanza. As a full report of his travels after leaving the sea-coast has been already published in the 'Proceedings' of this Society, I need not at present follow his footsteps in any detail, but, in the interests of geography, and in recognition of his eminent personal services, it is only just and proper that I should briefly notice the main features of his journey.

"Mr. Stanley then, by taking a new line to the lake, considerably to the east of the track pursued by former travellers, discovered a large river flowing in a north-western direction, which he followed down to the lake along a course which he approximately estimated at three hundred and fifty miles. This river is named the Shimeyu, and, as far as our present means of information extend, it must be considered the true source of the Nile—that is, it is the most southerly feeder of the great reservoir of Victoria Nyanza, from which the White Nile issues. After reaching the southern shore of the lake, not far from the Jordan's Nullah of Speke, Mr. Stanley put together the Thames boat which he had brought in pieces from Zanzibar, and to which he gave the name of 'Lady Alice,' and proceeded to circumnavigate this great inland sea. He passed along the eastern and northern shores of the lake to M'tesa's capital in Uganda, taking a series of observations for latitude and longitude as he went along, and also obtaining measurements both of the depth of the lake and of its elevation above the sea-level.

"On the whole, Stanley's surveys may be held to confirm, in a remarkable manner, not only the accuracy of Speke's own work, but the correctness of the information which he obtained from the natives. The lake was found to consist of one great and continuous body of water, instead of being broken into a series of lagoons, as had been surmised by other travellers. Its general contour, indeed, as delineated by Speke, and the area which it was estimated to cover, very nearly corresponded with the shape and dimensions given in Stanley's map; and even in regard to the so-called subsidiary lake, named the Bahr-ingo, at the north-eastern corner, which Speke was held to have introduced into his map on insufficient authority, Stanley was able to identify the title in the same locality, and, indeed, he explained the original report, by showing that there really were large land-locked bays in that quarter, almost claiming to be independent lakes. The only serious discrepancy between the two accounts was a uniform difference of latitude, amounting to fourteen miles, which was due, no doubt, to some constant error either of instrument or observation. The elevation of this great reservoir above the

sea may now be definitely taken at about three thousand eight hundred feet, and the depth was ascertained by Mr. Stanley at a point near the eastern shore to be two hundred and seventy-five feet.

“ Mr Stanley sent three letters to England—two *via* Zanzibar, and one by the hand of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who was afterwards killed by the Baris near Gondokoro; but we are still without his description of the southwestern shores of the lake—between the Kitangule River and Jordan’s Nul-lah of Speke—which he proposed to examine on a second excursion from his camp at Kagehyi, to which he had returned from M’tesa’s capital. With regard to Mr. Stanley’s subsequent movements, we are entirely in the dark. It may be assumed from some of his letters that his first object, after completing his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, would be to cross over to the other great Nile reservoir, named by Baker the Albert Nyanza, where an equally large extent of virgin territory awaited his exploration; but it is also to be inferred from the important statement with which his last letter of May 15, concludes, of his being about to enter on a tramp of three thousand miles, that he must contemplate the further prodigious feat of striking south-west from the Nile basin and opening a way to the western sea-coast between the lines of the Congo and Ogowe.

“ In the case of any ordinary traveller, to attempt a march of such extraordinary difficulty through an entirely unknown country, and without any previous arrangement for relief and support, would be pronounced to be an act of almost culpable temerity, but Mr. Stanley possesses such very exceptional qualifications in his fertility of resource, his vigour both of mind and body, and the unlimited command of funds which he derives from his munificent patrons in London and New York, that his success hardly seems beyond the reach of reasonable expectation. At any rate, as a twelvemonth has now elapsed since Mr. Stanley quitted the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, intelligence must very shortly reach us, either through Colonel Gordon or by Zanzibar, of the further course of his African travels; and his friends may rest assured that, if success should attend his steps, nowhere will that success be hailed with greater satisfaction than in this country and in this Society, where his discovery and relief of Livingstone are still remembered with mingled feelings of admiration and gratitude.”

Reverting to Lieutenant Cameron’s journey across Central Africa—of which he gave a graphic sketch—SIR HENRY observed that probably the most useful information brought by Lieutenant Cameron refers to the slave trade of the interior of the continent, the inference to be drawn from his experience being, that until superior inducements for the employment of capital are held out by the introduction of legitimate commerce, it will be in vain to expect that this odious traffic can be suppressed, or even seriously checked, by mere repressive measures on the sea-board. The geographical result of his jour-

ney had been the construction of a section of elevation across the entire Continent of Africa from sea to sea, laid down upon a line between the fourth and twelfth degrees of south latitude, of which the protraction has been verified throughout by a careful and repeated astronomical observation. He need hardly say that Lieutenant Cameron had received congratulations from almost every country in Europe on the splendid success of his African journey; and that Society, as the patron and supporter of his work, was proud to be able to participate in his triumphs. With regard to Colonel Gordon's survey of the Upper Nile not much information had been gained, and the contour and extent of the Albert Nyanza, and even the possible discharge of its waters to the south-west, remained among the unsolved problems of the African Continent.

In the evening, at the anniversary dinner, SIR HENRY referred to the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask Parliament to vote £3,000 towards the expenses of Lieutenant Cameron's recent Expedition. He also proposed "The Medallists of the year." LIEUTENANT CAMERON, in replying, was received with cheers. "He had travelled," he said, "through a country of untold richness, where the means of its being utilised lay ready to their hands, the vegetable and mineral products there to be found being beyond the imagination of any one living. Unfortunately this charming country was desolated by the slave trade, which was the great blot upon it at the present moment, and the only way the traffic in slaves could be abolished was by the establishment of legitimate commerce. He felt certain that a wise and liberal expenditure of capital, under proper auspices, would prove profitable, and, at the same time, would be the means of regenerating the natives, and lead to the abolition of the slave trade. They must not look for this to be brought about in a few days, for the idea of the slave trade was engrained in the hearts of the African race, and had been for many years, so that any amelioration of the present condition of things would be proportionately slow. He had been twitted with lowering the cause of Christianity by stating that the regeneration of Africa was only to be brought about by the extension of commerce. He had not referred to the work of the missionaries, but it should be remembered that they went to Africa, not as a means of showing the races how to get a living, but to teach them a religion which they were not sufficiently educated to understand. It was by means only of opening up the country to commerce that good would follow."

In September, 1876, the British Association for the Advancement of Science held its Forty-Sixth Annual Meeting in Glasgow; and Commander Cameron was the hero of the occasion. He appeared before the public several times, and on every appearance was received in a most enthusiastic manner. His first appearance was in the City Hall, under the auspices of the Glasgow Athenæum, when he delivered a lecture on his African travels.

There was a very large and fashionable attendance. The Hon. the Lord Provost presided, who, after reading several letters of apology for non-attendance from distinguished persons, went on to say, that he felt very highly honoured indeed in having been asked to preside that night and introduce to them Commander Cameron of the Royal Navy, the great African explorer. He was a gentleman of a good old Scotch family, and was a worthy successor of those great Scottish travellers, Mungo Park and Dr. Livingstone. Like these men, Commander Cameron made his message through Africa a message of peace, and he very often turned aside and took circuitous routes rather than push onward by force of arms, for he very well knew if blood were shed the anger of the natives would be aroused, and the path would be made difficult and dangerous for his successors. Now that Commander Cameron had come among them, after wandering two and a half years over that vast continent, and had brought with him much knowledge, he would give an account of his discoveries; and his lordship felt sure they would listen to him with attention and give him a very hearty welcome. He had very much pleasure in introducing Commander Cameron.

COMMANDER CAMERON, who on rising was received with prolonged cheers, said—"Four years ago, when he was in Her Majesty's service, he was on the East Coast of Africa as lieutenant of the ship 'Star.' Whilst there he felt there was a great deal more to be done in the way of African discovery, and acquiring a knowledge of the working of the slave trade, than had ever yet been done. He heard that people had gone from Zanzibar far into the interior, and felt that what they had done a subject of Her Majesty could do. He came home and heard a report that there was to be a Livingstone Search Expedition. He did not know his countryman, and there was no use of talking of him here, for his name was a household word in this part of the empire. Unfortunately, he did not get the command of that expedition. It was entrusted to Lieutenant Dawson, and unfortunately, just as they were starting with every element of success, they met Mr. Stanley, who had just relieved Dr. Livingstone. Owing to his reports, and some misunderstanding, they turned back, and the expedition was fruitless. Towards the end of 1872 there was a talk, owing to what Dr. Livingstone had written home, of sending out a mission to Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave trade. He was selected by the Geographical Society to go to Zanzibar and take command of an expedition to join Livingstone, render him assistance, and also place themselves unreservedly under his orders. Dr. Dillon of the Royal Navy was to accompany him. They left in December, 1872, and after an eventful passage, they arrived at Zanzibar in January, 1873, having been joined by a volunteer, Lieutenant Murphy, of the Royal Artillery. Their first duty at Zanzibar was to see if they could pick up men for their escort, every single thing in Africa having to be carried on men's shoulders. The necessities of the expedition required three hundred

porters. These had to be got in a bad season of the year, because it was in the height of the rainy season. The expedition had also to engage a certain number of men as the guard for this large body of porters. He thought, in getting Bombay to be the chief of his soldiers, he would be all right, but unfortunately he found that the days of Bombay had gone by. However, he would not talk of his men, but rather of the country through which he had to travel.

“Well, they took two months to get their stores together; and just before starting they were joined by Robert Moffat, grandson of the Rev. Dr. Moffat, and nephew of Dr. Livingstone. He was but a mere boy, but he had a man’s courage, and a great interest in the work in which they were engaged. As an evidence of this, it should be mentioned that young Moffat sold the plantation which belonged to him in order to risk his all in the path of African exploration in which at that time, though he did not know it, his great uncle had nobly fallen. Well, he went on with the advance part of the caravan, and passed the Kingoni River on the 20th March, 1873, leaving Lieutenant Murphy and young Moffat to bring on more of the porters, with the remainder of the stores. He and Dr. Dillon marched till they came to Rehenneko. Notwithstanding the configuration of the country was well known, they saw a good many curious things about the people. A short way from the coast one was just as thoroughly amongst savage tribes as he was in the heart of Africa. The natives carried spears shod with bone, and wore kilts made of the fibres of grass, pretty like those worn in the interior. Then the advanced caravan came to the swamp of which they had heard the most terrible accounts. Indeed, they had been told that there was scarcely any getting across it. But he had found that when difficulties were boldly faced they always became easier. They did set their face to the obstacle, and they got over this swamp without injury. But in order to pass through the mud and water they took five hours and a half to make three miles. For instance, they had to drag their donkeys out of holes, and were continually fighting and striving to get along these few miles. There were in all twenty or thirty miles of this sort of country to work across.

“On the 1st of May, 1873, Dr. Dillon and he arrived at Rehenneko, which was just past the swamp in question, on the eastern slopes of the mountains. There they formed their camp on the top of a small hill rising from the lower level, and waited for a whole month before the rest of the caravan joined them. The natives were civil to them, because they considered the travellers as very powerful, though, as a rule, the people did not bear the best of characters, having repeatedly robbed smaller parties. There was nothing peculiar about their clothes, except they wore necklaces of brass wire standing out horizontally, and long bracelets coiled round their wrists up to the elbow, these being of thick brass wire. Towards the end of May he heard that the

caravan was approaching, having got a note from Murphy saying that they were coming, and that young Moffat was ill. By and by he was told that a white man's caravan was coming in. He was very ill at the time, but he managed to hobble out in order to go and see who was coming. He saw only one man, who appeared to be Murphy. He asked him, "Where is Moffat?" and received the answer that he died on the other side of the swamp. There the large-hearted youth lay under the shade of a solitary palm tree, another martyr to the cause of travelling in Africa.

"Murphy having joined them their next work was to get on again as soon as possible, time meaning money in Africa just as much as it meant money at home. They went across the Usegara Mountains. It was very slippery, and at night they had to camp on the side of a hill sloping like the top of a house, the consequence being that frequently their things ran down the side of the hill. There was not the slightest sign of a human habitation, the only thing visible being faint indications of the footpath. Indeed, so wild was the place that one morning he saw all the men and lads starting. He heard a noise, and looking round there he saw rolling down the hill a leopard with a monkey in its mouth, which the ferocious beast had just caught. They crossed these mountains and came to a fertile valley. Here they were told by the chief they would have to buy their food. He, therefore, sent off a party of men to a place three or four hours distant to buy provisions. The day after they had gone one of them came rushing into the camp, and reported evil tidings—that all the men had been killed. He asked what was the matter, and the reply was that all the men had run away, and had lost everything. At length he ascertained that one of his men had by accident shot one of the natives. In short, they were detained here four or five days, and had to pay over £50 of cloth and a couple of guns to the natives of that country, besides having lost all the food which they had been sent to buy. After arriving at and passing Lake Ugombo he had a long march without water, and one of his men died of thirst on the way.

"On coming to Upwapwa caravans were met from Unyanyembe, and on asking news of Livingstone he was simply told that he had received the stores sent by Stanley, and had again started for the west. At Upwapwa there was a highland robber tribe called the Waderigo, a fine manly race of men, averaging about six feet in height, and the only tribe of people he had ever met in Africa perfectly naked. This tribe came down on the more peaceful inhabitants and drove off their cattle, which they sold to others living at a distance. None of the settled tribes ever resisted the Waderigos, for they got the name of being so brave that they did not care for death. They, however, never attacked the caravans, finding it rather to their advantage to sell them their cattle. The next place come to was Ugogo, a large district with numerous chiefs, every day's march almost bringing his party into the territory of a

new chief, each of whom extorted from him blackmail. To one he had to pay perhaps a hundred yards of white cloth, to another fifty yards of blue cloth, to a third twenty yards of red woollen cloth, and so on in proportion, some of the chiefs being greater extortionists than others, and nothing did they ever give in return.

“At Ugogo they were a noisy, boisterous, and thieving race; they were famous amongst the surrounding tribes for their overbearing manners, but, like all bumptious bullies when put to the push, they were about the veriest cowards that ever existed. One of the principal distinctive marks of the tribe was the extraordinary way in which they enlarged the lobes of their ears. The men were often to be seen with their ears hanging down upon their shoulders. The orifices in the lobes of the ears were used for the same purposes as pockets were by more civilised people, and in them a man would carry his snuff-box or his knife. Another peculiar feature was the manner in which they did up their hair. There was no uniformity; and the more hideous a man could render himself the greater dandy he was. Past Ugogo he met a branch of a great family, the tribes of which were called Walumbi. This tribe did not cultivate ground or live in regular standing huts. The places in which they lived were like the framework of a gipsy’s tent, and were covered with a sort of blanket when they were sleeping by the roadside. On the road he met many caravans bringing ivory to the frontier, and one caravan carried over thirty tons. Some pieces of ivory were so large that it took two men to carry them—one tusk weighing 170lbs. When on the march one day, he saw a small party of Indians running towards his camp. This party informed him that a large number of robbers were in front and intended to attack him. He was told by this party that they had lost a couple of slaves in an encounter in which their opponents wished to take a tusk of ivory from them. He saw marks on the ground of a struggle having taking place. During the night the robbers fired a few arrows into his camp, but in the morning he saw no more of them.

“In the beginning of August he reached Unyanyembe, and he was most heartily welcomed by the governor of the place, Sayid Burghash. By the higher classes he was most heartily welcomed, and they did everything in their power to assist him; but by the lower orders, who perpetuated the slave trade, he was interrupted and hindered. His men were induced to desert; some were taken from him and marched out of the place; others were laid down with fever; and being unable to look after his men, the natives used regularly to steal them. At Unyanyembe the time passed very slowly. Everything was creating despondency—his men were taken with lameness, blindness, and some were deserting. Towards the end of October, his friend Dillon was so ill, that he tried to persuade him to go back to the coast, but he would not go.

“Towards the end of October, Dr. Livingstone’s servant came in, bringing a letter from Jacob Wainwright, announcing the death of Dr. Livingstone in the month of February. A few days afterwards the whole of Dr. Livingstone’s party came in, bringing the corpse of their master with them. All the Arabs assembled at their house to do reverence to his memory, as, like all true and honest men, he had been thoroughly honoured and liked by all the community of respectable Arabs they had met in Africa. When Livingstone’s corpse arrived Murphy resigned. Murphy and Dillon started with Livingstone’s party on the 9th November to go to the coast, and on the same day he started by himself, bound for the west. A few days afterwards he heard of his poor friend Dillon’s death. Dillon had been an old messmate, and one of his greatest friends, who had been with him for several years, and it was a great blow to lose him. There was nothing for it, and he had to go on. He heard that Livingstone had left a desk containing his travelling papers, and that box had to be rescued. For over two months he was kept close to Unyanyembe by his men deserting. He wished to start with one hundred and twenty men, but he had engaged between five hundred and six hundred before he could get away with the requisite number, which was about the beginning of January.

“After crossing Unyanyembe, he arrived in the eastern division of Ugara. Here he had again to pay tribute to the chiefs, although not so large an amount as he paid in Ugogo. The only sign of civilisation the natives at this place seemed to possess was a very great pride in carrying an umbrella. At the next division of Ugara, the chief said he would make him pay so much, but one of the other chief’s sons, who came in, said he had given his father more, and he had then to pay the same as he had done at first. After leaving Ugara he got into the mountains, where the guides lost themselves. They were ten days wandering about the jungle and crossing rivers, and during this time they had very little to eat. Passing the River Sindy they came into Uvinza, which was famous for its production of salt.

“At length he sighted the great lake of Tanganyika. At Ujiji there was now a considerable settlement of Arabs, who assisted him to a certain extent. Safe in their hands he found the precious papers of Livingstone. He could not at that time send them to the coast, as there was no caravan, and he could not press west to the lake to follow up Livingstone’s discoveries, because at that season of the year travelling was impracticable, owing to the rains. He, however, could not remain quiet. Having had a couple of boats fitted up with sails he went across to the southern end of the lake, where he kept close at work mapping. He found ninety-eight rivers, besides torrents and small temporary rivulets, running into the lake, and at last, in the beginning of May, he came to a large river having a current running out of it. He found it impossible to follow up this river, for after

going four or five miles his course was stopped with vegetation. The depth of the river was three fathoms, and the width nine hundred yards; and the current was running at the rate of one and a half to two knots an hour. Passing round the lake he came across two or three trading stations of Arabs. They talked about the ivory being pretty cheap, but slaves were very dear, a slave actually costing about ten yards of calico.

“Going back to Ujiji he found a caravan about to proceed to the coast, and with it he sent four trusty men with Dr. Livingstone’s journals and map, which he sent to the Consul, who received them safely. Passing Lukuga, he came to Uguhha, where the natives were chiefly remarkable for the elaborate way in which they dressed their hair, and the elaborate way in which the women were tattooed. The process of tattooing the females began when they were about eight years of age, and was finished when they were sixteen or seventeen. It took eight years or more to complete a lady’s toilette, but once done, it lasted for life. Leaving Uguhha, he passed a very remarkable hot spring. In this country the upper orders were dressed similarly to those he had last seen, but the women of the lower orders were in the habit of perforating their upper lip, by inserting in it a small piece of stone or wood, which they gradually increased in size till sometimes the lip projected a couple of inches from the face. Their tattooing was of a remarkable description, and looked very much as if their faces had been scratched by a cat and then the black rubbed in.

“Crossing the Bambarre Mountains he arrived at Manyema, and at that place he was struck with the remarkable ingenuity displayed by the inhabitants in the working of the iron that was to be found in abundance in the district. He next visited Kwakasongo, where there was a large settlement of Arabs, one or two of whom were very large traders, as was proved by the fact that in the storehouse of one of the Arabs there were no less than twenty-five tons of ivory. He explained that at Nyangwe he wished to get canoes to enable him to trace the river to the West Coast, but he found that no canoes could be got. On the invitation of the Arab trader, Tipo Tipo, he marched with him to his camp, in the expectation of getting boats. On the road he passed through a remarkably rich and well watered country, where palm oil trees grew as commonly as grass—a country which simply required energy and capital to open it up. He lost considerable time through having been taken off his route by a treacherous guide, and through his having been prevented by a chief from passing through his country. This necessitated a weary tramp of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles out of his road.

“The gallant Commander then proceeded to state that in one of the villages which they were about to enter the villagers fired upon his party, and refused to allow him to encamp. He summoned his men around him, and

ordered them to fire, and one of the men was shot through the leg. Some of his men ran out of the village the one way, and the villagers out the other. According to his orders a hut was set on fire, and he threatened to burn the whole village unless his party was allowed to pass. On this threat he was permitted to pass without further molestation. He then referred to a levee held by a chief named Kasongo, and stated that one hundred and fifty chiefs met to pay respect to Kasongo. After the ceremony, Kasongo gave a great speech, congratulating himself upon being not only the greatest, but the biggest sovereign in the world. The scenery of Bailunda was about the most beautiful in existence; the variations of mountain and vale, and of river and wood, being such as required the rich imagination and brilliant descriptive power of the poet and the artist in order to give something like an impression of its beauties. Here, to his regret, he found that his men were beginning to break down, and with only three men he had to undertake the task of marching to the coast—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, which he accomplished in four days. He reached Benguela on the 4th September, 1875, just two years and eight months after leaving the East Coast. When he arrived at that place, he was knocked down with scurvy, and was told that had he been two days longer in going down to the coast, he would not have been alive.”

SIR JAMES WATSON proposed a vote of thanks to Commander Cameron for his interesting lecture.

MR. GEORGE ANDERSON, M.P., seconded the motion. He thought they must express the hope that Captain Cameron would live to distinguish himself by further excellent services in African exploration. If, for instance, he could succeed in assisting this country to open up those magnificent regions through that grand river, the Congo, he certainly would confer such a boon upon this country and upon Africa, as never had been conferred by any traveller before.

COMMANDER CAMERON having returned thanks, DR. ANDERSON KIRKWOOD proposed a vote of thanks to the Lord Provost for presiding, and the proceedings terminated.

Two or three days after, the gallant traveller read a paper on his African Explorations, before the Geographical Section of the British Association; Captain Evans, the president, in the chair. There was a large attendance.

CAPTAIN CAMERON said “that soon after entering the country from the east coast he came to a large plateau, four thousand feet in height, encircling Lake Tanganyika, and forming the watershed between the Congo and the streams flowing into Lake Sangora. Another table land to the south rose to the height of three thousand feet. The watershed between the two basins of the Lualaba and the Congo at that part is a large, nearly level country, and during the rainy season the floods cover the ground between the two rivers, and

a great portion of it might easily be made navigable. One thing he noticed in Africa was this system of watersheds, dividing the country into portions, each having its own peculiarity; and also that in each there was a difference in the habits of the natives. Within twenty days he crossed the Usagara Mountains and came upon a level open country, where a great quantity of African corn was grown, the stalks of which rose to the height of from twenty to twenty-four feet. In this country no animal could live except the goat, the tsetse fly being destructive to all others. The principal geological formation was sandstone. A few marches brought him to Ugogo, an extensive plain broken by two ranges of hills, composed of loose masses of granite piled together in the wildest confusion. The soil was sandy and sterile. The inhabitants of Ugogo, like their country, are rugged; but owing to having to work hard for their living, they are more industrious than those of most of the other countries in Africa. The people of Ugogo also possess large herds of cattle.

“Coming to the country of the Ugari he found a tribe almost identical with Unyamwesi. The principal streams of this district fall into the Mulgarazi. With regard to the etymology of the names Nyassa, Nyanaza, Nyara, Nykow, etc., Captain Cameron explained that the word “Nya” was virtually the verb rain. “Tanga” was the verb to mix, from which came Tanganyika, the mixing place of waters, and the appropriateness of this appellation was exemplified by the number of rivers which ran into the lake. Unyamwesi was the commencement of the basin of the Congo. He believed that the natives of Unyamwesi were of the Malay race. They had crossed a great deal with negroes, and had lost the distinctive colour and distinctive marks of the race, but their features were much the same as the dominant races in Madagascar, who wear their long hair hanging down the back. In consequence of the intermixture of negro blood the people of Unyamwesi were unable to wear their hair in this fashion, but they imitated it by twisting the fibres of trees in their woolly hair, and so making ringlets. Some who did not care for that style of adornment made themselves wigs, which they wore on high days and holidays.

“Ugaro is a large plain nearly as flat as a billiard table. The people here were different from the Unyamwesians; they had not got the same features or the same tribal marks. After passing over the mountains of Komendi, which are an offshoot of the mountains round the south end of Tanganyika, they came to a fertile land, much of it laid waste by the ravages of a neighbouring tribe. All the mountains in that district were of granite. There was there a large quantity of salt; and what was remarkable was, that the rivers ran perfectly fresh through soil which, when the natives dug wells, gave water which was full of salt. Captain Cameron reached Ujiji in February, 1875, on the same day of the year as it was first sighted by Burton. At Ujiji the peo-

ple are of a different race from those already described, as they shave their hair differently, and have not the same features. They are all expert boatmen, on account of living on the banks of the lake. Many of their canoes are fifty or sixty feet long, four or five feet across, and are hollowed out of a single trunk. From Ujiji he travelled down along Lake Tanganyika. In some places there were enormous cliffs and hollows of rugged granite lying in loose boulders; in other places the cliffs were of red sandstone, and in others a sort of limestone and dolomite. At one place he saw exposed on the shores of the lake large masses of coal, but, owing to the precipitous nature of the cliff, he was unable to get any specimens of it.

“Proceeding onward he came to the country of Ufipa, where he found that the people manufacture a heavy cloth, which they much prefer to trashy European calico. Passing down to the south end of the lake, he found it regularly embedded in cliffs five hundred to six hundred feet high, with water-falls discharging themselves down the face. Having rounded the south end he reached Miriro, where the chief is of a strikingly European appearance. There was a legend that this chief had come from the country of Wariri Wabina, the chiefs of which are said to have come from Madagascar. Travelling along the side of the lake, he came to the Lukuga, a large river more than a mile wide, but partly closed by a sort of sill, on which a floating vegetation was growing, a clear passage, however, being left of about eight hundred yards. After proceeding some four miles up the river, Captain Cameron’s boat got jammed amongst the floating vegetation, which grows to the thickness of two or three feet, and it was with difficulty the boat was extricated.

“The Kasongo country was next reached, the principal characteristic of which were the extraordinary trees, of which boats a fathom wide are sometimes made. Besides these there are trees of smaller dimensions, which offer very good timber, some being white hardwood and others a sort of teak. Here he first made the acquaintance of a large forest tree, with fruit like the olive, and under the bark of which the natives obtain a gum in which they fumigate themselves. Crossing the mountains of Bambarre he arrived at Manyema, where there are numerous gorges, some being over one hundred and fifty feet deep, and from the bottom of them trees were growing, and looking up were seen towering an equal distance overhead. Turning into Manyema he found the race entirely different from anything he had yet seen. The houses were differently built, the people were differently armed, dressed their head differently, and there was no tattooing to speak of. The villages were built in long streets, thirty or forty yards wide, two or three streets being alongside each other, and a space left between the houses, which were of reddish clay, with sloping thatched roof—the only houses of that description he saw in the interior of the country. The people were armed with spears

and shields. The natives of Manyema are a remarkably prolific race, but the country is not so populous as it might be, because nearly every village is ruled by an independent chieftain, and constant wars are going on for the purpose of obtaining slaves, or killing those of the opposing party, in order to eat them, all the Manyema being cannibals.

Journeying northwards, but still in Manyema, a district was reached where iron was very plenty, and where large forges were at work. Many of the spears and knives which they turned out looked as if finished off by a file, or polished by some means, although all done by hand forging and patient labour. Just before passing the Bambarre mountains, Captain Cameron saw palms for the first time in great numbers. They were planted in rows in the centre of a street, and there were plantations adjoining the villages. The oil produced is much exported to Tanganyika and there exchanged for other articles. The Lualaba River was next reached, which is about one thousand eight hundred yards in breadth. The southern shore is occupied by a tribe called the Wagenga, who do the whole carrying business of the river, being the only canoe proprietors who take for pay the products of the country to the different markets. The young women make immense quantities of pottery in the mud and back water, which they exchange for fish.

After referring to a country between Nyangwi and Loami, where a palm oil grows in great profusion, Captain Cameron passed through Kilemba and reached Lake Kigongo. This lake is covered with floating vegetation, on which the people build their houses, cut a space round about them, and so transform their habitations into floating islands, so that when desirable they change the locality from one place to another. The principal trades were in ivory and slaves, but in many places there were coffee, mineral products, copper mines, coal, etc. Coming to the coast he passed through one of the most magnificent countries in the world to look at, possessing a climate in which any European might live. The Portuguese had been settled in this neighbourhood for a period of thirty years. He saw a beautiful grove of orange trees round one of their houses, and roses thirty feet high, while the proprietor assured him that European plants thrive well. The whole of the country was one vast slave field, and the various products he had referred to were just waiting for one to come and take them. In concluding, Captain Cameron said that the way to stop the slave trade was to open up the Congo and Zambesi. Twenty-five miles of civilisation would join these two rivers, and they could then get right across the continent by water navigation. By means of other rivers we would be able to get up and tap the country where the Egyptian traders got the most of their ivory. In the country there was a vast mineral wealth, and an ordinary population, that, with education, might be rendered very industrious, instead of carrying on a continual warfare against each other for the purpose of obtaining slaves.

By a comprehensive scheme for utilising this large water communication, Africa might be opened up in two or three years, but of course much money would be wanted.

THE PRESIDENT said that he had been asked to put a question to Captain Cameron, which he was sure, although it was one of a personal nature, was one of much pertinence, and bore very highly upon Captain Cameron's wanderings—namely, How by gentle means he was enabled to pass through Africa without coming in contact with the natives hostile to him? He thought that in the whole of the gallant Captain's wanderings, only on one occasion had he had to use force, and then it was not of a serious character.

CAPTAIN CAMERON said that the answer was exceedingly simple. You must remember that a man, although a black, was as much a man as a white. The proper way for a person to get on with the natives is to behave like a gentleman himself towards them, as they can perfectly understand one being like a gentleman. He also very well knew that any force he might use unnecessarily or wantonly would retard and most likely endanger any of his successors in African travels.

CAPTAIN VERNEY, R.N., speaking as a naval man, expressed the pride that the Navy felt in the credit that Captain Cameron had brought upon the profession. We were accustomed to see gentlemen come home from foreign travel with wonderful stories of what they had seen and heard—stories which were come to be called travellers' stories—and which were always understood to be taken with a grain of salt. Those gentlemen who had had an opportunity of studying the surveys and observations made by Captain Cameron were convinced that more truthful and accurate observations had never been made by any explorer. Having served for a short time on the West Coast of Africa, and knowing its dreadful climate, he was aware of the great credit that this accuracy and truthfulness brought with it. There might be many who might have made such a journey as Captain Cameron, whose physique would allow them to travel through the country, but he did not think there were many gentlemen who could have travelled over such a large range of country, and at the same time carry on the same system of observation for scientific purposes of levels, etc., of the products of the country, and the habits of the people. He was very much struck with the tact that must have been required in dealing with these natives. Every little chief thought himself the greatest king on the earth, but, when you had made their acquaintanceship, for a bottle of rum he would think you a greater man than himself. On one occasion when a native—Ja-Ja—had been dining with him, he asked him whether it really was the case that they occasionally ate one another. The chief replied that they must confess it was; and on being asked why they did so, he answered, "Habit, and because it is such a delicacy. Nothing is really so delicate and good as a little boy's ankle."

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES ALEXANDER, K.C.B., referred to the manner in which Colonel Gordon, commonly Chinese Gordon, travelled safely without arms, or any army to back him, among the natives. The natives ran away when he approached a village for supplies, and he was allowed to help himself, but he invariably left three times the value of what he took in the huts of the people. The news spreading about in advance of Captain Gordon, he was enabled to go through the country with perhaps only one attendant. There was no occasion to shoot or molest the natives. As a general rule they will treat those well who treat them well, while, if their feelings are hurt or their property interfered with, they will do the same.

MR. STEPHENSON was very much interested in the development of Africa at its present stage in connection with the Scottish missions. The persons forming the mission they had sent out, or assisted to send out, would make us perfectly acquainted with the Nyassa district. In connection with that a very great and important question arose. The slave trade is carried over all that district which Captain Cameron has been describing, and a great part of it was already depopulated. Quite recently the Sey of Tanganyika had made regulations throughout his dominions which would prevent the slave trade being carried on, provided he had the power to see them enforced. In connection with that matter, some gentlemen were considering that, seeing there is a lake which, with its river connection, extended to four hundred and fifty miles long from the north end of Nyassa, which could be commanded by a gunboat or steamer—that on the Tanganyika there is nearly an equal extent of lake communication, which could also be commanded by a small gunboat, and as there was only two hundred and fifty miles between the two points, whether in some way means should not be taken to co-operate with the Sey of Tanganyika, by making stations across these two hundred and fifty miles. He did not know whether it was practicable to carry it further. He was afraid that Stanley's proceedings had caused considerable difficulty in making stations about that district, but he should like to have Captain Cameron's opinion on such a scheme.

CAPTAIN CAMERON said that he believed such a scheme could be carried out. When the deviation of compasses was taken into account the distance between the two points indicated would be even less than two hundred and fifty miles. The country between was a healthy upland, and there would be no great difficulty in carrying a steamer from Nyassa if they had a large party and funds at command. From Tanganyika they might force their way to the Congo system, and from the Zambesi they might get another steamer to take up that large section of lake and river in the very heart of the slave trade. Such a scheme could only be thoroughly undertaken by Government. Steamers might be established to cross Africa, protect the trader, and put a stop to the slave trade. By a properly considered system of river steamers,

we certainly should be able to attack the slave trade at its heart, but whether any Government would spend so much money on a purely philanthropic pursuit was doubtful. Perhaps a great Company might be started with a charter, such as the East India Company, and be only allowed to exercise their powers on condition of their putting a stop to the slave trade. It might be said that the day for charters was past; but such was not the case with Africa, which was three or four thousand years behind the time. The Company might work the whole of Africa in the way of trade for a number of years, but on condition of their putting a stop to the slave trade.

After some further discussion, the President moved a vote of thanks to Captain Cameron, which was enthusiastically accorded.

The meeting for working men, which annually forms one of the features of the British Association, was held the next evening in the City Hall, and Captain Cameron was the lecturer selected for the occasion; and notwithstanding that he had appeared in the same place only a few days before, a large and sympathetic audience assembled, from whom he received a right hearty welcome. Professor Allen Thomson presided.

THE CHAIRMAN introduced Captain Cameron as a man whose reputation was now world wide, and who had done a great work in the cause of science, commerce, and philanthropy.

CAPTAIN CAMERON then rose, and was received with loud cheers, which were again and again renewed. On the applause subsiding, he said—In November, 1872, he left England in command of an expedition sent out for the purpose of helping Dr. Livingstone in those labours in which for thirty years he had been engaged, and in which at the time of his death he had been unremittingly employed for seven years. He arrived at Zanzibar on the 3rd January, 1873, and in March the expedition left the dominions of the Sultan of that country, which lay in latitude  $5^{\circ} 6'$  south, longitude  $36^{\circ}$  east. The first portion of the journey was to Unyanyembe, in latitude  $5^{\circ}$  south, longitude  $33^{\circ}$  east. The next stage was to Ujiji, in latitude  $5^{\circ}$  south,  $30^{\circ}$  east. Thence he went round the end of Tanganyika, latitude  $8^{\circ} 9'$  south,  $33^{\circ}$  east, and back to Ujiji by the other side of the lake. From Ujiji he went to Nyangwi, latitude  $4^{\circ} 14'$  south, longitude  $26^{\circ} 30'$  east, then on to Kilemba, at that time the capital of Urua, latitude  $7^{\circ}$  south, longitude  $25^{\circ} 30'$  east, and reached the coast at Benguela, between  $12^{\circ}$  and  $13^{\circ}$  south latitude, and  $13^{\circ} 30'$  east longitude. On leaving the coast he first passed through an open, well-cultivated country, which was situated outside the range of mountains which began with the Drakensberg range in Cape Colony, and stretched right along the centre of Africa, finishing in the mountains of Abyssinia. In these mountains rose, on the one hand, the rivers which flow into the Indian Ocean, and on the other, the rivers which ran into the interior of the country. The portion of the range which he crossed was known as Usagara Mountains. The country

to the eastward was one of remarkable fertility. In some places he saw enormous plantations of Caffre corn; and Mr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone's nephew, who accompanied the expedition, and who, alas, was destined soon to succumb to the climate, said that the sugar produced beat anything he had seen in Natal, where he had been for some years as a sugar planter.

Crossing the mountains of Usagara he came to the country of the Ugogo, where it was necessary for travellers to conduct themselves most carefully. The people were most extortionate, and, like the majority of Africans, were thieves and liars. Every small village had its independent chief, and to each of these he had to pay tribute, representing about £40 or £50. The language of the Ugogi was very much like to the snapping and snarling of a pack of hounds; and when they got excited and angry, it was impossible to describe the manner in which they barked and snarled at each other. The greatest luxury and happiness they enjoyed was to get as perfectly drunk as they could. This they were not often able to do, as it was only after their harvest that they had the means of indulging this appetite. For three months after harvest, however, it was hard to find a man in Ugogo who was not three parts "fou." Leaving Ugogo they passed through Mgunda Karli, a hot field where fifteen or twenty years ago there were scarcely any inhabitants and little or no water. Now it was occupied by the Wakimbu, who had been forced from their homes by one of the constantly-recurring wars among the natives; and they had built villages and cultivated fields in what was formerly an impenetrable forest.

After a few more marches he came to Unyamwesi country, and entered the basin of the Nile. The Unyamwesi had been famous for many years. The Arabs formed a settlement there some thirty years ago, but before that time the Unyamwesi used to come down to the coast with ivory. At Taborah he was delayed for some months by fever and other illness—he was blind for six weeks—and it was here that he heard of Livingstone's death, and received his body and saw it sent off to the coast. He told next how his companion, Murphy, on the ground that the object of the expedition was finished, sent in his resignation. On finding that he meant to prosecute his journey, he volunteered again to accompany him. But seeing the difficulty of getting men, and that if the two went they would require double the amount of stores and double the number of carriers, he resolved to go on alone. On his way to Ujiji, which was the next stage of importance, he crossed the river Sindi on one of those grass bridges which were among the greatest natural curiosities of Africa. They were composed of grass, which floated on the surface of the water, and were sometimes upwards of half a mile long. Reeds and a kind of fern, and occasionally flowers, grew on them, and they were about three feet thick. A person could walk across these bridges at the season when they were strongest and not know that he was not on solid land; but that they

were afloat was proved by the fact that the hippopotami could be heard passing underneath.

After crossing the Malagarazi he came into the salt-producing district of Uvinza. The peculiarity of this country was that the soil was so strongly charged with salt that it was collected and yielded a large supply of that useful article. Water was first poured on it and strained through a cloth, and afterwards on this water being evaporated very good salt was got. And the curious thing was, that running through this soil were large streams of perfectly fresh water. In February, 1874, he got his first sight of the great Lake Tanganyika, fourteen years to a day from the time it was first seen by Europeans—by Burton and Speke on the journey on which they discovered that lake, as also the Lake Victoria Nyanza. The people of Ujiji, which was his next halting place, had a bad character for drunkenness, but he could not say that they were worse than their neighbours; indeed, he very often saw a sober man there. They were equally gifted, however, with those around them in the art of fleecing the stranger. Going on to describe his voyage on the lake, he said the cliffs which bordered it to the south of Ras Kungwe were as grand as those of any sea-coast in the world, but at other places the hills ran back a long way, showing beautiful valleys, covered with the palm tree and the feathery wild date; but nearly the whole of this lovely country had been depopulated by the slave traders. On the west side of the lake were mountain ranges, and in some parts of the mountains he saw people working on terraces on the sides of the hills, just like the natives of Switzerland, and looking from the lake like flies on the side of a wall. As he approached the north end of Tanganyika the mountains began to end; and here he put into a bay, where he found a hot spring, the waters of which were slightly charged with carbonic acid gas.

On his return to Ujiji he found letters from home—the only letters he got during his journey. These letters had a curious history. They were sent on from Unyanyembe by an Arab caravan. This caravan was attacked and dispersed by Miramba's people and those who escaped abandoned everything, his letters included. A short time after the same men attacked a larger caravan, but they were beaten off, and on the body of one of them who was shot his letters were found, and brought on to him at Ujiji. To the same powerful caravan, on their return journey, he entrusted Livingstone's journal and a small botanical collection of his own. Then he started to work his way westward. The manifold difficulties he encountered were briefly touched on, and accounts given of the peculiarities of the tribes with whom he came in contact in his journey to the coast. In addition to others spoken of in former addresses, he told of a race he found in a second country of Uvinza, who carried wood carving to higher perfection than any other tribe he saw in Africa. On the walking sticks they carried were representations of the

heads of animals, some of them very close to nature. In other cases the heads were those of devils, which they carved with the view of saving themselves from the evil spirits.

He told next of his journey through Manyema, and of his entrance into an iron-producing district beyond. The people here were expert smiths, and worked up speculum ore into a variety of weapons and utensils. Not only was the work they turned out with the hand so fine that one would imagine that they had all the appliances of the forge, but the spears and knives were often ornamented with open iron and copper work. Having failed to get boats to enable him to follow the River Lualaba down to the west he struck southward, and after parting from Tipó Tipó he met with a chief settled on the Lomami who refused to allow him to pass, as he said no caravan with guns had ever been in his country, and if he could prevent it they never should. He said he must pass through, and eventually the chief consented to grant a passage. He told afterwards of a black fellow who knew the white traders, and who promised to speak the truth "like an Englishman," but who never spoke the truth at all. He also gave a brief account of a visit he paid to Lake Mohyra, where were lake dwellings similar to those described by Sir Arthur Helps in "Realmah." These were modern examples of those old lake dwellings, and the reason why they were erected was to protect the inhabitants from the ravages of their chief Kasonga.

At Kilemba he was long delayed, but at length, on the 4th June, 1875, he started in company with a caravan belonging to certain Portuguese traders for the coast. On the way down he had full opportunity of seeing the horrid cruelties perpetrated by the caravans belonging to the Portuguese, whose chief business in the interior was to purchase and capture slaves. In the course of his journey he passed across the watershed of the Zambesi and the Kwanza. The latter river fell into the sea at St Paul de Loanda. It was ascended for a considerable distance by vessels belonging to a Scotch firm settled at Loanda. They were only able to go up as far as the rapids; but were a steamboat put on above those rapids, there would be no difficulty in going a considerable way into the interior.

In concluding his lecture, Captain Cameron said that the country through which he travelled was one of the richest in the world. Amongst its minerals were several varieties of iron, cinnabar, silver, gold, copper, and tin; and last, though not least, coal was also to be found. Cotton grew wild in some places, in others it was cultivated admirably. On the east coast there was the best supply of copal gum in the world, and in the interior there were deposits of the same material. The great staple trade between this country and the west coast of Africa was palm oil. Now, the palm tree grew the whole distance up the Congo and the Lualaba, and was found two thousand six hundred, in some cases three thousand feet above

the level of the sea. The sugar cane, rice, and wheat, all grew without cultivation. But all that country was at present in the hands of men who, although they went there nominally for ivory, went really for slaves. What Africa wanted was labour to develop her resources, and in the meantime her labour power was being exhausted by the slave trade. Africa, by means of a wise and enlightened policy, could be opened up and civilised; and why, when everybody was complaining of the stagnation of our trade, did we not go away and open up another market on that vast continent?

The Chairman having proposed a vote of thanks, it was accorded with great applause. Captain Cameron acknowledged the compliment, and said he regarded it as a great honour to be received in so kind a manner in the city where David Livingstone had lived and wrought, and received his education.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Stanley marches from Bagamoyo to Mpwapwa—Through Northern Ugogo—Country of Urimi—Death of Edward Poccock—Conflict with the Waturu—Iramba—Arrival at Lake Victoria Nyanza—Exploration of the Lake—Visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda—Mtesa's Conversion to Islamism—Desire for Christian Teachers—Interview between Colonel de Bellefond and Stanley—Stanley's Departure from Uganda—Lake Victoria Nyanza an Inland Sea—Meetings of the Royal Geographical Society.*

WE left Mr. Stanley about to plunge into the African wilderness, full of heart and hope. Since then he has been heard from again and again. From the district Mpwapwa, in the country of Usagaru, he wrote under date, December 13th, 1874, saying that he had had an unprecedentedly successful march from the Indian Ocean, and that surprisingly favourable influences had attended the Expedition ever since their departure from Zanzibar. They had suffered less sickness, less trouble, and altogether had had more good fortune than any Expedition which had ever come into Africa. The march from Bagamoyo to the place from which he was writing had only taken him twenty-five days, although, on his previous Expedition in search of Livingstone, the same march took him fifty-seven days; and it occupied Lieutenant Cameron's party four months. The outset of the Expedition was not very favourable, as nearly all the attendants were overcome by intoxication at Zanzibar; and, after disembarking at Bagamoyo, matters were not mended much. The men had not as yet expended all their advance, and the consequence was, that they betook themselves into the liquor shops of the Goanese at the port, and, after brutalising themselves with the fire-water retailed there, they took to swaggering through the streets, proclaiming that they were white men's soldiers, maltreating women, breaking into shops and smashing crockery, some even drawing knives on the peaceable citizens, and in other ways indulging their worst passions.

The march was resumed, however, on the fifth day; and, on arriving at the Kingani River, Stanley screwed together the sections of the "Lady Alice," and tested her powers of transportation and efficiency. He ascertained that the utmost she could bear in ferrying across the river was thirty men and thirty bales of cloth, or a weight of three tons, which was perfectly satisfactory to him. The "Livingstone" pontoon was not uncovered, as the "Lady Alice" proved expeditious enough in transporting the force across the river. When the ferriage was completed they resumed the journey, and long before

sunset encamped at Kikoka. The intense heat of the Kingani plains lying on either side told severely on those men who were unaccustomed to travelling in Africa, and on the natives also who had indulged their vicious propensities at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo before departure. This compelled them to remain a day at Kikoka.

“During the afternoon of this day,” Mr. Stanley says, “as I was preparing my last letters, I was rather surprised by a visit paid me in my camp from a party of the Sultan’s soldiers, the chief of whom bore a letter from the Governor of Bagamoyo, wherein he complained that my people had induced about fifteen women to abandon their masters. On mustering the people and inquiring into their domestic affairs, it was discovered that a large number of women had indeed joined the expedition during the night. Most of them, however, bore free papers, accorded to them by the political agent at Zanzibar; but eleven were, by their own confession, runaway slaves. After being hospitably received by the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Arabs, it was no part of a stranger’s duty—unless authorised by some Government likely to abide by its agent’s actions—to countenance such a novel mode of liberating the slaves. The order was therefore given, that the women should return with the Sultan’s soldiers; but as this did not agree with either the views of the women themselves, or their abductors, the females set up a determined defiance to the order, and the males seized their Snider rifles, vowing that they should not return. As such a disposition, and demonstration of hostility, was not polite, nor calculated to deserve my esteem, or to win for me the Arabs’ good-will, the manifestation was summarily suppressed, and the women returned to their masters.” The noble mastiff, Castor, which had been presented to the traveller by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, died on the journey, of apoplexy brought on by the heat.

The next intelligence of the intrepid traveller is conveyed in a letter written by him from the Lake Victoria Nyanza, which was published in “The Daily Telegraph,” Oct. 15, 1875. On account of its intense interest, we give it here entire:—

“Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi, Usukuma,  
on the Victoria Nyanza, March 1.

“The second part of the programme laid before me as Commander of the Anglo-American Expedition ended successfully at noon on the 27th February, 1875. The great lake first discovered by Captain Speke—the Victoria Nyanza—was sighted and reached by us on that day; and it is with feelings of most devout gratitude to Almighty God for preserving us, amid manifold perils, that I write these lines.

“It seems an age since we started from Mpwapwa of Usagara, whence I despatched my last letter to you. We have experienced so much, seen and

suffered so much, that I have carefully to recapitulate in my mind, and turn to my note-book besides, to refresh my recollection of even the principal events of this most long, arduous, and eventful march to the Victorian Lake. I promised you in my last letter that I would depart as soon as practicable from the old route to Unyanyembe, now so well known, and would, like the patriarch Livingstone, strike out a new line to unknown lands. I did so. In our adventurous journey north I imperilled the Expedition, and almost brought it to an untimely end, which, however, happily for me, for you, and for geographers, a kindly Providence averted.

“On leaving Mpwapwa we edged northward across the Desert of the Mgunda Mkali, or the Forest region, leaving the vain chief of Mbumi far to the south, and traversed Northern Ugogo with the usual experiences attending travellers in Southern Ugogo. The chiefs practised the regular arts; fleeced us of property, and black-mailed us at every opportunity. But occasionally we met tribes more amiably disposed towards strangers, although at times we had to pay heavier tribute in other chiefs' lands. We crossed broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce, and cloth vanished fast, to enter hilly districts where provisions were abundant, the people civil, and the chiefs kind. We traversed troublesome districts where wars and rumours of wars were rife, the people treacherous and hostile, to enter countries lying at the mercy of the ferocious Wahumba on the north, and the Wahebu to the south. Thus good and evil fortune alternated during our travels through Ugogo—an epitome in brief of our after-experiences. Furious rainy tempests accompanied us constantly, and some days Nature and man alike warred against us, while on others both seemed combined to bless us. Under our generally adverse fates my command seemed to melt away; men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind ill, while many, again, deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect. The Expedition seemed doomed. The white men, though elected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely—nay, I may say heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepining they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured arduous troubles, cheerfully performed their allotted duties, and at all times commended themselves to my good opinion.

“We reached the western frontier of Ugogo on the last day of 1874. After a rest of two days we thence struck direct north, along an almost level plain, which some said extended as far as Nyanza. We found, by questioning the natives, that we were also travelling along the western extremity of Wahumba, which we were glad to hear, as we fondly hoped that our march would be less molested. Two days' progress north brought us to the con-

finest of Usandawi, a country famous for elephants; but here our route inclined north-west, and we entered Ukimbu, or Uyanzi, at its north-eastern extremity. We had hired guides in Ugogo to take us as far as Iramba, but at Muhalala, in Ukimbu, they deserted. Fresh guides were engaged at Muhalala, who took us one day's march farther north-west, but at night they also disappeared, and in the morning we were left on the edge of a wide wilderness without a single pioneer. On the roads the previous day the guides had informed us that three days' march would bring us to Urimi, and, relying on the truth of the report, I had purchased two days' provisions, so that this second desertion did not much disconcert us, nor raise any suspicion, though it elicited many unpleasant remarks about the treachery of the Wagogo. We therefore continued our journey, but on the morning of the second day, the narrow, ill-defined track which we had followed became lost in a labyrinth of elephant and rhinoceros trails. The best men were despatched in all directions to seek the vanished road, but they were all unsuccessful, and we had no resource left but the compass. The next day brought us into a dense jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which we had literally to push our way by scrambling and crawling along the ground under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout, thorny bushes, and by various detours taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded. This naturally lengthened our journey and protracted our stay in the wilderness. On the evening of the third day the first death in this dismal waste occurred.

“The fourth day we made but fourteen miles, and the march was threefold more arduous than the preceding tramp. Not a drop of water was discovered, and the weaker people, labouring beneath their loads, and undergoing besides hunger and thirst, lagged behind the vanguard many miles, which caused the rearguard under two of the white men much suffering. As the last files advanced, they shouldered the loads of the weaker men, and endeavoured to encourage them to resume the march. Some of these poor fellows were enabled to reach camp, where their necessities were relieved by medicine and restoratives. But five strayed from the path which the passing Expedition had made, and were never seen alive again. Scouts sent out to explore the woods found one dead about a mile from our road, the others must have hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died.

“On the fifth day we arrived at a small village, lately erected, called Uveriveri, the population of which consisted of four negroes, their wives, and little ones. These people had not a grain of food to spare. Most of our Expedition were unable to move for hunger and fatigue. In this dire extremity I ordered a halt, and selected twenty of the strongest to proceed to Suna, twenty-nine miles north-west from Uveriveri, to purchase food. In the interval I explored the woods in search of game, but the quest was fruitless,

though one of my men discovered a lion's den, and brought me two young lions, which I killed and skinned. Returning to camp from the fruitless hunt, I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people that I could have almost wept if I might have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds; but I resolved to do something towards relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger. To effect this, a sheet-iron trunk was emptied of its contents, and, being filled with water, was placed on the fire. I then broke open our medical stores, and took five pounds of Scotch oatmeal, and three tins of Revalenta Arabica, with which I made gruel to feed over two hundred and twenty men. It was a rare sight to see these poor famine-stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress-trunk, and assist me to cook the huge pot of gruel; to watch them fan the fire to a fiercer heat, and with their gourds full of water stand by to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow; and it was a still better sight to witness the pleasure steal over their faces as they ate the welcome food. The sick and weaker received a larger portion near my tent, and another tin of oatmeal was opened for their supper and breakfast. But a long time must elapse before I shall have the courage to express my feelings whilst I waited for the return of my people from Suna with food, and fruitless would be the attempt to describe the anxiety with which I listened for the musketry announcing their success. After forty-eight hours' suspense, we heard the joyful sounds, which woke us all into new life and vigour. The grain was most greedily seized by the hungry people, and so animating was the report of the purveyors that the soldiers, one and all, clamoured to be led away that afternoon. Nowise loath myself to march from this fatal jungle, I assented; but two more poor fellows breathed their last before we left camp.

"We pitched that night at the base of a rocky hill overlooking a broad plain, which, after the intense gloom and confined atmosphere of the jungle, was a great pleasure to us; and next day, striking north along this plain, after a long march of twenty miles under a fervid sun, we reached the district of Suna, in Urimi. At this place, we discovered a people remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions, and utter nakedness. Neither man nor boy wore either cloth or skins; the women bearing children alone boasted of goat-skins. With all their physical comeliness and fine proportions, they were the most suspicious people we had yet seen. It required great tact and patience to induce them to part with food for our cloth and beads. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom I treated for leave to pass through their land. The permission was reluctantly given, and food was grudgingly sold; but we bore with all this silent hostility patiently, and I took great care that no overt act on the part of the Expedition should change their suspicion into hatred. Our people were so worn out with fatigue that six more poor fellows died here, and the

sick list numbered thirty. Here also, Edward Pooock fell seriously ill of typhoid fever. For his sake, as well as for the other sufferers, I halted in Suna four days; but it was evident that the longer we stayed in their country the less we were liked by the natives, and it was incumbent on us to move, though much against my inclination. There were many grave reasons why we should have halted several days longer, for Edward Pooock was daily getting worse, and the sick-list increased alarmingly; dysentery, diarrhoea, chest diseases, sore feet, tasked my medical knowledge to the utmost; but prudence forbade a stay. The rear-guard and captains of the Expedition were therefore compelled to do the work of carriers, and every soldier for the time being was converted into a *pagazi*, or porter. Pooock was put into a hammock, the sick and weakly were encouraged to do their utmost to move on with the Expedition to more promising lands, where the natives were less suspicious, where food was more abundant, and where cattle were numerous. Imbued with this hope, the entire camp resumed its march across the clear, open, and well-cultivated country of Urimi.

“Chiwyu was reached about ten o’clock, after a short walk, and here the young Englishman, Edward Pooock, breathed his last, to the great grief of us all. According to two rated pedometers, we had finished the four hundredth mile of our march from the sea, and had reached the base of the watershed whence the trickling streams and infant waters begin to flow Nileward, when this noble young fellow died. We buried him at night, and a cross, cut deep into a tree, marks his last resting-place at Chiwyu. As we travelled north we became still more assured that we had arrived in the dewy land whence the extreme southern springs, rivulets, and streams, discharge their waters into the Nile. From a high ridge overlooking a vast extent of country, the story of their course was plainly written in the deep depressions and hollows trending northward and north-westward; and as we noticed these signs of the incipient Nile, we cherished the growing hope, that before long, we should gaze with gladdened eyes on the mighty reservoir which collected these waters that purled and rippled at our feet, into its broad bosom, to discharge them in one vast body into the White Nile. From Chiwyu we journeyed two days through Urimi to Mangara, where Kaif Halleck—the carrier of Kirk’s letter-bag to Livingstone, whom I compelled to accompany me to Ujiji in 1871—was brutally murdered. He had been suffering from asthma, and I had permitted him to follow the main body slowly, the rear-guard being all employed as carriers because of the heavy sick-list, when he was waylaid by the natives and hacked to pieces. This was the first overt act of hostility on the part of the Warimi. Unable to fix the crime on any particular village, we resumed our journey, and entered Ituru, a district in Northern Urimi, on the 21st of January.

“The village near which we camped was called Vinyata, and was situ-

ated in a broad and populous valley containing, probably, some two or three thousand souls. Here we discovered the river which received all the streams that flowed between Vinyata and Chiwyu. It is called Leewumbu, and its flow from this valley is west. Even in the dry season it is a considerable stream, some twenty feet in width and about two feet in depth, but in the rainy season it becomes a deep and formidable river. The natives received us coldly, but, as we were only two days' journey from Iramba, I redoubled my exertions to conciliate the surly, suspicious people, and that evening my effort seemed crowned with success, for they brought milk, eggs, and chickens, for sale, for which I parted freely with cloth. The fame of my liberality reached the ears of the great man of the valley, the magic doctor, who, in the absence of a recognised king, is treated by the natives with the deference and respect due to royalty. This important personage brought me a fat ox the second day of my arrival at Vinyata, and in exchange received double its value in cloth and beads, while a rich present was bestowed upon his brother and son. The great man begged for the heart of the slaughtered ox, which was also given him, and other requests were likewise honoured by prompt compliance.

“ We had been compelled to take advantage of the fine sun which shone this day to dry the bales and goods, and I noticed, though without misgiving, that the natives eyed them greedily. On the morning of the third day, the magic doctor returned again to camp to beg for some more beads, to ‘make brotherhood with him.’ To this, after some slight show of reluctance to give too much, I assented, and he departed apparently pleased. Half an hour afterwards the war-cry of the Waturu was heard resounding through each of the two hundred villages of the Leewumbu valley. This war-cry was similar to that of the Wagogo, and phonetically it might be spelt ‘Hehu, A Hehu,’ the latter syllables drawn out in a prolonged cry—thrilling and loud. As we had heard the Wagogo sound such war notes upon every slight apparition of strangers, we imagined that the warriors of Ituru were summoned to contend against some marauders like the warlike Waramba or other malcontent neighbours, and nothing disturbed by it, we pursued our various avocations, like peaceful beings, fresh from our new brotherhood with the elders of Ituru. Some of our men were gone out to the neighbouring pool to draw water for their respective messes; others, again, were about starting to purchase food, when suddenly we saw the outskirts of the camp darkened by about a hundred natives in full war costume. Feathers of the bustard, the eagle, and the kite, waved above some of their heads; the mane of the zebra and the giraffe encircled other swarthy brows; in their left hands they held bows and arrows, while in their right they bore spears.

“ This hostile gathering naturally alarmed us, for what had we done to occasion disturbance or war? Remembering the pacific bearing of Living-

stone when he and I were menaced by the cannibal Wabembe, I gave orders that none should leave camp until we could ascertain what this hostile proceeding meant, and that none should by any demonstration provoke the natives. While we waited to see what the Waturu intended to do, their numbers increased tenfold, and every bush and tree hid a warrior. Our camp was situated on the edge of a broad wilderness that extended westward many days' march; but to the north, east, and south, nothing was seen save villages and cultivated ground, which, with the careless mode of agriculture in vogue amongst savages, contained acres of dwarf shrubbery. I doubt, however, whether throughout this valley a better locality for a camp could have been selected than the one we had chosen. Fifty or sixty yards around us was open ground, so that we had the advantage of clear space to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. A slight fence of bush served to screen our numbers from those without the camp, but having had no occasion to suspect hostilities, it was but ill adapted to shield us from attack.

“When the Waturu had become so numerous in our vicinity that we no longer doubted they were summoned to fight us, I despatched a young man who knew their language to ascertain their intention. As he advanced towards them six or seven warriors drew near to talk with him. When he returned he informed us that one of our men had stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and that we must pay for it in cloth. The messenger was sent back to tell them that white men did not come to their country to rob or quarrel; that they had but to name the price of what was stolen to be paid at once, and that not one grain of corn or millet-seed should be appropriated by us wrongfully. Upon this the principal warriors drew nearer, until we could hear their voices plainly, though we did not understand the nature of the conversation. The messenger informed us that the elders demanded four yards of sheeting, which was about six times the value of the stolen articles; but at such a moment it was useless to haggle over so trifling a demand, and the cloth was paid. When it was given to them the elders said they were satisfied and withdrew.

“It soon became evident, however, though the elders were content, the warriors were not, as they could be seen hurrying by scores from all parts of the valley, and gesticulating violently in crowds. Still we waited patiently, hoping that if the old men and principal warriors were really well disposed towards us their voices would prevail, and that they would be able to assuage the wild passions which now seemed to animate the others. As we watched them we noted that about two hundred detached themselves from the gesticulating crowds east of the camp, and disappeared, hurrying to the thick bush west of us. Soon afterwards one of my men returned from that direction bleeding profusely from the face and arm, and reported that he and a youth named Sulieman were out collecting firewood when they were attacked by a

large crowd of savages, who were hidden in the bush. A knobstick had crushed the man's nose, and a spear had severely wounded him in the arm, but he had managed to escape, while Sulieman was killed, a dozen spears having been plunged into his back.

"This report, and the appearance of their bleeding comrade, so excited the soldiers of the Expedition, that they were only with the utmost difficulty restrained from beginning a battle at once. Even yet, I hoped that war might be prevented by a little diplomacy, while I did not forget to open the ammunition-boxes and prepare for the worst. But much was meanwhile to be done. The enclosure of the camp required to be built up, and something of a fortification was necessary to repel the attack of such a large force. While we were thus preparing without ostentation to defend ourselves from what I conceived an imminent onslaught, the Waturu, now our declared enemies, advanced upon the camp, and a shower of arrows fell all round us. Sixty soldiers, held in readiness, were at once ordered to deploy in front of the camp, fifty yards off; the Wanguana, or freemen of Zanzibar, obedient to the command, rushed out of the camp, and the battle commenced. Immediately after, these sixty men, with axes, were ordered to cut bushes and raise a high fence of thorn around the camp, while twenty more were employed to throw up lofty platforms like towers within, for sharpshooters. We busied ourselves in bringing the sections of the 'Lady Alice' inside to make a central refuge for a last resistance, and in otherwise strengthening the defences. Every one worked with a will, and while the firing of the skirmishers, growing more distant, announced that the enemy was withdrawing, we were left to complete our task unmolested. When the camp was prepared I ordered the bugler to sound the retreat, in order that the savages might have an opportunity to consider whether it was politic for them to renew the fight.

"The skirmishers now returned, and announced that fifteen of the enemy were killed, while a great many more were wounded and borne off by their friends. All my men had distinguished themselves—even 'Bull,' my British bull-dog, had seized one of the Waturu by the leg, and had given him a taste of the power of the sharp canines of his breed before the poor savage was mercifully despatched by a Snider bullet. We rested that day from further trouble, and the next morning we waited events until nine o'clock, when the enemy appeared in greater force than ever, having summoned their neighbours all round to assist them, as I now felt assured, in our ruin. Though we were reluctant to make war upon people whom I the previous day thought might still be converted into friends, we were not slow to continue fighting if the natives were determined on hostilities. Accordingly I selected four experienced men to lead four several detachments, and gave orders that they should march in different directions through the valley, and meet at some

high rocks distant five miles off; that they should seize upon all cattle, and burn every village as soon as taken. Obedient to the command they sallied forth from the camp, and thus began the second day's fight.

“ They were soon vigorously engaged with the enemy, who fled fast and clamorous before them to an open plain on the banks of the Leewumbu. The detachment under Farjalla Christie became too excited, and because the enemy ran imagined that they had only to show themselves to cause every native to fly; but once on the plain—having drawn them away into isolation some miles from any succour—the negroes turned upon them and slaughtered the detachment to a man, except the messenger, who had been detailed to accompany the party in order to report success or failure. I had taken the precaution to send one swift-footed man along with each detachment for this purpose. The messenger came from Farjalla to procure assistance, which was at once despatched, though, indeed, too late to aid the unfortunate men, but not too late to save a second detachment from a like fate, for the victorious enemy, after slaughtering the first division, had turned upon the second with the evident intention to cut up in detail the entire force opposed to them. When the support arrived they found the second detachment all but lost. Two soldiers had been killed: the captain, Ferahan, had a deep spear-wound in his side; the others were hemmed in. A volley was poured into the rear of the astonished enemy, and the party was saved. With their combined forces our people discharged a second volley, and then continued their march almost unopposed to the northern and eastern extremity of the valley. Meanwhile smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, informing us that the third and fourth detachments were pursuing their way victoriously; and soon a score or more villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly the blazing settlements to the north and east announced our triumph on all sides. Towards evening the soldiers returned, bringing cattle and an abundance of grain to the camp; but when the muster-roll was called, I found I had lost twenty one men who had been killed, while thirty five deaths of the enemy were reported.

“ The third day we renewed the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley, and destroy what had been left on the previous day. These came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a short resistance, they entered, loading themselves there with grain, and afterwards setting the village on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war, and were quite demoralised, so that our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation. Just before daybreak, on the fourth day, we quitted our camp and continued our journey north-west, with provisions sufficient to last us six days, leaving the people of Ituru to ponder

on the harsh fate they had drawn on themselves by their greed, treachery, and wanton murderous attack on peaceful strangers.

“ We were still a formidable force, strong in numbers, guns, and property, though, for an Expedition destined to explore so many thousand miles of new countries, we had suffered severely. I had started from the coast with over three hundred men; but when I reviewed the Expedition at Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, which we reached three days after departing from the scene of our conflict, I found that I had but one hundred and ninety-four men left. In less than three months, I had already lost by dysentery, famine, heart disease, desertion, and war, over one hundred and twenty men, natives of Africa, and one European. I have not now the time—for my work is but beginning—to relate a tithe of our adventures, or how we suffered. You can better imagine our perils, our novel and strange fortunes, if you reflect on the loss of one hundred and twenty men out of a force so limited. Such a reduction even in a strong regiment would be deemed almost a catastrophe. What name will you give it when you cannot recruit your numbers, when every man that dies is a loss that cannot be repaired; when your work, which is to last years, is but commencing—when each morning you say to yourself, ‘This day may be your last?’

“ On entering Iramba we came upon a land where, to all strangers that appeared, the natives called out ‘Mirambo and his robbers are coming.’ But a vast amount of patience and suave language saved us from the doom that everywhere threatens this now famous chieftain. Despite, however, the countless medicines and magic arts that have been made and practised against him, Mirambo yet lives. He seems to make war on all mankind in this portion of the African interior, and appears to be possessed of ubiquitous powers. We heard of him advancing upon the natives in Northern Ugogo; Ukimbu was terror-stricken at his name; the people of Unyanyembe were still fighting him, and here, in Iramba, he had been met and fought, and was again daily expected. As we journeyed on through Iramba and entered Usukuma his fame increased, for we were now drawing near some of the scenes of his wildest exploits. When we approached the Victoria Nyanza he was actually fighting but a day’s march from us with the people of Usanda and Masari, and a score of times we came near being plunged into conflicts, because the natives mistook our Expedition for Mirambo’s force. Our colour, however, saved us, before we became actually engaged in the struggle.

“ Various were our fortunes in our travels between Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, and the Nyanza. We traversed the whole length of Usukuma, through the districts of Mombiti, Usiha, Mondo, Sengerema, and Marya, and, passing through Usmaow, re-entered Usukuma by Uchambi, and arrived at the lake after a march of seven hundred and twenty miles. As far as Western Ugogo I may pass over the country without any attempt at description, since the

public may obtain a detailed account of it in my work, "How I Found Livingstone." Thence north is a new country to all, and a brief description may be interesting to students of African geography.

"North of Muanza a level plain extends as far as the frontier of Usandawi, a distance of thirty-five English miles. At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was 2,800 feet. At Mtiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was 2,825 feet. Diverging west and north-west, we ascended the slope of what was apparently a lengthy mountain wall, but upon arriving at the summit we ascertained this to be a wide plateau, covered with forest. The plateau has an altitude of 3,800 feet at its eastern extremity; but as it extends westward it rises to a height of 4,500 feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi, and Iramba—in short, all that part of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Nyanza north; and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed 3,500 feet. From Muanza to the Nyanza is a distance of nearly 300 geographical miles, yet at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than 5,100 feet above the sea.

"As far as Urimi from the eastern edge of the plateau the land is covered with a thick jungle of acacias, which by its density strangles other species of vegetation. Here and there only in the cleft of a rock a giant euphorbia may be seen, sole lord of its sterile domain. The soil is shallow, and consists of vegetable mould mixed largely with sand and detritus of the bare rocks which crown each knoll and ridge, and which testify too plainly to the violence of the periodical rains. In the basin of Matongo, in Southern Urimi, we were informed by the ruins of hills and ridges, relics of a loftier upland, of what has been effected by Nature in the course of long ages. No *savant* need ever expound to the traveller who views those rocky ruins the geological history of this country. From a distance we viewed the glistening, naked, and riven rocks, as a most singular scene; but when we stood among them, and noted the appearance of the fragments of granite, gneiss, and porphyry, peeled, as it were rind after rind, like an onion, or leaf after leaf, like an artichoke, until the rock was wasted away, it seemed as if Dame Nature had left these stony anatomies, these hilly skeletons, to demonstrate her laws and career. It appeared to me as if she said, 'Behold my broad basin of Matongo, with its teeming villages, and herds of cattle, and fields of corn, surrounded by these bare rocks—in primeval time this upland was covered with water, it was the bed of a vast sea. The waters were dried, leaving a wide expanse of level land, upon which I caused heavy rains to fall five months out of each year during all the ages that have elapsed since first the hot sunshine fell upon the soil. These rains washed away the loose sand, and made deep furrows in course of time, until at certain places the rocky kernel under the soil began to appear. The fur-

rows became enlarged, the water fritted away their banks, and conveyed the earth to lower levels, through which it wore away a channel first through the soil, and lastly through the rock itself, which you may see if you but descend to the bottom of that basin. You will there behold, worn through the solid rock, a fissure some fifty feet in depth; and, as you look on that, you will have an idea of the power and force of tropical rains. It is through that channel that the soil, robbed from these rocks, has been carried away towards the Nyanza to fill its depths, and in time make dry land of it.' You may ask how came these once solid rocks, which are now but skeletons of hills and stony heaps, to be thus split into so many fragments. Have you never seen the effect of water thrown upon lime? These solid rocks have been broken and peeled in an almost similar manner. The tropical sun heated the surface of these rocks to an intense degree, and the cold rain then falling caused the rocks to split and peel as we now see them.

"Such is really the geological history of this country. Ridge after ridge, basin after basin, from Western Ugogo to the Nyanza, tell the same tale; but it is not until we enter Central Urimi that we begin to marvel at the violence of the process by which Nature has thus transformed the face of the land. For here the perennial springs and rivulets first unite and form rivers, after collecting and absorbing the moisture from the watershed, and these rivers, though but gentle streams during the dry season, become formidable during the rains. It is in Central Urimi that the Nile levies its earliest tribute upon Equatorial Africa; and if you look upon the map and draw a line east from the altitude of Ujiji to longitude  $35^{\circ}$  east, you will strike upon the sources of the Leewumbu, the extreme southern feeder of the Victoria Nyanza. In Iramba, between Mgongo Tembo and Mombiti, we came upon what must have been in former times an arm of the Victoria Nyanza. It is called the Lumamberri Plain, after a river of that name, and is about forty miles in width. Its altitude is about 3,775 feet above the sea, and but a few feet above the Victoria Nyanza. We were fortunate in crossing the broad shallow stream in the dry season, for during the *masika*, or rainy season, the plain is converted into a wide lake.

"The Leewumbu River, after a course of one hundred and seventy miles, becomes known in Usukuma as the Monangah River. After another run of one hundred miles, it is converted into the Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Victoria east of this port of Kagehyi. Roughly, the Shimeeyu may be said to have a length of three hundred and fifty miles. After penetrating the forest and jungle west of the Lumamberri, we enter Usukuma—a country thickly-peopled, and rich in cattle. It is a series of rolling plains, with here and there, far apart, a chain of jagged hills. The descent to the lake is so gradual that I expect to find upon sounding it, as I intend to do, that though it covers a vast area, it is very shallow.

“Now, after our long journey, the Expedition is halted a hundred yards from the lake; and as I look upon its dancing waters, I long to launch the ‘Lady Alice,’ and venture out to explore its mysteries. Though on its shore, I am still as ignorant of its configuration and extent as any man in England or America. I have questioned natives of Uchambi closely upon the subject at issue, but no one can satisfy me—though they speak positively—whether the lake is one piece of water or more. I hear a multitude of strange names, but whether they are of countries or lakes it is impossible to divine, for the people’s knowledge of geography is very superficial. My impression, however, is that Speke, in his bold sketch and imagined outline, is nearer the truth than Livingstone, who reported upon hearsay at a great distance from its shores. As soon as I can finish my letters the sections of the ‘Lady Alice’ shall be screwed together; the first English boat that ever sailed on the African lakes shall venture upon her mission; and I shall not rest until I have thoroughly explored every nook and cranny of the shores of the Victoria. It is with great pride and pleasure I think of our success in conveying such a large craft safely through the hundreds of miles of jungle which we have traversed; and just now I feel as though the entire wealth of the universe could not bribe me to turn back from my work. Indeed, it is with the utmost impatience that I contemplate the task of writing my letters before starting upon the more agreeable work of exploring; but I remember the precept, ‘Duty before pleasure.’

“I hear strange tales about the countries on the shores of this lake, which make me still more eager to start. One man talks about a territory peopled with dwarfs, and another with giants; while a third is said to possess such a breed of large dogs that even my mastiffs are quite small compared to them. All these may be idle romances, and I lay no stress on anything reported to me, as I hope to be enabled to see with my own eyes all the wonders of those unknown countries.

“It is unfortunate that I have not Speke’s book with me; but a map of Central Africa which I carried here contains the statement in brackets that the Victoria Nyanza has an altitude of only 3,308 feet above the ocean. If this statement is on Speke’s authority, either he is wrong, or I am, for my two aneroids, almost fresh from England, make it much higher. One ranges from 3,550 to 3,650; the other from 3,575 to 3,675. I have not boiled my thermometers yet, but intend doing so before starting on the work of exploring the lake. I have no reason to suspect that the aneroids are at fault, as they are both first-class instruments, and have been carefully carried with the chronometers. With regard to Speke’s position of Muanza, I incline to think that he is right; but, as I have not visited Muanza, I cannot tell. The natives point it out westward of Kagehyi, and but a short distance off. The position of the port of Kagehyi is south latitude  $2^{\circ} 31'$ , east longitude  $33^{\circ} 13'$ .

“I mustered the men of the Expedition yesterday, and ascertained it to consist of three white men and one hundred and sixty-six Wanguana soldiers and carriers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Ituru, thirty days ago. Over one-half of our force has thus been lost by desertion and deaths. This is a terrible fact, but I hope that their long rest here will revive the weak and strengthen the strong. The dreadful scourge of the Expedition has been dysentery, and I can boast of but few patients cured of it by medicine, though it was freely given, as we were possessed of abundance of medical stores. A great drawback to their cure has been the necessity of moving on, whereas a few days' rest, in a country blessed with good water and food, would have restored many of them to health; but good water and good food combined could not be procured anywhere but here. The Arabs would have taken nine months or a year to march this long distance, while we have performed it in only one hundred and three days, including halts. As I vaccinated every member of the Expedition on the coast, I am happy to say that not one has fallen a victim to small-pox.

“I leave this letter in the hands of Sungoro, a Msawabili trader, who resides here, in the hope that he will be enabled shortly to forward it to Unyanyembe, as he frequently sends caravans with ivory; but a copy of it I shall take with me to Uganda, and deliver to Mtesa, the king, to be conveyed, if possible, to Colonel Gordon. Since leaving Mpwapwa I have not met one caravan bound for Zanzibar; and after leaving Ugogo it was impossible to meet one, or to despatch couriers through such dangerous countries as we have traversed. The letters containing the account of our exploration of the Victoria Nyanza and our subsequent march to the Albert Nyanza I hope to be able to deliver personally into the hands of Colonel Gordon, and in this expectation I remain, yours obediently,

HENRY M. STANLEY.”

“March 5.—The boiling point observed by one of Negretti and Zambra's apparatus this day was  $205^{\circ} 6'$ ; temperature of air,  $82^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The boiling point observed by another instrument by a different maker was  $205^{\circ} 5'$ ; temperature of air,  $81^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The barometer at the same time indicated 26.90 inches. The mean of the barometrical observations at Zanzibar was 30.048. The mean of the barometrical observations during seven days' residence here has been 26.138.”

Stanley's next letters are written from the capital of King Mtesa, in Uganda. They were entrusted to the care of Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, whom he met at Mtesa's capital on a mission from Colonel Gordon, the object being to make a treaty of commerce between Mtesa and the Egyptian Government. Subsequently, on his return, De Bellefonds' company were attacked by the Bari tribe, and out of forty-one all but four were massacred. Whether one of the survivors kept possession of the documents, or whether

they were flung aside in the forest by the Bari and afterwards found by the detachment sent on by Gordon, is not known; but their tattered, soiled, blood-stained condition when they reached England, indicated that they had been thrown away by the ignorant and superstitious savages, and had lain for some time in the African jungle. The particulars given regarding the King of Uganda and his people cannot fail to inspire all friends of Africa with the liveliest interest. Our traveller thus writes:—

“Ulagalla, Mtesa’s Capital, Uganda, E. long.  $32^{\circ} 49' 45''$ ,  
N. Lat.  $0^{\circ} 32'$ , April 12, 1875.

“I write this letter in haste, as it is the record of a work begun, and not ended—I mean the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza. But brief as it necessarily must be, I am sure it will interest thousands of your readers, for it solves the great question, ‘Is the Victoria Nyanza one lake, or does it consist of a group of lakes, such as Livingstone reported it?’

“In answer to the query, I will begin by stating that I have explored, by means of the ‘Lady Alice,’ nearly the whole of the southern, eastern, and north-eastern shores of the Victoria Nyanza; have penetrated into every bay, inlet, and creek, that indent its shores, and have taken thirty-seven observations, so that I feel competent to decide upon the question at issue, without bias or prejudice to any hypothesis. I have a mass of notes relating to the countries visited, and ample means of making a proper chart at my camp at Usukuma, but I have with me at present neither paper, parallel rules, or any instrument whatever to lay down the positions I have taken. I only brought hither an artificial horizon, sextant chronometer, two aneroids, boiling-point apparatus, sounding line, a few guns, ammunition, and some provisions, as I wished to keep the boat as light as possible, that she might work easily in the storms of the Nyanza. But when I reach camp I propose to draw a correct chart of the Nyanza, and to write such notes upon the several countries I have visited as will repay perusal and study.

“I have already informed you that our camp at Kagehyi, in Usukuma, is situated E. long.  $33^{\circ} 13'$ , and S. lat.  $2^{\circ} 31'$ . Before starting on the explorations of the lake, I ascertained that Muanza was situated a few miles west, almost on the same parallel of latitude as Kagehyi. Now, Muanza is the point whence Speke observed the Victoria Nyanza, and where he drew his imaginary sketch of the lake from information given to him by the natives. If you will look at Speke’s map you will find that it contains two islands—Ukerewe and Maziti. Looking at the same objects from Kagehyi I should have concluded that they were islands myself; but a faithful exploration of the lake has proved that the latter is not insulated, but a lengthy promontory of land extending from E. long.  $34^{\circ} 45\frac{3}{4}'$  to E. long.  $32^{\circ} 40' 15''$ . That part of the lake which Speke observed from Muanza, is really an

enormous gulf about twenty-five miles wide by sixty-five miles long. To the noble Nyanza, discovered by him, Speke loyally gave the name of Victoria, as a tribute to his Sovereign, which let no man take away; but in order to connect for ever Speke's name with the lake which he then found I have thought it but simple justice to the gallant explorer to call the immense inlet Speke Gulf.

"If you look again on Speke's map you will observe how boldly he has sketched the Nyanza stretching eastward and north-eastward. Considering that he drew it from mere native report, which never yet was exact or clear, I must say that I do not think that any other man could have arrived so near the truth. I must confess that I could not have done it myself, for I could make little of the vague and mythical reports of the natives of Kagehyi.

"Proceeding eastward towards the unknown and fabulous distance in the 'Lady Alice,' with a picked crew of eleven men and a guide, I coasted along the southern shore of the lake round many a noble bay, until we came to the mouth of the Shimeeyu, in E. long.  $33^{\circ} 33'$ , S. lat.  $2^{\circ} 35'$ —by far the noblest river discharging into the lake which we have yet seen. Shimeeyu has a length of three hundred and seventy miles, and is the extreme southern source of the Nile. Before emptying into the lake it unites with the Luamberri River, along with which it issues in a majestic flood to the Victoria Nyanza. At its mouth it is a mile wide, but contracts as we proceed up the channel to four hundred yards. Even by itself it would make no insignificant White Nile. By accident our route through Ituru took us from its birthplace, a month's march from the lake, and along many a mile of its crooked course, until, by means of the 'Lady Alice,' we were enabled to see it enter the Nyanza, a river of considerable magnitude. Between the mouth of the Shimeeyu and Kagehyi were two districts—Sima and Magu—of the same nature as Usukuma, and inhabited by peoples speaking the same dialect. On the eastern side of the river is Mazanza, and beyond Manasa.

"Coasting still along the southern shore of the lake, beyond Manasa, we come to Ututwa, inhabited by a people speaking a different language, namely, that of the Wajika—as the Wamanasa are called here—a people slender and tall, carrying formidable long knives, and terrible portentous spears. In E. long.  $33^{\circ} 45' 45''$  we sailed to the extreme end of Speke Gulf, and then turned northward as far as S. lat.  $2^{\circ} 5'$ , whence we proceeded westward almost in a straight line along Shashi and Iranbu, in Ukerewe. In E. long.  $33^{\circ} 26'$  we came to a strait—the Rugeji Strait—which separates one half of Ukerewe from the other half, and by which there is a direct means of communication from Speke Gulf with the countries lying north of Ukerewe. We did not pass through, but proceeded still westward, hugging the bold shores of that part of Ukerewe, which is an island, as far as E. long.  $32^{\circ} 40' 15''$ , whence, following the land, we turned north-west, thence north, until in

S. lat.  $1^{\circ} 53'$  we turned east again, coasting along the northern shores of Ukerewe Island until we came to the tabular-topped bluff of Majita (Speke mis-called this Mazita, or Maziti, and termed it an island) in E. long.  $33^{\circ} 9' 45''$ , and S. lat.  $1^{\circ} 50'$ , whence the land starts by trending northward of east. North of Shizu, in Ukerewe, lies the large island of Ukara, which gives its name with some natives to that part of the lake lying between it and Ukerewe. It is about eighteen miles long by twelve wide, and is inhabited by a people strong in charms and magic medicine.

“From Majita we pass on again to the north shore of Shashi, whose south coast is bounded by Speke Gulf, and beyond Shashi we come to the first district in Ururi. Ururi extends from Shashi in S. lat.  $1^{\circ} 50'$  to  $0^{\circ} 40' 0''$  S., and embraces the districts of Wye, Irieni, Urieri, Igengi, Kutiri, Shirati, and Moluru. Its coast is indented most remarkably with bays and creeks, which extend far inland. East of the immediate coast-line the country is a level plain, which is drained by an important river called Shirati. All other streams that issue into the lake along the coast of Ururi are insignificant.

“North of Shirati, the most northern district of Ururi, begins the country of Ugeyeya, whose bold and mountainous shores form a strong contrast to the flats of Shirati and Moluru. Here are mountains rising abruptly from the lake to a height of 3,000 feet and more. This coast is also very crooked and irregular, requiring patient and laborious rowing to investigate its many bends and curves. The people are a timid and suspicious race, much vexed by their neighbours, the Waruri, south, and Wamasui, east; and are loth to talk to strangers, as the Arab slave-dealers of Pangani have not taught them to love people carrying guns. The Wageyeya, having been troubled by the Waruri, have left many miles of wilderness uninhabited between their country and that of their fierce neighbours. But Sungoro, the agent of Mse Saba—who has prompted the Waruri to many a devilish act, and purchased their human spoils—is constructing in Ukerewe a dhow of twenty or thirty tons burden, with which he intends to prosecute more actively his nefarious trade. Nothing would have pleased me better than to have been commissioned by some government to hang all such wretches wherever found; and if ever a pirate deserves death for inhuman crimes, Sungoro, the slave-trader, deserves death. Kagehyi, in Usukuma, has become the seat of that inhuman slave-trade. To that part they are collected from Sima, Magu, Ukerewe, Ururi, and Ugeyeya; and when Sungoro has floated his dhow and hoisted his blood-stained ensign, the great sin will increase tenfold, and the caravan road to Unyanyembe will become hell's highway.

“On the coast of Ugeyeya I expected to discover a channel to another lake, as there might be a grain of truth in what the Wanguana reported to Livingstone; but I found nothing of the sort except unusually deep bends in the shore, which led nowhere. The streams were insignificant and unde-

-serving the name of rivers. A few miles from the equator I came upon two islands formed of basaltic rock, and overgrown with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. One had a natural bridge of rock thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide—the other showed a small cave.

“In E. longitude  $34^{\circ} 49'$ , at Nakidimo of Ugeyeya, we came to the furthest point east of the Victoria Nyanza. North of Ugeyeya begins Baringo, a limited country, extending over about fifteen miles of latitude. Its coast is also remarkable for deep indentations and noble bays, some of which are almost entirely closed by land, and might well be called lakes by uncultivated or vague Wanguana. Large islands also are numerous, some of which lie so close to the shore-line that if we had not hugged its edge closely we should have mistaken them for portions of the mainland. North of Baringo the land is again distinguished by lofty hills, cones, and plateaus, which sink eastward into plains, and here a new country commences—Unyara—the language of whose people is totally distinct from that of Usukuma, and approaches to that of Uganda and Usoga. Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victoria Nyanza, and by observation the extreme north-eastern point of the Nyanza ends in E. long.  $34^{\circ} 35'$  and N. lat.  $33^{\circ} 43''$ . As I intend to send you a chart of the Nyanza, it is needless here to enter into minor details, but I may as well mention that a large portion of the north-eastern end of the lake is almost entirely closed in by the shores of Ugana and of two islands, Chaga and Usuguru, the latter of which is one of the largest in the Nyanza. While Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victorian Sea, Ugana commences the northern coast of the lake from the east, and running south-west a few miles forms here a large bay. It then trends westward, and the island of Chaga runs directly north and south for eight miles at a distance of twelve miles from the opposite coast of Unyara. With but a narrow channel between, Usuguru Island runs from the southern extremity of Chaga, in a south-south-easterly direction, to within six miles from the eastern shore of the mainland. Thus hereabouts almost a lake is formed separate from the Nyanza.

“North of Chaga Island, Usoga begins with the large district of Usowa, where we met with the first hostile demonstration—though not actual deed, as the act was checked by show of superior weapons—on the part of the natives. Thence, as we proceed westward, the districts of Ugamba, Uvira, Usamu, and Utamba, line the coast of Usoga. Where Utamba begins, large islands again become frequent, the principal of which is Uvuma, an independent country, and the largest in the Victoria Nyanza. At Uvuma, we experienced treachery and hostility on the part of the natives. By show of friendship on their part, we were induced to pass within a few yards of the shore, where a mass of natives were hid in ambush behind the trees. While sailing quietly by, exchanging friendly greetings with them, we were sud-

denly attacked with a shower of large rocks, several of which struck the boat; but the helm being quickly put 'hard up,' we steered from shore to a safer distance, but not before the foremost of the rascals had to be laid dead by a shot from one of my revolvers.

"After proceeding some miles we entered a channel between the islands of Uvuma and Bugeyeya, but close to the shore of Uvuma. Here we discovered a fleet of large canoes—thirteen in number—carrying over a hundred warriors, armed with shields, spears, and slings. The foremost canoe contained baskets of sweet potatoes, which the people held up, as if they were desirous to trade. I ordered my party to cease rowing, and as there was but a slight breeze, we still held on with the sail, and permitted the canoe to approach. While we were bargaining for potatoes with this party, the canoes came up and blocked the boat, while the people began to lay surreptitious hands on everything; but we found their purpose out, and I warned the robbers away with my gun. They jeered at this, and immediately seized their spears and shields, while one canoe hastened away with some beads its crew had stolen, and which a man insolently held up to my view, mockingly inviting us to catch him. At the dangerous example of this I fired, and the man fell dead in his place. The others prepared to launch their spears, but the repeating rifle was too much for the crowd of so-called warriors, who had hastened like pirates to pillage us. Three were shot dead, and as they retreated my elephant rifle smashed their canoes, the results of which we saw in the confusion attending each discharge. After a few rounds from the big gun we continued on our way, still hugging the shore of Uvuma, for it was unnecessary to fly after such an exhibition of inglorious conduct on the part of thirteen canoes, containing in the aggregate over one hundred men.

"In the evening we anchored in the channel between Uvuma and Usoga, in E. long.  $33^{\circ} 40' 15''$  and N. lat.  $0^{\circ} 30' 9''$ . Next morning the current perceptibly growing stronger as we advanced north, we entered the Napoleon Channel, which separates Usoga from Uganda, and then sailed across to the Uganda shore. Having arrived close to the land, we took in all sail and rowed towards the Ripon Falls, the noise of whose rushing waters sounded loud and clear in our ears. The lake shoaled rapidly, and we halted to survey the scene at a spot half a mile from the first mass of foam caused by the escaping waters. Speke has been most accurate in his description of the outflowing river, and his pencil has done fair justice to it. The scenery around, on the Usoga and the Uganda side, has nothing indeed of the sublime about it, but it is picturesque and well worth a visit. A few small islets dot the channel and lie close ashore; while at the entrance of the main channel, looking south, the large islands of Uziri and Wanzi stretch obliquely, or southwest towards Uvuma. But the eye of the observer is more fascinated by the ranks of swelling foam and leaping waters than by the uneven contour of the

land; and the ear is attracted by the rough music of the river's fierce play, despite the terrors which the imagination paints, so that it absorbs all our attention to watch the smooth, flowing surface of the lake, suddenly broken into fury by the rocks of gneiss and hematite which protrude, white and ruddy, above the water, and which threaten instant doom to the unlucky navigator who should be drifted among them. There is a charm, too, in the scene which can belong to few such, for this outflowing river that the Great Victoria Nyanza discharges from its bosom, becomes known to the world as the White Nile. Though born amid the mountains of Ituru, Kargue, and Ugeyeya, it emerges from the womb of the Nyanza, the perfect and veritable Nile which annually resuscitates parched Egypt.

“From the Ripon Falls we proceeded along the coast of Ikira south-west, until, gaining the shore opposite Uziri, we coasted westerly along the irregular shore of Uganda. Arriving at the isle of Kriva, we secured guides, who voluntarily offered to conduct us as far as Mtesa's capital. Halting a short time at the island of Kibibi, we proceeded to Ukafu, where a snug horse-shoe-shaped bay was discovered. From Ukafu we despatched messengers to Mtesa to announce the arrival of a white visitor in Uganda, after being most hospitably received with fair words, but with empty hands, along the coast of Uganda. I was anxious to discover the entrance of the ‘Luajerri,’ and questioned the natives long and frequently about it, until, securing an interpreter who understood the Kisawahili, we ascertained that there was no such river at all as the Luajerri, that ‘Luaserri,’ however, meant *still water*, applicable to any of the many lengthy creeks, or narrow inlets which indent the coasts of Uganda and Usugo. From this I conclude that Speke was misinformed, and that his ‘Luajerri’ is Luaserri, or a still water. At least we discovered no such river, either sluggish or quick, flowing northwards; while in the neighbourhood of ‘Murchison Creek’ I did, indeed, find a long and crooked inlet, called Mwaru-Luaserri, or the Quiet-water—which penetrated several miles inland, and the termination of which we saw. I noticed a positive tide here, I should mention, during the morning. For two hours the water of this creek flowed north, and subsequently, for two hours, it flowed south; while, on asking the people if this were a usual sight, they said it was, and was visible in all the inlets on the coast of Uganda.

“Arriving at Beyal we were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent by Mtesa to conduct us to ‘Murchison Creek,’ and on the 4th of April I landed amid a concourse of two thousand people, who saluted me with a deafening volley of musketry and waving of flags. Katakiri, the chief Mukungu, or officer, in Uganda, then conducted me to comfortable quarters, to which shortly afterwards were brought sixteen goats, ten oxen, an immense quantity of bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, besides eggs, chickens, milk, rice, ghee, and butter. After such a royal and bountiful gift I felt more curiosity than

ever to see the generous monarch; and in the afternoon, Mtesa, having prepared beforehand for my reception, sent to say that he was ready to welcome me. Issuing out of my quarters I found myself in a broad street eighty feet wide and half a mile long, which was lined by his personal guards and attendants, his captains and their respective retinues, to the number of about three thousand. At the extreme end of this street, and fronting it, was the king's audience house, in whose shadow I saw dimly the figure of the king sitting in a chair. As I advanced towards him the soldiers continued to fire their guns. The drums, sixteen in number, beat out a fearful tempest of sound, and the flags waved, until I became conscious that all this display was far beyond my merits, and consequently felt greatly embarrassed by so flattering a reception. Arrived before the audience house, the king rose—a tall and slender figure, dressed in Arab costume—approached me a few paces, held out his hand mutely, while the drums continued their terrible noise, and we stood silently gazing at each other during a few minutes, I indeed more embarrassed than ever. But soon relieved from the oppressive noise of the huge drums and the hospitable violence of the many screaming discordant fifes, I was invited to sit, Mtesa first showing the example, followed by his great captains, about one hundred in number.

“More at ease, I now surveyed the figure and features of this powerful monarch. Mtesa is about thirty-four years old, and tall and slender in build, as I have already stated, but with broad shoulders. His face is very agreeable and pleasant, and indicates intelligence and mildness. His eyes are large, his nose and mouth are a great improvement upon those of the common type of negro, and approach to the same features in the Muscat Arab, when slightly tainted with negro blood. His teeth are splendid, and gleaming white. As soon as Mtesa began to speak, I became captivated by his manner, for there was much of the polish of a true gentleman about it—it was at once amiable, graceful, and friendly. It tended to assure me that in this potentate I had found a friend, a generous king, and an intelligent ruler. He is not personally inferior to Seyd Burghash, the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, and indeed appears to me quite like a coloured gentleman who has visited European Courts, and caught a certain ease and refinement of manner, with a large amount of information. If you will recollect, however, that Mtesa is a native of Central Africa, and that he had seen but three white men until I came, you will, perhaps, be as much astonished at all this as I was. And if you will but think of the enormous extent of country he rules, extending from E. long. 34° to E. long. 31°, and from N. lat. 1° to S. lat. 3° 30', you will further perceive the immense influence he could wield towards the civilisation of Africa. Indeed, I could not regard this king, or look at him in any other light than as the possible Ethelbert by whose means the light of the Gospel may be brought to benighted Middle Africa. Un-

doubtedly the Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. There is now no daily butchery of men or women; seldom one suffers the extreme punishment. Speke and Grant left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism, submits to other laws than his own erratic will, which we are told led to such severe and fatal consequences. All his captains and chief officers observe the same creed, dress in Arab costume, and in other ways affect Arab customs. He has a guard of two hundred men—renegadoes from Baker's Expedition, Zanzibar defalcators, a few Omani, and the elect of Uganda. Behind his throne, an arm-chair of native manufacture, the royal shield-bearers, lance-bearers, and gun-bearers, stand erect and staid. On either side of him are his grand chiefs and courtiers, sons of governors of his provinces, chiefs of districts, etc. Outside the audience house, the lengthy lines of warriors begin with the chief drummer and the noisy goma-beaters; next come the screaming fifers, the flag and banner bearers, the fusiliers, and so on seemingly *ad infinitum*, with spearmen and attendants.

“ Mtesa asked a number of questions about various things, thereby showing a vast amount of curiosity, and great intelligence. The king had arrived at this camp—Usavara—fourteen days before my arrival, with all that immense army of followers, for the purpose of shooting birds. He now proposed to return, after two or three days' rest, to his capital at Ulagalla, or Uragara. Each day of my stay at Usavara was a scene of gaiety and rejoicing. On the first day after my arrival, we held a grand naval review; eighty-four canoes being under way, each manned by from thirty to forty men, containing, in the aggregate, a force of about two thousand five hundred men. We had excellent races, and witnessed various manœuvres by water. Each admiral vied with the others in extolling aloud the glory of their monarch, or in exciting admiration from the hundreds of spectators on shore. The king's three hundred wives were present *en grande tenue*, and were not the least important of those on shore. The second day the king led his fleet in person, to show me his prowess in shooting birds. We rowed, or were rather paddled, up 'Murchison Creek,' visiting *en route* a dhow he is building for the navigation of the lake, as well as his place of residence during Ramadan, and his former capital, 'Banda,' where Speke and Grant found him.

“ *En passant*, I may remark that Speke could not possibly have seen the whole of the immense bay he has denominated 'Creek.' It is true that from a short distance west of Dwaga, the king's Ramadan Palace, up to Mngono, the extremity of the water, a distance of about eight miles, it might be termed a creek, but this distance does not approach to one-half of the true bay. Indeed, I respectfully request geographers—Messrs Keith Johnston and Stanford especially—to change the name of Murchison Creek to Murchison Bay,

as one more worthy the large area of water now known by the former inappreciative title. Murchison Bay extends from N. lat.  $0^{\circ} 15'$  to N. lat.  $0^{\circ} 27'$ , and from E. long.  $32^{\circ} 53'$  to  $32^{\circ} 38'$  in extreme length. At the mouth the bay contracts to a width of four miles, but within its greatest breadth is twelve miles. Surely such a body of water—as terms go—deserves the more appropriate name of 'bay,' but I leave it to fair-judging geographers to decide. For the position of Mtesa's capital I have taken three observations, on three different days. My longitude agrees pretty closely with that of Speke's, while there is but four miles' difference of latitude.

“The third day the troops of Mtesa were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth we all marched for the Grand Capital, the Kibuga of Uganda, Ulagalla or Uragara. Mtesa is a great king. He is a monarch who would delight the soul of any intelligent European, as he would see in his black Majesty the Hope of Central Africa. He is king of Karagwe, Uganda, Unyoro, Usoga, and Usui. Each day I found something which increased my esteem and respect for him. He is fond of imitating Europeans and what he has heard of their great personages, which trait, with a little tuition, would prove of immense benefit to his country. He has prepared broad highways in the neighbourhood of his capital for the good time that is coming when some charitable European will send him any kind of a wheeled vehicle. As we approached the capital, the main road from Usavara increased in width from twenty feet to one hundred and fifty feet. When we arrived at this magnificent breadth we viewed the capital crowning an eminence commanding a most extensive view of a picturesque and rich country, all teeming with gardens of plantations and bananas, and beautiful pasture land. Of course, huts, however large, lend but little attraction to a scene, but a tall flagstaff and an immense flag proved a decided feature in the landscape. Arrived at the capital, I found that the vast collection of buildings crowning the eminence were the royal quarters, round which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city was a circular road, ranging from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, and from this radiated six or seven imposing avenues, lined with gardens and huts. The next day after arrival I was introduced to the Royal Palace in great state. None of the primitive scenes visible in Speke's book was now visible there. The guards, clothed in white cotton dresses, were by no means comical as then. The chiefs were very respectable-looking people, dressed richly in the Arab costume. The palace was a huge and lofty structure, well built of grass and cane, while tall trunks of trees upheld the roof, which was covered with cloth sheeting inside.

“On the fourth day after my arrival news came that another white man was approaching the capital from the direction of Unyoro, and on the fifth day I had the extreme pleasure of greeting Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of the Egyptian service, who had been despatched by Colonel Gordon to Mtesa,

to make a treaty of commerce between him and the Egyptian Government. The rencontre, though not so exciting as my former meeting with the venerable David Livingstone, at Ujiji, in November, 1871, still may be said to be singular and fortunate for all concerned. In Colonel de Bellefonds I met a gentleman extremely well-informed, energetic, and a great traveller. His knowledge of the countries between Uganda and Khartoum was most minute and accurate, from which I conclude that but little of the geography of Central Africa between the cataracts of the Nile and Uganda is now unknown. To that store of valuable geographical acquisitions must now be added my exploration of the Nile sources, which pour into the Nyanza; and also the new countries I have visited between the Nyanza and the Unyanyembe road. In Colonel de Bellefonds' arrival I also perceived my great good fortune, for I now had the means to despatch some reports of my geographical discoveries, and the long-delayed letters. The day after to-morrow I intend to return to Usukuma, prosecuting my geographical researches along the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza. After this I propose to march the Expedition to the Katonga valley, and thence, having paid another visit to Mtesa, I trust to march directly west for Lake Albert Nyanza, where I hope to meet with some more of the gallant subordinates of Colonel Gordon, by whom I shall be able, through their assured courtesy, to send several more letters descriptive of discoveries and adventures.

“I might protract this letter indefinitely by dwelling upon the value of the service rendered to science and the world by Ismael Pasha, but time will not allow me, nor, indeed, is it necessary, as I dare say, by this time, you have had ample proofs of what has been done by Gordon. Sir Samuel Baker, unfortunately, appears to be in bad odour with all I meet. His severity and other acts receive universal condemnation; but far be it from me to add to the ill report, and so I leave what I have heard untold. Then, briefly, thus much remains to be said. Livingstone, in his report of the Nyanza consisting of five lakes, was wrong. Speke, in his statement that the Nyanza was but one lake, was quite correct. But I believe that east of the Nyanza, or rather north-east of its coasts, there are other lakes, though they have no connection whatever with the Nyanza; nor do I suppose they can be of any great magnitude, or extend south of the equator. If you ask me why, I can only answer that in my opinion the rivers entering the Victorian Sea on the north-eastern shore do not sufficiently drain the vast area of country lying between the Great Lake and the western versant of the East-African mountain range. From the volume of the Nyanza feeders on the north-eastern side I cannot think that they extend farther than E. long. 36°, which leaves a large tract of country eastward to be drained by other means than the Nyanza. But this means may very probably be the Jub, which empties its waters into the Indian Ocean. The Sobat cannot possibly approach near the equator; this,

however, will be decided definitely by Gordon's officers. Colonel de Bellefonds informs me that the Assua, or Asha, is a mere torrent.

"When you see my chart, which will trace the course of the Luamberri and the Shimeeyu, the rivers which drain the whole of the south and south-east countries of the Nyanza, you will be better able to judge of their importance and magnitude as sources of the Nile. I expect to come upon a considerable river south-west; but all of this will be best told in my next letter.

HENRY M. STANLEY."

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to state, that the greatest depth of the Nyanza as yet ascertained by me is two hundred and seventy-five feet. I have not yet sounded the centre of the lake; this I intend to do on my return to Usukuma south."

"Mtesa's Capital, Uganda, April 14th, 1875.

"I must not forget to inform you and your readers of one very interesting subject connected with Mtesa, which will gratify many a philanthropic European and American.

"I have already told you that Mtesa and the whole of his court profess Islamism. A long time ago—some four or five years—Khamis Bin Abdullah (the only Arab who remained with me three years ago, as a rearguard, when the Arabs disgracefully fled from Mirambo) came to Uganda. He was wealthy, of noble descent, and a fine, magnificent personal appearance, and brought with him many a rich present for Mtesa, such as few Arabs could afford. The king became immediately fascinated with him, and really few white men could be long with the son of Abdullah without being charmed by his presence, his handsome proud features, his rich olive complexion, and his liberality. I confess I never saw an Arab or Mussulman who attracted me so much as Khamis Bin Abdullah, and it is no wonder that Mtesa, meeting a kindred spirit in the noble youth of Muscat, amazed at his handsome bearing, the splendour of his apparel, the display of his wealth, and the number of his slaves, fell in love with him. Khamis stayed with Mtesa a full year, during which time the king became a convert to the creed of his visitor—namely, Mohammedanism. The Arab clothed Mtesa in the best that his wardrobe offered; he gave him gold embroidered jackets, fine white shirts, crimson slippers, swords, silk sashes, daggers, and a revolving rifle, so that Speke and Grant's presents seemed of necessity insignificant.

Now, until I arrived at Mtesa's Court, the king delighted in the idea that he was a follower of Islam; but by one conversation I flatter myself that I have tumbled the newly-raised religious fabric to the ground, and, if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian mission here, the conversion of

Mtesa and his Court to Christianity would, I think be complete. I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here, that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the ten commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of Our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh that some pious, practical missionary, would come here! What a field and a harvest ripe for the sickle of civilisation! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The Bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no Church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire White race. Such a man, or men, Mtesa, King of Uganda, Usoga, Umgoro and Karagwe—a kingdom three hundred and sixty geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the Pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black Pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at two millions. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as

Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyembe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.

“With all deference I would suggest that the mission should bring to Mtesa as presents three or four suits of military clothes, decorated freely with gold embroidery; together with half-a-dozen French *kepis*, a sabre, a brace of pistols, and suitable ammunition; a good fowling-piece and rifle of good quality, for the king is not a barbarian; a cheap dinner-service of Britannia ware, an iron bedstead and counterpanes, a few pieces of cotton print, boots, etc. For trade it should also bring fine blue, black, and grey woollen cloths, a quantity of military buttons, gold braid and cord, silk cord of different colours, as well as binding; linen and sheeting for shirts, fine red blankets, and a quantity of red cloth, with a few chairs and tables. The profit arising from the sale of these things would be enormous.

“For the mission’s use it should bring with it a supply of hammers, saws, augers, chisels, axes, hatchets, adzes, carpenters’ and blacksmiths’ tools, since the Waganda are apt pupils; iron drills and powder for blasting purposes, trowels, a couple of good-sized anvils, a forge and bellows, an assortment of nails and tacks, a plough, spades, shovels, pickaxes, and a couple of light buggies as specimens, with such other small things as their own common sense would suggest to the men whom I invite. Most desirable would be an assortment of garden seed and grain; also white-lead, linsced oil, brushes, a few volumes of illustrated journals, gaudy prints, a magic lantern, rockets, and a photographic apparatus. The total cost of the whole equipment need not exceed five thousand pounds sterling.

HENRY W. STANLEY.”

Stanley refers in the foregoing letter to his interview with Colonel de Bellefonds at Mtesa’s capital. The following interesting report was made officially to the Ministry of War at Cairo, and has reference to the same interview. It appears in the form of an “Extract from Notes made by M. Linant de Bellefonds, of the staff of General Gordon, Governor-General of the Egyptian Provinces of the Equator, respecting his visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda, and his meeting of Mr. Stanley.”

“Sunday, April 11, 1875.

“We are camped at Mtesa’s capital. His residence is scarcely more than a kilomètre from the house which he has placed at my disposal. But let me not anticipate events.

“This morning a constant rain, which had fallen all the night, prevented us from setting out. At eight o’clock the rain ceased, but the wind arose,

making the trees shake their leaves and branches, so that we should have been wet through at the end of a walk of ten minutes, especially under the plantain trees, the huge arms of which are perfect reservoirs of water, which discharge themselves all at once with every blast of wind, and make perfect shower-baths for the unfortunate people who have to walk beneath. The natives of the Soudan are very much afraid of rain, and suffer greatly from it. At nine o'clock, therefore, we set forth on the march. We had to traverse many ravines where the rain water had gathered, rendering the passage somewhat difficult. We waded through muddy water above our knees. At the end of an hour of this experience we came up with the estates of the mother of king Mtesa; but the rain obliged us to seek a shelter. Besides that, we wished to make our toilette before entering the metropolis of Uganda. We therefore took possession, without any scruple, of some huts upon the side of the road.

"It was noon. The rain had ceased. An emissary from Mtesa came to bring me messages of welcome on the part of the king. Our toilette was complete. My Soudan soldiers produced the finest possible effect with their red tunics, their cartridge-cases made of leopard-skin, and their white trousers. We passed in column along the high road, the trumpets and the drums beating a lively movement. In front of us the Mtongalis echoed this with their nogaras, and waved their flags. A population of more than ten thousand people surrounded us, running hither and thither, singing, shouting, and dancing about. The effect produced was one of the most extraordinary I had ever seen. We went forward along an avenue with a breadth of from thirty to forty metres, the population still accompanying us, cross low hills and gardens. By and bye we arrived at an immense square, where a compact crowd, some sitting, others standing, waited our approach in solemn silence. Upon our arrival the nogaras, in incalculable number, united in a deafening peal. We were in the residence of the Queen Mother, and messengers succeeded each other every five minutes to bring me the salaams of Her Majesty. My own trumpets welcomed them, and it was an uproar, an inconceivable *charivari*, which did not want the charm of originality. One could see the whole country was *en fete*.

"The crowd which attended our footsteps increased more and more, but offered us no inconvenience upon our road; they left the way quite free, while dancing on either side of us, or flowing in tumultuous waves of humanity across the hillocks and cultivated places. It was one of the gayest and most festive spectacles to see this crowd, in the most curious and varied costumes, swarm all over the uplands, and then precipitate themselves like a living torrent into the streets below. Along the road a multitude of women were ranged in front of the houses, evidently admiring our *cortege*. A sorcerer, covered with a thousand odd charms, came up and harangued me;

and every now and then a courier would arrive completely out of breath, from King Mtesa. He brought me the royal salaam, which, being delivered, he would hurry back again like an arrow, not daring to stop till he laid my response at the feet of the king. At last the palace of Mtesa came in sight, built upon the north face of a hill, from which it commands a grand landscape. They told me that Mtesa was following our course with a telescope. We traversed for a quarter of an hour the avenue which led up to the royal residence, and presently arrived at the houses that were set apart for our use. All these habitations have a common fence. They contain many interior courts. My abode, specially raised for me, was exceedingly comfortable. Mtesa quite fatigued me with his salutations. Happily he now began to accompany them with something more substantial, for he sent me eggs, bananas, rice, onions, sugar-cane, and two kids—materials for a repast which outdid the best dinners of Auric at Cairo.

“Monday, April 12.

“My reception by King Mtesa was fixed for this morning, but the rain, which never ceased to fall up to noon, delayed the ceremony. At two o'clock, the weather having grown favourable, Mtesa sent me a messenger to let me know that he was ready to give me audience. Having warned my camp, every one proceeded to put on his freshest dress. When we were ready my private Soudan soldiers appeared quite superb in their red jackets and their white pantaloons. I placed myself at their head, the trumpets and drums resounding. We followed an avenue from eighty to one hundred metres broad, which led directly from north to south, and ended at the palace-gate of Mtesa. This palace now appeared in front of us, built upon an eminence which overtopped those around. On either side of the avenue were gardens surrounded by enclosures, within which were the habitations of the great captains and high functionaries. At the end of twenty-five minutes' walking we came to the true gate of the palace. We passed, one after the other, five courts, full of an endless crowd of Mtongalis, soldiers, and others. The last court serves as the habitation of the Royal executioners, whose badge of office consists of a cord of banana fibres exquisitely plaited. Upon entering this last court, a perfectly frightful hubbub of music received us; a thousand instruments, each more barbarous than the others, brayed out in our ears the most discordant and deafening sounds. The body-guard of Mtesa, equipped with guns, presented arms to me.

“The king was standing at the entrance of his reception hall. I approached him, and made the Turkish salutation. He stretched out his hand, which I took; and then I saw to the left hand of the king a European countenance tanned brown. It was a traveller, and I concluded that it must be Cameron. We observed each other without at present exchanging a word. King Mtesa now rose and walked into an inner apartment, where we followed

him. It was a corridor twelve metres in length, and four metres broad, the floor of which sloped from the entrance, the roof being supported by a series of columns of palm-wood in a central row dividing it into three aisles. The central part was occupied by the king's throne. The two side aisles were filled by the great dignitaries and the chief officers. Against each column leaned one of the king's guards, wearing a great red cloak and white turban adorned with monkey skin, white breeches, and black blouse with red bands, and all alike carrying muskets. Mtesa took his place upon the throne, which was made of wood, in the form of an office sofa. His feet rested upon a stool, which again stood upon a leopard's skin, underneath which was spread a Smyrna carpet. In front of the king an elephant's tusk, brilliantly polished, served as a royal sign, while at his feet were deposited two boxes containing fetiches. On each side of the throne was placed a lance, one made of copper and one of iron. These are the attributes of Uganda; the dog, of which Speke makes mention, appears to have been suppressed. The Grand Vizier and two scribes squatted at the feet of the king.

"Mtesa possesses much dignity, and was not without a real personal distinction. His costume was elegant. He wore a white caftan fringed with red; he had stockings, slippers, a vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, and a tarboosh with a silver plate on its top. He carried a sabre with an ivory handle encrusted with silver—a Zanzibar-made weapon—and a wand. I proceeded to exhibit my presents, which Mtesa pretended scarcely to glance at, his dignity not permitting him to appear inquisitive. I addressed myself then to the strange European who was sitting in front of me at the left of the king:—'Have I the honour to speak to Mr. Cameron?' 'No, sir; I am Stanley.' 'Permit me to introduce myself as M. Linant de Bellefonds, a member of Colonel Gordon's Expedition.' We saluted each other with a low bow, as if we had met in a *salon* and not in the heart of Africa. This meeting with Mr. Stanley profoundly surprised me. He was far from my thoughts. Indeed, I was completely unacquainted with the plan of his journey.

"I took farewell of the king, who had been amusing himself with putting my soldiers through their exercise and hearing my bugles blow. I shook hands warmly with Mr. Stanley, and begged him to do me the honour of sharing my dinner. A few moments after reaching my house, Mr. Stanley arrived there. After having mutually expressed the pleasure caused us by this *rencontre*, Mr. Stanley informed me that Cameron had written from Ujiji that he had quitted that place for the Congo. Mr. Cameron, he said, had been very much troubled by the question of supplies, having exceeded the credit allowed him by the Royal Geographical Society. At Ujiji he must have left behind all his companions, and have been quite alone. Mr. Stanley spoke in the highest possible terms of Lieutenant Cameron, and earnestly hoped to see him succeed in his undertaking.

“As for Mr. Stanley, he was travelling as the representative of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald.’ He had left Zanzibar four months before I met him, to explore the Victorian Lake. He had penetrated through the country of the Masai, and had certified the existence of a great watershed discharging into the lake from the eastern slope. Leaving at Usuvuma his camp and followers, he had embarked with ten men in a little vessel which he had conveyed along with him upon the Victoria Nyanza. He had followed and explored all the eastern side of the lake, penetrating every bay, gulf, and creek, and surveying the islands and the capes. I have studied the results of Mr. Stanley’s explorations, which are very considerable. He has shown me his sketches of some extremely curious islands that he discovered. There are a bridge island, a cave island, and an island of the Sphynx. The first presents a natural bridge of granite, with all the appearance of a work constructed by the hand of man. The second contains an enchanted grotto, like Calypso’s. The third offers the aspect of the Sphynx of Egypt. We talked together until eleven o’clock at night. Stanley is a first-rate traveller—a brave, light-hearted gentleman, a good comrade, a patient explorer, taking everything as it comes. I derived the truest pleasure from his instructive and varied conversation. He has travelled far and wide, and seen a great deal. He knows the whole world. It was four months since I had heard a single French word pronounced. It was a great pleasure, therefore, to hear Stanley talking, for, without, expressing himself with perfect accuracy, he yet talked French sufficiently well to enable us readily to converse. This meeting of two white men in the heart of Africa, was well nigh as delightful as to meet a compatriot there, and the pleasure was quite inexpressible in discovering, in my unexpected friend, a man so well known and so entirely agreeable. According to what Mr. Stanley told me, Mtesa is extremely proud of finding his capital thus visited by white men, nor does he think that the event can be accidental.”

A second part of this report was afterwards forwarded to the Egyptian Minister of War; and by his authority it was transmitted to this country, and published, like all the rest of these documents, in “The Daily Telegraph.” It gives a graphic and touching description of the parting scene between the two travellers:—

“Uganda, Thursday, April 15, 1875.

“Mr. Stanley is leaving us in order to accomplish the work of exploring the western side of the lake, thereafter intending to return to Usuvuma, to pick up his followers and the goods left at Kagehyi. I had arranged to accompany him as far as Usovora, the point of embarkation in Murchison Bay. We start together, therefore, this morning, I having lent one of my mules to my friend, and ordered ten of my soldiers to escort us.

“We commence the journey by rounding the hill upon which His Majesty

resides, and then bend our steps southward with a slight easterly inclination. All the way along our route we see gardens luxuriant with the banana and sweet potato. We have to cross a canal, into which all the mud of the country appears to have gathered; it has a breadth of forty metres at the point where we cross, and there is a bridge of rough-cut logs and branches thrown over it; but, though people on foot may find the passage rendered easier by this construction, it is badly adapted to our mules, which lose their balance on the smooth and shifting trunks, with the result of pitching into the mud and water. However, we managed to haul them out and to get ourselves over, and then, after two hours' march, we climb a hill with a steep incline. The road is bordered on both sides by impenetrable thickets, the hiding-place of leopards and hyenas, where certainly no one is likely to interfere much with the digestion of their prey. Arrived at the top of this eminence, the beautiful view makes us quickly forget all the fatigues of the ascent. Under our feet the magnificent lake stretches out, sparkling like a cloth of silver; numerous green islands, softly rounded and indented, shut in the bay with a girdle as of emeralds; while along the shore are masses of darker green dotted about, these being groves of huge timber trees, which bathe their roots and branches in the fresh and limpid wavelets of the Victoria. Eastwards a silvery riband hurries to lose itself in the lake; that is the canal which we have lately crossed. The scene is enchanting, absorbing! The heart must swell with pleasure within the breast of any admirer of natural beauty who gazes upon it. We feel a keen desire to descend and approach nearer to this lovely coast whose charms ravish us, and after a quick advance of less than an hour the ripples of the quiet Nyanza are breaking at our feet. Everybody stoops to drink of the clear water, and Mr. Stanley and I toast our respective countries in the refreshing liquid.

“ We are here at Usovava, a hunting station of King Mtesa, who frequently repairs to the spot in order to exercise his shooting-powers upon the crocodiles. Numberless huts and gardens appear around us, and among them His Majesty has a ‘shooting-box’ which covers an area of several kilometres. There is a broad approach, which Mr. Stanley christens the ‘Avenue des Champs Elysees,’ lined on each side by the dwellings of the royal guards, and it leads to the king’s abode. This approach is more than a kilometre in length, Mtesa’s lodge turning out to be a collection of huts, each encircled by a fence, while all around are scattered the lodgings for his escort. Certainly, to judge by the precautions here displayed for the royal security, His Majesty must sleep rather uneasily. We examine the king’s premises minutely, for there is nobody about, not even a watchman; and we take possession for a time of the best of the huts reserved for the royal suite when Mtesa comes to Usovava. Mr. Stanley has been promised by the king the use of thirty canoes to accompany him to Usuvuma and to bring back to

Usovara his expedition and equipments. The High-Admiral of Uganda in person is to accompany them, but it is already four o'clock, and we see nothing either of the fleet or the official. News presently arrives that the delay is caused by a sad domestic calamity which has befallen the chief of the Uganda Navy, and it turns out that, having arrived overnight near Usovara with all his female establishment, the admiral has had all his wives fetched back by order of the king, His Majesty declaring that it was highly irregular to make a pleasure-party of that which was intended as a matter of important service. To-morrow, they say, all will be in readiness.

"Mr. Stanley and I devote ourselves accordingly to a promenade along the lake, in the course of which we behold with admiration enormous trees, that might afford cover with their thick shade to five hundred people at once. Parasitical plants climb over the trunks and branches of these Titans of the forest, and if you make an incision into the bark or roots there exudes a resinous gum, which appears very similar to the 'mastic' that the Cairo women chew. The soil at the edge of the lake is a mineral detritus, rich in oxide of iron, and upon it grows closely a thick and soft moss, of yellowish green, composing a carpet as agreeable to the eye as to the foot.

"Friday, April 16.

"My bed last night left much to desire. It was made of dry grass, with a bag of potatoes for the pillow. Such was my simple couch, for, as I had intended to return before nightfall, I did not take with me the least thing in the way of coverlet. Mr. Stanley most kindly pressed upon me his 'engareb' and railway rug, but I could not think it right to rob him of them. Imperfect, however, as my sleeping arrangements were, I reposed soundly, and that in spite of mosquitoes and fleas, of which there were a few of the former, but perfect hordes of the latter.

"At four in the morning, the squadron which was to escort my friend down the lake made its appearance; and assuredly the vessels of King Mtesa are curious, if not imposing. Each canoe is about ten to twelve metres in length, with a beam of one or one and a half. It is made up of many lengths of hewn plank, fastened by withes of osier, the seams being caulked with bark and mud. As a consequence of this very defective method of construction, the Wagandas have never been able to make themselves masters of the island of Uvuma. As soon as any war-canoe approaches that place, the islanders rush forth into the water, armed with knives, swim to the vessel, dive under it, and cut the withes which hold the affair together. The canoe thus falls apart, and its crew perish, either by drowning, or by the weapons of the Wavumas. The shape of these Waganda canoes resembles that of the Venetian gondola. The stern has a high sheer, and forms the seat of the helmsman who steers with a paddle, sweeping it now to the right, now to the left, according to the course which he desires to take. The stem-piece is

rounded and gracefully bent into the form of a swan's neck, two antelope horns being fixed upon it, so that, what with the long curved neck and the horns, a very strange effect is produced, especially when the boat is coming on; almost, in fact, as if some antediluvian creature were gliding towards you over the waters, and raising its head watchfully on high to follow some prey upon which it means to dart. None of these craft carries sails, and, indeed, the use of the latter is unknown among the Waganda. The boats are propelled by paddles, the crew sitting two by two, and varying in number from fourteen to twenty-four, in accordance with the size of the boat.

"A considerable division of the promised fleet having now arrived, we resolved to make a preliminary excursion upon the bay. Mr Stanley ordered his vessel, the 'Lady Alice,' to be got in readiness. She is a beautiful little craft, built of cedar, and constructed in water-tight sections, so as to be readily taken to pieces and put together again. I went on board with my companion, and all the canoes started at the same time, vying with each other to be ahead. They soon outstripped us, and then set to work paddling round the 'Lady Alice,' like so many tritons. On board one of them was the admiral, and the official drum of that magnate kept noisily beating, at one time commanding the fleet to gather about the 'flag-canoë,' at another sending them off, helter-skelter, in all directions. On one side stretched the boundless surface of the Nyanza, on the other extended the shore which we had just left, presenting together the gayest and most charming spectacle imaginable. The knolls and hillocks round the lake, each covered with a robe of tender green, and bathing its base in the shining waves, suggested so many water-goddesses reclining on the sunlit grass, and dabbling their feet in the cool and limpid ripples. I, indeed, was off and away in fancy, a thousand leagues from life's realities; and both Stanley and myself sat wrapped in a long silence, trying to satiate our eyes and minds—without succeeding—upon those prodigal glories of Nature which stretched far and wide about us.

"Unhappily, after returning to camp, I was seized with a frightful attack of neuralgia, and am sadly afraid that I must have proved a far from agreeable associate for my good friend during the remainder of that day. Mr. Stanley and the Admiral of the Uganda fleet had fixed upon the following morning for their start, but that naval worthy was meanwhile in despair, not having heard a word about his confiscated wives. It was too much to be feared, indeed that his Majesty had added them pell-mell to that division of his forces in which the effective list perpetually exceeds the estimates."

"April 17.

"I have passed a horrible night. A most pitiless headache prevented me from snatching a moment of repose until daybreak. From the time when I lay down to three in the morning I tried to get sleep, reclining upon the

moss by the side of the lake, and breathing the cool air from the water. The night was glorious, and my soldiers spent most of it in chatting and joking by the shore, or taking dips in the calm surface in spite of the crocodiles; they had, in truth, a lively interest in a certain hind-quarter of mutton which they were roasting whole over a fire upon a sharpened stake. At three in the morning their banquet was about ready, and just then I rose and went back to the huts, where Stanley was sleeping soundly; shortly afterwards, fatigue overpowering my headache, I too managed to close my eyes, and slumbered till five o'clock.

“At that hour the drums woke me, striking up on board the Waganda fleet, which was assembling to convoy my friend. He and I very soon made our toilettes; the ‘Lady Aliee’ was got ready, the luggage, sheep, kids, chickens, and everything placed on board. It only remained to hoist the Anglo-American flag, and turn the vessel’s head to the far South. I went down with him to the side of his craft, and then we pressed hands together and mutually commended each other to the protection of Heaven. Stanley stepped on board and took the helm; the ‘Lady Aliee’ curveted and danced like a highbred steed, and then darted away, with the Victorian wavelets foaming white under her bows. The flag over my friend’s head flew proudly out in the African breeze, and I saluted it with all my guns. If not an imposing salvo, let me say that it never was saluted with more hearty good-will. Farther and farther flew the pretty ‘Lady Alice.’ We waved our hands and handkerchiefs in token of last adieu, and—I confess it—my heart was full. I felt as one that has parted with a brother, for I had already grown fond of Stanley as a fine-hearted fellow, a frank, excellent comrade, and a first-rate traveller. In his society I had forgotten my fatigues; and then, too, till I met him, I had not spoken one single word of French for four months. Our encounter had thus produced for me almost the effect of a return to my native land. His conversation—amusing, pleasant, and instructive—made the hours of our friendship pass like minutes. I do hope to see him again, and to spend many a happy day with him.

“We turned aside from the waters which had just borne him far away, and nobody seemed in the mood for chatter, so that we all followed in silence the road to Ulagala. I arrived at Dubaga at eleven o'clock, and there heard that the greater part of my soldiers were down with fever—that no provisions had been sent during my absence, and that four of our cows had been lost by the herdsmen. The chief offender received a hundred blows of the stick, as he was suspected of having sold the animals, and I wrote to Mtesa that my people were suffering of hunger. I demanded at the same time an authorization to return to Foweira; an answer to which soon came in the form of twelve cows and a quantity of eggs. My headache returning, I went directly to bed.”

“ April 18.

“ This morning I visited Mtesa. Audience was given me in private within one of the side huts of the royal *enceinte*. I had brought with me a pair of shoes, for which the king had particularly begged; it was the only spare pair I possessed, and I presented them with concealed regret. A distinguished deputation arrived while I was there. It was composed of Wagan-das, who had been brought up along with His Majesty, in number about two hundred. These personages drew themselves together in line before the king's hut, each bearing a bundle of dry reeds, which he rattled while uttering noisy compliments. Their leader, armed with two spears and a shield, ran up and down the line meantime; capering and flying hither and thither amid the most grotesque gambadoes. This exercise lasted a quarter of an hour, after which the entire company prostrated themselves flat on their bellies, and violently ‘nyanzigged.’ Then the chief performer, trailing himself along upon his abdomen like a reptile, humbly entered the hut, and approached to kiss the feet of the king; after which he made a dumb-show of devoted valour by wildly advancing and retiring, attacking and defending, as if in deadly combat. These signs of loyalty, it is true, looked wonderfully like an impending assault upon His Majesty, but such is the fashion; and when the troop had gone through the same movements, it withdrew precipitately.

“ A man was next introduced into the presence, who led a magnificent leopard, a cord being attached to the neck of the creature. He halted in front of Mtesa, and went through various exercises common to beast-tamers. The leopard was, in truth, wonderfully trained; but I told the king that our lion-tamers go boldly into the dens containing wild beasts, quite loose, and then and there put them through all kinds of tricks. This seemed greatly to astonish him, for he had counted apparently upon quite surprising me by the sight of this tamed leopard. In the course of the audience the sister of Mtesa made her appearance. She had arranged for a special interview, in order to study at leisure the white man, and for this purpose took up a recumbent position at the feet of His Majesty. Mtesa asked me, among other things, if he could have a house of stone built for his use in Uganda. Now, the Uganda stone will not do for building, as I replied; but I explained to him the nature of mason's work, and all about lime and mortar. I told him that lime might be had from the innumerable shells which cover the soil, and that he could have a brick palace built. Upon that the dialogue thus continued:—‘ How long would it take to make me such a residence?’—‘ Ten or twelve months.’ ‘ But, if I give you plenty of people, could you not build me one in a single month?’—‘ No, king! You can make a boat in a month, yet, if you were to set going ever so many workmen, could you finish it off in one hour?’—‘ No! I could not.’ ‘ It is the same, then, with a house.’ I then claimed from Mtesa the ‘ Khotarias ’ of Abou Bekr, who ran away; for

I could not leave about the king such rebels as would cheat him to-morrow, as they deserted their leaders yesterday. His Majesty promised to send them to my camp, whither in the afternoon he forwarded a good supply of bananas, eggs, and flour."

Stanley's next communication was written in May, 1875, after he had circumnavigated Lake Victoria Nyanza, and proved it to be what Speke, the first of modern travellers who sighted it, considered it to be, but what Livingstone doubted, one vast inland sea. The little 'Lady Alice,' dancing joyously over those pale-blue waves, after her long and unnatural journey through the thick forest, has at length settled the question for ever; and science knows now, that Speke's discovery was one of the grandest ever made in Africa. Stanley's chart of the lake, based on his voyage, presents a sea of rhomboidal outline, about two hundred and thirty miles long by some one hundred and eighty broad, the coasts of which, going eastward from the extreme south at Kagehyi, right round to S.S.W., are perfectly defined, and thickly filled in with names of districts, villages, and rivers. The result of this notable voyage is, as we have said, that the Victoria Nyanza stands displayed as one large and splendid inland sea, receiving from the mouth of the Shimeeyu, and from the west by the Kitangule, the drainage of an enormous watershed; and that the gallant Speke obtains, by the present revelation, that posthumous honour which he so well deserved. Brave as a lion, patient as a lamb, gentle and modest as he was true and good, he is now placed for ever in the first rank of the pioneers of civilisation. Stanley's letter will be read with the deepest interest:—

"Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi,  
Country of Usukuma, May 15, 1875.

"By the aid of the enclosed map, you will be able to understand the positions and places of the countries mentioned in my last, and of some which I shall be obliged to describe in this letter. It is needless to go over the same ground I described in my letter from Uganda; but since I send you a map, it will be no labour lost again to sketch briefly the characteristics of the countries lying east between Usukuma and Uganda.

"Between the district of Uchambi, which is in Usukuma, and the Shimeeyu River, the principal affluent of the Nyanza, lie the pretty districts of Sima and Magu, governed by independent chiefs. On the eastern side of the Shimeeyu is Maganza, a rugged and hilly country, thinly populated, and the resort of the elephant hunters. Beyond Maganza the coast is formed by Manasu, a country similar in feature to Maganza, abounding in elephants. This extends to the eastern extremity of Speke Gulf, when we behold a complete change in the landscape. The land suddenly sinks down into a flat marshy country, as if Speke Gulf formerly had extended many miles inland, and I have little doubt, but rather feel convinced, it did. This country is

called Wiregedi, peopled by savages who have little or no intercourse with Usukuma, but are mostly morosely exclusive, and disposed to take advantage of their strength to rob strangers who visit them. Wiregedi is drained by the Ruana, which discharges itself into Speke Gulf by two mouths. It is a powerful stream, conveying a vast quantity of water to the Gulf, but in importance not to be mentioned in the same category as the Shimeeyu and the Kagera, the two principal affluents of Lake Victoria. Speke Gulf at its eastern extremity is about twelve miles in width. Opposed to the hilly ranges of Manasu and Maganza are the sterile naked mountains and plains of Shashi, Uramba, and Ururi. The plains which separate each from the other are as devoid of vegetation as the Isthmus of Suez; a thin line only, bordering the lake, is green with bush and cane. The gulf, as we proceed west from Ururi, is shored by the great island of Ukerewe, a country blessed with verdure and plenty, and rich in herds of cattle and ivory. A narrow strait, called the Rugeshi, separates Ukerewe from Ururi. The Wakereweh are an enterprising and commercial people, and the king, Lukongeh, is a most amiable man. The Wakereweh possess numerous islands—Nifuah, Wezi, Irangara, Kamassi, etc., are all inhabited by them. Their canoes are seen along Ugeyeya, Usongora, and Uzuiza; and to the tribes in the far interior they have given, by their activity and commercial fellowship, a name to the entire Victoria Nyanza.

“ Rounding Ukerewe, we pass on our left the island of Ukara, and sailing past Shizu and Kiveru, come to the northern end of Rugeshi Strait, from which we see the towering table mountain of Majita, or Mazita, a little north-east of us, the mountains of Ururi and Iramba rising in our front. I mentioned to you in one of my letters that Speke described Majita as an island, and that I, standing on the same spot, would do so likewise, if I had no other proof than my own conjecture. As we approached Majita we saw the reason of this delusion. The table mountain of Majita is about three thousand feet in altitude above the lake, while on all sides of it, except the lake side at the base, are low brown plains, which rise but a few feet above the water. It is the same case with Ururi, Uramba, and Shashi. At a distance I thought them islands, until I arrived close upon them. On the northern side of this eminence the brown plain extends far inland, and I do believe a great plain or a series of plains bounds the lake countries east, for we have similar landscapes distant or near, everywhere. In endeavouring to measure the extent of this plain I am compelled to think of Ugogo, for as we traversed its northern frontier we saw each day, stretching north, the barren thorn-covered plain of Uhumba. On leaving Iramba we came again in view of a portion of it, more recently covered with water, under the name of the Luwamberri Plain. As we journeyed through Usmaow we saw from many a ridge the plain extending north. That part of the plain lying between Ururi and the lake is, of

course, drained by the Luwamberri, the Monunguh, and the Duma rivers, and discharged into the Nyanza under the name of the Shimeeyu. But north-east of the Shimeeyu's mouth imagine the land heaved into a low, broad, and lengthy ridge, forming another basin drained by the Ruana, and still another drained by the Mara, and again another by the Mori, etc. If we ask the natives what lies beyond the immediate lake lands, we are assured, unhesitatingly, 'Mbuiga tu,' 'Only a plain.'

"From Majita north we sail along the coast of Ururi, a country remarkable for its wealth of cattle and fine pastoral lands. It is divided into several districts, whose names you will find marked on the map. Molunu and Shirati, low, flat, and wooded districts of Ururi, separate this country from Ugeyeya, the land of so many fables and wonders, the Eldorado of ivory seekers, and the source of wealth for slave hunters. Our first view of it, while we cross the Bay of Kavirondo, is of a series of tall mountains, and of a mountainous projection, which latter from a distance we take to be a promontory, but which on a nearer view turns out to be an island, bearing a tall mountain on its back. At the north-eastern extremity of this bay is Gori River, which rises north-east, near Kavi—no important stream, but one that grows during the rainy season to large breadth and depth. Far east beyond the Nyanza, for twenty-five days' march the country is here said to be one continuous plain, low hills rising now and again dotting the surface, a scrubby land, though well adapted for pasture and cattle, of which the natives possess vast herds. About fifteen days' march east, the people report a region wherein low hills spout smoke, and sometimes fire. This wonderful district is called Susa, and is situated in the Masai Land. All combine in saying that no stream runs north, but that all waters come into the Nyanza—for at least twenty days' march. Beyond this distance the natives report a small lake, from which issues a stream flowing towards the (?) Pangain.

"Continuing on our way north we pass between the Island Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the 'Lady Alice' seems to crawl like a tiny insect, while we on board admire the stupendous summits, and wonder at the deathly silence which prevails in this solitude, where the boisterous winds are hushed, and the turbulent waves are as tranquil as a summer's dream. The natives as they pass regard this spot with superstition, as well they may, for the silent majesty of those dumb tall mountains awes the very storms to peace. Let the tempests bluster as they may on the spacious main, beyond this cape, in this nook, sheltered by tall Ugingo Isle and lofty Goshi on the mainland, they inspire no fear. It is this pleasant refuge which Goshi promises the distressed canoe-men, that causes them to sing praises of the bold headland, and to cheer one another, when wearied and benighted, with the cry, that 'Goshi is near to protect them.'

"Sailing between and out from among the clustering islands, we leave

Wategi behind, and steer towards two low isolated islands not far from the mainland, for a quiet night's rest; and there, under the overspreading branches of a mangrove tree, we dream of unquiet waters and angry surfs and threatening rocks, to find ourselves next morning tied to an islet which, from its peculiarity, I have named Bridge Island, though its native name is Kihwa. While seeking a road to ascend the island to take bearings, I discovered there a natural bridge of basalt, about twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth, under which the traveller might repose comfortably, and from one side see the waves lashed to fury, and spending their strength on the stubborn rocks that form the foundation of the arch, while from the other he could behold his boat secure under the lee of the land, resting on a serene and placid surface, and shaded by mangrove branches from the hot sun of the Equator. Its neighbour is remarkable only for a small cave, the haunt of fishermen. From the summit of Bridge Island the view eastward takes in all Masavi as far as Nakidimo, and discovers only a flat and slightly-wooded district, varied at intervals by isolated cones; while northward, at the distance of twenty miles or more, we remark that the land makes a bold and long stretch eastward. Knowing now, however, by experience, that the appearance of the coast is deceptive, we hoist our sail, and scud merrily before a freshening breeze, by-and-by hugging the coast again, lest it should rob us of some rarity or wonder. At noon I found myself under the Equator, and four miles north I came to discoloured water and a slight current flowing south of west. Seeing a small bay of sufficient breadth to make a great river, and no land at its eastern extremity, I made sure I had discovered a river which would rival the Shimeeyu; but within an hour land all round revealed the limit and extent of the Bay of Nakidimo. We anchored close to a village, and began to court the attention of some wild-looking fishermen, but the nude barbarians merely stared at us from under penthouses of hair, and hastily stole away to tell their wives and relatives of how suddenly an apparition in the shape of a boat with white wings had come before them, bearing strange men with red caps on their heads, except one—a pale skinned man, clad in white, whose face was as red as blood—and he, jabbering something unintelligible, so frightened them that they ran away. This will become a pleasant tradition, one added to the many marvels now told in Ugeyeya, which, with the art of embellishment inherent in the tongue of the wondering awe-struck savage, may grow in time to be the most wonderful of all wonders.

“Perceiving that our proffered courtesies were thus rudely rejected, we also stole out of the snug bay, and passed round to another much larger and more important. At its extremity a river issued into the bight, which, by long and patient talk with the timid natives, we ascertained to be the Ugowch. In this the hippos were as bold as the human savages were timid, and to a couple of the amphibious monsters we had to induce the ‘Lady

Alice' to show lighter heels in retreat than even the savages of Nakidimo had shown to us. These hippopotami would afford rare sport in a boat specially built for killing them; then they might splinter her sides with their tusks, and bellow and kick to their utmost; but the 'Lady Alice,' if I can help it, with her delicate skin of cedar and ribs of slender hickory, shall never come in close contact with the iron-hard ivory of the rude hippopotamus; for she would be splintered into matches, and crushed up like an egg before one could say a word, and then the hungry crocodiles would leisurely digest us. The explorer's task, to my mind, is a far nobler one than hunting sea-horses; and our gallant cedar boat has many a thousand miles to travel yet before she has performed her task. The still unknown expanse of the Victoria Nyanza, northward and westward, and again south-westward, still invited us and her to view its delights and wonders of Nature. The stormy Lake Albert, and the stormier Tanganyika, though yet distant, woo us to ride on their waves; and far Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo, with the Lincoln Lakes, promise us fair prospects, and as rich rewards, if we can only bide the buffets of the tempests, the fevers of the swamp and forest, and the brunt of savage hostility and ignorance till then. Shall we forego the vantage of all this rich harvest and acquisition of knowledge for an hour's fierce pleasure with the ugly but formidable hippopotamus? Not by my election or consent. Let the admirers of 'sport at any price' call it faint-heartedness, or even a harsher name, if they will—I call it prudence. Yet I have for them an adventure with a river-horse—a cowardly, dull-witted, fat-brained hippo. I can abuse him savagely in your columns—for his brothers in Europe, thank Fortune, do not read 'The Telegraph' or the 'Herald'—without fear of a civil or criminal suit for libel. I say I have a story of one to tell some day, when I have no higher things to write of, which will warm all your young bloods; and I have had another interview with a lion, or I might put it, a herd of lions, just as exciting. But these must remain untold, until I camp under the palms of Ujiji again, with half my work done, and my other half still beckoning me forward. Let us pass on, therefore, to our subject, and the place where I left off—namely, cowardlike running away from a pair of bull hippos. I am not certain they were bulls either, though they were big ones, sure enough.

“ We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Mahata, where we saw such a dense population, and clusters of large villages, as we had not beheld elsewhere. We thought we would make one more effort to learn of the natives the names of some of these villages, and for that purpose steered for a cove on the western shore of Mahata. We anchored within fifty yards of the shore, and so paid out our cable that but a few feet of deep water separated us from the beach. Some half-a-dozen men, wearing small land-shells above their elbows, and a circle of them round their heads, came to the brink.

With these we opened a friendly conversation, during which they disclosed the name of the country as 'Mahata' or 'Mabeta' in Ugeyeya; more they would not communicate until we should land. We prepared to do this, but the numbers on the shore increased so fast that we were compelled to pull off again until they should moderate their excitement and make room. They seemed to think we were about to pull off altogether, for suddenly appeared out of the bush, on each side of the spot where we had intended to land, such a host of spears that we hoisted our sail, and left them to try their treachery on some other boat or canoe more imprudent than ours. The discomfited people were seen to consult together on a small ridge behind the bush lining the lake, and no doubt they thought we were about to pass close to a small point at the north end of the cove, for they shouted gleefully at the prospect of a prize; but, lowering the sail, we pulled to windward, far out of the reach of bow or sling, and at dusk made for a small island, to which we moored our boat, and there camped in security.

"Next day we continued on our course, coasted along Nidura and Wangano, and sailed into the bay which forms the north-eastern extremity of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Manyara, on the eastern side of the bay, is a land of bold hills and ridges, while the very north-eastern end, through which issues the Ygama River into the Nyanza, is flat. The opposite coast to Munyara is that of Muwanda and the promontory of Chaga, while the great slug-like island of Usuguru, standing from west to east across the mouth of the bay, shuts the bay almost entirely in. At Muwanda we again trusted our fortunes with the natives, and were this time not deceived, so that we were enabled to lay in quite a stock of vegetables and provisions at a cheap rate. They gave us all the information we desired. Baringo, they said, is the name applied by the people of Ugana to Nduru, a district of Ugeycya, and the bay on which our boat rode, the extreme end of the lake; nor did they know, nor had they heard of any lake, large or small, other than the Nyanza. I have described the coast from Muwanda to Uganda, and my visit to Mtesa, together with my happy encounter with Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of Gordon's staff, at some length, so need not go over the same ground. The day after my last letter was written I made arrangements with the king of Uganda, by which he agreed to lend me thirty canoes, and some five hundred men, to convey the Expedition from Usukuma to the Katonga River. With this promise, and ten large canoes as an earnest of it, I started from Murchison Bay on April 17. We kept company as far as the Katonga River, but here the chief captain of the Waganda said that he should have to cross over to Sasse, distant twelve miles from the mainland, and the largest island in the Lake Nyanza, to procure the remaining twenty canoes promised by Mtesa. The chief gave me two canoes to accompany me, promising that I should be overtaken by the entire fleet before many days. I was impatient

to continue my survey of the lake, and to reach Usukuma, having been so long absent from the Expedition, during which time many things contrary to my success and peace of mind might have occurred.

“ I took my observations twice a day, with a sea horizon—one at noon for latitude, and one in the afternoon for longitude—and I am sorry to say that if I am right, Speke is about fourteen miles wrong in his latitude along the whole coast of Uganda. The mouth of the Katongo River, for instance, according to his map, is a little south of the Equator. I have made it by meridian altitude, observed April 20, to be in N. latitude  $0^{\circ} 16' 0''$ . Thus it is nearly with all his latitudes. His longitudes and mine vary but little; but this is easily accounted for. The longitude of any position can be taken with a chronometer, sextant, and artificial horizon, with the same accuracy on land as on sea. If there is any difference it is very likely to exist in the error of the chronometers. What instruments Speke possessed to obtain his latitudes I know not, but if he found the altitude of the sun ascending above  $65^{\circ}$  he could never obtain it with an ordinary sextant except by double altitude, and that method is not so exact as taking a simple meridian on a quiet lake, with an ample horizon of water. But there are various methods of determining one's latitude, and Speke was familiar with many. My positions all round the lake have been determined with a sea horizon. When near noon my plan was, if the lake was rough, to seek the nearest island or a quiet cape at the extremity of a bay, and there take my observations as deliberately as though my life depended on their accuracy. But this task was, indeed, a work of pleasure for me, and I have found a rich reward for most of my pains and stormy life on this lake in looking at the fair extent of chart-work on the blank space of my map, with all its bends, curves, inlets, creeks, bays, capes, debouchures of rivers, now surely known by the name of Victoria Nyanza. Any errors which may have crept into my calculations will be determined by competent authorities on my return from Africa, or on the arrival of my papers in Europe. Meantime I send my map as I have made it.

“ The Katonga is not a large river, and has but one mouth. The Amionzi River empties itself into the Nyanza, about eight miles W.S.W. of the Katonga. Ugunga stretches to the Kagerah, situated in S. lat.  $0^{\circ} 40'$ . On the south side of the river begins Usongora, extending to S. lat.  $1^{\circ}$ . South of  $1^{\circ}$  is Kamiru, extending to S. lat.  $1^{\circ} 15'$ . Thence is Uwya, with a country folk similar in enterprise to Ukerewe's people. Beyond Uwya is Uzinja, or Uzinza, called by the Wanyamwezi, Mweri. Uzinja continues as far south as Jordan's Nullah, and east of it is Usukuma again, while one day's sail from Jordan's Nullah we pass Muanza, which Speke reached in 1858, and this brings us home to Kagehyi, and to our camp, where we are greeted joyfully by such as live, having, however, to mourn the poor fellows who, in our absence, have been hurried by disease to untimely graves. I must be brief in what I

have to say now. I did think to make this a long letter, but Singoro's slave, who carries it, is in a hurry to go, as his caravan has already started. My next letter must continue this from the Kagera River, called in Karagwe the Kitangule, and it shall describe some foul adventures that we went through, which caused us to appear in a wretched condition to our Expedition. Though our condition was so wretched, it was not half so bad, nevertheless, as it would have been had we returned two days later, for I doubt much whether I should have had an Expedition to command at all. I had been absent too long, and our fight with the Wavuma had been magnified and enlarged by native rumour to such a pitch that Wolseley's victory at Ardahsu was as nothing to ours, for it had been said that we had destroyed a whole fleet of canoes, not one of which had escaped, and that some other tribe or tribes had collected a force, overtaken us, and destroyed us in like manner—an incredible story, which had, however, so won upon a faction of my soldiers, that they had determined to return to Unyanyembe, and thence to Zanzibar. But God has been with us here, and on the lake, and, though we have suffered some misfortunes, he has protected us from greater ones.

“We had been absent from camp fifty-eight days, during which we had surveyed in our brave little boat over one thousand miles of lake shores; but a part of the south-west coast has yet to be explored. We shall not leave the Nyanza, however, until we have thoroughly done our work. I returned to find also that one of my two remaining white companions, Frederick Barker, of the Langham Hotel, London, had died on the 23rd April, twelve days before I reappeared at Kagehyi. His disease was, as near as I can make it out from Frank Pocock's description, a congestive chill—that at least is the term applied to it in the United States. Pocock calls it ‘cold fits’—a term every whit, I believe, as appropriate. I have known several die of these ‘cold fits,’ or aguish attacks—the preliminary symptoms of very severe attacks of intermittent fever. These aguish attacks, however, sometimes kill the patient before the fever arrives which generally follows the warning. The lips grow blue, the face bears the appearance of one who is frozen, the blood becomes as it were congealed, the pulse stops, and death ensues. There are various methods of quickening the blood and reviving the patient, however; an excellent one is to plunge him into a vapour or hot water and mustard bath, and apply restoratives—brandy, hot tea, etc.; but Pocock was not experienced in this case, though he gave Barker some brandy when first he lay down, after feeling a slight nausea and chill. It appears by his comrade's report that he did not afterwards live an hour. Frederick Barker suffered from one of these severe aguish attacks in Ururi, but brandy and hot tea quickly given to him soon brought him to that state which promises recovery. Thus two out of my four white men are dead. I wonder, who next? Death cries, Who next? and perhaps our several friends will sadly and kindly ask, Who next? No matter

who it is. We could not better ourselves by attempting to fly from this fatal land; for between us and the sea are seven hundred miles of as sickly a country as any in Africa. The prospect is fairer in front, though there are in that direction some three thousand miles more to tramp. We have, however, new and wonderful unknown tracts before us, whose marvels and mysteries shall be a medicine which will make us laugh at fever and death.

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

The following communication from Captain George, the Curator of Maps and Instruments to the Royal Geographical Society, concerning the height of Lake Victoria Nyanza, as determined by Mr. Stanley, agrees so closely with Captain Speke's result, that it must create a favourable impression on scientific geographers:—“Height of Lake Victoria Nyanza—The great pleasure every geographer will naturally take in the new discoveries of Mr. H. Stanley has induced me at once to look into his observations for the height of the lake. The readings of his instruments, though few, are very satisfactory. The aneroids appear to have rather a large index error, but as it is not precisely given, they must stand over for the present. The boiling-point observations, by two instruments of different makers, are to be preferred. From the fact of Captain Speke and Mr. Stanley observing near the same spot, and with the same class of instruments, their observations can fairly be compared. The same method and tables have therefore been used for both observers—viz., the Meteorological Tables by A. Guyot—with the following results:—

Captain Speke, on his map, gives.....3,740 feet.

Mr. Stanley's observations give.....3,808 “

Difference..... 68 “

And this difference may be greatly reduced when the Kew verification has been ascertained.

C. GEORGE, Staff Commander, R.N., Curator of Maps and Instruments to the Royal Geographical Society.”

Referring to Stanley and his work, as it is recorded in the letters he has sent home, the “Christian World” says:—“Mr. Stanley, the newspaper correspondent who was at one time treated with such supreme contempt by a section of learned society here in England, had, doubtless, certain features pertaining to his character, as well as to his culture, which exposed him somewhat to the barbed shafts of scientific scorn. But the meeting with the greatest of African travellers seems to have excited in his bosom a generous ambition; and we suspect that the jealousy provoked among the *savants* by

his discovery of Dr. Livingstone did not a little to spur him on in his new-born purpose to become himself a great African explorer. Be this as it may, he would appear to be in the fair way, should his life be spared, of doing much good work, and of rising to a position of such real eminence as few of his former detractors are ever likely to attain. When he set out on his present Expedition, Mr. Stanley had for his earliest object the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza, which still remains but very partially known. We now learn that he has reached that great reservoir of the Nile, and the account of his remarkable journey thither, across the uplands of Central Africa, has an interest not only for the general public, but also for geographers and other students of science. From Mpapwa, on the Unyanyembe road to Kagehyi, the village in Northern Usukuma where he encamped beside the Great Lake, the route chosen by him, lying far eastward of the path pursued by Speke, was until to-day a blank upon our maps. He has the merit of bringing into the light a great tract of country previously unknown to science; and this feat he has not achieved without forcing his way through fearful obstacles. We knew from the first that he must be a brave and enterprising man, not easily daunted by difficulty; but we now learn that he is the possessor of still higher qualities, uniting an organising and ruling faculty of a high order with rare magnanimity. Through deadly jungles, and still deadlier tribes of jealous and covetous natives, he had to storm his way, every mile almost costing a life. Dysentery, famine, fevers, and fighting, laid low one hundred and fifty-four men out of a force of about three hundred; and we regret to learn that among those who succumbed was the young Kentish sailor, Edward Pocock, one of two brothers who went with Mr. Stanley, and whose uncle perished with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, being at the time the great explorer's coxswain.

“If the Expedition had not been led with remarkable dexterity, it seems probable that not one of the three hundred would ever have reached the Victorian Sea; and when we read of all the dangers that beset them on the way, we marvel to learn that the stores and equipments were still ample, and that they had carried the little steamship, the ‘Lady Alice,’ in safety, through the seven hundred and twenty miles of African wilderness. That swift and adventurous march across the Forest Plateau, is one of the heroic deeds that will live in history. It was achieved, including all haltings and fightings, in one hundred and three days, being, for one thing, the swiftest bit of work of the kind that was ever done. Leaving his camp at Kagehyi, under Francis Pocock, Mr. Stanley explored all the eastern and northern coasts of the great lake around to Mtesa's city, at the mouth of the Victoria Nile. Returning by the west shore, he found that another of his white companions, Frederick Barker, had died. His observations, taken with great care, showed that the Victoria Nyanza lies at an altitude even exceeding that estimated by Speke—

a correction which strengthens the likelihood that it is one of the great fountains of the Nile, and makes it certain that Speke's discovery was one of the grandest ever made in Africa. Mr. Stanley calculates that the sea is two hundred and thirty miles long by one hundred and eighty broad; and in the map which he has constructed and sent home the coast-line is studded with names of districts, villages, and rivers. This map will be exhibited and discussed at the first meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. After 'settling' the south-western corner of the great inland sea, it was Mr. Stanley's purpose to transport his men and stores to the Kagera or Katongo River, on its western shore, and thence, crossing the Unyoro country, to address himself to the fresh task of solving the great problem of the Albert Nyanza, of which only a mere fragment has been mapped. At his latest writing, on the 15th of May last, he reports himself as well equipped for at least two years more. His next letter, if we are ever to hear from Stanley again, will be looked for with anxious expectancy by the people, both of England and America."

The Royal Geographical Society has again and again noticed in a very marked and flattering manner the labours of the distinguished traveller. At the opening of the forty-sixth session, the chairman, Sir H. C. Rawlinson, said, in the course of his address, which was received with great enthusiasm, "In my anniversary address of last May, I ventured to anticipate, from Mr. Stanley's well-known intrepidity and determination, that being once launched into the interior of Africa, with means and appliances of the most extensive and efficient character, it would not be long before he had resolved the doubts which have existed since the first discovery of the Victoria Nyanza as to the true nature of that great Nile reservoir—that is, as to whether it was one large sea studded with islands, as maintained by the first discoverers, Captain Speke and Colonel Grant, or whether it was a mere collection of lagoons, as suggested by Captain Burton and Dr. Livingstone, on the strength of native information. This anticipation has now been realised, and I am enabled, through the kindness of the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald,' to exhibit to this evening's meeting a complete chart of the lake, as delineated by Mr. Stanley, who for the first time has almost circumnavigated its shores. The narrative of Mr. Stanley's cruise round the northern and western shores of the lakes, which was entrusted to M. Linant de Bellefonds, whom he met at Mtesa's capital on a mission from Colonel Gordon, has been published in the columns of 'The Daily Telegraph' only this morning. The other letters, however, despatched *via* Zanzibar, and published some weeks ago, have acquainted us with all the main features of this most remarkable journey, which I proceed accordingly to recapitulate. Mr. Stanley, it appears, did not follow the high road from the coast to Unyan-yembe, but struck a track further to the east, probably the same by which

Mtesa's messengers had previously travelled from Uganda to Zanzibar, and thus reached in one hundred and three days, including halts, the southern shore of the lake, distance seven hundred and thirty miles from Bagamoyo, having fought a severe battle with the natives on the way, and having also discovered and followed to the lake a new river, the Shimeeyu, which rises some three hundred miles beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and is thus, as far as our present information extends, the true southern source of the White Nile.

“Embarking at a short distance to the east of the Jordan's Nullah of Speke in a portable boat, called the ‘Lady Alice,’ which accompanied the Expedition from England, Mr. Stanley, with a portion of his followers, succeeded in tracing the sinuous shores of the lake along its southern, eastern, and northern sides to Mtesa's capital at Uganda. His description of this very considerable extent of new country—for we knew nothing of it before except from native information—is full of interest to the geographer, and would have entitled Mr. Stanley to a very high place among African discoverers if his explorations had been confined to this single voyage. From Mtesa's capital at Uganda Mr. Stanley followed the western shores of the lake to the River Kagera, the Kitangule of Speke, and then seems to have struck across direct to his station on the shore of Usukuma, leaving the south-western corner of the sea for subsequent explorations. His circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza covered about one thousand miles, and seems to have been verified throughout by a careful series of observations for latitude and longitude. Pending the examination of the register of these observations we cannot affirm that the positions, as laid down on the map, and which differ slightly from Speke's positions, are rigidly correct; but, for all practical purposes, Stanley's delineation of the lake may be accepted as sufficiently accurate, and as a great boon to African geography. With regard also to his hypsometrical observations, it is interesting to note that whereas there was a difference of more than four hundred feet in Speke's calculations of height for the northern and southern portions of the lake respectively—a difference which first led geographers to suspect that the lake might be composed of separate basins of varying elevation—Mr. Stanley's measurement by boiling water at his station, east of Jordan's Nullah, gave a result within seventy feet of Speke's observation near the same spot; so that the height of the Victoria Nyanza may now be considered to be determined at about three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. Mr. Stanley intended, after completing his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, to cross the intervening country to the Albert Nyanza, where he hoped, by means of the ‘Lady Alice,’ to make a second voyage of discovery round this hitherto almost unvisited lake; but more recent intelligence from the Upper Nile leads us to expect that he will have been anticipated in this second achievement by Colonel Gordon, or by some officers of the Upper Nile command, as it appears that a steamer has at length forced its way to a point above the principal

rapids, from whence the passage to the Albert-Nyanza is tolerably free from impediment.

“ Before I close this brief account of Mr. Stanley’s exploration of the Victoria Nyanza—an exploration which does infinite credit to his energy and skill, and which will be explained to you more in detail by the veteran traveller, Colonel Grant, at our next meeting—I am desirous of drawing attention to the extraordinary munificence of the proprietors of the London ‘Daily Telegraph’ and the ‘New York Herald,’ in fitting out this Expedition entirely at their own expense. Such munificence far transcends the efforts of private individuals in the cause of science, and even puts to shame our public institutions, enabling, as it did, the undaunted Mr. Stanley to take the field with four Europeans and three hundred natives, amply provided with arms, instruments, and supplies, and assured of continued support, until he had fairly accomplished his work. And I may add, that the courtesy which has placed at my disposal Mr. Stanley’s map of the Victoria Nyanza for the gratification of the fellows of the Geographical Society, and for the general instruction of the public, is a graceful sequel to the liberality of Mr. Stanley’s English and American patrons in preparing the original Expedition. I feel assured, then, that I only express the feelings of the fellows of the Society in recording our warmest thanks to the proprietors and staff of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald’ for the service they have rendered to the cause of geography, and in wishing the most complete success to Mr. Stanley’s further operations.”

Not many days after that of the above meeting, a special meeting of the Society was held for the consideration of African questions, Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson, the President, again in the chair. A paper was read by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., on ‘Mr. H. M. Stanley’s Exploration of Lake Victoria Nyanza.’ The theatre of the University of London was crowded by ladies and gentlemen, amongst them being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., Sir Samuel Baker, Captain Burton, Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Rev. Horace Waller, etc. etc. On the table, in front of the president’s chair, was, under a glass shade, the map of Victoria Nyanza district executed by Mr. Stanley in Africa.

The PRESIDENT, in opening the proceedings, said they had met to discuss the question of Central or Equatorial Africa. At the last meeting he had the honour of representing to the Society how much it was indebted to Mr. Stanley for his recent circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza. On the present occasion the meeting would have the advantage of hearing Mr. Stanley’s discoveries illustrated by his great predecessor, Colonel Grant. As they were also honoured by the presence of Sir Samuel Baker and of Captain Burton, they had all the great authorities on the question present, and he therefore hoped they would have an interesting discussion on this most important sub-

ject. He should only notify to the meeting that there were two subjects for discussion that evening—one relating to the Victoria Nyanza, the other to the Albert Nyanza—but the two subjects would be kept as distinct as possible. After the first discussion he should read a few extracts of letters from Colonel Gordon relative to his survey of the Nile, and his labours in the vicinity of the Albert Nyanza.

COLONEL GRANT, who was loudly cheered, then read his paper. He said—“The journey recently made by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the commissioner of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald,’ is one of the most important and brilliant that has ever been made in Central Africa, or, indeed in any other country; for, when we consider that he accomplished it so quickly, taking only sixteen months from the period he left England, it appears at first as incredible as was his famous discovery of the late Dr. Livingstone. It is not alone the short time, but the great geographical question which he has finally settled—namely, he has confirmed Speke’s discovery, that the Victoria Nyanza was one vast inland fresh water; he has navigated its shores for a thousand miles, thereby proving that its waters are continuous. In 1860, Speke and I started from Zanzibar with two hundred followers. It will give some idea of the fickle African race when I tell you that we had only forty men of the two hundred when we reached Kazeh, four hundred and thirty miles west of the sea-coast. Three-fourths had deserted us. We need not, therefore, be alarmed by the report of Mr. Stanley, that one-half of his men were non-effective. He will enlist others, or do with fewer. Months of weary delay again took place on the way between Kazeh and the hilly region of Karagweh, on account of the difficulties thrown in the way by the inhabitants. We wished to get on quickly, and tried to march near the lake, but were told that the ordinary route *via* Usui must be kept. We accordingly went that way, and crossed the watershed at two and a-half degrees S. lat. From this position we descended the northern incline of Equatorial Africa, and never left Nile-land till we reached the Mediterranean. The route may be likened to the teeth of a saw, the points being plains and the depressions swamps. We had extensive views of the lakes from these plains. The bays and long inlets of water or friths seen by us on the western and northern shores were M’werooka, Katonga, Murchison, etc. Some were completely land-locked, and twenty miles in length. I allude to the one seen near our camp at Uganda capital. It is here, probably, that Colonel Long, of the Khedive’s service, found himself the other day, when he reported that Speke’s Victoria Nyanza was merely a small affair of thirty miles in extent.

“The greatest river on the route between the most southern point of the lake, round its western and northern shores, is the Kitangule Kagcera, in the district of Karagweh. In appearance it has a slow, majestic, winding course, which is navigable for thirty to forty miles from its mouth; vessels drawing

twenty-five feet of water could, I believe, float at the ferry where we crossed. Speke and I had to conjecture this depth at the ferry, because we were forcibly prevented from dropping our lead-lines into it; the king would not be pleased; it was not 'canny' to take soundings. I should not be the least surprised to hear that Mr. Stanley selects this noble river as a point for exploration. With the 'Lady Alice' he can ascend this stream for the lake up almost to King Rumanika's door; or he can cross over the mountains of Ruanda and Urundi and descend to the spot on Lake Tanganyika where Livingstone and he had such a pleasant pic-nic; or he may select the Albert Nyanza as his field for exploration. All will be new to us; either route would interest geographers intensely, for the country, its people, and its animals, are all unknown. The area of the lake, according to Speke, is six hundred and forty-five geographical miles in circumference; and if we add to this the circumference of Lake Bahr-ingo, we have nine hundred and ten geographical miles. Many will remember the enthusiastic reception given in old Burlington House where Speke and I were received after telegraphing that the 'Nile was settled,' that 'the Victoria Nyanza was the source of the Nile.' Such a reception certainly awaits Mr. Stanley when he appears here; and if he should make more discoveries—which he undoubtedly will, if God spares him—there is no honour which this Society can bestow that he will not have earned over and over again. He, as an observer, a traveller in its real sense, a provider of true and pleasant pictures from unknown lands, has confirmed the discoveries made by Speke, and to him the merit is due of having sailed on the broad waters of the lake, and sent home a map, and descriptions so vivid and truthful that the most sceptical cannot fail to be satisfied. Here it may be as well to explain that some geographers never accepted Speke's lake as one great ocean, although the geographical world did. The foremost of unbelievers, and the one who appeared first in the field, was Captain Burton, the companion at one time of Speke. He did not seem to have any reason for his argument. He said there must be several lakes, lagoons—anything, in fact, except the lake. Even the late Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley made out there must be several lakes. Livingstone wrote in a very patronising tone, 'Poor Speke had turned his back upon the real sources of the Nile'—'his river at Ripon Falls was not large enough for the Nile'—and was disparaging to Speke's discoveries. The work of Dr. Schweinfurth, 'the Heart of Africa,' has fallen into the greatest blunder. About three years ago a map, constructed without authority in our map-room, was suspended from these walls, but on my protest the President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, ordered that it be altered to the delineation of the lake by Speke. This was done. Numbers of other writers and map-makers, Continental and English, have gone on disintegrating the lake from book to book, map to map, and from year to year; but I think the public will now perceive how unjust the above critics have been, how firmly

the fame of Speke has been established, and will not fail to accord him that place in their opinions which he may have lost for a time. (The Colonel here enumerated a series of maps, in which the Nyanza is divided into two or more lakes, and resumed.) It is now my place to make some comments on Mr. Stanley's journey. Starting from Zanzibar, in 1874, with three hundred followers, he made a rapid journey of seven hundred and twenty miles to the south-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, performing this distance in one hundred and three days, inclusive of halts. Through forests, across deserts and rivers, he conveyed the boat, 'Lady Alice,' in sections, and launched her on the lake. The forethought and energy required to convey this boat must command the fullest admiration, for in doing so he has navigated the inland ocean, and given us a thrilling account of its extent, its rivers and shores, and its beautiful islands. He experienced almost stunning losses and privations in his land journey. Having to travel through sterile, unhealthy regions, the want of food and water was felt severely; his men suffered from sickness—death was rife amongst them—and he had to contend against the Waturu race, who sounded their war drums, and killed twenty-one of his men. After contesting with them for three days, and clearing a way for his advance, he continued his march towards the lake. On the 27th of February last he obtained his first view of the great sea, and it can be imagined how impatient he must have been, and how hard he and his men must have worked to put the 'Lady Alice' together, to have a short trial on the lake before taking to sea in her.

“There are many questions which we should like to ask Mr. Stanley here—namely, what crew had he? who were they? how did they all manage for food? and was it ever rough weather? But we must be content with his map now before us, with its rivers, islands, and broad expanse. It seems as if the great brown plains, which Mr. Stanley speaks of as bounding the lake to the east, drank up all the rain that falls upon them, for there are no rivers on that side. Everywhere he heard of plains to the east. The mountains of Ugeyeya, are called gigantic, for Mr. Stanley says, 'We pass between the island of Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the 'Lady Alice' seems to crawl like a tiny insect, while we on board admire the stupendous summits.' There is nothing as to size or summit on the other side of the lake to compare with this description of the equatorial mountains of Ugeyeya. Having abstracted all the notes on the mountains of the east coast, we can say that there are no mountains, no volcanic cones, to be compared with them as to their height and proximity to the lake on the west coast. I therefore cannot but conclude that the fairway of the lake will be found on the east coast, and that the miles of swamps and shallow water in the west do not exist to the same extent on the other shore. But this interesting question will, I trust, soon be settled when we receive Mr. Stanley's observations on depths. No fewer than sixty islands may be counted upon Mr. Stanley's

map, dotted generally in clusters all round the shores, at distances of two and three miles from the mainland. The largest in the whole lake is Sesseh, which we made forty miles in length. Sesseh—or, as Mr. Stanley calls it, Sasse—has an area of about seven hundred English square miles; the dimensions of this one island will give some idea of the importance of this inland sea, which is probably the largest body of fresh water—at this altitude—in the known world. Regarding the altitudes taken by Mr. Stanley, we find that, in leaving the desert plain of Ugogo, he ascended to another plateau, three thousand eight hundred feet; again, as he proceeded north-west, he came on a still higher one of four thousand five hundred feet, and his greatest altitude was five thousand one hundred feet, which is the watershed between the lake and the sea-coast. This last height corresponds with the highest inhabited country Speke and I traversed in our journey—namely, the capital of Karagweh, which approaches to within fifty miles of the W.S.W. end of the lake. The height of the Nyanza above the sea was three thousand five hundred and fifty to three thousand six hundred and fifty feet by one aneroid, and three thousand five hundred and seventy-five to three thousand six hundred and seventy-five by another. A further observation by Mr. Stanley, with two boiling thermometers, made the altitude, subject to correction, similar to Speke's—namely, three thousand eight hundred and one, or sixty-eight feet in excess of Speke's observations. The difference is insignificant, and we may accept them as the established altitude of Victoria Nyanza. The area of Victoria Nyanza, as made known to us by Mr. Stanley, proves that Speke far underrated its extent. I have carefully measured the maps of both travellers with compass to ascertain their existing difference, measuring every ten miles, and the result by this rather rough means obtained is as follows:—Circumference of Speke's lake, six hundred and forty-five geographical miles; circumference of Stanley's lake, eight hundred and ninety geographical miles. If we add two hundred and sixty-five geographical miles, the circumference of the Bahr-ingo Lake in Speke's map, we get nine hundred and ten miles as one body of water—a curious similarity, in circumference, to Stanley's single lake—only twenty miles of difference. Mr. Stanley thinks the mode of spelling Nyanza is objectionable, because, he says, the natives do not pronounce it in this way. Let me first explain that, in using the expression, Lake Victoria Nyanza, we actually say Lake Victoria Lake—Nyanza signifying 'lake.' All that is necessary when using the word is to call it the Victoria Nyanza, or Victoria Lake. As to the spelling and pronunciation of the word, we find that it is sounded differently in different localities." In conclusion, Col. Grant said—"These few remarks on Mr. Stanley's journey, I may state, are made on my own authority, by request of the President of the Geographical Society, for I felt that it was not for me to come forward as the champion of Speke. He required no such



AFRICAN TRAVELLER ATTACKED BY A LION



bolstering. In fact, I should have preferred that some other and more competent hand wrote a comment on Mr. Stanley's journey. However, I have great pleasure in complying, for it has opened up to me an old love, and given me this opportunity of congratulating the Society on the great achievement before them. Who amongst us would have had his energy? Who would undertake a cruise in an open boat, and absent himself from his camp for fifty-eight days? Who would risk such danger to life, and exposure to an African sun in the month of April? Who of us are able to guide, provide for, lead, and attend to a little army successfully, and, in the midst of all this, take their observations for latitude and longitude? I think him a worthy representative of the energy which sent out such an Expedition."

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, who was cheered, said "that, even when old African travellers were placed upon the retired list, there was a pleasure which remained to them still, and that was to watch the efforts and endeavours, and to praise the energies, of those younger travellers who were filling up the paths the older ones had cut out. He had come that evening from the south of England, at some personal inconvenience, personally to render all the praise an old African traveller could to the energy displayed by their friend, Mr. Stanley. At the same time it was such a pleasure to add his testimony to the indomitable perseverance Mr. Stanley had shown, and it was so gratifying to meet old African travellers—and they had in Captain Burton the oldest living African discoverer—that he should have been sorry not to have been present at that meeting. He had always advocated 'Fair play and no favour,' among African travellers, and although, unfortunately, there had been some little rivalry amongst them, he was perfectly certain every traveller who started from this country started with one great aim—to carry out his duty to the Society, and to represent the integrity and determination of England. Captain Burton started with Speke, when he (SIR S. BAKER) was comparatively a young man, and Speke a very young man, and he had owed most of his success to the map Speke had given him. The original map was among the records of the Society, and it was not only recognised, but proved almost to the letter by Mr. Stanley. In these days of geographical triumph, they all grieved that Speke was no more; and he was sure his fellow-traveller, Colonel Grant, was only too happy to feel that this day would add to his dead friend's undying reputation. Speaking of Mr. Stanley's letters, he (SIR S. BAKER) must say that everybody must be struck with the candour of his descriptions. There were people in England fond of sitting down to criticise, who said Mr. Stanley need not have fought or occasioned bloodshed. But it was most unfair for any person who had no knowledge of the state of the case or of the country, in which there was no law but the law of force, to speak or write in this way. He felt certain no person travelling for the Society would commit an act of force, except through necessity; but still

there were many people who, for the sake of cavilling, ignored the state of the country, and the difficulties travellers had to endure. When natives would not sell food it must be got, or travellers starved. If the travellers tried to take the food the natives would try to kill them, and to prevent this travellers had to use force. Mr. Stanley did so, and got his food. With respect to the difficulties as to carrying the boat surrounding Mr. Stanley, the feat was to be admired more, perhaps, than any other. He (SIR S. BAKER) and his party took out boats, but they never had any one to carry them, and never got one of them near the lake. Even when Mr. Stanley was navigating the lake in the 'Lady Alice,' he encountered much hostility from the natives." After an exhaustive address upon certain geographical points in the district referred to in the paper, SIR SAMUEL BAKER concluded amid cheers.

CAPTAIN BURTON, who was very warmly received, said he had already complimented Mr. Stanley for his undaunted perseverance; and he quoted former statements of his own in that room with respect to the Victoria Nyanza, which had now been actually proved by Mr. Stanley to have been correct. The existence of lakes to the north, north-east, and possibly to the east of the Victoria Nyanza, was still, he thought, extremely possible.

THE PRESIDENT—"The meeting is aware that it is to the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph' and the 'New York Herald,' we are indebted for the highly important and interesting particulars upon which the paper of to-night and the discussion are founded. Mr. Arnold, who is a friend of Mr. Stanley, is amongst us to-night, and I shall call upon him to acknowledge the hearty encomiums passed upon his friend."

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD said—"It is because the President does not desire to leave any blank in the records of an evening so important to geographical science as this is, that I rise to detain you a moment after hearing orators so illustrious. Since the whole discussion this evening has constituted one magnificent encomium upon the labours of my friend Mr. Stanley, it may seem good that I should tender a brief form of thanks, which I trust he may one day fill up in this hall. I thank you very earnestly in his name, and, as far as I may speak at all for those two allied journals which have been so happy as to commission Mr. Stanley, I thank you also most sincerely.

## CHAPTER XXX.

*Stanley Leaves the Kagera River—Encamps at Makongo—Danger from the Natives—Arrival at Alice Island—Encounter with Natives at Bambireh—Storm on the Lake—Complete Exploration of the Victoria Nyanza—Embassy from King Rwoma—Ukerewe—Camp at Usukuma—Chastisement of the Bambireh People—March across Uganda—The Gambaragara Mountain and its White People—Journey to the Albert Nyanza—Visit to King Rumanikah—The Kagera River—Hot Springs of Mlagata—Arrival in Western Unyamwezi—Letters from Francis John Pocock.*

AFTER a long silence, which was occasioning some anxiety to his friends and such persons as are interested in African exploration, tidings were again heard from Stanley, in August, 1876. A series of letters arrived from him, and were published in the "Daily Telegraph." They were introduced by the following leader, which appeared in the issue of that paper for August 7th:—

"This morning we are enabled to submit to public perusal the first portion of the despatches received from the leader of the New African Expedition; and, although it is his later communications which contain the principal discoveries made by Mr. Stanley, these will not fail to be read with the liveliest interest. Few travellers have united the gift of animated narrative with such courage, resource, and self-reliance, as our joint Commissioner has shown at every stage of his remarkable journey; and we think it may be safely said that letters more picturesque, stirring, and absorbing, were never sent home by an explorer. In point of date, the despatch this morning published goes back beyond the latest intelligence heretofore received from Mr. Stanley. We printed last November the highly interesting account of his sojourn at King Mtesa's capital, and heard of him as starting thence to complete the survey of the Victoria Nyanza, which he had been the first to navigate. A letter sent from Kagehyi in June of 1875 showed that he had arrived at his southern camp, after great dangers, but he had then no time to relate them, and the brief despatch thus forwarded was the last and only tidings we had received during the whole past year. A generous solicitude was expressed about this long silence by Sir Henry Rawlinson in his recent address at the Royal Geographical Society, and we ourselves were becoming somewhat anxi-

ous, well as we knew Mr. Stanley's unfailing resources. But suddenly, as is the way with African posts, the welcome pages come in copiously again from the heart of the wilderness, and we have not only a year's good news now in one large packet, but assurance that our explorer was safe, sound and ready for new deeds of daring no longer ago than the beginning of last June.

"The present despatches recount the adventures of Mr. Stanley on his return journey from King Mtesa's, and also incidentally complete the circumnavigation of the Victorian Lake. Those which are to come will tell of his third voyage across the great Nyanza to Uganda; of his extraordinary march at the head of a force lent by the king through Kabba Rega's country to the Albert, together with all the remarkable discoveries made upon that journey; while the concluding letters bring the Expedition safely down through Karagwe to within a fortnight's march of Ujiji, which well-known spot we doubt not Mr. Stanley reached in excellent order, early in June of this present year. We shall speak at a future time of the course which he is likely to take after resting and refitting upon Tanganyika, and of the fruits of these extraordinary marches which he has made, since striking into the unknown continent from the Unyanyembe road. The present instalment of his narrative is full enough of incident, everybody will admit, to occupy attention for a day, before we come to the pale-faced tribes, the mighty mountain peaks of Kishakka, the Albert Nyanza, and the mystery of the Land of lakes. Those who love adventure will find it here—fresh, marvellous, and exciting—for fiction itself never conceived situations of deeper danger, or told of narrower escapes, than Mr. Stanley experienced upon this inland sea which he had mapped; and every one of these letters comes to us through perils and risks innumerable, the gift of a brave and faithful traveller, who has faced death in every form in order to discharge his duty to those who have commissioned him and to his generation.

"It will be seen that after quitting the northern shores of the Nyanza to rejoin his camp—left in charge of Frank Pocock—Mr. Stanley was deserted by the 'Admiral' of Uganda, and sailed alone in the 'Lady Alice' down the south-western coasts, of which we to-day present his map, completing the chart of this wonderful freshwater sea. The narrative is taken up at the mouth of the Kagera River, about which hereafter our explorer has curious things to announce. The rude reception which the Lady 'Alice' met at Makungo was but a warning of the treacherous hostility which she was to experience further down at the hands of the natives of Bambireh Island, and which might well have resulted in a massacre of Mr. Stanley and his eleven negroes. At Kajuri, a populous village of this large island, happened the ugly adventure which so nearly put an end to the New African Expedition. The escape of the explorer reads like a book of the 'Odyssey,' both for the extremity of

his sudden danger and for the skill and courage he displayed in evading it. We may leave the public to read with the absorbing interest which such a narrative will command, how the savages of Bambireh beguiled the crew of the 'Lady Alice' into their power, and then, seizing the boat, dragged it by main force high and dry on their beach, where, after exacting a payment as the price of safety, they laughed the credulity of their captives to scorn, and having seized their oars, and thus, as they thought, rendered them helpless, prepared to murder them.

"For many hours Stanley and his men preserved their calm vigilance in the midst of a crowd of bloodthirsty wretches, whose intentions could not be doubtful, since, besides the most violent threats and actions, they actually notified their purpose of butchering the crew. These facts must be borne in mind when the public come to read of the punishment which the traveller afterwards felt obliged to inflict upon that false people of Bambireh. They had stripped the boat of everything but the arms, and the crisis was imminent, when Stanley by a sudden order saved his boat, his men, and himself, eluding the savage people by the narrowest of opportunities. No one will fail to think with sympathy and admiration of the lonely white man as, in the face of hundreds of furious enemies, he is seen to accomplish that dexterous stratagem; and few will consider the bullets misapplied which were rained upon the savages to prevent them from manning their canoes and recapturing the little 'Lady Alice.'

"The instant and excited chase which the Bambireh people gave shows how disappointed they were not to shed the blood of the strangers, and a quieter temper than Stanley's might well be exasperated by the bitter cry sent after the fugitives, 'Go and die in the Nyanza.' It will be seen how nearly the gallant little craft, with her exhausted crew, did indeed founder in the very lake which she had been the first to circumnavigate; but Fate had great things yet in store for her indomitable commander, and he arrives at last safe through hostile tribes, stormy waters, tempests of thunder and hail, and imminent danger of famine, at his camp of Kagehyi. Here we see him joyously coming to land after an absence of fifty-seven days; to be welcomed with boundless pleasure and loyalty by his followers, who chaired their leader round the camp, in true African delight to see his face again. Barker had died during the interval, together with six natives, but some of the soldiers and porters had been on the eve of marching back to Unyanyembe; but Pocock was well and the camp was still unraised, and after such triumphant adventures everybody would naturally be ready to go anywhere with a chief like the 'Bana Mkuka.'

"Here, for the present, we have to leave our dauntless explorer, but the narrative of his strange adventures is not nearly at an end. The incident of Bambireh had a sequel as remarkable and exciting as the original

event itself; but of this we refrain from speaking until Stanley's account of it is before the public. Meanwhile, we may dwell with pride and unlimited satisfaction upon his completed survey of the great inland sea. The 'Lady Alice' sailed over nearly a thousand miles of water during fifty-seven days; and it proves the skilful economy of Stanley—which is one of the secrets of success in African travel—that he accomplished these voyages at the cost of a single bale of cloth. Never wasteful, and never submitting to plunder or dishonesty, like some of his predecessors, he has been able to make this wonderful journey as well as those which will be afterwards described, and to arrive in good order and with ample means back at Unyanyembe, a feat which could not have been achieved except by the strong hand. Geographical science, which has now received from our Commissioner the finished chart of the Victoria Nyanza, will find ample interest in his overland journey to the Albert Nyanza, and in the subsequent narratives; while we shall give reasons for hoping that greater fruits than even these may yet result from Mr. Stanley's fearless courage and devotion and his extraordinary capacity as a pioneer."

The first of this series of letters from the fearless traveller is as follows:—

"Mahyiga Island, three miles from Bambireh Island,  
Lake Victoria Nyanza, July 29, 1875.

"This Expedition which you have entrusted to me seems destined to meet with adventures more than enough. When a boy, I loved to read books of incident and travel, especially of the Mayne Reid type, and followed their several heroes with breathless interest through all their varied fortunes; but since I have been compelled lately to act the hero myself oftener than is consistent with peace of mind and a comfortable night's rest—however glorious a thing it may appear on paper—you may take my word for it, I would much rather read of the affair than take an actual share in it. As I compare my former trip to Ujiji with this journey, I am forced to admit that the former was mere child's play. The incidents we have gone through already, if faithfully related, would fill a good-sized volume, while, I may say, we have but begun our enterprise as yet.

"Continuing my narrative of our journey from Uganda to Usukuma by the western shore of Lake Nyanza, I resume it from the point where I left off in my last letter—the Kagera River, or the Kitangule.

"We had two canoes belonging to Mtesa, accompanying our boat as escort, until the dilatory Grand Admiral Magassa should overtake us with his fleet of thirty more; and the day we left the Kagera River we rested at night on a smooth sandy beach by the foot of the Usongoro plateau, at the point called Kagya. The natives were friendly and disposed to be hospitable, so that we augured well for our reception during our travels along the coast of

Usongoro. The next afternoon we camped at Makongo, and received an apparent welcome from 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 people 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 two white men when there was only one. However, he and his people were good-natured, and well-contented with our arrival.

“About ten P. M. we were all wakened from sleep by a furious drumming, accompanied now and then by shrill yells. The Waganda said that this was in honour of the white stranger. I did not believe them, and therefore put my people on their guard, ordered them to load their guns, place them under their sleeping mats, and arranged all my own in a handy and safe position. Except the continued uproar nothing, however, occurred during the night, but at daybreak we found ourselves in presence of about five hundred warriors, 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 demeanour, for there was no shouting, yelling, or frantic behaviour, 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 savages, who persisted in being silent, and gave us 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 should precipitate a catastrophe which might possibly be averted; so we remained a few minutes 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 hands, which he flourished in the face of the savages, and by this means drove them several paces backwards. He then came forward, and, striking the boat, ordered us to get off, he himself lending a hand to shove the little craft into the lake. As it glided into the water another chief came forward and asked us what we meant by drawing our boat up so far on their beach. We replied that we had done it to protect it from the surf, and were about to add more reasons, when the first chief cut the matter short by ordering us to shove off and go and camp on Musira Island, distant four miles, whither he would follow us with food. We were nothing loth to obey such good counsel, and soon put a distance of one hundred yards between ourselves and the hostile shore. 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 vengefully disposed, or had the necessity of aiding the Waganda compelled us to fire. Happily, however, 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 for 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 neighbouring island, where he camped for the night. Desirous of quickening his movements, I sailed from Musira 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. The light we discovered was that of a fire made by some Bambireh fishermen curing fish. Our men were so hungry that they proposed to seize this food, to the great alarm and terror of its owners. I restrained my people, and quieted the fears of the fishermen, by paying a double price for a quantity of fish sufficient for a day's provisions for the boat's crew.

“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 good-will. But though they were amicable 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 Bambireh (a large and populous island, south-west of Alice Island about twenty-five miles), to which I determined to sail, should furnish us with food.

“Amidst rain, thunder, lightning, and a sounding surf on all sides, we dropped anchor under the lee of Barker's Island about midnight. It rained and thundered throughout the night, and we had much trouble to keep our boat afloat by constant baling.

“At daybreak we hurried away from our dangerous anchorage before a steady strong breeze from the north-east, and within three hours drew near the comfortable little cove near the village of Kajuri, at the south-eastern extremity of Bambireh Island. As we looked on the plenty which green slopes, garnished with large groves of plantains 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. Still we pressed nearer the beach; hunger gave us much confidence, and a rich tribute, we were sure, would pacify the most belligerent chief. Perceiving that we persisted in approaching their shore the people rushed down the slope of the plateau towards us. Prudence whispered to me to at least get ready our guns, which I accordingly did, and then rowed slowly towards the beach, certain that, if hostilities began, indications of such would appear in time to enable us to withdraw.

“ We halted at the distance of twenty yards from land, and I observed that the wild behaviour of the natives changed, as they approached nearer, to affability. 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 natives rushed on us in a body, seized it, and dragged it up high and dry, with all on board. The reader may imagine the number of natives required to perform this feat when I state that the boat, baggage, and crew, weighed nearly 4,000lbs. Twice I raised my revolvers to kill and be killed; 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. Angry language and 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. The apparently peaceful people seemed to be now personified furies. Throughout all the scenes of civilised and wild life which I have witnessed, I never saw mad rage or cruel fury painted so truly before on human features. It led them to the verge of absurdity even. 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.

“ Our interpreters, in the meanwhile, were by no means idle; they employed to the utmost whatever gifts of persuasion nature had endowed them with, or fear had created, without, however, exhibiting any servility or meanness. Indeed, I was struck to admiration by the manly way in which they stated our objects and purposes in travelling on the Nyanza, and by the composure of their bearing. The savages themselves observed this, and commented on it with surprise. The calm behaviour of the crew and interpreters acted as a sedative on the turbulence and ranting violence of the savages, though it broke out again now and then, sputtering fitfully with the wildest

of gestures and most murderous demonstrations. For three hours I sat in the stern sheets of the boat, observing all these preliminaries of a tragedy which I felt sure was about to be enacted, silent, except now and then communicating a suggestion to the interpreters, and seemingly an unconcerned spectator. But I was not so. I only wished to impose on the savages, and I was busily planning a resistance and an escape. 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 endeavour to purchase peace, or at least to postpone the strife. Conformably with these ideas the interpreters were instructed to offer cloths and beads to the chief Shekka, who appeared to have despotic authority over all, judging from the reverential and ready obedience paid to his commands. 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 instantly 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 for their noon-day meal, and to discuss what other measures should be adopted towards the strangers. A woman came near us, and told us to eat honey with Shekka, that being the only way to save our lives, as he and his people had determined to kill us and take everything we had. The coxswain of the boat was sent to proffer terms of brotherhood to the king, but he was told to be at ease, no harm was intended us, and on the next day Shekka promised he and his people should eat honey, and make lasting and sure brotherhood with us. The coxswain returned to us with triumphant looks, and speedily communicated his own assurance to the crew. But I checked this over-confidence and trustfulness in such cunning and treacherous people, telling them to look to nothing save our own wit, and by no means to leave the neighbourhood of the boat, for Shekka's next act would be to seize the guns in the same manner as he had the oars. Immediately the crew saw the truth of this suggestion, and I had no reason to complain that they paid no heed to my words.

“At three P.M. the natives began to assemble on the ridge of a low hill about one 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, 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 hands lifted and shot it far into the

lake, the impetus they had given it causing it 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 their canoes at 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 fell back up the slope of the hill, leaving us to exert our wits to get ourselves out of the cove before the enemy should decide to man their canoes. My crew was composed of picked men, and in this dire emergency they did ample justice to my choice. Though we were without oars, they were at no loss for a substitute. As soon as they found themselves in the boat they tore up the seats and footboards, and began to paddle, while I was left to single out with my rifles the most prominent and boldest of the enemy.

“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 rifle at him. That bullet, as I have been told, killed the chief and two others who happened to be standing a few paces behind him; and the extraordinary result had more effect, I think, 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 inlet. I permitted them to approach 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.’ When the savages counted their losses, they found fourteen dead and wounded with ball and buckshot, which, although I should consider to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, was barely equivalent, in fair estimation, to the intended massacre of ourselves. Favoured by a slight breeze from the land, we hoisted our sail, and by night were eight miles south-east of Bambireh. A little after dusk a calm came on, and we continued on our course paddling. All night I kept the men hard at work, making, however, but little progress through the water.

“At sunrise we were about twenty miles south-east of Bambireh, and by noon were about twenty-five miles off. At this time we got a strong wind from the north-west, and sped before it at the rate of five knots an hour. At sunset we were about twelve miles north-east of Sosua or Gosua Island; and if the breeze continued favourable, we hoped to be able to make a haven some time before midnight. But about eight p.m. it rose to a fierce gale, and,

owing to the loss of our oars, we could not keep the boat before the wind. As we were swept past the island we made frantic attempts to get to leeward, but it was to no purpose; we therefore resigned ourselves to the waves, the furious rain, and the horror of the tempest. Many of your readers, no doubt, have experienced a storm at sea; few, however, can have witnessed it in a small boat. But our situation was more dangerous even than the latter. We had rocks and unknown islands in our neighbourhood, and a few miles further a mainland peopled by savages, who would have no scruple in putting us all to death, or enslaving us. If our boat capsized, the crocodiles of the lake would make short work of us; if we were driven on an uninhabited island, death by starvation awaited us there. Yet despite these terrors we were so worn out with hunger, fatigue, and anxiety, that excepting the watchman, we all fell asleep, though awakened now and then by his voice calling upon the men to bale the boat out.

At daybreak the tempest and high waves subsided, and we perceived we had drifted eight miles westward of Sosua, and to within six of the large island of Mysomeh. We had not a morsel of food in the boat; I possessed but a little ground coffee, and we had tasted nothing else for forty-eight hours, yet the crew, when called to resume their rough paddles, cheerfully responded to the cry, and did their duty manfully. A gentle breeze now set in from the westward, which bore us quickly east of Sosua, and carried us by two P.M. to an island which I have distinguished by the name of Refuge Island. On exploring this place, we saw it to be about two miles in circumference, to have been formerly inhabited and cultivated, and, to our great joy, we found an abundance of green bananas, and of a small ripe fruit resembling cherries in appearance and size, but having the taste of dates. To add to this bounty, I succeeded in shooting two brace of large fat ducks, and when darkness closed in on us, in our snug and secure camp close by a strip of sandy beach, few people that night blessed God more fervently than we did. We rested a day on Refuge Island, during which time we made amends for the scarcity we had suffered; then, feeling on the second day somewhat recovered, we set sail for Singo Island. We imagined that we were near enough to Usukuma to venture to visit Ito Island, situated a mile south of Singo, the slopes of which were verdant with the frondage of plantain, but, on attempting to land, we were met by a force of natives, who rudely repulsed us with stones shot from slings. Our cartridges being all spoiled by the late rainy weather, we were unable to do more than hoist sail and speed away to more kindly shores.

“Two days afterwards our boat rounded the south-western extremity of Wiro, a peninsula of Ukerewe, and rode on the grey waters of Speke Gulf, the distant shore line of Usukuma bounding the south view about twenty-two miles off. A strong headwind rising, we turned into a small bay in

Wiro Peninsula, where we purchased meat, potatoes, milk, honey, bananas, ripe and green, eggs, and poultry, and, while at anchor, cooked these delicacies on board with such relish and appetite as only starving men can properly appreciate, grateful to Providence, and kindly disposed to all men. At midnight, taking advantage of a favourable breeze, we set sail for Usukuma. About three A.M. we were nearly in mid-gulf, and here the fickle wind failed us; after which, as if resolved we should taste to the utmost all its power, it met us with a tempest of hailstones as large as filberts from the north-north-east. The sky was robed in inky blackness; not a star was visible; vivid lightnings, accompanied by loud thunder-crashes, and waves which tossed us up and down, as though we were imprisoned in a gourd, lent their terrors to this fearful night. Again we let the boat drift whither it might, as all our efforts to keep on our course were useless and vain. Indeed, we began to think that the curse of the people of Bambireh, 'Go, and die in the Nyanza,' might be realised after all, though I had much faith in the staunch craft which Messenger, of Teddington, so conscientiously built.

"A grey, cheerless raw morning dawned at last, and we discovered ourselves to be ten miles north of Rwoma, and twenty miles north-west of Kagehyi, at which latter place my camp was situated. We put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and, though the wind was but little in our favour at first, it soon rewarded our perseverance, and, merrily brushing the tall waves, came booming astern of us, so that we sailed in triumph along the well-known shores of Usukuma straight to camp. Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, when even many miles away; but, as we 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 we had been fifty-seven days away from our people, and many a false rumour of our deaths, strengthened each day as our absence grew longer, was now dissipated by the appearance of the 'Lady Alice' skimming joyously to her port of Kagehyi. As the keel grounded, over fifty men bounded to the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of human forms, and Saxon hurraing. Having vented their gladness, they set me down, and all formed a circle, many deep, to hear the news, which was given with less detail than I have had the honour to write to you. So ended our exploration of Lake Victoria Nyanza."

The second portion of Mr. Stanley's despatches appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" a few days after the appearance of the preceding. "The second portion of Mr. Stanley's despatches," they say, "which we publish this morning, gives very interesting particulars of his visit to, and reception by the King of Ukerewe, and afterwards of his punishment of the natives of Bambireh, who had behaved so treacherously towards him, as described in the letter which we printed on Monday. Subsequently, escorted by two

thousand spearmen provided by King Mtesa, he reached the Albert Nyanza, on January 12th, 1876, but was prevented from navigating it, and returned by the same route, having in his journey passed the great mountain Gambaragara, and seen some of the strange white race living on its summit. Further description of this interesting tribe will be eagerly awaited. They cannot be Albinos, for there is a whole tribe of them. Mr. Stanley says they are not the light-hued Warundi, nor Arabs; and if they are Wahuma, the descendants of Abyssinians, they would not show their singular capacity for withstanding cold. As we have before remarked, Signor Gessi, from Colonel Gordon's camp, effected his exploration of the Albert three months after Stanley's visit, but, being always in his boat, heard nothing of our Joint Commissioner's excursion.

“The Geographical details of this journey are important. What Speke and Grant named Lake Windermere now appears to be one of many deep lakelets, composing the lacustrine River Kayera, which, in Mr. Stanley's judgment, rivals the Shimeeyu as the parent-feeder of the Victoria Nile and its reservoirs. The thermal springs were heard of, and volcanic cones were seen by Speke and Grant, but are now for the first time described. Our Joint Commissioner was, however, obliged to abandon the investigation of the eastern side of the Albert, and diverted his course to Ujiji, which was only fifteen days' journey distant when he despatched the last of these communications, which will be published on Monday next. It is dated April 24th, 1876, and was brought by an Arab trader, passing to Unyanyembe. It may be reasonably believed that, about the middle of last June, Mr. Stanley was safely arrived at Ujiji, when he would find letters and newspapers, giving him intelligence from Europe, the first received since the copies of “The Daily Telegraph,” conveyed by the kindness of Colonel Gordon. By those papers, our Commissioner had heard of Cameron's voyage on the Tanganyika, and of the supposed discovery of its outlet; but it appears that Stanley intended to examine the matter more closely, and visit the unexplored part of the lake. Thence it was his purpose to attack the Albert Nyanza by its western coasts, where the country is quite unknown. But we have long ago forwarded to Ujiji the full details and maps of Lieutenant Cameron's journey to Nyangwe, and across the continent, and if these reach Mr. Stanley before he sets forth northward, it is probable that he will adjourn everything to the all-important task of following the Lualaba down from Nyangwe, which Cameron failed to do, and thus, in the only certain way, settling the chief of the grand problems still remaining in African geography.”

“Port of Dumo, South-Western Uganda,  
August 15, 1875.

“The Anglo-American Expedition has arrived at last in Uganda, but it

remains to inform you how we came here, and this, I think, will make a letter second in interest to none I have yet despatched from Africa. I closed my last budget with a description of our reception at camp by the soldiers and porters of the Expedition. When I had given briefly the news of our adventurous exploration, I demanded a report of Frank Pocock of what had occurred during my long absence. The principal item of this report was a rumour that had obtained considerable credence among them of the boat having been forcibly seized by the natives of Magu two days after we had left Kagehyi, upon which fifty soldiers had been despatched to effect our release, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. This report was, of course, false, nothing of the kind having transpired anywhere near any part of the coast washed by the waters of Speke Gulf.

“The second item was an account of our fight with the Wavuma, considerably exaggerated, and in the main false, because it described the manner of our deaths and the force that attacked us. The third was the discovery of a conspiracy to attack our camp and capture the goods of the Expedition. The conspirators were Kipingiri, Prince of Lutari, Kurrereh, Prince of Kayenzi, and the chief of Igusa. The plot, however, was discovered to the captains of the camp by Kaduma, the prince in whose village of Kagehyi the Expedition was encamped. The captains took immediate measures to defeat this treachery, distributed ammunition to the soldiers, and sent out spies. The device, however, was nipped in the bud by the death of the chief of Igusa and the contumacy of Korrereh. The fourth item was a meeting held by the soldiers and porters of the Expedition, at which it was determined that, if the ‘Bana Mkuka’ (the Great Master) did not return within fifteen days from that date, or the beginning of the new moon, they would strike camp and march for Unyanyembe. I arrived at camp the last day of the old moon, within one day of the intended departure.

“The fifth item was the death of Frederick Barker, ten days before my arrival. Besides him, six stout fellows had died of dysentery and fever. Young Barker’s death saddened me very much, as he was a very promising young man, with sufficient intelligence to appreciate the work of exploration, and likely to continue in it out of mere love for the work. I left him enjoying excellent health, and to all appearance happy. On my return, I found a mound of stones, which his companion, Pocock, pointed out as Barker’s grave.

“I could not help contrasting the colour of my features with those of my European attendant, Pocock. The latter’s complexion, from living much indoors, was of the colour of milk, while mine might be compared to a Red Indian’s; the equatorial sun of Africa had painted my face of an intense fiery hue, while my nose was four times peeled, and my eyes were as blood-shot as those of the most savage Andalusian *toro* that ever *matador* killed.

“Sweet is the Sabbath-day to the toil-worn labourer, happy is the long sea-tossed mariner after his arrival in port, and gladsome were the days of calm we enjoyed after our troublous exploration of the Nyanza. The *brusque* storms, and continued rain, the cheerless grey clouds, the wild waves, the loneliness of the islands, and the inhospitality of the natives, were like mere phases of a dream, faint phantasmagoria of the memory—so little did we heed what was past while enjoying the luxury of this rest from our toils. Still it added to our pleasure to be able to conjure up in the mind the varied incidents of the long lake journey; and they served to enliven and employ the mind while the body enjoyed repose, like condiments quickening digestion. It was a satisfaction to be able to map at will in the mind so many countries newly discovered—such a noble extent of fresh water traversed for the first time. As the memory flew over the lengthy track of exploration, how fondly it gazed upon the many picturesque bays, margined by water lilies and lotus plants, or by green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus! With what kindly recognition it roved over those little green islands, in the snug havens of which our boat had lain securely at anchor, when the rude tempest without churned the face of the Nyanza into a foamy sheet! With what curious delight it loved to recall the massive gneiss rocks towering one above another in huge fragments, perpendicular and horizontal, as they had been disintegrated from the parent mass by the elements!

“At one place they reminded us of the neighbourhood of Avila and the Escorial, at another of Stonehenge; in another spot they appeared as if a race of Titans had collected these huge blocks together, and piled them up in their present irregular state with a view to building a regular structure, which should defy time and the forces of nature. The memory also cherished a kindly recollection of the rich grain-bearing plains of Ugeyeya, the soft outlined hills of Manyara, the tall dark woods and low shores opposite Namunji Island, as well as of the pastoral plateaux and slopes of Uvuma and Bugeyeya. But most of all it clung to Uganda, that beautiful land, with its intelligent king, and no less remarkable people. Here our minds received the deepest impressions, and therefore retained the fondest recollections. For in Uganda, imagination, that had hitherto been hushed to somnolence by the irredeemable state of wildness and savagery witnessed between Zanzibar and Usukuma, glowed into warm life, and from the present Uganda painted a future dressed in the robe of civilisation; it saw each gentle hill crowned by a happy village and spired church, from which the bells sounded the call to a Gospel service; it saw the hill slopes prolific with the fruits of horticulture, and the valleys waving fields of grain; it saw the land smiling in affluence and plenty, its bays crowded with the dark hulls of trading vessels; it heard the sounds of craftsmen at their work, the roar of manufactories and foundries, and the ever-buzzing noise of enterprising industry.

“What wonder, then, if intercourse with the King of Uganda and his people induced imagination to paint this possible—nay, probable, picture—that memory should have had engraven deep on it the features of the land and the friendliness and hospitality of its people? As we follow these flights of fancy, we are reminded also almost too vividly of the scenes of terror and misfortune we have lately gone through—of our adventure with a flotilla of canoes manned by drunken natives, who persisted in following us and entertaining us at sea with their beer and intrusive hospitality; of our escape from an ambuscade of Wageyeya; of our fight with the Wavuma and battle of Kajuri; of the miserable churlishness of many a tribe, of days of starvation, tempestuous nights, and stormy days. These, and a hundred others, now happily past, treasured only in the recollection and my journal, served but to heighten the enjoyment of our rest and to inspire in my heart and in those of my semi-barbarous co-mates in peril a feeling of devout thankfulness to Divine Providence for our protection.

“I deemed it not only necessary, but politic, to remain inactive for some days, for I hoped that the dilatory Grand Admiral Magassa would appear with his canoes. Indeed, I could suggest no reason, despite our experience at Bambireh, why he should not arrive. He had been to Usukuma on a visit some months previous to my advent in the country, and he was accompanied by two of my best men, who of course would do their utmost to stimulate him to make renewed efforts to reach our camp. But when nine days had passed, and Magassa had not made his appearance, it became obvious to us all that he would not come. Preparations were therefore made to march overland to Uganda along the lake shore.

“As we were almost ready to start there came an embassy to camp from Rwoma, King of Southern Uzinza or Miveri, bearing a message from him to me. This ran according to the interpreter, as follows:—‘Rwoma sends salaams to the white man. He does not want the white man’s cloth, beads or wire, and the white man must not pass through his country. Rwoma does not want to see him, or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face, and big red eyes. Rwoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country Rwoma and Mirambo will fight him.’ Here indeed, was a dilemma. The lake journey to Uganda was denied us, because Magassa proved recreant to the trust reposed in him by Mtesa; the land route now became impossible, because Rwoma forbid it. We knew enough of the latter to be aware that he was able to repulse two such Expeditions as ours. He possessed one hundred and fifty muskets of his own, and had several thousand spearmen and bowmen. Besides, Mirambo was but a day’s march from Urima, and only three days from our camp.

“To force a passage through Rwoma’s country was therefore out of the question. Even if the feat were possible, it would be bad policy, because the

party would lose too many valuable lives, without which the Expedition would become a wreck. What was to be done then? Turn away from the Albert Nyanza, and direct our course for the Tanganyika, leaving the former lake to be explored by Gordon's officers? Who, then, would explore the debatable land lying between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika? If canoes could be obtained anywhere else than Uganda, the lake route would at once resolve the problem. But what country or king could supply me with thirty or forty large craft on demand other than Uganda? I instituted inquiries respecting the maritime power of each tribe and nation bordering on Speke Gulf, by which I obtained some curious statistics; but the most valuable result of my inquiries was the information that Lukongeh, king of Ukerewe, would be the most likely person to do me the necessary service.

"Falling seriously ill, the result of exposure on the lake, by weakness added to the present anxiety, I was obliged to send Frank Pocock and Prince Kaduma to the King of Ukerewe with a suitable gift to request the loan of forty canoes to convey the Expedition to Uganda along the Uzinza coast. After an absence of twelve days Frank and Kaduma returned with fifty canoes and some three hundred Wakerewe, but they came according to the king's instructions to convey the Expedition to Ukerewe. The king's brother, who had charge of the canoes, was told by me that if Lukongeh gave me all his land, and slaves and cattle, the Expedition should never go to Ukerewe, that Lukongeh must lend me canoes to go by my road, and no other, and that I was going myself to see Lukongeh, and he (the king's brother) might return to Ukerewe as soon as he pleased. Being sufficiently restored to health I set sail for Ukerewe, and on the second day from Kagehyi landed near Lukongeh's capital. Not ignorant of the importance of first impressions, I was furnished this time with proper gifts and the choicest apparel my wardrobe afforded, as well as being equipped with the best arms the Expedition possessed.

"The second day after our arrival was fixed for audience day. When the hour had come, the crew of the 'Lady Alice' were mustered, dressed in their smartest, and the bugle sounded the order to march. Ten minutes brought us to a plain, on a knoll in which Lukongeh was seated in state, surrounded by hundreds of bowmen and spearmen. The king, an amiable, light-coloured young man, was conspicuous by his robes of red and yellow silk, and damask cloth, and though he did nothing at first but good-naturedly stare at me, I perceived that he was a man well disposed to assist me. A private message beforehand had informed him of the object of my visit, but my interpreter requested that I should be permitted to state it in person to himself and a few select chiefs. Assenting to this request, he stepped forward to a pile of stones a short distance off, whither he invited his most select courtiers and my party. Here the object was stated clearly, with everything

that concerned it, the number of canoes required, the distance we had to travel, and the presents that were to be given by me to the king should he assist me. The king listened attentively, was very affable and kind, depreciated the value of his canoes, said that they were rotten, unfit for a long voyage; he feared that if he gave them to me I should lose a great many things, and then I would certainly blame him and say, 'Ah! Lukongeh is bad; he gave me rotten canoes that I might lose my people and property. I replied, that if I lost people and property I might blame the canoes, but I should certainly not think of blaming him. At the end of the conference he said that he would give me as many canoes as I wanted, but in the meantime the white man's party must rest a few days and taste of Lukongeh's cheer.

"It were well, perhaps to enter here into a description of Ukerewe, its king and people, and into its annals, which are very curious and instructive, and well explain the history of all the black races of Africa from Kaffraria to Nubia; but I have no time nor space to do them justice. On a future occasion, if nothing between happens, I promise to attempt the subject.

"Lukongeh, the very amiable King of Ukerewe, was no niggard in his hospitality. Beeves, goats, chickens, milk, eggs, bananas and plantains, ripe and green, came in abundance to our camp; neither were large supplies of native beer wanting to cheer the crew during our stay in the land. Finally, on the fifteenth day, Lukongeh came to my tent with his chief councillor, and imparted to me his secret instructions and advice. He said he had ordered fifty canoes to depart with me to Usukuma, but he doubted much whether that number would leave his country, as his people had heard it reported that I was going to Uganda, which land no one was willing to visit. As he desired to assist me to the utmost of his power, he had been obliged to have recourse to a little strategy. He had caused it to be reported that he had prevailed on me to come and live in his country; it was therefore necessary for me to second his diplomacy. On reaching Usukuma, as soon as all the canoes had been drawn on shore I was to seize them and secure the paddles, and, having rendered the Wakerewe unable to return, I was to explain to them what I wanted. Having promised that I would implicitly obey him, he sent his Prime Minister and two favourites to assist me in the project; and after an earnest of what I had promised was given to him, we were permitted to depart.

"On arriving at our camp in Usukuma, I found only twenty-three canoes had come ashore; but though these were quite inadequate to convey the Expedition at one time, I resolved to make the best I could of even this small number, and accordingly whispered orders to the captains of the Expedition to muster up their men and seize the canoes and paddles. This was done, and the native craft drawn far on land; but the Wakerewe, on being

told why we had so acted, declared war against us, and, being as strong in numbers as we were, besides being armed with bows and sheaves of arrows, were very likely to do some damage if I did not take energetic measures to prevent them. Accordingly every soldier of the Expedition was summoned by bugle sound to prepare for battle, and having seen each one properly equipped, I drew the men in line, and quietly charging on the Wakerewe with the muzzles of our guns, forcibly ejected them out of camp and the vicinity of the port. A few harmless shots were fired, but the people of Lukongeh suffered no other injuries than a few sore ribs from our gun-muzzles. On the third day after this affair I embarked two-thirds of the Expedition and property in the canoes, and five days afterwards arrived safely at Refuge Island, two days' sail from Bambireh, and half way to Uganda.

“The mainland was about six miles off; and as, on my solitary journey in the boat, the natives of the mainland had been so badly disposed, I built a strong camp on the rocks, taking advantage of each high point as positions for sharpshooters, so that the post, during my absence, would be impregnable. I then returned to Usukuma, leaving fifty soldiers to defend my island, and after an absence of fifteen days saw Kagehyi once more. I now prepared myself to defeat the projects of Kaduma, Prince of Kagehyi, who was more than half inclined to second his brother Kipingiri in seizing on me and holding me as his prisoner until I should pay a heavy ransom, probably half of our entire property. I spoke Kaduma fair each day, made small presents to his favourite wife until the day came for departing, as I sincerely hoped for ever, from Kagehyi and Usukuma. On that day Kaduma and Kipingiri came to the water's edge with a strong force, but, pretending to see nothing of their evil intentions, we made merry and laughed while we loaded the canoes and embarked the men. When the work was nearly concluded, I proceeded leisurely to the boat, and shoved off from shore with my guns and those of the boat's crew ready. Kaduma, seeing that I was safe, went away, leaving Kipingiri to act as he pleased; and this treacherous man, perceiving himself covered with our guns, permitted the last canoe to depart without molesting it. Having seen that all was as it should be, I waved the baffled chiefs a last farewell, and followed our miniature fleet. The rotten canoes, buffeted by storms and waves, fast gave out, so that, on arriving again at Refuge Island, we had only fifteen left. Nothing had occurred on the island to mar my joy at seeing my people all safe, but much had happened to improve it.

“The King of Itawagumba, and Kijaju, his father, Sultan of all the islands from Ukereweh to Ihangiro, perceiving our islet too well garrisoned and too strong for invasion, made friends with us, and provided the soldiers with abundance of food at little cost. At my request also they furnished us with a guide from Ihangiro, who was to accompany us to Uganda; they also

sold to us three canoes. After a few days' rest on Refuge Island, we proceeded once again on our voyage, and halted at Mahyiga Island, five miles south of Bambireh, and one mile south of Iroba, which lies between Mahyiga and Bambireh. Remembering the bitter injuries I had received from the savages of Bambireh, and the death by violence and starvation we had so narrowly escaped, I resolved, unless the natives made amends for their cruelty and treachery, to make war on them, and for this purpose I camped on Mahyiga Island, sending the canoes back for the remainder of the Expedition, which in a few days safely arrived.

"I then despatched a message to the natives of Bambireh, to the effect that, if they delivered their king, and the two principals under him, to my hands, I would make peace with them. At the same time, not trusting quite the success of this, I sent a party to summon the King of Iroba, who very willingly came, with three of his chiefs, to save his people from the horrors of war. Upon their arrival I put them in chains, and told the canoemen that the price of their freedom was the capture of the King of Bambireh and his two principal chiefs. The natives of Bambireh treated my message with contempt, but the next morning the men of Iroba brought the King of Bambireh to me, who was at once chained heavily, while the King of Iroba and his people were released, with a promise that neither his island nor people would be touched by us.

"A message was also sent to Antari, King of Ahingiro, on the mainland, to whom Bambireh was tributary, requesting him to redeem his island from war. Antari sent his son and two chiefs to treat with us, who told us many falsehoods, and had treachery written on their faces. They brought a few bunches of bananas, as an earnest of what the king intended to give; but I thought that a bird in my hand would be worth a thousand false promises, and accordingly his son and his two companions were detained as hostages for the appearance of the two chiefs of Bambireh. In the meantime seven large canoes from Mtesa, King of Uganda, *en route* to Usukuma, to convey an Arab and his goods to Uganda, appeared at Iroba. The chief of the party was asked not to proceed to Usukuma until we had taken our Expedition to Uganda. This man, Sabadu, informed me that Magassa, the dilatory Grand Admiral, had returned with the boat's oars to Mtesa, and the news that I and my crew were dead, for which he had been chained, but subsequently released and sent by land, with a large party, to hunt up certain news of me. Sabadu was induced, after a little persuasion, to accede to my request.

"Two days after his arrival Sabadu sent his Wagaida to Bambireh, to procure food. The savages would not give them any, but attacked them, wounding eight and killing a chief of Kattawas, a neighbour of Antari, which gave me another strong reason why Bambireh should be punished. Accordingly, next morning I prepared a force of two hundred and eighty men, fifty

muskets, with two hundred and thirty spearmen, and placed them in eighteen canoes. About noon we set off, and, as Bambireh was eight miles distant, we did not reach the island until two P.M. The natives of the place seemed to know by instinct that this was to be a day of trouble, for every height had its look-out ready, and when they saw the force I had brought with me, no doubt many of them regretted that they had been so prone to attack peaceable strangers. Through my field-glass I 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 I concluded that the main force of the savages was hidden behind the trees. Calling the canoes together, I told the chiefs to follow my boat and steer exactly as I did, and by no means to attempt to land, as I did not intend that a single soul with me should be hurt.

“I wished to punish Bambireh, not to weaken myself; besides, if a subject of Mtesa was lost, how should I present myself to him? Accordingly, I rowed straight to the port, the canoes keeping up closely; and we became hidden from the view of those in the plantain grove and of all the look-outs; then, turning west, we skirted close to the land for a mile until we came to a cape, after rounding which we arrived in view of a noble bay, into which we steered. By this manœuvre I managed to get behind the enemy, who stood revealed in all his strength. Perceiving that the savages of Bambireh were too strong for me to attack in the plantain grove, I made for the opposite shore of the bay, where there were bare slopes, covered with short green grass. The enemy, perceiving my intention to disembark, rose from their coverts, and ran along the hills to meet us, which was precisely what I wished they would do, and accordingly I ordered my force to paddle slowly, so as to give them time. In half an hour the savages were all assembled in knots and groups; and after approaching within one hundred yards of the beach I formed my line of battle, the American and English flags waving as our ensigns. Having anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the shore, I ordered a volley to be fired at one group, which numbered about fifty, and the result was several killed and many wounded. The savages, perceiving our aim, and the danger of standing together, separated themselves, and advanced to the water's edge, slinging stones and shooting arrows. I then ordered the canoes to advance within fifty yards of the shore, and to fire at close quarters.

“After an hour the savages saw that they could not defend themselves, and retreated up the slope, where they continued still exposed to our bullets. I then caused the canoes to come together, and told them to advance in a body to the beach, as if about to disembark. This caused the enemy to make an effort to repulse our landing, and, accordingly, hundreds came down with their spears on the launch. When they were close enough, the bugle

sounded a halt, and another volley was fired into the spearmen, which had such a disastrous effect that they retired far away, and our work of chastisement was consummated. Not many cartridges were fired, but as the savages were so exposed, on a slope covered with only short grass, and as the sun in the afternoon was directly behind us, and in their faces, their loss was great. Forty-two were counted on the field, lying dead, and over a hundred were seen to retire wounded, while on our side only two men suffered contusions from stones slung at us. I had now not only the king and one chief of Bambireh in my power, but I had the son of Antari, and an important chief of his also, besides having punished the Bambireh natives most severely. When our force saw that the savages were defeated, the chiefs begged earnestly that I would permit them to land, and destroy the people altogether; but I refused, saying that I had not come to do that, but to punish them for their treachery and attempted murder of myself and the boat's crew, when we had put faith in their professed friendship. It was dark when we arrived at our camp, but at the sound of our bugle lights flew all over Island-camp, where we presently arrived, and were received with shouts and songs of triumph.

"The next morning, more canoes having arrived from Uganda, I embarked the entire Expedition, and sailed from Mahyiga Island. Our fleet of canoes now numbered thirty-two, and, as we steered close to Bambireh, I had an opportunity of observing the effect of the punishment on the natives, and I was gratified to see that their boldness and audacity were completely crushed, for one bullet put to flight over a hundred of them, whereas the day before they had bravely stood before a volley. Others who came down to the shore begged us to go away, and not to hurt them any more, which gave me an opportunity to preach to them that they had brought the punishment on their own heads for attempting the murder of peaceful strangers. In the evening we camped on the mainland, in the territory of King Kattawa, who treated us most royally for avenging the murder of his chief by the people of Bambireh. After stopping with him a day we camped on Musira Island, where the Waganda, under the Grand Admiral Magassa, so shamefully deserted me. This island is nearly opposite Makongo, where the natives had thought to attack us on our first journey. But the fame of what I had done at Bambireh induced them on this occasion to bring me five head of cattle, four goats, and one hundred bunches of bananas, besides honey, milk, and eggs, as a propitiatory offering. Kayozza, the King of Uzongora, also sent word to me that he had given his people orders to give me whatever I desired, even to one hundred cattle. I told him I needed none of his beasts, but if he would lend me ten canoes to carry my people to Uganda I would consider him as a friend. Ten canoes were accordingly brought the next day to me, with their crews.

“Sabadu, the Waganda chief, earnestly requested that I would fight Kayozza, as he had committed several murderous acts on the Waganda; but I refused, saying that attacking black people when they kept the peace was not the custom with white people, and that I would not have fired upon the Bambireh folk had they shown that they were sorry for what they had done to me, with which Sabadu was satisfied. Five days after leaving Bambireh the Expedition landed and camped at Dumo Uganda, which is two days' march north of the Kagera River, and two south of the Katonga. This camp I selected for the Expedition, because it was in an intermediate situation, whence I could start on a north-west, west, or south-west 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 are continually at war with Mtesa.

“Our loss on the lake during our travel by water from Usukuma to Dumo Uganda, a distance of nearly three hundred and twenty miles, was six men drowned, five guns, and one case of ammunition. Three of the riding asses also died from being bound in the canoes, which leaves me now but one. Ten of our canoes became wrecks also. The time occupied by the lake journey was fifty-six days; but as two hundred miles of it had been traversed three times, it will be seen that we travelled in those days a great distance over water. During fifty-one days the corn I had brought from Usukuma in the canoes was almost entirely the means of sustaining the Expedition; for though we received food from Itawaguemba and Kijaju of Romeh, we had it because it was their good-will that gave it us. Excepting twenty doti of cloth presented to these two kings, no more was used, so that we lived nearly two months on the bale which purchased the corn in Usukuma. I have every reason to feel gratified at the result of this long journey by water, though the loss of my men and guns gives me serious regret, and the death of all but one of the riding asses is a calamity. On the other hand, had I tried to force my way overland through Mirambo and Rwoma, I should have been either killed or a ruined fugitive.

“After arranging the camp I intend to visit Mtesa once more, who may be able to give me guides to the Albert Nyanza, for doubtless he has several men who have traded with the natives bordering that lake. My European attendant, Frank Pocock, enjoys his health amazingly, and seems to have become quite acclimatized to Africa.”

“Kawanga, Frontier Village between Unyoro and Uganda,  
Central Africa, Jan. 18, 1876.

“Six days ago the Anglo-American Expedition under my command, with two thousand choice spearmen of Uganda under ‘General’ Samboози, were

encamped at Unyampaka Unyoro, on the shore of the Albert Nyanza. Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, faithfully fulfilled his promise by furnishing me with force sufficient to pierce the hostile country of Kabba Rega, and to penetrate to the Albert Nyanza, near which we were encamped three days.

“But though we were successful so far as to reach the lake, drink of its waters, take a couple of astronomical observations, and procure much information respecting the contiguous countries, I soon perceived that exploration of the Albert was out of the question, unless I then and there resolved to terminate my journey. For having penetrated by force through Kabba Rega’s country it would have been folly to expect that two thousand two hundred men could long occupy Unyampaka in the face of the thousands which Kabba Rega, King of Unyoro, and Mtambuko, King of Ankori, would array against them. Ever since Sir Samuel Baker and his Egyptian force provoked the hostility of the successor to Kamrasi, Unyoro is a closed country to any man of a pale complexion, be he Arab, Turk, or European. Besides, Gordon’s officers in the north frequently engage the Wangoro wherever they are met, and thus the hate which Kabba Rega bears to Europeans is not diminishing. South of Unyoro extends the country of Ankori, inhabited by a powerful tribe, whose numbers have generally been found sufficient to give Mtesa measure for measure and blow for blow, and whose ferocity and singular aversion to strangers have compelled all trading caravans to keep clear of them.

“Upon considering then the chances of success along the various routes to Lake Albert, it became too evident to me that, unaided by a force of Waganda, I could not so much as reach it, and that even with the Waganda, unless the emperor assisted me with fifty thousand or sixty thousand, it would be almost hopeless to expect that we could hold our ground long enough to enable me to set out on a two months’ voyage of exploration, and find on my return the Expedition still intact and safe. On representing these ideas to the emperor, he and his chiefs assured me that two thousand men were amply sufficient, as Kabba Rega would not dare lift a spear against Waganda, because it was he (Mtesa), who had seated Kabba Rega on the throne of Kamrasi. Though not quite convinced by the assurances Mtesa gave me that there would be no trouble, I entreated him no further, but accepted thankfully General Samboози and two thousand men as an escort.

“Our march across Uganda W. and N. W. was uninterrupted by any event to mar the secret joy I felt in being once more on the move to new fields of exploration. We made a brave show of spears and guns while moving across the easy swells of pastoral Western Uganda. Game was also abundant, and twenty-seven harte-beests fell victims to my love of hunting and our necessities.

“Having arrived at the frontier of Unyoro, we made all warlike pre-

parations, and on January 5th entered Kabba Rega's territory. The people fled before us, leaving their provisions in their haste behind them, of which we made use. On the 9th we camped at the base of the tremendous mountain called Kabuga, at an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet above the sea. East of the low ridge on which we pitched our tents the Kalonga River was rounding from the north to the east on its course towards Lake Victoria; and west of the camp the Rusango River boomed hoarse thunder from its many cataracts and rapids as it rushed westward to Lake Albert. From one of the many spurs of Kabuga we obtained a passing glimpse of the king of mountains, Gambaragara, which attains an altitude of between thirteen thousand and fifteen thousand feet above the ocean. Snow is frequently seen on it, though not perpetual.

“ Upon its summit dwell the chief medicine men of Kabba Rega, a people of European complexion. Some half dozen of them I have seen, and was reminded of what Mukamba, King of Uzige, told Livingstone and myself respecting white people who lived far north of his country. They are a handsome race, and some of the women are singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, and inclined to brown in colour. 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, I am told, by their pale complexions. The Queen of the Sosua Islands in the Victoria Nyanza is a descendant of this tribe. Whence came this singular people I have had no means of ascertaining, except from the Waganda, who say that 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 the Emperor Mtesa despatched his Prime Minister with about one hundred thousand men to Gambaragara and Usongoro; but though the great General of Uganda occupied the slopes and ascended a long way 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.

“ The mountain, it appears, is an extinct volcano, for on the top of it 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 stone, like a wall, surrounds the summit, within which are several villages, where the principal medicine man and his people reside. Two men of this tribe, who might be taken at first glance for Greeks in white shirts, accompanied Sekajugu, a sub-chief under Sambozi, and our Expedition, to Lake Albert and

back to Uganda; but they were extremely incommunicative, and nothing of the history of their nation could I obtain from them. Their diet consists of milk and bananas, and they were the only men of rank in the entire force under Samboози who possessed more than two milch cows to supply them with milk while on the march. Sekajugu, to whom they were friendly, and under whom they had enrolled themselves, states that they rebelled against Kabba Rega, and to avoid his vengeance sought refuge with himself. Another specimen of these white-complexioned people I saw at the Court of Mtesa in the person of Prince Namionju, the brother of the reigning King Nyika of Gambaragara. When I first met this man I took him for a young Arab of Cairo who had chosen to reside in Uganda for some unknown reason, and it was not until I had seen several specimens of the same pale colour that I could believe that there existed a large and numerous tribe of such a singular hue in the heart of Africa, remote from the track of all travellers and trading caravans.

“Africa is certainly the ‘haunt of light-headed fable,’ romance, and superstition, but I shall believe ever hence that there exists some slight modicum of truth in all the statements and revelations of these simple folk. On the shores of the Victoria in Usukuma, I heard of a people far north possessing very large dogs of such fierce nature that they were often taken to war against the enemies of their masters. These people I subsequently ascertained to be the Wakedi, a tribe living north of Usoga. The same tribe also, in their various wars with Uganda, have frequently been found wearing iron armour! Again, about four years ago, when exploring the Tanganyika with Livingstone, I heard there existed a white race north of Uzige. At that time Livingstone and myself laughed at the absurdity of a white people living in the heart of Africa, and ascribed the report to the light-brown colour of the Warundi. Now, I have not only seen the country of these white people, but several specimens of themselves at various periods and in different places. Were it not for the negroid hair, I should say they were Europeans or some light-coloured Asiatics, such as Syrians or Armenians. *Apropos* of these singular creatures, I have heard that the first King of Kisbacca, a country south-west of Karagwe, was an Arab, whose scimitar is still preserved with great reverence by the present reigning family.

“Our further passage to Lake Albert was along the southern bank of the Rusango River, which winds in and out among deep mountain folds, and rushes headlong on its course in roaring cataracts and brawling rapids. Ten hours’ swift marching enabled us to cross an uninhabited tract of Ankori and emerge again in Unyoro, in the district of Kitagwenda, which is well populated and cultivated. Our sudden appearance on the scene, with drums beating, colours flying, and bugles blowing, drove the natives in a panic from their fields and their houses, in such hot haste that many of our people found

the family porridge still cooking, and great pots full of milk standing ready for the evening meal.

“It had been previously agreed upon between ‘General’ Samboози and myself that if the inhabitants chose to permit our peaceful passage through Unyoro, no violence was to be done to any person. But at Kitagwenda we found ourselves in possession of a populous and thriving district, with not a single soul near us to give any information. Lake Albert, on the evening of January 9th, was about three miles due west, and it behoved us, that we might not be surprised, to obtain information as to the feelings of the country towards us. Samboози was clever enough to perceive the position, and he consented to send out two hundred men next morning as scouts, to capture a few men, through whom we could communicate with the Chief of Kitagwenda, and satisfy him that, if unmolested, we had no hostile intention, but that, if permitted to reside two months, we would pay him in cloth, beads, or wire, for whatever we consumed.

“The next day was a halt, and the scouts brought in five natives, who were sent with a peaceful message to the chief. This individual did not deign to answer us, though we knew he resided on the summit of a mountain close by. On the 11th we moved our army to within one mile of the edge of the plateau, a thousand feet below which was the Albert Nyanza. Here we constructed our camp on the morning of the 11th, and, receiving no word from the chief of the Kitagwenda or of Unyampaka, sent five hundred Waganda and fifty of the Anglo-American Expedition to seek out a locality for a fenced post, and to borrow the use of all canoes along the coast at the base of the plateau on which we were camped. In about three hours the reconnoitring party returned, bringing information that they had only succeeded in securing five small canoes, too small to be of any service to us, and that the alarm had already spread far along the shores that a large force of strangers had arrived at the lake for war purposes.

“The 12th was spent by me in endeavouring to induce Samboози to move to the lake, that we might build a fortified place and put the boat ‘Lady Alice’ together, but it was in vain. The natives had by this recovered their wits, and, strongly reinforced from the neighbouring districts, they were preparing themselves for an effort to punish us for our temerity. Once we sallied out of our camp for a battle; but they, while withdrawing, told us mockingly to keep our strength for the next day. Unable to persuade Samboози to move his camp or stay longer than the next day, there remained for us only to return to Uganda, and accordingly, on the night of the 12th, it was resolved to return and try and discover some other country where the Expedition could camp in safety, while I explored the lake in the ‘Lady Alice.’ On the morning of the 13th we set out on our return from the Albert in order of battle; five hundred spearmen in front, five hundred for the rear-

guard, and one thousand spearmen and the Expedition in the centre. Whether it was our compact column that prevented an attack or not I cannot say; we were, however, permitted to leave unmolested, the natives merely closing in on our rear to snatch stragglers. On the 14th, as we entered Benga in Unyoro, they rushed out from some woods to attack us, but a few rounds of ball cartridge dispersed them. On the 18th we re-entered Uganda.

“ However slightly your readers may think of our trip to the Albert, honestly I do not suppose I have ever been guilty of such a hare-brained attempt as this before. I sometimes think, though it would have been entirely contrary to orders, that it would have been better to have launched the boat and to have explored the lake, leaving the Expedition to take care of itself, to perish, or survive my absence. But I felt it would be too great a pity, and that if one road was closed there might probably be others open; so that after much deliberation with myself I resolved to return, and endeavour to discover a part of the shore more amenable to reason and open to friendly gifts than hostile Unyoro or Ankori.

“ Though we made strict inquiries, we could glean no news of Gordon or his steamers; the natives of Unyampaka had never heard of a ship or any vessel larger than a canoe; and it is impossible that a vessel so singular as a steamer could approach near Usongora without the news of such an apparition becoming notorious.

“ The geographical knowledge we have been able to acquire by our forcible push to the Albert Nyanza is considerable. The contour of the plateau separating the great reservoirs of the Nile, the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, the structure of the mountains and ridges, the course of the watersheds, and that of the rivers Katongo and Rusango, have been revealed. The great mountain Gambaragara, and its singular people, have been discovered, besides a portion of a deep gulf of the Albert, which I have taken the liberty to call, in honour of her Royal Highness the Princess, Beatrice Gulf. This, almost a lake of itself, is formed by the promontory of Usongora, which runs south-west some thirty miles from a point ten geographical miles north of Unyampaka.

“ The eastern shore of the gulf is formed by the countries of Irangara, Unyampaka, Buhuju, and Mpororo, which coast line runs a nearly S.S.W. 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 shore of Lake Albert, we have Ruanda running from Mpororo on the east to Ukonju on the west, occupying the whole of the south and south-east 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, Bubuju, and Irangara, are merely districts of Unyuro. The great promontory of Usongora, which half shuts in Beatrice Gulf, is tributary to Kabba Rega, though governed by Nyika, King of Gambaragara.

“Usongoro 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 these people 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. 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 their 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 head; but so dearly were they purchased by the loss of human life that it is doubtful whether such a raid will again be attempted to Usongora.

“I propose to rest here a couple of days, and then proceed to Karagwe to discover another road to Lake Albert.

“P.S.—Our camp on Lake Albert in Unyampaka was situated in E. longitude  $31^{\circ} 24' 30''$  by observation, and N. latitude  $0^{\circ} 25' 0''$  by account. The promontory of Usongora, due west, was about 15 miles.”

The last instalment of Stanley's despatches at this time appeared in the “Telegraph” of August 14th, 1876. He thus writes:—

“Kafurro, Arab Depot, near Rumanika's Capital, Karagwe,  
Central Africa, March 26th, 1876.

“Before parting with ‘General’ Samboози, I received some fresh unkindness from him, which made another cause of complaint to add to that of his refusal to assist in building a fenced camp on Lake Albert. The ‘General,’ no doubt perceiving that his hopes of reward from me were very slim, undertook to pay himself, and accordingly refused to return three porters' loads of beads given him for carriage, appropriating them for his own benefit. By such a proceeding he became guilty of theft, and, what is worse in Uganda, of disrespect and misbehavior to the emperor's guest, thus laying himself

open to the severest penalties. My letter of complaint was no sooner received by the emperor, than a force of musketeers were despatched under Saruti, its chief, who despoiled 'General' Samboози of cattle, wives, children, slaves, and every article he possessed; and the 'General' himself was seized, bound, and carried in chains to the emperor. Mtesa also sent a series of messages after me, imploring me to return, and promising me Sekibobo with fifty thousand men, and Mquenda with forty thousand more, to escort me back again to Lake Albert, giving me at the same time a solemn assurance that these chiefs should defend the camp until I returned from my voyage of exploration. But, though I almost wept from sheer vexation, and was extremely sorry to refuse such a generous offer, I respectfully declined relying upon the Waganda any more; and wrote back to that effect as fast as each message came in. Besides, I was too far south, being encamped on the north banks of the Kagera River, when I first learned Mtesa's intentions; and to return from the Kagera to the Katonga, and then march back again to Lake Albert, would have occupied three months, while, should Sekibobo and Mquenda prove as faithless as Samboози, I might find, on my return to Unyampaka from the Lake, that the Waganda and the Expedition had flown. I had many other strong reasons for persisting in my refusal; and though I prosecuted my march to Karagwe, it was with a sad heart I bade farewell to my hopes of exploring Lake Albert from the east side.

"Until I arrived in Karagwe I was daily encouraged with the reports of simple natives that a country lay behind Mpororo, where we would be received as friends; but on inquiry of the gentle, sweet-tempered Rumanika, I was informed that the friendly country was Utumbi, which was quite inaccessible, owing to the people of Mpororo, who would not even let his own people enter their territory. On asking if Ruanda was accessible to travellers, I was informed that at five different times Arabs had endeavoured to open intercourse with them, but each time had been repulsed, and some had been murdered by the treacherous people. I then inquired if there were no road between Ruandi and Urundi by which I could reach Uzige. The old king smiled at the question, and said that the Warandi were worse than the natives of Ruanda. Not quite satisfied with his replies, I questioned Hamed Ibrahim, an Arab gentleman, who has done business in Karagwe twelve years, as to the possibility of penetrating anywhere westward from any point near Karagwe. His replies, though more definite and explicit, swept away almost all hope of ever again reaching Lake Albert from the east side. To test Rumanika's friendship, I then requested he would permit me to explore the frontier of Karagwe as far north as Mpororo, and south to Ugufu, a distance of eighty geographical miles, and that he would lend me guides and a native escort. To my surprise, the gentle old king not only gave me guides and escort, but canoes and the freedom of Karagwe, or, in other words, he promised that so

long as I explored, I and my people should have subsistence gratis! Thus was I assisted a second time by African monarchs in the cause of geography.

“I lost no time, you may rest assured, in getting ready. The boat ‘Lady Alice’ was conveyed to Speke’s Lake Windermere, and the sections screwed together, so that the next day, convoyed by six of Rumanika’s canoes manned by Wanyambu (natives of Karagwe), we set out for another trip. After circumnavigating Lake Windermere we entered the Kagera River, and almost immediately it flashed on my mind that I had made another momentous discovery—that I had found, in fact, the true parent of the Victoria Nile. If you glance at Speke’s map you will perceive that he calls this river the Kitangule, and that he has two tributaries running to it—the Luchuro and the Ingezi. Speke, so wonderfully correct, with a mind which grasped geographical facts with great acuteness, and arranged the details with clever precision and accuracy, is, however, seriously in error in calling this noble river the Kitangule. Neither Waganda nor Wanyamba are acquainted with it by that name, but they all know the Kagera River, which flows near Kitangule. From its mouth to Urundi it is spoken of by the natives on both banks as the Kagera River. The Luchuro, or rather Lukaro, means ‘higher up,’ but is no name of any stream. Of the Ingezi I shall have occasion to speak further on.

“While exploring the Victoria Lake I ascended a few miles up the Kagera, and was then struck with its great volume and depth—so much so as to rank it as the principal affluent of the Victoria Lake. In coming south, and crossing it at Kitangule, I sounded it and found fourteen fathoms of water, or eighty-four feet deep, and one hundred and twenty yards wide. This fact, added to the determined opinion of the natives, that the Kagera was an arm of the Albert Nyanza, caused me to think the river worth exploring. I knew, as all do who understand anything of African geography, that the Kagera could not be an effluent of Lake Albert, but their repeated statements to that effect caused me to suspect that such a great body of water could not be created by the drainage of Ruanda and Karagwe, and that it ought to have its source much further, or from some lake situate between Lakes Albert and Tanganyika. When I explored Lake Windermere I discovered, by sounding, that it had an average depth of forty feet, and that it was fed and drained by the Kagera.

“On entering the Kagera, I stated that it flashed on my mind that it was the real parent of the Victoria Nile; by sounding I found fifty-two feet of water in a river fifty yards wide. I proceeded on my voyage three days up the river, and came to another lake about nine miles long and a mile in width, situate on the right hand of the stream. At the southern end of this lake, and after working our way through two miles of papyrus, we came to

the island of Unyamubi, a mile and a half in length. Ascending the highest point on the island, the secret of the Ingezi or Kagera was revealed. Standing in the middle of the island I 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 it away broader, till beyond the horizon green papyri mixed with broad grey gleams of water. I discovered, after further exploration, that the expanses of papyri floated over a depth of from nine to fourteen feet of water; that this vegetation, in fact, covered a large portion of a long shallow lake; that the river, though apparently a mere swift-flowing body of water, confined seemingly within proper banks by dense, tall fields of papyri, was a current only, and that underneath the papyri it supplied a lake varying from five to fourteen miles in width, and about eighty geographical miles in length. Descending the Kagera again, some five miles from Unyamubi, the boat entered a large lake on the left side, which, when explored, proved to be thirteen geographical miles in length by eight in breadth. From its extreme western side to the mainland of Karagwe east was fourteen miles, eight of which was clear open water; the other six were covered by floating fields of papyri, large masses or islands of which drift to and fro daily.

By following this lake to its southern extremity, I penetrated between Ruanda and Kishakka. I attempted to land in Ruanda, but was driven back to the boat by war-cries, which the natives sounded shrill and loud. Throughout the entire length (eighty miles) the Kagera maintains almost the same volume and nearly 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, connected together underneath the fields of papyri, and by lagoon-like channels meandering tortuously enough between detached fields of this 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 I ascertained it to be at an altitude of three thousand seven hundred and sixty feet above the ocean, and about three hundred and twenty feet above Lake Victoria. The extreme north point of this singular lake is north by east from Uhimba, its extreme southern point. Karagwe occupies the whole of its eastern side. South-west it is bounded by Kishakka, west by Muvuri, in Ruanda, north-west by Mpororo, north-east 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, till it finally rolls over a wall of rock ten or

twelve feet deep with a tremendous uproar—on which account the natives call it Morongo, or the Noisy Falls.

“On returning from my voyage of exploration—during which time I was most hospitably entertained, so powerful was the name of the gentle Rumanika—I requested guides to take me overland to the hot springs of Mlagata, which have obtained such renown throughout all the neighbouring countries for their healing properties. Two days’ severe marching towards the north brought us to a deep wooded gorge wherein they are situated. I 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 vigour that each plant seemed to strangle the others for lack of room. They so clambered over one another that small hills of vegetation were formed, the lowest portion of the mass stifled by the uppermost, and through the heaps thus formed tall trees shot upward an arrow’s flight into the upper air with globes of radiant green foliage like crowns surmounting their stems.

“The springs were visited at this time by numbers of diseased persons, and males and females were seen lying promiscuously in the hot pools half asleep. The hottest waters issued in streams from the base of a rocky hill, and when Fahrenheit’s thermometer was placed in these springs the mercury rose to 129°. Four bubbled upward from the ground through a depth of dark muddy sediment, and had a temperature of 110°. These were the most favoured by the natives, and the curative reputation of the locality was based on the properties of this particular water. I camped here three days, and made free use of a reserved outflow; but, excepting its unusual cleanliness, I cannot say I enjoyed any benefit. I drank about a gallon of the potent liquid, and can report this much, that it has no laxative effect on the system. A bottleful of the purest water I took away with me, in the hope that some day it may be analysed by professional men in Europe.

“It is but yesterday that I returned from the Hot Springs, and, having seen all worth seeing in Karagwe, without as yet discovering any road westward, I propose the day after to-morrow to march along the eastern shore of the lake, south or south-west, as far as practicable, with the view to follow up the interesting discoveries I have made.”

“Ubagwe, Western Unyamwezi, Central Africa,  
April, 24, 1876.

“We departed from the capital of Karagwe with very brave intentions and high aspirations. We had discovered that the Kagera formed a great lake about eighty miles in length and from five to fourteen miles in breadth, and that at Kishakka it was still a powerful, deep-flowing stream, while reports from natives and Arabs had created curious ideas within our minds as to the fountain-head of this noble river. Imbued with the thought that

by journeying a sufficient distance along its right bank we might discover this source, we made ample preparations for crossing a wide wilderness, packed ten days' provisions of grain on the shoulders of each man of the Expedition, and on the 27th of March set out for the uninhabited land. On the second day of our departure from the Karagwe capital we came to the east side of a lake, a long, narrow, winding body of water. We marched along its eastern shore for three days, a distance of thirty-six miles; on the fourth and fifth day an obstructing ridge shut it from our view while marching, but by occasionally surmounting the obstacle I managed to obtain views of its stream-like water, still extending south and south-west.

“On the sixth day we came to Ubimba, the frontier of Karagwe, where, behind a ridge, which extends between Ubimba and the lake, we saw the extreme south end of the lake we had so long followed. From a point of observation near Ubimba we saw also 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 north-west by a wide valley, through which issued into the Kagera a lake-like river called Akanyaru. South-west was seen the course of the Kagera, which, above the confluence of the Akanyaru with it was only a swift-flowing stream of no very considerable depth or breadth. Such a river I thought might well be created by the drainage of Eastern Urundi and Western Ubba. My attention was drawn from the Kagera to the lake-like stream of Akanyaru, and several natives stated to me, while looking towards it, that it was an effluent of the Kagera, and that it emptied into the Albert Nyanza. Such an extraordinary statement as this should not be received and transmitted from me to you as a fact without my being able to corroborate it on personal authority.

“Exploration of the mouth of the Akanyaru proves that the Akanyaru is not an effluent, but is an affluent of the Kagera. Beyond the mouth of the Akanyaru I dared not go, as the natives of Kishakka on the left bank, and Ugufu on the right bank, are a great deal too wild. I find that the long-legged race inhabiting the countries west of Uganda, Karagwe, and Uni, have a deadly aversion to strangers. The sight even of a strange dog seems sufficient to send them into a mad rage, and paroxysms of spear-shaking and bow-bending. They are all kin to the long-legged mortals of Bambireh, who sounded the war-cry at the mere sight of our inoffensive exploring boat floating on the Victoria Lake. 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 animal to death, and, if such a person be found, his life is forfeited to the purblind, small-brained natives. Human beings frequently astonish one another in all countries with 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, eccentric, 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 Rumanika proved himself, he never offered me even one teaspoonful during the time I was with him, and, had he given me a can, his people would have torn him limb from limb. From this excessive love for their cattle springs their hostility to strangers, which arises from a dread of evil or fear of danger to the kine. By maintaining a strict quarantine, and a system of exclusiveness, they hope to ward off all evil and sudden disaster.

“By comparing the information derived from natives of Ubimba, Ugufu, Kishakka, Urundi, and Ruanda, I am able to give you additional details of the source and course of the Kagera River, and I hold out to myself some small hope that in a few months from the present date I may be able to explore from another quarter a tract of country which, hypothetically, I believe contains the fountain-head of this river. Until that period let the following stand for the utmost of our knowledge of it. From a ridge near Mlagata Hot Springs, having an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, I obtained a view of the Ufumbiro mountains, which have a height of about twelve thousand feet. This group consists of two sugar-loaf cones and a ridge-like mass, and is situated about forty geographical miles W.N.W. from Mlagata, forming a barrier at that spot between Mpororo and Ruanda.

“The course of all the main ridges and valleys from Ruanda to the Victoria Nyanza appears to be south by west. Nay, you may say that from Alexandria to the Nyassa Lake, the central portion of Africa seems to be formed into ridges, deep troughs, basins, or valleys, the length of which is from north-east to south-west. Regard the course of the Nile from Lake Albert to Alexandria, the positions of Lakes Albert, Tanganyika, and Nyassa, as well as the Victoria Lake. Follow the course of the Mokattam range of mountains through Nubia, Abyssinia, Galla, Masai, and Usagara; trace the plateaux of Masai, Unyamwezi, Urori, Ubisa, south to the Bechuana country, and you will perceive that the general trend of almost all the rivers, lakes, mountains, basins, and plateaux, is from north-easterly to south-westerly. 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, and the valleys deeper and narrower. We have no longer the wide, billowy plateau, the successive swells of which make travel and exploration tedious, but lines of mountains of enormous frame, separated from each other by deep narrow valleys, with a hundred geological wonders presented to the view at a glance. From Mlagata mountain, while looking towards 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 the valley of Ruanda between the two westernmost. The two latter appear to run parallel with each other from east and west of the Ufumbiro mountains, and shut in the valley of the Ni Nawarango or Nawarongo River, which, rising in the Ufumbiro mountains, flows south by west between Muvari and Ruanda, and enters the Akanyaru Lake, which is thirty by twenty miles in extent. From the Akanyaru Lake issues the Akanyaru River, between Ugufu and Kishakka, into the Kagera. The Kagera proper, coming from the south-west, also enters the Akanyaru Lake, but leaves it south of Ugufu and takes a curve north-easterly between Ugufu and Western Usui. West of Akanyaru I could obtain no certain intelligence. I have heard of another large lake lying west, but what connection it has with the Kagera, or whether it has any, I cannot learn definitely. One says that it is an arm of Luta Nzige or Lake Albert, another declares it to be a separate water. Whatever it be I trust I shall be able to discover at a later period.

“With the best intentions to prosecute my explorations along the Kagera I was paralysed by famine in Usui and the hostility of the Warundi, and was therefore obliged to abandon exploration from this side of the Tanganyika. Summing up all the chances remaining for me to do good work without expending vainly my goods and the health and energy left in me, I saw it was useless to sit down and launch invectives against the intractable natives, and that it was far better and more manly to hurry on to other regions and try Lake Albert by another route from the opposite quarter. You will perceive by this letter that I am now in Western Unyamwezi, about fifteen days' journey from Ujiji. What I propose doing now is to proceed quickly to Ujiji, then explore the Tanganyika in my boat, and from Uzige 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.

“It may not be actually necessary to explore that lake, for Gordon or some of his officers may have accomplished the work, but I have no means of knowing whether they have done so or not; it therefore remains for me, if the feat be possible, to circumnavigate it. If it is not, I shall strike out for other regions, and continue exploration elsewhere, until my poverty of goods warns me to return. By the same bearer which conveys this letter to the coast I

send four others, which have been kept by me until I had an opportunity to send them. Three at least I expected to put in person into the hands of one of Gordon's officers; but it was not fated to be so. From Ujiji I shall send the duplicates of these letters to the coast; and, before I quite leave that port, I expect to possess other geographical items to transmit to you.

"Gordon Pasha was kind enough to send me a 'Daily Telegraph' of December 24th, 1874, and a 'Pall-Mall Gazette' of the same month, which I received in Uganda just before starting for the Albert Nyanza. In the 'Daily Telegraph' I saw a short letter from Cameron, dated May 3rd, 1873, wherein he says he has discovered the outlet of the Tanganyika to be the Lukuga. Cameron has been fortunate and energetic, and deserves credit for the discovery. But he says he has not quite circumnavigated the Tanganyika, because he did not think it worth while, after discovering the Lukuga. It may be, Cameron, by this omission, has left me something to discover in this quarter; but whether or not, the 'Lady Alice' shall not quit the waters of that lake until I have finished the two-thirds left unvisited by me on my first expedition. In the 'Pall Mall Gazette' I read a more startling statement, which deserves from me as flat a contradiction as no doubt it has received from Colonel Grant. The article stated that Colonel Long, of the Egyptian service, had declared that he had just returned from a visit to the King of Uganda, and had discovered, to his surprise, that Lake Victoria was a body of water about twelve miles in width!

"Now, I do know it as a fact that Colonel Long, or Long Bey, was in Uganda July, 1873; but if he states that the Victoria Nyanza is only twelve miles in width, he states what every snub-nosed urchin in Uganda would declare to be astounding nonsense. The width of twelve miles is what I would give to Murchison Bay—a portion of which is visible from Kibuga, one of the Emperor's capitals. If Monsieur Linant de Bellefonds, of the Egyptian service, who *discovered* me in Uganda, is now in Europe, he is requested to publish his opinion of Lake Victoria, even from what he saw of it from Usavara. The 'Pall Mall Gazette' adds that it was always the opinion of Captain Burton that Speke had exaggerated the extent of Lake Victoria. Last year I sent you a map of the southern, eastern, northern, and north-west coasts of Lake Victoria. Enclosed in this packet you will find a sketch map of the south-west coast, with which you may compare Speke's hypothetical outline of the Victoria Lake, and judge for yourselves whether Speke has been guilty of much exaggeration. "HENRY M. STANLEY."

The subjoined letters were received by the same mail which brought Mr. Stanley's despatches, by the parents of his European attendant:—

"Lake Victoria Nyanza.

"MY DEAR PARENTS—I daresay you will think it strange not hearing

anything of me. I am afraid you will hear too soon of my dear brother. I will not enter upon that, as you will know all about it. We received your letters the day after we left the coast, and were very glad to hear such news. Since then I have seen some changes, I can tell you. Sometimes without food, sometimes plenty, sometimes wet weather, at other times dry; it is a feast or a famine with everything. I have had the fever about twelve times, but thank God I have got over it. I have not had it for two months. I am now more used to the country. I have good health now to what I did. We had rough times of it after poor Ted's death. What with fighting and long marching, it almost turned me up. We arrived here on February 27th, after a journey of one hundred and three days from the coast. When I saw the lake my heart leapt within me at the sight of the water. We were coming over a large hill, and one of the natives ran back to me and said, 'Bana! Bana!' which is, 'Sir,' 'margey (water)! margey!' The master was behind, so that I saw it before him. I am the third white man that ever saw the inland sea; it is one thousand and twenty-six miles around it, plenty of fish and crocodiles, hippopotami, and birds on the shores. Plenty of islands. Me and Ted had one each, Barker one, and there are many others, which will be on the map when issued.

"Mr. Stanley was fifty-seven days gone in the boat to find the source of the Nile. He has been successful in his undertaking. Where Ted died was the very spot where the Nile flows from. It was strange that he should say what he did. In about fifteen days after that we crossed the south arm of the Nile in the boat—the first English boat ever there. When the natives at the lake saw the boat and three white men they were surprised. They are quite wild; they are naked, but civil. We travelled one hundred and seventy miles where no other white man ever was; that was where we had to fight. You will hear of it from the papers. Dear parents, after we leave here we go to a beautiful country called Uganda. Mr. Stanley stayed fifteen days with the king while going round the lake. In fact, all the countries are healthy that we are going to. We have a steamer waiting for us, with Mr. Gordon, at Lake Albert Nyanza. Our work is more than one-third done; the worst is over; all the countries we go to now have plenty of food, and cheap. I have plenty to tell you when I come home, if God spares me, which I hope He will. Frederick Barker died on April 25th. I was left with one hundred and sixty-six men. I was in charge all the time Mr. Stanley was away, but when he was gone I had no one to talk to or ask advice. When Mr. Stanley came back he was very much pleased with the way I had discharged my duty. He told me all about the trip in the boat, and many other things. He says we shall be home in about eighteen months. All the letters you or any one else has sent will be forwarded on to Ujiji, so that I shall get them there, but that will not be before December.

“Dear parents, wait with patience, and you will see me come home with honour. I expect it seems a long time to you, but it seems like yesterday to me. I am in good health and happy. My thoughts are ever on you all, and my prayers are for you. I have had trouble, but I have borne up against it. Mr. Stanley says, ‘Frank, you are the coolest man and the happiest I ever saw.’ I don’t know the exact time we shall leave here, but the King of Uganda has sent eighty canoes and five hundred men to take us to his country. He is a Christian. Mr. Stanley said he was sorry to leave him; he is so fond of a white man. There is a French officer at his place; and Colonel Gordon farther on, with several white men with him. My dear parents, were you to see the hut I am now sitting in writing this you would say, How can you live there? but to-morrow we shall leave here, perhaps for no house at all. I have just had my evening meal of tea, boiled beef and banana. In my hut there are no less than nine black boys around me, asking me questions about England, and the boy that held Dr. Livingstone’s hand is my servant, and is as faithful as any Christian. One little boy was a slave, but now free. As soon as he came with me I set him free. I saw him pulled from his mother. He is about nine years old, quick and honest. His name is Benjamin. My dear parents, keep my dog, Sailor, and I will pay for him when I come home. I should like to have him here to keep the natives away. They are afraid of the white man’s dogs, but all ours are dead. I daresay you think it unkind of me not to say anything about my dear brother; but God’s will be done, and I hope he is at rest. What can I say or think? All I can think, I wish he was with me now. I cannot explain to you all just now; but I hope to tell you in person some day. Mr. Stanley has made some great discoveries. I can tell you it is not all pleasure in Africa, but I hope it will soon be over, and we shall return. Remember me to everybody, and look for me in May, 1877.

“P.S.—My Dear Parents—I thought when I wrote the other sheets they would be on their way by this time, but the letters only go when there is a caravan going to Unyanyembe with ivory, so I can’t say when this letter will reach you. Since I wrote the other I have had a trip of twelve days in the boat with ten men, to get canoes to convey our caravan by water to Uganda, which is only five days, and by land twenty. I went to an island called Ukereweway, about one hundred and twenty miles round it. The king is very great. I went to him. When I went near the natives were surprised to see a boat. There were thousands who never saw a white man or a boat. I was the first white man ever there. I was followed everywhere by hundreds of them. They were around the boat all day, and if I wanted them to move away I only had to get out of her. Men, women, and children, are very near all naked. They are a fine race of people; the king as fine-looking a man as I have seen in Africa. When I went to him he sat on a large stone

with, I should say, two thousand people around him, all armed with something. I went with nothing in my hands nor in those of my men, so that he should think we were friends. He had me to sit down beside him and my boy to speak at our feet. He looked at me and smiled; he touched my hair, and wanted me to show it all. When I took off my hat the people all laughed, but I did not mind that, as it would not do to get out of temper. Then he looked at my shoes, which surprised him very much. He laughed and talked about my dress. He had about twenty fathoms of light brass wire round his legs and large rings on his arms, beads on his neck, and a fine cloth—nothing on his head—that is the custom. A fine-made man; he stands six feet or more. His name is Lukongu. He and his people are very kind. As soon as I asked him about the canoes he said I should have fifty the next day, but I had to stop six days for them to be repaired. He gave me two fine bullocks, and sent me milk night and morning (it was fine milk), eggs, and bananas, which are very plentiful; for miles there is nothing but banana trees. The women brought me flour, but not like that at home, sweet potatoes, and tobacco. I gave him presents—a gold ring and an Albert chain, a black necklace and some cloth. I gave him a rug—one colour one side and another the other. That surprised him more than all. When I returned I had forty-seven canoes, but they went back the next day and the master with them. Dear parents, I have no more to say about the king.

“Uganda, Lake Victoria Nyanza, Central Africa,  
August 14, 1875.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—I dare say you think the time long since we left home. Twelve months yesterday we left our native land. I wrote a letter two months ago, but I cannot say which will be home first. We have crossed the great lake in canoes to escape a savage country. We arrived at the lake on February 27th, 1875, and did not leave until June 19th. We then conveyed some goods and men to an uninhabited island in the sea, where I was left in charge again until the remainder of the men came. We then worked from one island to another until we fell in with some Uganda canoes that were sent to find the white man during the time Mr. Stanley was surveying the lake, and he went to an island to buy food. They took the oars out of the boat and told him to perish in the Nyanza. With our canoes and the Uganda we went there to fight, and killed about forty or more, and not one of us got a scratch. We returned to camp on a small island near it, with joy. Our comrades had made ready with songs and shouts. The next day we went to the mainland, where food was abundant. Bananas is the main food of the natives. They keep cattle, but seldom kill one, because they are their riches. They brought the white men milk, eggs, coffee, etc. As soon as we landed the natives all ran away. The King of Uganda is a fine man. Mr.

S., and Robert, his boy, brought up in the mission at Zanzibar, almost made him a Christian. Mr. S. leaves me here to-morrow to visit him—five days' journey. I have lent Robert my Bible to read to him.

“My dear parents, you would like to see our camp. It is built like a street through the forest of banana trees. There is hardly anything else here but them and tobacco, which serves for grass. If Africa was all like this I could live in it for years. Our food—that is for the white men—comes from the king. Some parts of the country grow sweet potatoes and other things, which are very nice. I never eat fruit in England so nice as bananas. Eat as many as you like, they never hurt any one. All our men live on them. I weigh nearly twelve stone; my health is good; I am strong and fat. If you were to see me now you would say I was a negro. I have not had fever since April, and then very slight. I can speak a little of the lingo, and I have better health than Mr. Stanley. There is not one man in the caravan but will do anything for me, through not beating them, and not playing with them, but keeping them in their place. If a man steals, I punish him accordingly—that is, when I am in charge; but when the great master, as he is called, is in camp, he does as he likes.

“As soon as Mr. S. returns from the king, we shall travel across to the other lake—Albert Nyanza—eight days' journey; and if steamers belonging to Colonel Gordon have not finished their work, and been taken to pieces, we shall make good way on our journey. I long to get to Ujiji to hear from you; and if the Almighty spares me to come home, I can tell you plenty I have seen—men of all colours, some savage, other more quiet. The people of Uganda go on their knees to us. They bring food for nothing. Dear parents, you must tell all the people the news. Tell Harry and all that are not married, if they get spliced while I am away, to save me a piece of cake, and to find me a wife. Tell the people all round that I send my respects. I cannot write, as I have no more paper or envelopes. I hope to spend a better Christmas than last, for I never saw it rain so hard as it did on the Eve. We lay in camp on Christmas Day, but that made no difference. All day we were drying clothes. Plain rice—we had no meat for six days—for dinner.

“That was in the country of Ugogo. Don't forget to make some wine, if possible. We expect to be home about Christmas, 1876. My thoughts are ever on you all. Brothers and sisters, remember me always, as I do you all. Pray for me that I may come home and reap the harvest of hard marches, lonely nights, and hot days, savage tribes, and hard beds. Dear parents, I thought of sending some money, but I find it will not pay. If you could find a friend to lend you a few pounds, my money shall pay it back. If I do not come, you will have the money that is due to me. George sent me a beautiful letter. You must tell him to give my respects to all friends.—I remain your loving and affectionate son,

“FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK.”

“DEAR PARENTS—I told you I think it will be December before we reach Ujiji, because Colonel Gordon is going to lend us a steamer as far as she is any use, and some men as far as Ujiji. The weather on the road was very changeable, which is the cause of so much illness. You think it thunders very heavy in England, but it is nothing to this. It shakes everything fearfully, and when it rains it is a complete deluge. It is now the wet season. Between the showers the sun is enough to burn the hair off your head; but we don't have to be out. I have had three months' rest, with the best of food; but it is not like the food in England. Rice is a great luxury. There is plenty of meat—goats, sheep, and bullocks—but it does not do to eat too much meat. You can buy two sheep for a piece of cloth six feet by three. The cloth is sheeting. Money is of no use—beads, cloth, and shells. For one strand of beads, which cost one farthing at home, you will get about one gallon of sweet potatoes. Bananas not very plentiful here. We get plenty of good fish.

“The natives of this part do nothing but lie and walk about all day. The women till the ground. The men wear strings of shells around their arms and a goatskin slung across their shoulders. That is a fine dress; but most of them are quite naked, but none without a weapon of defence. They dance and sing, and get drunk on their beer, called pombe. This village belongs to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and there is one man, a slave of his, called Songoria. During the time Mr. S. was away I had several presents, such as rice and sheep. I took food with him, and it is a great honour to a black man to feed with the Mosonga, or white man. Can't get on with the language much. Mr. S. can speak it as well as he can speak English; but there is fresh lingo about every twenty miles, which all our men cannot understand. The captain of our people can talk all of them. He is such a nice man: he is like a father. When we were in a desert, he went twelve miles among wild beasts for water for the white men, a turn I shall never forget. I dreamed the other night I was at home eating fine things, but I awoke and found myself in Central Africa. We have been four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. We are now one thousand three hundred and eight. That is the position of the lake. It is splendid water here, which is very healthy.

“This is an awful country to forget; you lose all understanding. If you want to remember anything you must write it down. I am sure poor Ted's death was not in my mind one hour. It is the way with everybody. Of course a thought crossed my mind very often, but not to think of it. The Lord gave me strength to bear with it. There are so many changes that you can't think of everything. My dear parents, I am not certain of this letter reaching you from here, so that I will not write to any one else until we get to Uganda. If this should get home first, you must send it round the family. If I write to one and not the other, it will not be right; but I will write again

when there is better conveyance. The letters that go from Uganda go down the Nile and through Egypt, so that I shall be sure of them going home. When you write send long letters, for only a few words would come very acceptable. I have not seen or heard a white man since I left the coast. That was on the 1st of November. Give my love to all. Kiss all the children for me. I will write more next time. Tell Harry to save me a piece of cake. I have no more to say just now, so I must conclude with love to all.—I am, your affectionate and loving son, FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK.

“Secomia, May 15, 1875.”

“We reached Lake Albert, but, as we could find no place that was peaceable to camp where we could stop while Mr. S. explored the lake, as he did Lake Victoria, we were obliged to return and make ourselves content with seeing the lake, and drinking of its waters.”

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“Anglo-American Expedition, Central Africa,  
April 18, 1876.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—My heart yearns to you and home. It is now one year and five months since I heard a single word from you. I received your letters the day we left the coast. Since then Mr. S. received some papers from Colonel Gordon at Gondokorro in Egypt; and that is all we know about our homes. God only knows what has happened. There is no one knows the Pockocks here, or Cookham Woods. I wrote a letter to you and Bill when we arrived in Uganda. Mr. S. was gone to the sultan. Three months I was left alone with the goods. We were in Uganda five months—a land flowing with milk and honey. We then went to the Albert Nyanza, through Unyoro, escorted by two thousand Waganda sent by the sultan. We thought of seeing some white men at the Albert Nyanza; we reached there, and saw the lake, but had to retreat in great haste. We marched for sixteen days from two o'clock in the morning until sunset—hungry and thirsty, weary, and footsore; and when we halted we had no bed, but lay on the ground. I became very sick from fever, which I thought would have carried me off. But my time was not come. On the road we passed a fine mountain crowned with snow, and many beautiful streams feeding the Nyanza. I cannot say anything about the people. All I know, they are bad. They train large dogs to fight like tigers.

“We left Uganda on January 1, 1876, and returned to Uganda on the 17th. When we reached Uganda the Waganda left us, and we travelled on to Karagwe. We crossed the Kagera River, the main source of the Nile, and drank of its waters. When we reached Karagwe we fell in with some Arabs

—a lucky hit. We discovered a lake here eighty miles by thirty. There are also hot-water springs near the fall of the Kagera River, the springs, six in number, boiling. We left Karagwe in March for the Wilderness of Nine Days. While we were at Karagwe I visited the king, to show him the boat. He asked me, was I English? I said 'Yes.' He said, 'Speke was English, and he was a good man, so you must be good also.' Speke travelled here fifteen years ago; his name is all the rage in Uganda and Karagwe. We are now in the country of Usamberon—good people, and plenty of food. We have been nearly a month in the Wilderness, with but little food.

"An Arab has travelled with us to here; he leaves us here for Unyan-yembe, and we go to Ujiji—about one month's march. The Arab will bring our letters to the coast. I hope when we reach Ujiji to find some papers and letters from home. I am sometimes lonely. I have no one to talk to but black people. Although I can talk Swahili nearly as well as English, I can't find anything in their company to amuse me. There is no comfort in this part of the globe—hot sun and cold nights. We have crossed rivers and swamps, up to our waists in mud and water, for days and days. Then, when we reach camp, there is no kind sister to make your bed; but a nigger will throw down a lump of grass as you would to a pig. Then our food is like cattle food in England. It consists of dried beans and peas, and Matama corn, such as donkeys eat. What would I give now for an old crust such as you give to sailors, or some pudding properly cooked. But no one knows about that here. If you cannot eat, go without.

"But, thank God, I enjoy good health. It is now three months since I had fever. I am strong and fat. In some places white men are thought cattle, in another they are great. There are many tribes of fine men, dressed in embogu bark cloth. Many are naked; many are dressed in skins put about their shoulders. Many have long hair, others plait it in a thousand plaits, with beads sewn on; while the people of Uganda shave all off, and carry two spears and one shield, and the people of Karagwe use bows and arrows, and the people of Usui use one spear, with which they spear a man or an ox—they don't throw it—while the people here use guns.

"My dear parents, I have no doubt you think me lost; but no; I am still alive, and hope to see you all. I cannot write to all, and you are at the head, so you must cuppa salaam ymugo—that is, give my love to all the family. Kiss the children, and give them my blessing. Names are too numerous to mention.

"My dear parents, be comforted, and fret not for me, for I have a good Providence overhead, in which I put my whole trust. No one knows of going to church here—every day is alike. The natives lay about all day, and at night sit by a great fire. Some houses are grass, some are mud with sticks. I often think are all well? Yes, they can't get ill in such a coun-

try. There is plenty of food, plenty of doctors and medicine. Here there is nothing but wild people, bad food, and an unhealthy country, hard marching through mud and water or hot sand. Are all well in grain at Ashford?"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

*Missionary Response to Mtesa's Invitation—The Victoria Nyanza Mission—The Livingstonia Mission on Lake Nyassa—The Mission at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika—Mr. Cotterill's Expedition to Livingstonia.*

IT would have been strange, indeed, if an appeal to the friends of Christian Missions and the friends of Africa—an appeal so much like the Macedonian cry of old, “Come over into Macedonia and help us,” had found no quick and glad response. Only a few days after the appearance of Mr. Stanley's communication respecting the desire of King Mtesa, in the columns of the “Daily Telegraph,” the following letter was written by a Christian gentleman to the Church Missionary Society:—

“DEAR MR. HUTCHINSON—My eyes have often been strained wistfully towards the interior of Africa, west of Mombasa, and I have longed and prayed for the time when the Lord would by his Providence open there a door of entrance to the heralds of the Gospel.

“The appeal of the energetic explorer Stanley to the Christian Church from Mtesa's capital, Uganda, taken in connection with Colonel Gordon's occupation of the upper territories of the Nile, seem to me to indicate that the time has come for the soldiers of the cross to make an advance into that region.

“If the Committee of the Church Missionary Society are prepared at once, and with energy to organise a mission to the Victoria Nyanza, I shall account it a high privilege to place £5,000 at their disposal as a nucleus for the expenses of the undertaking.

“I am not so sanguine as to look for the rapidity of success contemplated by Mr. Stanley; but if the mission be undertaken in simple and trustful dependence upon the Lord of the Harvest, surely no insurmountable difficulty need be anticipated, but His presence and blessing be confidently expected, as we go forward in obedience to the indications of His Providence and the commands of His Word.

“I only desire to be known in this matter as

“AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.  
(Luke xvii. 10).

“Edward Hutchinson, Esq.”

As the result of this generous offer a Special General Committee of the Society was convened to consider the subject. The Secretaries read the letter and then laid before the Committee the information furnished by the travels of Speke, Grant, Colonel Long, Mr. Stanley, and the Rev. J. Wakefield, with regard to the circumstances of the tribes adjoining Lake Nyanza; and full discussion having ensued, the following resolutions were passed:—"1. That this Committee, bearing in mind that the Church Missionary Society is primarily commissioned to Africa and the East, and recognising a combination of providential circumstances in the present opening in Equatorial Africa, thankfully accepts the offer of the anonymous donor of £5,000, and undertakes, in dependence upon God, to take steps for the establishment of a mission to the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza, in the prayerful hope that it may prove a centre of light and blessing to the tribes in the heart of Africa. 2. That a sub-committee be appointed to consider and report to the Committee on the best mode of carrying this resolution into effect. 3. That a special fund be opened for meeting the expenditure connected with the proposed mission."

Referring to this matter shortly after, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the REV. MR. HUTCHINSON, Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, remarked that it might be expected he would say something respecting the noble call—the Christian appeal made by Mr. Stanley. The subject had long occupied the attention of the Society, and it was due to the Church Missionary Society that geographical expeditions were started in Eastern Africa. There were, of course, great difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposal, but every possible precaution would be taken; and in accepting King Mtesa's invitation, which they expected was sincere, they did not anticipate any of the dangers which some people spoke of. The Society thought and believed that half the energy, fortitude, and indomitable perseverance which had been displayed by Geographical explorers would suffice to bring the Gospel to the shores of the Nyanza. What the Society was now considering was, what was the best route? They knew that a combination of circumstances should direct them in what they were about to undertake. From one friend they had already got £5,000, and another friend had that morning promised to give them £3,000. Surely that showed there was a feeling in this country which would bring to the poor wretches of Africa that Gospel which made the people of this land what they were. In conclusion he should, for the attainment of this object, bespeak sympathy of all lovers of geographical science.

It was not long before a Mission party was organised, consisting, among others, of Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, who was to be the leader of the expedition till it reached its destination; Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A., and Dr. J. Smith. Altogether, the party, which included engineers and artizans, numbered seven persons. Half of them were to be stationed in Uganda, and

half in Karague. In this latter arrangement they had the counsel of Colonel Grant, who in a letter to the Committee, said—"I quite approve of working on Mtesa from the base of Karague. This has many advantages, and only two drawbacks that I can think of. The *advantages* are climate and food; Rumanika is gentle, sober-minded, and would gladly receive a party who would improve him and his people. Boat or ship-builders at Karague could launch a large boat, drawing three or four feet of water, in the lake there within one mile of Rumanika's residence, and descend with the stream by the river Kitanguleh into the Victoria Lake. The disadvantages are the extortionate chiefs on the way between Kazeh and Karague. They cannot be avoided, but they can be influenced to some degree by Rumanika ordering his men to escort the party from Kazeh to Karague. The other and only other disadvantage to be thought of is—What will Mtesa say? for as soon as he hears of the party he will send them an invitation, and if it is not accepted he will be jealous of Rumanika. All that we can advise is that the party going will have to please and keep friends with both kings. The party must be guided by the events which may occur between Egypt and Mtesa. To me it would seem that the party should be prepared to split in two at Karague. If all be quiet between Egypt and Mtesa, let one half go to Uganda. Once there I do *not* think Mtesa would feel jealous of Rumanika having the other party."

The following letters were forwarded by the hands of the Expedition to Kings Mtesa and Rumanika :—

“ TO HIS MAJESTY KING MTESA, RULER OF UGANDA, &c.

“ FROM THE VICE-PATRON, PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, TREASURER, AND COMMITTEE  
OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

“ SIRE—We have heard with pleasure, through our friend Mr. Stanley, of your earnest invitation to English teachers to come and settle in your kingdom, promising them your favour and protection. Your royal kindness to other Englishmen who have visited your dominions has made us the more anxious to respond to your invitation. The greatness of England, of which you have heard, is due to the Word of God, which we possess; her laws are framed in accordance with it; her throne is established upon it; her people are made happy by it. Our desire is that your throne should be made secure, your country be made great, and your people made happy by the same means.

“ We have resolved, therefore by the help of God, to send to you two

or three of our friends, who will be prepared to settle among your people, and to teach them the Word of God, and other knowledge which will be useful. The journey is a long one, and the way difficult; but our friends do not mind this if they can be the means of conveying to you the blessings which we enjoy ourselves. It would have been more easy for them to come by the Nile, but we are sorry to hear that there is not yet a safe passage by that way. We hope you will do what you can to open the way and make it safe, so that a larger trade may be opened with your country, and much wealth and prosperity flow into it, together with all the blessings which the religion of Jesus Christ imparts to any people that embraces it.

“But as this way is not yet safe, our friends will come (God helping them) by way of Zanzibar and Unyanyembe. They hope to arrive at Unyanyembe about October (1876). They will bring with them tools and implements, and many other things which will be useful to your people. This will make it more difficult for them to come to you quickly. We have learnt that much delay is likely to be caused by the difficulty of getting porters, and of satisfying the demands for hongo, especially between Unyanyembe and Karague. If, therefore, your Majesty could send down some of your people to Unyanyembe to conduct our friends to Uganda, they would sooner have the pleasure of seeing your face. It seems to us also that it would save much time and trouble to our friends if you could send some of your ships to meet them at Karague, and to convey them forward to your capital; but you will know what is best in this matter.

“From what Mr. Stanley has told us, we are sure you will give them a warm welcome when they arrive, and treat them kindly, and take care that they want for nothing. And we hope that the Almighty and All-merciful God will give you and your princes and your people grace to listen to the message that they bring you from Him. We are sorry that we are not able to write to you in the language of Uganda, but we send this letter in Arabic, in Kisuaheli, and in English, in proof of our sincerity and good wishes. We hope that very soon the Word of God, which, as we have said, is the foundation of England's throne and of England's greatness, will be translated into the language of Uganda, and that it will be the means of establishing a lasting friendship between the kingdoms of Uganda and England, though so far distant one from another. In this we hope the kingdom of Karague will be joined, as we are sending some teachers to stay with King Rumanika and teach his people. We feel that he also has a claim upon us for this, on account of his kindness to the English travellers who have visited him; and that you will cordially unite with Rumanika in furthering the welfare of your subjects is our earnest hope.

“We are sending a copy of this letter by the Nile, as well as by Zanzibar, in order to try and make sure of its reaching you. Commending you to

the grace and blessing of the Most High God, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, and whose servants we are,

“ We desire to subscribe ourselves,

“ Your Majesty’s friends and well wishers,

“ A. C. CANTUAR,

“ CHICHESTER,”

&c., &c.

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“ TO HIS MAJESTY KING RUMANIKA, RULER OF KARAGUE.

“ FROM THE VICE-PATRON, PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, TREASURER, AND COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

“ SIRE—At the warm invitation of King Mtesa, of Uganda, communicated to us by our friend, Mr. Stanley, we are sending to his country teachers to instruct his people in the Word of God, which we possess; England’s laws are framed in accordance with it; her throne is established upon it; her people are made happy by it. Our desire is that your throne should be made secure, your country be made great, and your people made happy by the same means.

“ Our friend Colonel Grant has told us of your royal kindness to him and to his brother, Captain Speke, and of your desire that teachers should come to you from this country. This has determined us, by the help of God, to send two or three of our friends along with those who are going to Uganda, who will be prepared to settle in Karague, and teach you and your sons and your people the Word of God, and other knowledge which will be useful. The journey is a long one, and the way difficult; but our friends do not mind this if they can be the means of conveying to you the blessings which we enjoy ourselves.

“ Our friends (God helping them) will come by way of Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, and hope to arrive at Unyanyembe about October. They will bring with them tools and implements, and many other things which will be useful to your people. This will make it more difficult for them to come to you quickly. We have learnt that much delay is likely to be caused by the difficulty of getting porters, and of satisfying the demands for hongo, especially between Unyanyembe and Karague. We have asked King Mtesa to send down some of his people to Unyanyembe to conduct our friends to Uganda; and if you could kindly do the same for those intending to stay, by your royal permission, in Karague, they will sooner have the pleasure of seeing your face.

“ From what our friend Colonel Grant has told of your kindness to him

when he was sick in your country, we feel sure you will gladly welcome our friends when they arrive, and treat them kindly, and take care that they want for nothing. And we hope that the Almighty and All-merciful God will give you and your princes and your people grace to listen to the message that they may bring you from him. We are sorry that we are not able to write to you in the language of Karague, but we send this letter in Arabic, in Kisuaheli (which you understand), and in English, in proof of our sincerity and good wishes.

“We hope that very soon the Word of God, which, as we have said, is the foundation of England’s throne and of England’s greatness, will be translated into the language of Karague, and that it will be the means of establishing a lasting friendship between the kingdoms of Karague and England, though so far distant from one another. Commending you to the grace and blessing of the Most High God, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, and whose servants we are.

“We desire to subscribe ourselves,  
 “Your Majesty’s friends and well-wishers,  
 “A. C. CANTUAR,  
 “CHICHESTER,”  
 &c., &c.

The following account of the missionary expedition has recently arrived from Zanzibar; sent by Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, who has it in charge:—

“Zanzibar, June 26th, 1876.

“DEAR MR. WRIGHT—The ‘Highland Lassie’ arrived here on the 20th inst., all well, having experienced fine, favourable weather throughout. The providence of God has truly watched over her course. I was lying sick with fever at Saadani, when, to my great surprise and joy, in walked the old mate. I soon picked up strength after that, and am now nearly all right.

“Mackay and I left Zanzibar in the ‘Daisy’ on the 12th, taking with us Bombay and a crew of fourteen men. Anchoring at Saadani for the night, and taking in a supply of coal previously sent across, we started in the morning for the Wami, which lies about four miles to the southward. Entering the river we found plenty of water—six to seven feet—and had a current of two and a half miles to contend against, which, in the narrows and bends, increased to three and three and a half.

“The river is very tortuous, doubling oftentimes back on itself, so that you find the hills, which were in your front one minute, are over the stern in the next. This tortuous character attaches to the rivers as far up as we went, about sixty miles, and renders the navigation difficult, owing to the sharp bends and curves which are met with at every hundred yards. Snags and

large trees obstructed the channel here and there; but we suffered less inconvenience from without than from within. Our own steam power was at fault, and we had constantly to stop and anchor in order to raise sufficient steam to go on with. Mackay attributes it in some measure to the muddy water and in part to the coal. With wood only we could scarcely keep 15 lbs. of steam. With 60 lbs. of steam we attained a speed of 6—6½ miles an hour; screws fully immersed.

“As we ascended the river the country became more open and hilly, and apparently better populated, although no village of any size was seen on its banks. Fowls, goats, and sheep, were not plentiful, and high prices were charged accordingly. Indian corn and sugar-cane were cultivated. As far as we could learn from the aged natives, no trade by boats had ever been carried on. They all pointed to its tortuous course as a reason for preferring the road to the river. We found that after toiling all day and covering perhaps twenty miles of water, we had only advanced two hours of actual distance from point to point. The river, which during the freshets had been a rapid torrent, twenty feet deep in places and over one hundred and twenty yards wide, was now about seven to eight feet deep, and fifty to sixty yards wide, falling, by our measurement taken on entering and leaving, at the rate of one foot per week. In six weeks' time it would be fordable; and even the 'Daisy' would scarcely float in the pools which would mark the river's bed

“At the last village near which we stopped, Bomauni, the chief, Gulu-liausi by name, became very exacting, and wanted a hongo of the value of three slaves—forty dollars. We gave him two cloths, receiving in return a goat and some corn. We learned from the men whom the chief sent to negotiate—for he would not appear in person, nor allow us to enter his village—that some time ago a rebellion took place in their country—Udol—and that the Western tribes seceded from this chief's rule and set up a separate kingdom, into which no townsmen, as the Zanzibar people are called, were to be allowed to enter. These people have a bad name on the river, and the guide who had come with us from Saadani refused to go any farther.

“We stopped off Bomauni part of Saturday and all Sunday. I was glad of the rest, for the fever, which had attacked me on the Wednesday, was now at its worst, and I was a trouble to all. On Monday I decided to return, as I saw no prospect of our being able to utilize the river. 1. The current is too rapid for our rate of speed. 2. The river is so tortuous that a land journey could be performed in half the time. 3. It was falling so rapidly that, had we succeeded in getting up, it would have been doubtful whether we should have sufficient water to return. The river, in my judgment is useless for purposes of trade, and I very much question if it has ever been used as a means of conveying goods to the coast.

“On returning to Saadani, I allowed the boat to be anchored too close to the shore; consequently, when the tide fell, we found ourselves among the breakers, and at 9 P.M. the boat was swamped and all our instruments, etc., got wet. The watches I put in my pocket, and, as I was only fit to lie down, the chief kindly had me conveyed to his house, and made me comfortable until the arrival of the ‘Highland Lassie.’ Mackay, after seeing the principal part of the gear landed, had it put on board a dhow, and started the same night for Zanzibar. The next day he and Robertson started in the ‘Highland Lassie;’ but, owing to the darkness, anchored off the Wami instead of at Saadani; Mackay, Robertson, and the steward, spending a very unpleasant night on the mud at the entrance of that river in their benevolent attempt to reach Saadani. On the following day we left Saadani with the ‘Daisy’ in tow, and arrived at Zanzibar the next morning (23rd).

“The ‘Daisy’ suffered some damage to her planking, and had a few loose things, such as bottom-boards, washed away. That I am now having repaired. Captain Sullivan, of the ‘London’ has kindly allowed the chief engineer to excute some repairs, which Mackay has suggested, to the boiler. The ‘Highland Lassie’ is also getting a new set of fire-bars, and her sails are being repaired on board the ‘London.’ The mate and steward will be paid off, and black men shipped in their places. Messrs. Clark, Robertson, and Harris, arrived at Mombasa on the 9th, and have been put up here. It is a sort of camping-out arrangement, as there are only three rooms; but, as each man carries his own bed, there is no difficulty about that. Clark has been suffering from fever and sore feet, but is now convalescent. O’Neil has also been an invalid for some days, but is now recovered.

“I purpose (D.V.) starting on Monday or Tuesday next for the Kingani, taking with me Clark and O’Neill. Dr. Kirk has also kindly permitted Mr. Holmwood, the Vice-Consul, to accompany us as interpreter. We shall do all in our power to get as near Mpapwa by water as possible, and from the nearest point O’Neill and Clark will start for their mountain residence. W. M. Robertson will be ready with the first instalment of stores to start either by land or water, as we find most practicable, on our return to Bagamoyo. The mail has arrived (28th), and with it the remainder of our party, all well. How sincerely I reciprocate the desires contained in the Instructions that we may all abound in brotherly love! May the love we each profess for our Lord and Master enable us to be a servant to His servants! Mackay will be left behind to purchase the necessary stores for the way, whilst we are exploring the Kingani. (Signed) “G. SHERGOLD SMITH.”

In connection with the Victoria Nyanza Mission, we here give a sketch of the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland in course of establishment on Cape Maclear, Lake Nyassa. When Dr. Livingstone was in Bombay

in October, 1865, he had many conversations with the Rev. Dr. Wilson on the importance of establishing a Christian Mission in Eastern Africa. On one occasion, Dr. Wilson said to him, "Now, supposing the Free Church of Scotland were to think of founding a Mission, where would you recommend it to begin?" Livingstone replied, "I would recommend the Free Church to commence operations on the healthy heights near the Lake Nyassa."

After Livingstone's death, when tributes to his memory were being paid in all parts of the country, a number of Christian gentlemen in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland rightly judged that no fitter memorial could be raised in his honour than an Industrial Mission Station at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. This they considered would be in most complete harmony with the life and labours of the Christian hero who had so nobly fallen on the field. In addition to the ordinary evangelistic or preaching work directly connected with the formation of such a project, it was intended to establish an industrial institution, in which the arts of civilised life, as well as the truths of the gospel, would be taught to the people of the region. It was believed also that such a place would speedily grow into a native town, and would become a centre towards which the native population would steadily gravitate; for wherever there is protection and security, the African tribes take advantage of it. The immense population on Lake Nyassa was one powerful reason why the mission should be established there. Dr. Livingstone's opinion was—"Never before in Africa had we seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Lake Nyassa. In the southern part there was almost an unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every bay, dark crowds were standing gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail; and wherever we landed we were in a few seconds surrounded by hundreds of men, women, and children."

It was intended that the little mission colony of Lovedale, on the borders of Kaffraria, one of the most remarkable triumphs of missionary civilisation, should be the model of this new settlement. In Lovedale there are half-a-dozen white educated teachers, and half-a-dozen white artizans. They take in two hundred and forty-one native boy boarders—students, pupils and apprentices, and sixty-three native girls. The education is so good as to attract thirty-two European boarders besides, and there are forty-seven day scholars. The industrial training includes carpentering, waggon-making, and blacksmith work, bookbinding, and printing, telegraph work, and farm work. There are thirteen native apprentice blacksmiths and waggon men, and seventeen as carpenters and others, and all the rest spend a couple of hours daily at farm work. The Caffres are so eager to get into the institution that they pay £5 a head for their education, and the working departments nearly sustain themselves. Besides £800 paid by the Caffres for their own education, £1500 has been contributed by them to establish a similar

branch institution. The amount of civilising work done by such an institution is incalculable; and there is every reason to hope that what has been done in Lovedale may, in part at least, be done in Livingstonia—the name of the new settlement.

What has been done may be learned from the following article in one of our provincial newspapers, and the correspondence from those who have gone out to establish the settlement:—“Edinburgh is about to erect a bronze statue in memory of Dr. Livingstone; but those who have resolved to honour the name of the illustrious traveller by founding in East Central Africa a missionary settlement, which shall be at once evangelistic, educational, and industrial, have undoubtedly chosen ‘a more excellent way.’ No one who understands aright the character of him who has been called ‘The Apostle of Africa,’ will for a moment imagine that his life-work among the degraded inhabitants of that great continent was prompted or sustained by any mere desire for human applause. Livingstone was not the man to waste his time in running about the highways of the world in search of an answer to the question,

‘What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come mine own?’

Therefore we cannot believe that he would approve of any proposal to perpetuate his name by what Milton calls ‘the labour of an age in piled stones.’ Rather should we expect him to say, with the author of ‘Night Thoughts’—

‘Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:  
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt’s fall.’

If it be true that the departed spirits of the mighty dead take cognisance of what is going on in this sublunary sphere, we can well imagine Dr. Livingstone regarding with unqualified approval and profoundest interest a movement which is now being prosecuted to perpetuate his honoured name, by carrying the blessings of civilisation and Christianity into the heart of savage, heathen Africa.

“We refer to the effort which, at the present moment, is being vigorously and hopefully prosecuted, to found a missionary settlement on the southern or south-western shores of Lake Nyassa, and to give it the name of Livingstonia. The originator of this movement, which has been heartily entered into by the Free Church of Scotland, is the Rev. James Stewart, M.D., of Lovedale, South Africa. As he has told the world some time ago, through the pages of the ‘Sunday Magazine,’ Dr. Stewart was with Livingstone on the Zambesi in 1862, and stood beside the missionary traveller when he laid

the remains of his beloved wife under the lonely baobab tree at Shupanga. Few knew better than Dr. Stewart how keenly Livingstone felt the failure of the English Universities Mission on the banks of the Shire in Central Africa, through the death of Bishop M'Kenzie and the Rev. Mr. Burrup; and how much he longed for the re-establishment of a mission settlement in that part of Africa in which it is proposed to found Livingstonia. In an entry in his 'Last Journals,' made in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa on the 13th September, 1866, we find Livingstone, after expressing his keen regret that the mission was abandoned by the Bishop's successor, adding hopefully (may we not almost say prophetically?), 'But all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even see the commencement of better times.' When in Bombay, in October, 1865, Livingstone was asked by the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, in what part of Africa he would recommend the commencement of a mission, supposing the Free Church resolved to found one? The explorer at once replied, 'I would recommend the Free Church to commence operations on the healthy heights near the Lake Nyassa.' It is thus quite clear that such a scheme as that originated by Dr. Stewart would have had Livingstone's sanction. Nay, may we not go further, and say that it was really suggested by the great traveller himself?

"The site fixed on for the settlement is at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, a magnificent inland sea, nearly three hundred miles long, and at some points sixty miles in breadth. Near the point where the River Shire leaves Nyassa (about fourteen degrees south of the equator), a promontory known as Cape Maclear, cleaves the south end of the lake like a wedge; and there it is proposed to found Livingstonia. About nine months ago, the little band—some half-a-dozen in number—who were chosen to carry out this great work, left Scotland under the leadership of Captain E. D. Young, R. N. (the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition in 1867), and already they are busily engaged in founding the infant colony on Cape Maclear. The difficulties they have, up to this date, encountered, have not been very serious. The distance from Lake Nyassa to the sea is almost four hundred miles. Flat-bottomed boats, drawing from two to three feet, can sail down the Shire for sixty miles—

'By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

There the navigation is interrupted for between fifty and sixty miles by the Murchison Cataracts, but beyond these, down to where the Shire joins the Zambesi, and along the latter river to the sea, the navigation is unbroken. The mission party—three of them artizans, and one a medical missionary sent out by the United Presbyterian Church—proceeded by steamer to the

mouth of the Zambesi, carrying with them a small steam launch, named the 'Ilala,' built in sections, and screwed together, so as to be easily taken to pieces. Having reached the African coast, the party, with the assistance of the natives, who make excellent paddlers, proceeded in boats up the Zambesi and Shire until the Murchison Cataracts were reached, when eight hundred carriers were employed to convey the steam launch and goods past the unnavigable parts of the river. Happily this great task, involving the portorage of an iron ship and smaller craft, as well as materials for huts and enormous loads of stores—was accomplished without any accident. On the 6th of October last, the 'Ilala' was successfully re-launched, and the voyage continued up the Shire to Lake Nyassa, which was reached on the 12th of that month. Before entering the lake, Captain Young waited upon a powerful African chief, M'Punda by name, who readily gave permission to settle on any part of Cape Maclear. There, in some 'carefully selected and commanding spot,' to quote Dr. Stewart's words, 'where, from its position and capabilities, it may grow into a town, and afterwards into a city, and become a great centre of commerce, civilisation, and Christianity,' will be founded Livingstonia.

"The sum required to start this important enterprise successfully is estimated at £10,000; while, to secure its permanence, £2,000 a year for five years will be needed. The money has been already provided by the liberality of the Free Church, and it would seem as if the mission were destined to be a great success. But the experiment is so unique in the annals of missionary enterprise, that we may safely assume that the difficulties which are anticipated in connection with the founding of Livingstonia will probably not occur, while others now unforeseen are likely to arise. Progress is certain to be slow. A suitable spot having been selected, huts will require to be built. The confidence of the natives will need to be secured, and their language acquired, before much solid work can be done. The district, as shown by Livingstone in his 'Journals,' abounds in wooded mountains and well-watered valleys, in fertile and densely-peopled plains. The field is therefore an excellent one. The climate is much healthier than on the coast, and on this ground not much danger is apprehended. The teachings of the truths of the Gospel will go hand in hand with educational and industrial training. By-and-bye, a small school will be opened; and if the first two or three years can be got over without serious losses, it is anticipated that the success of the mission is certain. Its influence on the surrounding district cannot be over-estimated. It will, from the first, prove a serious check to the infamous slave trade which is carried on so actively in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa. There are five slave dhows on the lake, and Captain Young only waits the word of command to put an end to the whole accursed traffic. The very sight of the British flag on Lake Nyassa, as has been remarked by

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Captain Wilson, R. N., will be more effectual in suppressing the slave-trade than a squadron of cruisers on the coast. Livingstonia, we cannot but believe, has a glorious history before it, as the first spot in Central Africa from which there will emanate the light and love of that Gospel of Peace, under whose benign influence the moral deserts of that degraded region shall yet rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The various letters which have been received from the members of the mission report its progress so far. A selection of these letters will prove interesting to our readers. The Rev. Dr. Laws writes to the Secretary of the Foreign Missions of the Free Church of Scotland:—

"German Schooner Harah, Kongoni, Mouth of the  
Zambesi, 9th August, 1875.

"Mr. Young is busy getting things packed up, and asks me to report our progress since he last wrote to you. Leaving Algoa Bay at 6.30 A.M., 6th July, after a safe though somewhat lengthy voyage, we crossed the bar of the Kongoni on the afternoon of 23rd July. During the voyage the weather was rather variable; at times quite calm, on other occasions squally. On the 13th we were caught by a tornado, but as, providentially, it came astern, we sustained no further damage than the snapping of the chain which supported our square sail.

"For three days before landing, contrary to all expectation, the rain poured in torrents, and squalls came from every quarter. On the morning of the 23rd we weighed anchor, hoping to be able to cross the bar; but a fog rolling across the mouth of the river, we had to wait till the rising tide gave us nine feet of water, and then with a slight bump we sailed to a good anchorage by the river's bank. There is no native village at the mouth of the river now; but in the evening three men appeared. Pulling ashore, we received from them a warm welcome, expressed by clapping their hands. Next day, several others appeared, and one of the Portuguese who lived in the neighbourhood came to pay us a visit, attended by three or four slaves. A miserable bare-footed creature he appeared, but ready at any moment to bully his slaves, as if they were not human beings as well as himself.

"The Portuguese official here is very civil and obliging; he has just been on board to ask me to go and shoot a lion that has carried off four natives. I have told him that I had not time to go so far. I told him to send his soldiers. He says they are all afraid; still he wishes me to go single-handed. So much for the *warriors* out here. If I have time I will oblige him to-night, if he comes near. Please excuse my writing much now, as I have so much to do and arrange before starting in the morning. We have a good name here, so there is no difficulty in getting natives for a crew. Several who knew me years ago are going with me, so I am not discouraged

in the least of ultimately succeeding. Our boats will not carry a quarter of our stores, so I have been obliged to hire canoes, but the expense will not be very great; at all events, I have done the best I could under the circumstances. I will send the boats down from the Cataracts here for stores, when I will report further progress."

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LETTER FROM MR. E. D. YOUNG, R. N.

"Upper Shire, above Murchison Cataracts,  
22nd September, 1875.

"It is with very great pleasure that I advise you, for the information of the Committee, that I arrived here to-day with the last of six hundred and fifty carriers, conveying the whole of the steamers, engines and boiler, and all the stores we shall require for some time. After writing you from Masaro, on the Zambesi, we were very much delayed, owing to the rivers being so low. Several times we had to clear the 'Ilala' to the mere shell to get her over and through the sandbanks. Day and night often we were at work. The Morambala marsh is now a vast lake, owing to the Zambesi altering its course, and we had great difficulty in finding a passage through. On nearing the Makololo villages on the Lower Shire, we were met by canoes bringing us presents of food and fuel for the steamer; and on our arrival at the small villages, nothing could exceed the joy of the natives when they knew who we were. Thousands lined the banks, clapping their hands, dancing and singing, saying their fathers, the English, had come back to them. I at once assembled the chiefs, who are all Makololo, and informed them of the object of our mission. They all appeared very grateful, and promised to assist us; and so they have; for without their help we could not, in so short a time, have got together so many carriers, and transported everything here.

"We arrived at the head of the Lower Shire on the 6th inst., and commenced to take the boat to pieces, pack goods, and employ carriers, and arrived to-day with the last of the goods, after a sixteen miles' walk. The journey was very fatiguing, and the heat oppressive; and even to me, who have done the journey before, it appears wonderful how the poor natives carried their heavy loads across the mountains of rock and sand, and through thick bush. Some of them came a distance of forty miles to be employed, then to walk with a load of steel not less than sixty pounds, find themselves in provisions, and now to return the same distance, for doing which I paid each six yards of calico! So I hope your Committee will not think I have overpaid them! I myself am pretty well, but at present am nearly done up with the journey, and attending to the carriers. Till our arrival here, the whole

of the party enjoyed good health. Now three have a slight touch of fever, but no doubt they will soon get over it. Under God's blessing we shall, I trust, steam into Nyassa in about fourteen days. Hitherto your mission has met with great success, considering the many difficulties we had to contend with.

“The Zambesi men whom I brought with me are now eager to return to-night, so I am obliged to send this hurried report. There are no natives hereabouts, but the Lower Shire is now thickly inhabited for forty miles, and all eager to be taught. They love and reverence the very name of the English. We have received no letters or news from England since leaving Algoa Bay, but are endeavouring to get natives from the Zambesi to bring up despatches as soon as they arrive. The expense will be trifling. There is no war, or even a rumour of war, in the country, as far as we have been able to learn. Everything appears peaceful and quiet. Unfortunately we have no natives here to assist us up, so must get on as quickly as possible ourselves. As I have walked over a difficult part to-day, I am sure you will excuse my writing more this time. I will endeavour to report again as quickly as possible. The native carriers cannot be persuaded to stop any longer.”

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LETTER FROM REV. DR. LAWS.

“Cape Maclear, Lake Nyassa, 19th October, 1875.

“Another stage of our journey has been reached, and for the time being, I suppose I may say Livingstonia is begun, though at present a piece of canvass stretched between two trees, forming a sort of tent, is all that stands for the future city of that name. I do not say that it will be on this particular spot, or any other within thirty miles of it, but, till this rainy season is over, this is fixed on as our place of abode. I am glad to say that only one more of our party had fever—Baker, our seaman. And since the recovery of the others, good health has been the order of the day. Several days I felt feeble enough, and my companions said I looked pale enough, as also did Mr. Young and Mr. Johnstone; but the work had to be done, and we stuck to it. We did not get all the rivetting done that was intended, because it would have taken so much time, and kept us so long amid the horrid marsh; but the keel we rivetted from stem to stern, and the plates below the engine-room.

“On Wednesday, 6th October, the ‘Ilala’ was launched once more, after her name had been well painted on her bows. ‘God speed you!’ said Mr. Young, and a hearty Amen was echoed by the whole of us. On the morning

of the 8th, we were all on board, and began our journey up the river. That day we were apprehensive our boiler would prove a failure, but stopping early we got some alterations made on the draught of the furnace, and now, not having a current of great strength to contend with, we can go as fast as we require with one.

“On our way up we passed through some of the grandest scenery I have ever beheld. Hills towering, some of them two to three thousand feet above sea level, while the river wound its way through a level plain, now quite dry, but in the rainy season covered with water. At some places we found villages of from twenty to two hundred inhabitants; and again we might steam along for thirty or forty miles without seeing a human face. Along these untenanted plains, game is very abundant. A herd of thirty or forty bucks, the size of young calves, was by no means rare, and I have seen one herd numbering at least five hundred. When fired at, they will sometimes stand and stare till two or three shots have been sent among them, and then take to their heels fast enough. I saw three groups of elephants, four, six, and eight in number; while a little farther on we passed an enormous ‘rogue’ with tusks like a man’s leg.

“On 11th October, we steamed through Lake Pamolombi, the northern and western sides of which are studded with villages, but having usually marshy reeds around them. Entering the Shire again at the northern end of Lake Pamolombi, we passed three or four villages, and then anchored for the day opposite the village of M’Ponda or Chimponda, as the natives call him. He was very kind to Dr. Livingstone, and, as his territory extended up to the lake, it was quite necessary that we should be on friendly terms with him. Here we found two slave-trading Arabs, who, I suspect, were far from relishing our arrival; and, as Mr. Young wore his uniform cap on going ashore, they noticed it, and evidently knew the badge very well. The old chief appeared quite friendly, but could not be persuaded to come on board. He spread a mat for us to sit on, but our legs not being quite so flexible as theirs, we were supplied with greasy pillows as stools. We sat under the protected eaves of his large house, surrounded by scores of his people, while a house in front of us was occupied by his wives, at least thirty or forty in number, who, on their knees, were looking across at the white strangers; while the Arabs, by and by, came along to bid us good morning, one carrying a large broad-bladed spear, the other a sword, which he evidently wished us to take notice of, and which we certainly were not afraid of.

“We told M’Ponda our errand, that we wished to settle on the lake, and asked him how far his territory extended. We find it goes all round Cape Maclear, right over to the western side, on which he has two villages. At his villages we found Wakotani, a boy who had been servant to Bishop Mackenzie, then educated at Bombay, and had gone back with Dr. Living-

stone to M'Ponda's, where he has now, I am sorry to say, got two wives, though baptised as a Christian. M'Ponda was presented by us with a coloured blanket and quilt, two or three shirts, some cloth, beads, and a gun. He gave us liberty to settle on his land and sent Wakotani (his brother-in-law) and another man to help us in choosing a spot. Two of our interpreters were ashore all night, and it was evident the Arabs wished to checkmate us, and had been telling stories, that we were come to take M'Ponda's land, etc. These stories were partly, at least, counteracted by our boys, but still they will be a great annoyance to us. Some eight or ten of these Arabs are making a circuit round a large territory at present to procure slaves, and will carry them across the lake in their dhows. As we left next morning we showed them a little what our steamer could do in the way of speed, and, with the British ensign flying at her peak, she looked well indeed. Passing the northern end of the village, which may contain say three thousand or four thousand people, we saw two slaves standing with the yoke on their neck, and their hands tied behind them. It was a sight which made my blood boil within me.

“On the eastern coast of Cape Maclear we examined several little bays and apparent harbours, but none were quite satisfactory. Towards evening we rounded the cape, a huge rocky hill, and anchored in a bay opposite the western of the two islands you see on the map. In the evening we had a walk ashore. There is a large plain some four miles long, and a valley running southwards between the hills, while we have a beautiful view of the lake. Next five days, after having got wood we went round the western side of the lake as far north as Benje Island, then across the lake, and reached the east coast at a more northerly point than had been previously seen by any white man; then down its eastern side till opposite the lake, and across to Cape Maclear. When we reached a point on the east coast nearly opposite where it is, we passed the sites where three large villages formerly stood, and another where the Arabs at one time had a settlement, and where Mr. Young saw several large sheds full of slaves when he was here last time. They and the inhabitants of the next village had been driven out by war.

“We are in a commanding position to begin with, because, with our steamer at hand, we occupy the centre of a circle of some thirty to forty miles radius, with six or eight large villages from which we can obtain supplies, and to whom I hope we shall yet be able to communicate the blessings of the Gospel of Peace. I suppose I shall have to learn two languages here, as both Menganja and Ajawa are spoken within range of our steamer; but I should like to know more of the coast and its people before I can say which is of most importance.”

On the 24th of October, Mr. Young wrote two letters home—one to the

Secretary of the Mission, and one to his friend, Captain Wilson. To the former he writes thus:—"I have the honour to report, for the information of the Committee, that the steamer 'Ilala' was successfully launched on the 6th inst. and started for Nyassa on the 8th, which was reached on the 12th. The steamer is quite a success—sails well, and steams seven knots with the one boiler. Our party are all quite well and in good spirits. Before entering Lake Nyassa, I called on the powerful chief M'Ponda, and informed him of the object of our mission. He appeared very pleased, and at once gave us permission to settle on any part of his land. He is owner of the whole of the Cape Maclear peninsula.

"We took a running survey of the whole coast with very fine weather, and although there are many delightful spots fit for a settlement, none offers sufficient protection to the steamer except a beautiful bay at Cape Maclear, where we have decided to settle for the time; and I have left Dr. Laws with three of our party and some negroes to build houses, while I have come down here (River Shire, Upper) to fetch the remainder of our stores. I have now all on board, and start again for Nyassa to-morrow. I called on M'Ponda on our way down, and he promised to send a party of negroes up to build houses. He is the most powerful chief in the Nyassa district, and very favourably disposed towards the English, and wishes me to take him home with me. At his place there were several Arabs with a great number of slaves bound to the coast. I saw them viewing me through the crowd of negroes when I landed, and called them. They were very much frightened, and were astonished beyond measure to see a steamer up there, and no doubt think their slaving days are ended. I took a cruise round the lower end of the lake to look out for a good harbour, when I observed a slave dhow. We soon came up with her, and as soon as I hoisted the English flag they lowered their sail, and said, when I went on board, they had no slaves in; neither had they, but she was bound for a cargo. The owner was on board. He was from Zanzibar, and could speak a little English. He talks of getting rid of his dhow, no doubt thinking if the English are come she will be of no further use. There are five of them sailing on the lake carrying slaves across. To stop the slave-trade there is a very easy matter. M'Ponda, for a few pieces of calico, will not permit slaves to pass the south end of the lake and the river. The Mizitu are in possession of the northern coast. As far as I can gather, twenty thousand slaves are conveyed across annually.

"We have received no news from England since leaving the Cape. I must now confess to the Committee that, as far as I can judge, the mission thus far is quite a success. God be praised, for he has wonderfully prospered us. I am myself quite well, and up to work, but worn down to a mere part of my former self with overwork; but it has kept the fever away, and I shall now no doubt soon gain flesh. On Nyassa the climate is delightful; the

beautiful sea-breeze quite braces you up. We have everything we need out here in the shape of provisions and stores for the present, but shall require oil for engines soon. I don't know of a single complaint or hitch of any sort with any of the party. Whether or not, I have done my best for the party and the Mission in general; and I trust the Committee will approve of what has been done. But under God's blessing, I look for greater things yet; that is, to see the desire of my heart accomplished—the ending of the cursed slave-trade in this region. I write this letter in great haste, and send it down by a faithful negro who was formerly in my service, and who has promised to take it four hundred miles even on foot to Masaro, on the Zambesi, for me. Let not the people of Scotland call them savages. No; they are good, kind, honest people, loving the very name of the English, and only desirous of being taught.

“Surely this is the country for missions. Here we are on a great and fine inland sea, with seven hundred miles of coast, which you can get to from the sea-coast in three weeks, now that communication is established. On the Lower Shire there are thousands and thousands of natives imploring the English to come to them, so there is no risk of hostilities from them. With the two boilers on board the vessel was top heavy but, fitted with one, as my very great friend Mr. Young of Kelly suggested, she is a fine sea-boat as I proved her to be on Nyassa in a gale of wind. Please inform the Committee that I am still full of zeal for the cause of the mission, and I am still their most humble and obedient servant.”

The information briefly given above is in part supplied in the following interesting letter from Mr. E. Young, R. N., the gallant leader of the Livingstonia Mission party:—

“Upper Shire, Oct. 24, 1875.

“DEAR CAPTAIN WILSON—We launched the steamer successfully on the 6th, sailed on the 8th, and arrived on Lake Nyassa on the 12th inst. We employed eight hundred carriers to convey our goods and ship across the cataracts, and nothing was lost or injured. I have tried the steamer in a stiff breeze on the lake, and she is a good sea-boat, and will steam seven knots with the one boiler. I have left the greater part of the party to build houses near Cape Maclear, while I have come down to take up the remainder of our luggage. Thus far I think the whole affair a great success. It's true I have worn down a great deal, but have some mettle left in me yet. I start for Nyassa again to-morrow. On Nyassa I came up with one of the slave dhows, but she had no slaves on board, being bound for a cargo. Before we got near her they lowered their sail, and the master, coming from Zanzibar, at once said in broken English, ‘Me no got slaves in.’ We are a wonder and astonishment to all Arabs and natives; the former shake their heads, no doubt thinking that their game is up. There are five dhows on the lake. Before entering Nyassa, I

called on the powerful chief, M'Ponda, through whose dominions all the slaves for the coast pass. He was very civil, and made us presents, and gave us permission to settle on any part of his land. He owns the whole of the Cape Maclear peninsula, and for a few pieces of calico, I have reason to believe, would stop slaves passing through his dominions. If you can do anything to bring it about, it would prove a great blessing to thousands of poor creatures. Please write me and give me your advice.

“Dr. Stewart has not arrived yet, and if he does not soon I intend going round the lake. The whole of the party are very well indeed, and have been so; in fact, we have had no sickness, and the climate of Nyassa is delightful. We sleep with two blankets over us, and during the day we have a beautiful breeze off the lake. There is not a single native we have met with but is rejoiced to see us. I will have a look round, and tell you what the country produces. Had no news from England since leaving the Cape, and am sending this by a negro, in hopes that it may reach you some day.

“There has not been, as far as I am aware, the least hitch with any of the party, and they are all becoming daily more used to their work, especially Dr. Laws and the carpenter, who are particularly well suited to this kind of life, and have most ably assisted me. More next time.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,  
“E. YOUNG.”

On the 18th February, 1876, Mr. Young writes again to the Foreign Mission Committee. He says—“I have the honour and very great pleasure of reporting favourably of our mission for the information of the committee.

“If I remember right, I informed you of our safe arrival here, and of the place where we have settled, near Cape Maclear. Since then nothing has happened to mar the progress of the mission. We have made enemies of no one, and friends of all. But I must begin by telling you that we succeeded in getting safely housed before the rains began, and the whole party are in good health. Some have had slight attacks of fever, but soon got over it. I myself suffered rather severely after the excitement of the journey was over, and I thought I should have been obliged to return home at once; but our Heavenly Father thought fit to restore me to health again, and to work on, I trust, for His glory and for the good of these poor down-trodden people.

“After the goods were stored here and we were housed, and everything was in perfect safety, I took four of our party in December, and went round the lake to let the people know of our arrival, and to see what the country, etc., was like. We found that our arrival was known far and wide, and that the Arabs were so terrified, that no slaves were conveyed across for a whole month. The common people are rejoiced that we are come; but the poor, miserable, blood-thirsty slave-drivers tremble at our very presence. We found the lake to be much larger than Dr. Livingstone thought. The north end extends to 9° 20' south latitude, and the lake has a coast of about eight hun-

dred miles. There are many delightful spots and several nice islands; at the north-east end there is a range of mountains extending for one hundred miles, and ranging from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet above the lake. The water is very deep; at several places we could not get bottom with one hundred fathoms of line within the same distance from the land. There is not the same dense population along the shores as formerly, vast numbers being carried off by the slavers. For many miles along the north-east end we saw the sites of many villages and the ground strewn with thousands of skeletons. The remnant that escaped are living in villages built on piles in the lake or on rocks. We went to some of them and inquired the reason. It was the same old story. War was made, and those that were captured were taken as slaves to the coast. The lower half of the lake is in possession of powerful chiefs, with their people centred round them, who combine with the Arabs and capture slaves to the west inland from the lake. There are five dhows which carry slaves across—not less, from all I can gather, than fifteen or twenty thousand a year. When we were at one beautiful spot, walking over bleached skeletons with Dr. Laws, I could not help thinking and exclaiming, ‘Surely the devil has had possession of this land long enough.’

“Kota Kota is the principal place for Arabs and slaves. I went there, and although there were more than one hundred Arabs and three dhows, yet they were so terrified at the sight of a steamer there that they quickly asked Dr. Laws what I intended doing with their vessels; so you will see that they are quite aware that we can command the lake. I have strictly complied with your instructions, and have not interfered with the slave trade, but I hope to do so some day, and don’t think there is one of the gentlemen on the Committee, or in Scotland I may say, if he had seen the heart-rending and revolting scenes that I have, but would like to do the same. At the nearest village to us, about two miles off, it was the practice before our arrival for the chief, M’Ponda, when the Arabs came to him, to send an armed band, and take as many of the women and children as he required, and sell them as slaves, for twelve yards of calico each. It is not so now. The Arabs are afraid to come near, and the poor natives feel secure, and worship the very name of an Englishman; and I firmly believe that even our very presence here is doing much good. God grant that it may continue so!

“I have inquired of every chief we have met why he sells people. It is always the same tale. ‘We must, or we cannot get calico to wear.’ Now, my dear Sir, just fancy that a dozen Englishmen, with a few bales of calico, could prevent thousands of poor creatures being slaughtered every year. If any one says, ‘Who is to do it?’ tell them that I will, and am only now waiting for the word of command to clear this beautiful country of these murderers. It is only this week that some Ajana chiefs, living near Magomero,

where the Universities' Mission was, sent messengers to me to ask me to meet them, as they wished to tell me how Portuguese agents from Killimane are sent to make war with them to capture slaves, which are sold there for twenty yards of calico each, or a little powder, or guns. I am going to meet them next week to see what can be done, although it is a long way to travel. My principal reason for going is, that some of the chiefs are blaming the English instead of the Portuguese for supplying guns and powder to slavers, and, as they are living in the line of our communication with the coast, I wish to show myself and put matters right.

“Tell the good people of Scotland who have given their money for this mission that it has not been thrown away, as up to the present it has been the means indirectly of saving many poor creatures from slavery and death. You will, perhaps, say I am too full of the slave trade, but I say nay; also, that to bring about a better state of things, it must be put down, and one great thing towards bringing that about would be to introduce lawful trade. Only buy up the ivory, and it would not pay the Arabs to come for slaves alone. But I will tell you more of this when I return to England. We have succeeded in getting plenty of fowls and a number of goats; we have planted gardens, and are getting a number of people around us. Dr. Laws, Mr. Johnston, and others, are studying the language; and the former has already begun to try and teach the natives through our interpreter, and I must say they are most anxious to listen to all we get to tell them. I forget if I have already told you that our little vessel is a splendid sea-boat, and just adapted for the lake. While at the north end we got caught in a tremendous gale of wind on a lee-shore while short of fuel. We had to ride all night with both anchors down and steaming at the same time, the sea breaking over us. I thought every minute we should be dashed ashore, but the anchors and cables held on well, and the little craft rode it out splendidly, and when the wind went down the next morning she steamed out to sea nothing the worse. She is quite tight and sound, and has not touched the ground since she was launched. We are now making a carriage and slipway to haul her up to paint her bottom, and I hope she will plough this lake for a very long time. The engines are all right also, and, as far as I am aware, there has been no quarrel or misunderstanding with any of our party.

“I have just received letters dating to the 1st of September. There has been some delay, owing to the country being flooded. I am now arranging for a regular mail service, the work to be done by trustworthy natives, and rest assured I will do all I possibly can while I remain.

“We have plenty of stores and provisions for the present. Dr. Stewart, no doubt, when he arrives, will send for all that will be required for the future. I don't anticipate any difficulty in getting stores up, as we have the goodwill of every one, except the slave dealers, and all are only too willing

to work for us. Even the slavers think we are humane, for just after we came here a gang of about five hundred slaves were on their way to the coast and passed within fifty miles of us. One poor creature could not travel further, so, instead of killing him, which it is their practice to do, they let him go, at the same time telling him there was a people called the English living at such a place, and if he could only reach them they were sure to take care of him. After great hardships he arrived here very bad with diseased spine, and here the poor fellow is now. He was frightened when he saw people with white skins and straight hair.

"Hitherto we have been successful in everything we have taken in hand, and I earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father will still guide, guard, and protect us."

The following day, Mr. Young thus writes to the 'Daily Telegraph':—  
"I know you will be pleased to hear of the success of our mission hitherto. No doubt you know that we succeeded in conveying our steamer and a wooden boat past the Murchison Cataracts, and that it took eight hundred natives to convey everything across. We built the steamer and launched her tight and sound, and steamed into the lake on the 12th October, since when we have been successful in every way. We obtained a good site for our settlement, with a good anchorage for our little craft; we then set to and built houses and store, and got all finished before the rains began, after which I took a cruise round the lake. It is truly a wonderful and beautiful sea, and extends north to 9° 20' south latitude, having a coast of not less than eight hundred miles. Bottom could seldom be got with one hundred fathoms of line, in some places, even at the same distance from the shore. At the N.E. end there is a range of mountains extending one hundred miles along the lake, with almost perpendicular sides to them, and ranging in height from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. There are many islands and numerous rivers, but none of the latter are navigable for any great distance. Many delightful parts are depopulated by the slave trade, and hundreds of skeletons were seen in many places. In some spots, principally at the northern end, those that have escaped are living in villages built on piles in the lake, others are lingering out a miserable existence on barren rocks. Some of the scenes are indeed quite heart-rending. There are five dhows, which all convey slaves across from the west side; and by what I can gather, I should think not less than from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand are transported annually.

"The Arabs are combined with the chiefs on the south and west fighting and capturing slaves further inland. Is not this a frightful state of things, and why should it continue, when a small vessel similar to mine, with a dozen resolute Englishmen, could paralyse the whole trade? All that would be required would be a few bales of calico and beads to buy up the ivory.

Then it would not pay the Arabs to march all round the lake for slaves alone. Of course the dhows would have to be taken; but that could be done with the greatest ease. The common people worship the very name of the English. It is only the wretched slavers who don't want us here. I believe our very presence has already been the means of doing much good. The Arabs dread the sight of the steamer, and no doubt wish her at the bottom, but long may her keel plough this beautiful sea, and ere long may slavery cease in these parts. I am glad to say we have made enemies of none, and friends of nearly all, and in a very short time we shall have a goodly number of well-disposed natives around us. The news of our being here has spread far and wide, and some of those natives who were with the Mackenzie Mission have travelled a month to get to us; so I trust this is the beginning of better times for this dark region."

The following interesting letter, written home at the same time, by Mr. Allan Simpson, who went out with Mr. Young, may appropriately be added to those already inserted:—

"Lake Nyassa, Central Africa, 21st Feb., 1876.

"As opportunity affords, I take the privilege to acquaint you of our success in settling the Free Church Mission on Lake Nyassa, Central Africa. We have received no opposition from the people as yet. From the time we entered the Zambesi until now the natives have treated us with all due respect. All along the banks of the river there exist boundless masses of reeds, and among them the natives build their huts. They are quite covered from sight. This is done purposely, as a cover from their enemies, for they are continually fighting over trifling affairs. Every village has its chief, and they are always coveting one another's property. Each chief aspires to be greater than his neighbour. They are very much scattered by the slave trade, which is carried on by the Portuguese and the Arabs. The poor natives get no warning when these diabolical scoundrels are to make their ravages. They come like devouring lions, and steal away as many people as they can, and kill those who offer any resistance. Until this nefarious work be put an end to, the elevation of the African races cannot be advantageously undertaken. The Zambesi district has been held by the Portuguese for more than three hundred years, and lies a perfect waste, not the smallest part of it in cultivation.

"Our mission house is built, but it is very uncomfortable in time of rain, as the material we have here cannot keep out the wet. The walls are formed of reeds, and plastered over with mud, and the windows are just open courses to admit the light. All the doors we have formed of palm leaves, with a wooden framework, and the floor is made of mud. The whole of the party stay in this house, and it serves as a dispensary, store-house, dining-

room, and sleeping compartment. Before we were able to accomplish our object—that is, the placing of this mission on the shores of this lake—the trouble in taking the steamer over the Murchison Cataracts was very painful. No road was visible, there being nothing but a mingled mass of jungle, and through this we had to wend our way the best we could, tearing our clothes, scratching our skin, and enduring many other discomforts and inconveniences. We were all the time exposed to a burning tropical sun; however, the work is done, and that is sufficient reward for the trials we have borne.”

As one result of the recent visits paid by travellers to Central Africa, and of the deep interest now felt by Christian Englishmen in the welfare of its people, Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, generously offered, in the Spring of 1876, the sum of £5,000 to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, towards the establishment of a mission on Lake Tanganyika. In his letter, making the offer, Mr. Arthington thus wrote:—

“It is much in my heart to take with you a courageous and faithful step in the moral conquest of Africa; whilst we shall, if God be with us, be instrumental in His hand in gathering out to Christ’s glory and our joy many of His elect people in that continent.

“You know that the Presbyterians of Scotland have taken in hand the Nyassa, and that the Church Missionary Society is likely to take in hand the Victoria Nyanza, that is the inhabitants of their shores, for evangelisation. I propose we should take in hand Lake Tanganyika.

“I have the happiness, therefore, of offering £5,000 towards the purchase of a suitable steamer, and the establishment of a missionary station at some eligible place on one of the shores of that lake. I learn on good authority that the way is quite open in a direct line (which is very direct), from Zanzibar to Ujiji on Tanganyika; that the Sultan’s pass is available and valid all the way, and is recognised and held in respect at Ujiji. Ujiji belongs to the Arabs, and the Sultan’s influence is considerable and great. He would doubtless give his countenance, and we shall have the sheltering wing of Great Britain. Ere long, in all probability, a British Consul would be appointed to Ujiji. I have no doubt that the Christian church, in sufficient strength of its members every way, would at once support the mission, and that it would grow and prosper.”

The London Missionary Society has long had an efficient mission in South Africa; and the victories which it has won, both within and beyond the Cape Colony and Kaffirland, in defending the liberties of the native races, are amongst its proudest trophies. A long line of able and faithful men have rendered the Society great service there; have maintained numerous stations; have founded churches; and have stamped the impress of the word and work of the Gospel deep upon the life and public opinion of the Colony. Many Missionary Societies have joined them in this work; and so effectively has it

been done by their joint efforts, that in recent years the Directors of this Society, in the belief that its special work has been completed in the Colony and in Kaffirland, have resolved steadily to close their labours in those provinces, and confine their efforts entirely to the Bechuana and Matabele tribes, north of the Orange River, who stand in much greater need of Christian teaching. For the past seven years they have maintained a staff of twelve missionaries in Bechuana-land for service south of the Zambesi; and these brethren occupy a line of stations running northward from the Kuruman into the heart of the Matabele country.

Now, that the providence of God was opening another door for them in Africa, they were glad to embrace the opportunity of extending their operations on that continent. There was something peculiarly suitable in the selection of Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. It seemed already to belong to the London Missionary Society, inasmuch as Livingstone, who was himself for fifteen years a missionary of the London Missionary Society, made Ujiji his resting-place, and was there found by Mr. Stanley when distress and necessities were pressing heavily upon him. The Directors of that Society therefore unanimously accepted the noble offer made them, and resolved to start the mission as speedily as possible. Much information, however, was needed respecting the means of transit into the interior; and it was thought desirable that a properly qualified and experienced man should be sent to the East Coast to make every inquiry. But *who* could be found for this purpose. The question was soon answered. Just about the time that Mr. Arthington sent his offer of £5,000 to the Society, the Rev. Roger Price returned for his furlough, after about seventeen years' faithful and successful service in South Africa. The directors conferred with Mr. Price on the subject of African travelling, when it was found that he would not be unwilling to forego his rest among his kindred and friends in order to make the inquiries alluded to above. He was elected to this responsible post, and sailed on March 18th for that purpose. After an absence of six months, he returned; and, at a meeting of the Directors, gave a deeply interesting statement of what he had seen and heard and discovered.

Mr. Price is a Welshman. He was educated for the mission work at the Western College, Plymouth, and, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, left England for South Africa in 1858. There the early part of his career was one of disappointment and bitter grief. He lost his dear wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Helmore. He buried them all, and was left alone in a strange country and among a strange people. But he was not to be shaken from his purpose. Though cast down, he was not destroyed. He set himself to the work of his life, and God rewarded him. Ultimately he was blessed with another companion in the person of a daughter of the venerable Dr. Moffat, who, partaking of the spirit of her father, is in hearty sympathy with the

enterprise of her husband. The Rev. Roger Price reached Zanzibar on May 2nd. He had resolved on attempting two things untried by any of the expeditions of which we have any record—viz., to travel by bullock-waggon, and to try a route from Saadani on the north of the River Wami.

To accomplish these purposes he had first to construct his waggon, and then catch and train his oxen. By the aid of the Zanzibar carpenters the former was quickly done, but the latter was a severer task. The four oxen when caught were named respectively England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. England and Scotland were at first stubborn. Ireland refused to work, and lay down in the road with a determination not to stir. He was at last given his liberty, and another ox caught to fill his place. But Wales "took kindly to the yoke." After several days' training the team became more manageable, and Mr. Price started for Saadani. Having visited the chief, he set out on the expedition of inquiry. For a considerable distance after leaving the coast he had to pass through thick grass, which grows to the height of six to nine feet. Then he entered a jungle which, with the aid of his men, he cut a passage through for the waggon, leaving a solid hedge on each side. The waggon not being strongly put together soon came to grief, and Mr. Price had to accomplish the rest of his journey on donkey-back, or on foot.

He found the country high and dry. The tsetse fly, infesting the lower jungles and swamps, was not seen, and he thinks sickness is little to be feared by this route. About eighty miles from the coast he came upon the valley of the Wami, and ultimately joined the route taken by other European travellers. Mr. Price's visit to the East Coast of Africa shows most satisfactorily that it is better for our missionaries to go to the interior of Africa from Saadani instead of from Bagamoyo. From the latter place, from which all travellers have hitherto started, there are one hundred and twenty miles marshy, low-lying, malarious country, whilst from Saadani, the way Mr. Price has opened up, the traveller rises at once to high, dry, and healthy ground.

An important problem in regard to travelling in Central Africa has thus been solved; and it is found by actual experience that it is perfectly feasible to take a bullock waggon from the eastern sea-coast up to the central plateau, and that there is neither jungle or swamp; hill, nor tsetse fly to hinder them. Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar is delighted with Mr. Price's success; and so are the Zanzibar merchants, who have been longing for some solution of the difficulty. Dr. Kirk has written a warm letter to Lord Derby on the subject. He thinks that the employment of waggons and oxen secures a development of trade which was utterly out of the question so long as anything depended on strings of pagazis and slaves.

Referring to Mr. Price's successful experiment, the editor of one of our leading provincial newspapers thus writes:—"A good deal of abuse has been showered at various times upon the heads of our missionaries in Africa for

the zeal, untempered with discretion, with which they sometimes pursue their objects, to the hindrance of commercial and geographical explorers; but the London Missionary Society, at all events, may claim to have rendered valuable assistance to the cause of African exploration by the successful issue of a great recent experiment. For six months past they have been arranging to establish a mission on Lake Tanganyika, in the very heart of the newly-explored territory, with a view to the evangelisation of the central tribes of whom Livingstone has spoken of favourably, and, like others who have had to confront the long journey thither from the nearest point on the East Coast, they have been greatly troubled by the immense difficulties connected with the carriage of goods, the large numbers and unmanageableness of the bearers or porters required, their high pay, the heavy tribute demanded on the road, the huge quantities of cloth, beads, wire, and other stores, which have to be carried, and which are always subject to be stolen or thrown away in critical emergencies. They have now succeeded, however, with the aid of resolute and experienced agents, in overcoming these grave difficulties in a manner which promises to be productive of important consequences to the cause of African exploration. Their long experience in South Africa, and among the Bechuanas tribes, had led them to believe that the troubles and losses incidental to African travel in the east and centre were not a necessary element of the problem, and it struck them that if the South African wagon, with its three thousand pounds weight of stores and its long string of oxen, could be transported into Central Africa, many of those trials and troubles would disappear.

“In order to test the feasibility of this scheme, they dispatched the Rev. Roger Price to Zanzibar in the month of May last, and, as a result of that gentleman’s inquiries and experiments, they have found that it is perfectly feasible to take a bullock wagon from the Eastern sea-coast up to the central plateau, and that there is neither jungle or swamp, hill nor tsetse fly, to prevent them if they take the proper road. Mr. Price having had a lengthened experience of African modes of conveyance, as a member of the Bechuanas Mission, and being warmly encouraged by Dr. Kirk and others at Zanzibar, went in the first instance to Saadani, a little town on the north bank, at the mouth of the Wami River. He was assured that there was no fly on the route to Mpwapwa, that bullocks were sometimes brought down to the coast, and that the road itself was passable. Chief and people all begged him to try it. Returning to Zanzibar, he found a pair of wheels, knocked up a cart, and proceeded to train bullocks. On the 5th of June he crossed with his team to Saadani taking with him thirty bearers, with supplies of cloth and beads, both systems of carriage being necessary, as the bullocks were an experiment. His effort was a complete success. In twenty-six days he reached Mpwapwa on the plateau, bullocks and all; rested four days, and in sixteen

days more was at Saadani, on the coast, again safe and well. He soon left Zanzibar, and gave an account of his expedition to the directors in London, at their meeting last Monday week.

“Thus a mid-African station, which was formerly reached only with extreme difficulty and peril, and at a great cost, by means of large expeditions, and after months of travel, is now brought within sixteen days' waggon journey of the coast. Much of the time occupied in going was consumed in cutting a road through wood and jungle; but this labour, of course, will serve once for all. In all other respects the road was a far better one than any hitherto attempted. The streams gave little trouble. There was no tsetse all the way. The people throughout were kind and hospitable, and food was obtainable at ordinary prices. Indeed, the entire cost of the expedition to Mpwapwa and back was but little over two hundred pounds. Wagons and oxen are evidently the right knife for opening the African oyster in its present virgin state. By-and-bye, we may hear of stage coaches on the route, and the Cook of the future may not improbably advertise excursions to the sources of the Nile from London Bridge to Lake Tanganyika and back, *via* the Central and East Coast Railway, at inclusive rates to cover hotel expenses at Mpwapwa.

In the spring of 1876, another Expedition to Livingstonia, in the hope of counteracting the evils of the slave trade and advancing civilisation, was organised by Mr. H. B. Cotterill, a son of Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh, and formerly Principal of Brighton College. On the 16th of May, a large meeting of between two and three thousand persons was held, in furtherance of the object, in the Dome at Brighton. The Mayor presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Cotterill, Lieutenant Cameron, and other gentlemen.

The MAYOR, who was received with applause, said “they were assembled that evening to hear addresses on the subject of the African Slave Trade, and the best means to be adopted for its suppression. The addresses would be delivered by Mr. H. B. Cotterill, and by Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Navy, whom they now knew as a very famous explorer in Africa. Mr. Cotterill had been, and now was, intimately associated with Brighton. It was in this town he spent his early days, and it was at the Brighton College that he was educated, where his father, the present Bishop of Edinburgh, was then the Principal. He had since spent much of his time in Brighton, and his brother, the Rev. G. Cotterill, was still one of the respected masters at the Brighton College. Mr. Cotterill, who was now before them, had been assistant-master at Harrow, he had realised the highest honours of the Universities, and had already attained a position such as many spent half a lifetime to achieve. But all these advantages he was prepared to relinquish, in order to conduct an Expedition into the centre of Africa, with the well-grounded belief that the introduction of legitimate trade and commerce will strike a heavy blow at, and ultimately suppress, the detested slave trade. Dr. Livingstone, one of

the best of authorities on questions connected with Africa, had recommended this course above all others, as that by which the land might be redeemed from the slavery in which it is submerged. This scheme was supported, too, by Lieutenant Cameron, who had traversed Africa from one end to the other, and made himself practically acquainted with its fertile resources—fertile beyond imagination. The Royal Geographical Society also endorsed the recommendation for the regeneration of Africa, by means of commerce.

“It was well known that England had expended millions of money and thousands of lives in attempts at coercion to restrain this diabolical traffic, but in vain, for that traffic still existed, and defied the might and power of our country up to the present moment. But was it right that a private gentleman, who came forward in an undertaking of this nature, should encounter the dangers and privations natural to such an enterprise, and should in addition have thrust upon him its heavy pecuniary responsibilities? Several influential gentlemen had suggested to him (the Mayor) that Mr. Cotterill should be presented with a souvenir of Brighton, as a lasting remembrance of this his latest visit to his native town. Such a course would enable Brighton to take and maintain its stand as the first amongst all the towns of England to identify themselves in this national project. He had therefore taken upon himself, without the knowledge of Mr. Cotterill, to prepare books and to open accounts at the banks for the reception and collection of subscriptions, and he trusted that those present would subscribe in any way they pleased at the conclusion of the present meeting.” The Mayor then called upon Mr. H. B. Cotterill to address the meeting.

MR. H. B. COTTERILL, who rose amidst considerable applause, said—“It has given me the greatest pleasure to accept the invitation given by the Mayor to revisit the town with which many of my earliest recollections are associated. On many previous occasions I have spoken on the subject of Africa and the slave trade, in which I have taken a deep interest during the last two years. I have generally found it necessary to begin with a brief general enumeration of the features of the continent, such as the relation between the Lakes Nyassa and Nyanza, which are generally confounded the one with the other. In the present case much of the responsibility is taken off my shoulders, because you have present one better able to describe the natural features of Africa, seeing he has himself traversed the whole of the central parts of the continent, and is able to give us the latest intelligence on the subject. I will therefore limit myself, after a brief consideration of the outlines of the country, to these two points:—First, The question of the slave traffic, the facts of which are but very little known, or if known, not realised in proportion to their enormity. Secondly, I will speak of the special method for its extirpation, with which I am at present identified.

“By means of this large map, for which I am indebted to the Anti-Sla-

very Society, I will endeavour to point out a few of the main features. You will notice that all the great discoveries in Africa are more or less connected with the three great arterial river systems of that continent. What great mystery enshrouded the Nile in ancient times many of you know. This you can discover by applying to your encyclopædias and classical dictionaries, and this I shall not deal with. But of more interest is the story how the Nile was recently discovered, or re-discovered—for two thousand years B. C. the two great basins of the Nile were laid down in maps. You know how these were discovered by Speke, and Grant, and Burton. You know also how one of the great rivers—the Zambesi—is essentially the river of Dr. Livingstone, who, in coming from the south, struck that vast stream in the midst of the continent; and how, proceeding still further northwards, he found another huge river—the Lualaba—which he identified with the Nile, but which within the last few months we have learned—and solely from the explorations of one now present, to be the River Congo, the third of these great rivers. Will you therefore keep in mind the fact, that the three great basins I have mentioned are the Nyanzas—the Albert to the west, and the Victoria to the east—and that with the Zambesi, the river running from west to east, there is no large lake connected except the Nyassa, which is distinct from Nyanza, although the word, I believe, is essentially the same, meaning a marshy place or lake; that with the Congo there is a vast system of interlacing lakes, the source of which, probably, is this river discovered by Livingstone—the Zambesi. I shall not, however, take up your time with this; the part of the country to which I especially wish to direct your attention is that of Lake Nyassa, the one solitary lake with which the Zambesi is connected, and which is the part for which I leave England.

“Now, as regards the slave trade, I shall make a few broad statements, and try to corroborate them afterwards. I put very little faith in mere statistics, but I think it must astonish us when we find that, in our Parliamentary blue books, stated by Sir Bartle Frere, the number of lives annually lost in connection with the slave traffic is one million. Then, again, it is estimated that, for every slave arriving safely in Madagascar, Egypt, or wherever it may be, ten lives are sacrificed. You may be incredulous when you hear this; so was I, but, if you read the facts, you will not be so. Consider the vast area; half-an-hour ago Lieutenant Cameron said to me, ‘Consider the whole of Central Africa as one vast region of slave trade.’ It extends from the Zambesi almost the whole length of the continent, and from the east coast almost to the west. Now, as regards the way in which it is carried on. The slavers start from some place, such as Zanzibar, taking with them European goods. They make friends in the centre of Africa with a powerful chief. They foment old hostilities, open up old sores, incite one tribe against another, and lending their fire-arms to one side, naturally secure

the victory, and take slaves from the prisoners. It is needless to say that in such intestine wars as these, many lives are lost; also in the famine that follows. Loaded with chains, these poor slaves have to walk hundreds or thousands of miles; and if any of them show any signs of lagging, in order to prevent their falling into other hands, the drivers either cleave their heads open with a hatchet, shoot them, stab them, or, more generally, strangle them, by tying them to a tree.

“I cannot tell what may have been the experience of Lieutenant Cameron, but Livingstone says that, in one of his journeys, ‘I found that day after day, in certain regions, I met on the road such sights as these continually.’ And within the past few weeks all this has been corroborated by Bishop Steere, who has made a most adventurous trip across from the east coast northward to Lake Nyassa by himself. In a pamphlet he published on his return, he says—‘Scarcely a day passed that I did not witness such sights as these.’ Therefore you will cease to wonder at the statistics presented to us. Even the slavers themselves calculate on losing four out of every five slaves before they reach the coast, but, of course, the profit they make out of the remaining one of the five is enormous. According to Bishop Steere, the price of a slave in the interior is two yards of calico, or 9d.; at the coast he is worth £5, and when he gets to Arabia his value has increased to £50. The blue books I mentioned are not books with which we should look for exaggeration or poetry, but you will find stated in one of them that the route from Nyassa to the shore is literally lined with skeletons. I think none of us, if we endeavour to realise those facts, can help recognising the great enormity of this evil, and perhaps be actuated by a desire to see England putting forth her hand to strike down the tyrant.

“It is not so plain, perhaps, how we are to do so. There are many modes. Some advise the making of treaties with the Oriental potentates—to root out slavery out of the countries where it still exists. I do not depreciate such a course. Let all means be tried. There are difficulties, I think; for to uproot this custom would be like uprooting the ceremony of marriage in this country, so closely is it entwined around the institutions of the country. And this difficulty presents itself. We cannot enforce—neither can these potentates—any treaties we can make. We may put cruisers on the coast; we do do so, and we catch about one per cent. of the dhows. During the past week, however, a competent authority told me that we do not catch more than one in a thousand. However, let us put them there, and catch one in a thousand. But we must try other things as well, and there is one proposition to which I wish especially to call attention. I will not call it mine, but Livingstone’s—it is that of going to the fountain-head of the evil—go to the country, out-bid the dealers, and you will see that the natives are eager enough in many parts to receive you, to take your part against the Arab slavers.

Then, I do not say the thing would be done, but at least a great stride is made towards the doing of it.

“ You will ask, how it is to be accomplished ? Those of you who have read ‘ Livingstone’s Life ’ will remember that the first great journey that he made—one that has only been, I will not say out-rivalled, but rivalled by Lieutenant Cameron—crossing the continent from side to side, was undertaken almost entirely with the motive of introducing some legitimate trade amongst the Makololo, and he says he believes that any permanent elevation of such a nation as that must be effected by the introduction of an honest trade. Those, too, who have read his other books of the Zambesian territory, will remember how he has devoted a large space to describing the products of the country and to the way of opening up commerce. Ever since his one great line of policy was to endeavour to use the Zambesi and other large rivers as waterways by which to open up the central country. Now, you will ask, perhaps, what are the products of the country that will repay trade in these parts. I have before, on other occasions, enumerated these, and given various authorities ; being bold enough to use the words I found printed in a newspaper copied from the letters of Lieutenant Cameron. He, therefore, being at present the best authority, having been on the spot, I will leave that point to him, merely saying that in the part I am going to at present there is plenty of ivory stored up in the country, and that will hold out for some years, enabling us to secure our influence with the natives ; and after that I have no doubt that the country will yield many rich products, cotton especially.

“ It was in honour of Livingstone that not long ago—a year or two—a movement was started in Scotland, to do something in Africa worthy of their countryman, and I think it was rightly decided that the best memorial of him would be to found a station in that part of the country in connection with the great water-way of the Zambesi ; the opening up of which was always strongly advocated. They therefore sent forth a party, conducted by Mr. Young, who had before reached Nyassa in search of Livingstone. From the last accounts received, they, in October, had successfully navigated the Zambesi and the Shieri, a tributary of it. In doing this they experienced considerable difficulty, because there are cataracts extending some miles. They had to take a small steamer in sections ; taking it to pieces when they reached the cataracts, conveying it by road, and launching it again higher up. When they were on the upper river the natives came flocking from hundreds of miles, lining the banks of the river, and clapping their hands with joy at their return, for ever since the time of the sainted Bishop Mackenzie they had looked on the English as fathers. That is everything. With the natives against us we are one to millions, but with the natives on our side, I feel certain that we should out-rival the Arabs. This was proved by the fact that when they arrived on the lake, the chief who owned much of the land in that

part at once gave them a settlement, and virtually promised to give up the slave trade.

“Those who have read Livingstone’s books will remember that the same thing has occurred in the case of other chiefs, who promised to have nothing to do with the Arabs, and to side with the Scotch and English in any quarrel that might arise. These were missionaries. They said to the people, ‘Now, don’t have anything to do with the Arabs.’ Well, it was good advice; but those natives are but human beings, very covetous of European goods, of which those missionaries had none or very little to offer them. Therefore it is not surprising to find those missionaries writing home to say, ‘We must have trade here, we must be able to out-bid the Arabs, or we shall be ejected from the country.’ For some years perhaps those natives might be staunch and true, but in course of time these Arabs come with their beads and calico and say, ‘What do these foreigners want? They give you very good advice, but they have no beads and calico.’ That is a great temptation, and should not be allowed to exist when England has it in her power with little trouble to take it out of their way. Surely it is not hard to see that some good honest trade in conjunction with the missionary efforts might be carried on. As soon as the basis is once formed in the centre, it will be of the greatest importance in keeping our hold on the country, and securing the confidence and friendship of the natives.

“It was when Lieutenant Cameron was still in the heart of Africa that this idea first struck me, after reading some of Livingstone’s books, and I was rejoiced when his first letters came home to find it was exactly the same thing he wished—that he believed the introduction of trade into Central Africa was the surest, if not the only way of eradicating the slave trade. And it is not only laymen like ourselves that hold this opinion. In that pamphlet by Bishop Steere, to which I have alluded, he says—‘I find the surest way to exterminate this traffic in man is to introduce some honest trade.’ I have thought for some time of going out to Africa, being determined to do what I can either there or here. And this idea was a new light to me. For the past year I have been working steadily at it—writing, and, what I most prefer, speaking, for I find that when one can speak to a great number of people, it is far easier than writing. I began by going to merchants, and asking them if they did not think the time had come for the opening up of Africa, looking at it as a business matter. They said they did not see their way to do it; it was too hazardous. I said, ‘Well, don’t you think now that Livingstonia is founded, that at all events some pioneering expedition might be sent to see if there is anything worth getting in the country, and whether there are any accessible routes by which to transport it?’ Some of the larger-hearted of them saw it, and from philanthropic as well as other motives, they have put it in my power to get together a certain amount of goods. Now, the question

came, how to transport them? I went about and spoke in public in various places; my friends too have helped me; and at last I find myself justified in making a start.

“One of the most encouraging of the facts connected with it—and I have received from all sides the very greatest sympathy and promises of support—was, that when I went down to Harrow, the school with which I have been connected, and talked to the boys, they quite spontaneously came forward, and at once, with the masters, subscribed a sum of £300 towards buying me a boat in which to navigate the rivers. One other support I had at Harrow, and I cannot help mentioning it, although it may be a little out of place. Three little children, the eldest of them nine years old, came to me one day, and said they had heard me say that, in Africa, a slave could be bought for one shilling and liberated. They brought eight shillings, and wanted eight slaves liberated, to be named after themselves. I promise you that item in my account book shall be most faithfully kept.

“I may also mention the fact, that officially I have had the warmest assurance of approval. Lord Derby himself has been kind enough to give me introductions to the authorities out there, and to promise me all the support he can give me. I mention this chiefly because I think the people should know that this scheme of mine is not merely a chimerical scheme, but one that is looked on as feasible and practicable, not only by merchants, but by Her Majesty's Government itself. I hope, therefore, to start next Monday, having shipped my little boat in sections on board one of the Donald Currie steamers bound for Algoa Bay. There we—I am accompanying a contingent of Scotch missionaries—will charter a vessel, and make our way as well as we can to the mouth of the Zambesi, and there put our boats together, navigating the rivers as well as we can till we get to Shieri. In conclusion, as this is a kind of farewell, I will not say, as is usual, ‘May we all live to see one another again,’ but ‘May we live to see the day when this iniquitous slave traffic, to which a million lives a year are sacrificed, is exterminated, and exterminated by England.’”

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, who was received with enthusiastic applause, then rose and said—“Mr. Cotterill has already told us much of the history of Africa, what there is and what there is not, and what is being done there. It has been my lot to traverse that continent from east to west. I have passed through countries of various descriptions—countries, many of them of unspeakable richness. If I were to tell the true story of these countries, I should be accused of imitating the story of Sinbad the Sailor, or some others of the thousand and one nights' entertainments. Passing through these countries, one seems to be going through a catalogue of the beauties of the whole world, therefore I think I had better leave them. If you go to a grocer's shop you see some of the products of the soil; in the turner's shop, you will

see others. There are coal mines, iron mines, copper mines, and gold mines, and all these lying there ready to be utilised. The vegetable products are unrivalled in the whole world.

“ But this fair and vast region is rendered hideous by the continuance and increase of the most infernal traffic that has ever existed in the world. The slave trade I know well. I served for four years as Lieutenant on board a man-of-war on the East Coast engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, and during that time I have been three weeks at a time with an open boat without being out of it except on board the dhows. I know the work well, and I think we captured more than one per cent., because I know that the ship I was in took twenty-five dhows in ten days; so that, supposing the number of slaves imported from Zanzibar to be twenty thousand, the number we took would give a considerably larger proportion. But this coast traffic, of which we hear so much, and which England is doing her utmost to put down, is nothing in comparison with that in the interior, and which, until commerce is properly carried out, must still exist until either every man is a slave, or there are no people left to make slaves of. The way this trade is carried on in the interior is tending to the entire extermination of the population. Mr. Cotterill has spoken only of the Arabs—the Arabs are the smallest offenders. I know them right well. What are commonly called Arabs have a great deal to do with it; they are properly called Wonerima, or lower orders, and the Wasuabili. These are very cruel in their slave trade, and obtain vast numbers of slaves simply for the sake of the trade. But the better class of Arabs are driven to obtain slaves in order to carry the enormous amounts of ivory they obtain in the interior.

“ But when we come to other portions of the continent we find that a large portion of the coast line is held under a merely nominal power by Portuguese, who claim that they only wish to improve their position and do what is right. But their power only extends along the coast line, and is then interrupted. At Mozambique the Portuguese have to pay the natives for the farms they occupy on the mainland—which they say is having the natives in their pay. They block up a large portion of both coasts of Africa to all legitimate traffic; and people who call themselves Portuguese, but are not owned by the Portuguese foreign minister, or by the representative of that country in England, spread far into the interior. These are not men—they are brutes. Taking with them hordes of savages, whom they arm with guns, they march into regions where not an ounce of powder is to be found, and make slaves of the wretched inhabitants. Giving some big chief half a dozen guns they obtain the assistance of some two hundred or three hundred men, and they easily find some pretext for attacking some unfortunate village, probably that it has not paid tribute. At night, when they are least expected, they attack it and burn it down, shooting all the male population, or driving them into the jun-

gles to die of starvation, and carrying off the women and children. Loaded with plunder, they drive them towards the west, where a fresh caravan is found, which takes them to the Makololo country. Here they are exchanged for ivory, which is afterwards exchanged from the Portuguese ports of the west.

“Whilst Africa is unopened to legitimate commerce, these evils will go on and increase day by day. There can be no doubt of this. The only way to counteract them is to establish legitimate trade. Mr. Cotterill's project is worthy of the warmest esteem and assistance of every lover of England and every man of honour. It is a scheme in a small way, and it only touches a part of the evil; but it attacks one of the roots of the slave trade, the greater portion of which is carried on with the greatest barbarity. It has, however, the advantage of a *piéd-aterre*, as Livingstonia has already been formed. A tentative expedition like this will prove what I know, and what those who have thought of it know—that commerce can be carried on in Africa to pay and repay amply the capital invested in a legitimate manner; and that by the establishment of such commerce the slave trade will in process of time be done away with.

“But Nyassa is only a small part of that continent. As Mr. Cotterill has said, there is Egypt far away in the north, and Khartoum, which is simply a vast slave depot; and the slave districts run to the south nearly up to our own colonies. There is an express determination on the part of the slave-owners of Transvaal that if England presses upon them they will move further into the main country, where every man may do as he likes with his own slaves. From fifteen north latitude to twenty south latitude the cause of the slave trade extends from coast to coast of the Continent of Africa. To establish commerce means of communication must be opened up. The water systems of the Congo and Zambesi are two of the finest, if not the finest, in the world; and a short canal of twenty or thirty miles wide, as I can say from personal experience, would unite the two. From the Zambesi, one of the heads of the Congo, to Nyassa would be a land journey of about one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and I see no reason why tramways should not be laid between the two places. There would be no difficulty about this, for there would be no necessity to lay down a railway like Brunel laid between London and Reading. All that would be wanted would be a line of rails to run loads upon without employing slaves. It could be done cheaply and easily, and I hope that the time is not far distant when English capital and English merchants will be represented in every corner of the vast continent, and that the name of Englishmen will be loved and honoured. In the meantime let us do all honour to Mr. Cotterill, who is throwing up everything here in England for this cause.

“It is a noble undertaking, though perhaps it lacks some of the romance

which attends that of the explorer and traveller who pushes into entirely new country. However, Lake Nyassa has not been thoroughly explored, but will afford a rich field for new sights, rounds, and views. The people on Lake Nyassa I know well. I have heard not only from Englishmen, but also Arabs, that the name of England, thanks to Bishop Mackenzie, is loved and revered. The Arabs whose slave trade he interfered with respect and honour him. They talk about the slave trade; they are brought up to it by the Koran, but at the same time they can understand the idea of Englishmen in stopping it. I was talking to a white Arab one day, and mentioned the circumstance of having burnt a dhow in a certain place at a certain time. He mentioned some things, and asked some things, which I answered, and then he said it was his dhow. I thought I had made a mess of it, but he said, 'We are here, and we are both civilised (they call themselves civilised), and it is our duty to stand by each other. Whatever you do you do by the orders of your Government; and we are just as good friends as ever.' And that man is one of my best friends.

"The ivory trade is the principal one of Africa, and must continue for some years to be the principal export, but as we begin to open up that country, especially factories and trading stations, so shall we find new and valuable products, and also find a market for our overglut of manufactures, which causes the mills in Manchester and Lancashire to be working half time. Africa is the new El Dorado—far more than British India was to us. It is a new country open for our trade and commerce, and in which our population can find employment without very many of the dangers which are inherent to our position in India, where we have to struggle with the remains of a debased and decaying civilisation. Africa must be approached on a larger scale. The effect of Mr. Cotterill's work will be to do a great good, and to show how that large scale can best be worked out; but the time must come when the whole extent of Africa must be taken in hand on a broad and complete basis. I will now conclude, and I hope every one will join with me in wishing Mr. Cotterill success in his excellent undertaking."

The MAYOR having asked if any gentleman wished to address the meeting—The REV. R. COCKING said he would take the liberty of saying a few words upon the subject, because the early part of his own life, and the associations of his family, had been very largely mixed up with the welfare and well-being of the African race. It had not been his lot to walk in the footsteps of the great and good men who had preceded Mr. Cotterill in his noble work in Africa, but it had been his lot to live in countries where the population were almost exclusively African. He bore witness to the fact, that where the African had fair and full opportunity of knowing what was good, and having the example of higher and better things before him, that he had invariably risen, if not to the level of the higher races, yet sufficiently high to justify

them in the hope, to justify them in the assurance, that the sons and daughters of Africa would yet be amongst those who would not only be honest traders and honest people, but true followers of that dear Lord who lived and died for Africans as well as other sections of the human race. The introduction to Africa of the civilising Gospel would do that country good, and the labours of Bishop Mackenzie and Bishop Steere would yet result in a far different report from the interior of Africa, than the truthful and pathetic one they had heard that night. He would not ask three hearty cheers for those noble men, Lieutenant Cameron and Mr. Cotterill, who were going out upon a noble work, but those present, when on their knees before God that night, would ask that He would protect them, make them the means of great blessing to many millions, and would bring them back to the bosom of their families—great, not only because they had aided in opening up a new country for commerce, but great because they have assisted in opening up a great continent for the introduction of the Gospel; that Africa, already rich in her gifts of nature, might become yet richer far in her endowments of grace.”

Other gentlemen addressed the meeting, speaking of the grandeur of the object contemplated, and calling for sympathy and substantial aid. The VICAR OF BRIGHTON said, it had sometimes been reproachfully stated that they were a mere nation of shopkeepers, and it might be that English traders had not left on the pages of colonial history the best mark; but they would thank God that a better view was passing over the face of the English trade; that they were recognising it as one of those Divine gifts which was becoming an instrument of religion—he said not civilisation, for they cared not for that, unless it carried religion in its train, and the deep sympathy of man for man—the great boast of Christianity, and the death-knell of slavery. The meeting closed with the announcement of various subscriptions towards the expenses of the Expedition.

There cannot be a doubt as to the wisdom of these philanthropic undertakings; and every true lover of Africa—indeed, every one who desires to see the social and moral elevation of mankind, must rejoice in them and wish them success. Let such enterprises be multiplied a thousand-fold, till slavery be utterly banished, and commerce, sanctified by Christianity, spread throughout the vast African Continent. Already a vast scheme has been projected under distinguished patronage for exploring the country, with a view to the promotion of commerce and science. Representatives of several countries have united in carrying it out; and in some quarters great and beneficial results are anticipated from it. But for ourselves, we place more confidence in the labours of wise Christian philanthropists than in all other forms of effort. The true successors of Livingstone will be the men who, with the gospel in one hand, and commerce and education in the other, will visit the African

in a spirit of divine love, and recognising his manhood, treat him as a brother. To such men Africa will at last owe her redemption, not only from the curse of slavery, but from the enthrallment of ignorance, superstition, and sin.

On Tuesday, May 23rd, Mr. Cotterill, and a Mr. Parry, embarked on board the "Windsor Castle," with their boat and a quantity of goods, for the establishment of their trading station on Lake Nyassa, and sailed the same day from Dartmouth for the Cape. The same vessel took out a mission party, representing the Livingstone East African Mission of the Established Church of Scotland, and several members of the Free Church of Scotland, on their way to the Zambesi. They also had with them a boat for the station on Lake Nyassa.

A long and interesting report has been furnished by Bishop Steere of a journey taken by him in 1875, in consequence of the favourable reception which Dr. Livingstone met with from the chiefs of the Yao or Waiyou tribe in East Africa. The Bishop's Expedition left Zanzibar at the end of August, and landed the morning but one after their departure, at Lindi, a place which he had selected as the nearest point to the Lake Nyassa, and at the same time possessing one of the best and most accessible harbours on that part of the coast. The Bishop had with him the Rev. C. A. James, Mr. A. Bellville, and Mr. Beardall, with about twenty Zanzibar porters under Chumi and Susi, Livingstone's men. In consequence of hindrances from the people on the coast, it was November before they fairly started for the interior.

The Report goes on to say—"The coast settlements end at Ching'ong'o, some ten or twelve miles from Lindi. Thence we plunged into a thickly-grown forest, and after a long morning reached Lake Lutamba, a fine sheet of water, about five miles long, and two or three wide, with high wooded hills all round. We were now fairly in the Mwera country, and stopped at a village close by the lake. We were nine days of slow travelling in passing through the Mwera villages, which lie along a fine range of high hills, with many spurs and sub-ridges, in general direction north and south. Thence we passed to our first stretch of uninhabited forest, and were six days before we emerged upon the belt of villages near the Rovuma.

"This Mwera forest is very level, and most part of it very wet at the wet season, and very scant of water at the dry. We were passing just at the driest time, and had to arrange our marches so as each night to encamp near water. There is something very solemn in these huge silent forests. The men have a superstition against shouting and singing, as they do at other times, and the bare feet make no tramp, so that the only sounds one hears are when they pass the word to avoid a stump or a stone in the path, or an elephant's footmark, which means a round hole a foot or so across and deep as may happen, or, most to be shunned of all, a line of ants across the path.

"The ants are the true kings of the forest. The coast men have a legend

that when King Solomon reigned, and all the beasts acknowledged his authority, the ants came to complain that the elephants trod upon them and killed them by hundreds. The elephants made light of it, and said that, as they were the strongest of all beasts, the ants should get out of their way. The ants denied their strength, and offered to fight them. The bystanders laughed, but King Solomon appointed place and time; so the elephants sent ten or twelve of their biggest, and the ants came in myriads. At the first onset the ants were crushed by thousands, but almost immediately the foremost elephants, knocking over everything in their way, rushed to the nearest water, for their trunks and ears, and eyes, and lips, and every part tender enough for an ant to nip was full of them, cutting their way in deeper and deeper. The other elephants thereupon said that it was beneath their dignity to fight with creatures so insignificant, but Solomon gave it for the ants; and from that day forward, let lions and elephants boast as they may, they tread carefully when they see ants before them, and no one since has ever ventured to offer to fight them. We had ourselves experience of their power, and on one occasion nearly set our encampment on fire in trying to turn their course by strewing live embers about, fire being the only thing they fear.

“The approach to the Rovuma is marked by the sudden rising of great mountainous masses of granite rock, often of grotesque shapes, and seemingly strewed about by accident. The country we had passed had not always been so bare of people; it forms part of the great waste made by the raids of the Mavitis and Gwangwaras. We found the first village we came to inhabited by Gindo fugitives from near Kilwa, who, being timid folks, are terribly bullied by an otherwise insignificant Yao chief, named Golilo. They begged us to make him a present, lest he should revenge our not doing so on them. As we passed on, we heard that a coast caravan had kidnapped one of the villagers—the first trace of the slave trade. By the roadside I saw an iron furnace, hollowed out of an ant-hill. It was not at work, but there was some ore close by prepared for smelting, of which I got specimens. The smelters are Makuas, but the Mweras are the best smiths.

“We had just crossed a broad dry river-bed, when we met what we took at first for a caravan; but it turned out to be a fugitive chief and his followers, fled from the other side of the river. They told us that the Gwangwaras were out on a raid before us; that some hunters, in searching for game, had seen them and given the alarm, so they were fleeing they could not tell whither.

“We went to a village of some three hundred houses, under a Makua chief. Livingstone had seen the same people on the other side of the Rovuma; their chief Makochero had moved to this place. At the time of our visit the old man had lately died, and his son was not yet formally installed. Here we met another band of fugitives, who said that the Gwangwaras were

out behind us, and Makochero's people only stayed in their houses because our presence gave them confidence. They would otherwise have taken refuge on the tops of the granite rocks by which their village is skirted. As we heard here of a large Yao caravan having crossed the Rovuma on its way down, we began to think that there had been some mistake, and perhaps there were no Gwangwaras after all.

“ From Makochero's we came to the Rovuma. It was then at its lowest, and at that spot without much current, the whole bed studded with rocks and sandbanks and reedy islands. It was fordable in many places, and nowhere deep. A more unpromising stream for navigation could hardly be; for some distance, a little higher up, no water was visible, only a waste of rocks, and the sound of water rushing along between them. We were three days more passing up the north bank, and crossed two large rivers, still flowing but very low, which drain respectively the forest wastes which were once the Gindo and the Donde territories.

“ All along the Rovuma we were gathering provisions as we could for the Yao forest on the other side. We crossed at a place where the river was broad and still, but covering its whole bed, and looking more like the great river it really is. The water was nowhere more than about three feet deep, and mostly but little above the knee. The men walked straight across, and I was cleverly ferried over a little higher, where there was more current, in a very small canoe.

“ On the other side we found a Yao village, just forming itself, having fled in a body from near the Lujenda (or Loendi), where the Gwangwaras had certainly been. The Yaos reported that there was another war somewhere before us, and we waited while they sent on to the next village for more certain information. The messengers reported the war as being far off; so we went on, and early in the afternoon came to a village where we met with the only chief who made himself really disagreeable. He was a Donde, one of those who had learnt the trade of thieving from their Maviti spoilers. He was a sort of lieutenant to a bigger man, a Gindo named Mpingawandu, on the other side of the river. He insisted on a much larger present than the other small chiefs were contented with, and threatened to throw all sorts of obstacles in our way if we did not stay all the next day in his village; his people, too, stole by wholesale from our porters.

“ The next chief, as if to complete the chaos of tribes, was a Nyassa; he, too, would gladly have detained us, but, being weaker than his neighbour in every way, we went on to the next, a Yao village, whence we got some men to help carry our provisions, and struck off from the river for Mataka's, hoping to find a chief, named Liuli, about half-way. On the second day of our forest march we met a deformed man, who stood aside to let us pass. The more superstitious of our men took him for a wood-demon, and said



TRAVELLING ON A LITTER



that, if it had appeared as a woman, our deaths would have been certain. It was not a demon, however, but a man; he told our people behind that he was fleeing for his life from Liuli's, which had just been destroyed by a party of Dondes from near the Lujenda—that he had seen three men killed, and the plundering begun.

“Here, then, was a serious difficulty; some advised waiting, some returning to the Rovuma, and working up its bank till near the mountains; but the real question was, where were the Dondes going next?—they would not probably stay long at Liuli's. I thought it was just as safe to go on as to go back, and, besides, my patience had been quite exhausted by our delays upon the Rovuma, and I was eager to get forward at any cost. Ultimately we sent three men to go onward cautiously, and see whether the road was clear, while we followed.

“The first night they returned and reported all safe for some distance ahead. The second night they did not return. We found that day a sign of what might be done if the coast men really desired to benefit the people. We found a fine cashew nut tree in a deserted village, the only coast fruit tree we had seen. The cashew apples were just ripe, and though not the best fruit by any means, we rushed upon them, and soon cleared the tree. A little further on we came to some marks which seemed to show that our men had halted there, or had left the path we were following. Our Yao helpers were clear that the right road was forward, and so we went on with them to another deserted village, where they left us, and we encamped.

“These settlements belonged to a chief named Kang'-ninda, and had been abandoned in the May preceding. They were very finely placed on broad swells of high land commanding grand views all round, with a large river near, and little brooks running among granite rocks. One longed to be able to re-occupy them. The next morning we were anxious about our people, and sent men forward to see if they could discover any traces of them, and back to mark the roads from the cashew nut tree onward to show which way we had gone. Both returned without tidings. Some thought our men had been surprised and killed, some that they had been scared and run back. Meanwhile our provisions were running out; so we had nothing for it but to go forward.

“This afternoon, still among ruined villages, we met a small caravan going down. They had a few small tusks of ivory, some loads of tobacco, and about thirty slaves. They reported the road clear ahead, and we gave them instructions for our men, if they met with them. Next day we came to a fork in the road, when one of the men luckily recollected the spot, and that the right-hand road was the one for Mataka's. The path seemed so overgrown and little used that I had begun to doubt about it, when we met a large caravan, or rather three straggled into one; they had only tobacco and

slaves. They told us that they were five days from Mataka's, and that the road was clear, but we should meet with no more houses.

"This was bad news for us who had nearly eaten all our stock. About nine the next morning, word was passed to stop, as a gun had been heard behind, and soon our three men rejoined us; they had misread the marks near the cashew nut tree, and thought we had gone back; they did not meet the first caravan, but slept the night before with the second, who had given them some food, all they had. We cooked for them at once, and immediately after sent on two men with cloth to get to Mataka's as quickly as possible, and bring back food.

"The ground was now losing something of its level character, and rising first into long swells, as at Kangninda's, and afterwards into sharper ridges. The trees, too, were very unlike those in the Mwera forests. There the average diameter may be taken as from one foot to two, with a tall trunk before branching. Here the average diameter would run between six and twelve inches, with far less height of trunk and spread of branches. African trees are, as a rule, disappointing; there are some really fine ones near the rivers and in hollows, but generally they are ill grown, and their foliage scanty, besides being out of leaf for a great part of the year. The baobabs, which have enormous trunks, only grow tall when surrounded by other large trees, and are bare for nearly nine months of the year. The Yao forests have, however, one tree which we found very useful. It bears a round fruit, with russet rind, and three large grooved stones, surrounded by a small quantity of very sweet pulp, with something of a pear-like flavour. They were just coming ripe, and we ate them by hundreds. The Yaos call them Masuku.

"As we went on that day, I saw a woman coming towards us; our leading guide spoke to her, and made her turn to follow him. I went up, and he told me she had run away from yesterday's caravan, and he purposed to take her to Mataka's. I made him leave her alone, and she went on in the other direction.

"November had now run out, and the rain had begun to trouble us. We found a ford in front impassable, and had to fell some trees to make a temporary bridge for the purpose of crossing over. We thought this river was the Luatize, which Chuma remembered crossing with Dr. Livingstone; but the next day we came to a still larger river, which turned out to be the true Luatize.

"We passed this morning several cairns, on which it was customary for passers-by to throw each his stone. A little further on, we passed a newly-made Arab grave, and all along were remains of old encampments, ominous signs of having had to wait there till the river fell sufficiently to be fordable. Soon after mid-day, however, we met a caravan, the foremost men carrying

some very fine ivory, several of the tusks being borne between two. Then came tobacco and slaves, and some of the leaders were recognised as Mataka's men. They told us that the caravan belonged to Mataka himself, that our men had slept in their camp very near the villages the night before, and that it was possible we might reach their encampment that night, and find our men there on their way back.

"When we got to the ford, we found it a scene of the wildest confusion. A place has been chosen where the stream is cut up by six or seven islets, with narrow channels between; the water in some of these was nearly up to the arm-pits, and ran so strongly that, except for trees laid across to hold on by, it would have been impossible to cross. Over and through these they were bringing some two hundred slaves, many of them women and children, and very many with forked sticks fastened to their necks. The noise and tumult were beyond description. We had to wait a while for them, and utilised the time by persuading the leaders of the caravan to sell us a bag of grain.

"Just as we crossed, a heavy Scotch mist came on, which changed into a drizzling rain, through which we trudged drearily, in hope of reaching the encampment. The dull light and chill rain, the bare trees and the dead leaves beneath them, were all as like a December afternoon in England as possible. At last, wet and weary, we turned aside and encamped for the night. A regular caravan encampment is made by cutting pairs of stout stakes, six or seven feet long, with forked ends, and setting them up so as to form two sides of an equilateral triangle; a ridge piece is then laid in the forks which locks them together. Pair after pair are set up till a rough circle is formed according to the size of the caravan. Straight sticks are laid from the ridge pole on each side on the lines of the pairs of stakes, to form rafters, and then sticks tied horizontally to support the grass with which the whole is thatched over; small holes are left on the inner side for the men to creep in at, and these are furnished with grass doors, or rather shutters. This great circle of roof without walls is generally divided by partitions into huts for one or two men; a bed is made by laying down two stout logs for the sides and filling in between them with grass or leaves, over which the sleeping mat is laid. The man then lights a fire close beside him, and all is snug for a week if need be. Sometimes a regular bedstead is made by setting four short forks to support the side pieces, across which short sticks are laid and grass on them. Separate huts are built within the enclosure for the leaders of the caravan, and often a miniature hut for the *tail*. Every caravan ought to have a flag, inscribed and blessed by a man of learning on the coast, which no porter is allowed to pass before on pain of a fine to the flag-bearer, and a tail, it may be, of an ox or a hyæna, which watches over thefts and misdoings. Neither flag nor tail ought to rest at night among the men, and one caravan which

we met had at each encampment set up a little roof over a bit of the path some distance in advance, where their tail passed the night by itself. I do not know whether our men had a proper tail; there was one with us, seemingly used as a fly-flap, but it was stolen at the Donde's village on the Rovuma. The circle of the encampment is generally completed all round, so as to shut out thieves and keep in runaways. Where bamboos and long grass are plentiful, a very neat and useful camp may be built very quickly.

"The night after crossing the Luatize, we soon got good fires and a plentiful supper, and woke the next day on a good specimen of a May morning, bright and fresh and sparkling. This beginning of the rains is the spring of the tropical year; the trees are coming into fresh leaf, flowers are everywhere showing themselves. Among the brightest at this time were the gladiolus, scarlet, white, lilac, puce, lemon, and orange. No one in Yao land need fear to want flowers about Christmas. It was past mid-day when we came to the Yao encampment, and soon after met our men returning. We were then close to Mataka's villages, and slept in one of them on the night of the 8th of December, having made twenty-seven full days of travelling, the remaining eleven being days and half-days of rest and provision seeking.

"We were not destined to make a dignified entrance into Mataka's chosen residence, Mwembe, for a drizzling rain came on, and as we had to cross several spurs of the main ridge, with steep descents and ascents, ending by the ascent into the town itself, the rain made the clay path so slippery that we slid and staggered on as we best could in sad disorder. However, we blazed away a good deal of powder, and the town turned out in force to look at us. It was a new thing to me to see a genuine town crowd in Africa. Livingstone reckoned about a thousand houses in Mwembe, and it has not since diminished. I could not count the houses myself, but I think there were probably quite as many as Livingstone saw. The people have made a curious compromise with their old custom of moving away from the place where any one dies. They build a new house close to the old one, and ridge up the clay and rubbish of the old walls into a small plantation of Indian or Kafir corn. Every spare plot is planted, so that after the rains the town must look like a sea of green, with house roofs floating upon it.

"A steep road led us through the thickest part of the town to where a very large high roof, surmounted by a ridge board, with a head at one end, a tail at the other, and something like a man astride near the head, marked Mataka's own dwelling. There is a large yard surrounded by trees in front of it, and in the broad space under the eaves, a sort of earthen throne, three steps high, on one side of the door for the chief himself, and a lower bench on the other for his visitors. There I was placed, and the yard soon filled with townsfolk. Mataka came out directly, and sat down on his throne; he understood my Swahili, but would not talk it, preferring to use Chuma,

himself a Yao, as an interpreter. He made me very welcome as the second white man he had seen, and asked me to turn up my sleeve and let them see my arm, as hands and face had got burnt Arab colour. He offered us the choice of two houses, and the men went to get one ready. I sat to be looked at and talked over till they returned and conducted me, not without firing of guns, to the house which they had chosen. Thither the town followed, and Mataka sent us presents of food and pombe, or ukana, the native beer; perhaps barley water slightly fermented would best represent it to an English mind. I like it in moderation, and Chuma made me with it and some flour I had brought capital little loaves, which were very acceptable as a relief from the endless rice and fowls, which are the staple food, and the weariness of every European in tropical Africa. One man actually asked me whether we had any fowls in England, for he had observed that all Englishmen ate so many of them when in Africa. As though we any of us would if we could get anything else! However, at Mwembe we were in a land of plenty; we bought a large goat, and an Arab settled in the town gave us another, and Mataka gave us an ox, and we feasted on an abundance of peas, which grow here, but not nearer to the coast, so that, if the truth be told, we all rather over-ate ourselves and suffered for it.

“On the day following our arrival, we made up a valuable present for Mataka, and sent him my letters from Zanzibar from the Regent and English Consul-General. He seemed very well satisfied, and said we might go anywhere we pleased, and make ourselves at home in his country. He was anxious we should not then go on to the lake, as in so doing we should probably make friends with his enemy Makanjila. At first he offered us a place in the town, but afterwards got frightened and preferred we should settle nearer the lake at Losewa. He gets much of his wealth from what he knew we should hate and speak against, the sale of slaves, though Mponda, at the outlet of the Shire, and Makanjila, are the chief slave sellers. As Mataka represented it, he sold criminals, but of course he sells Makanjila's people when he can get them, and his own born slaves, and a very small offence suffices if the chief is in want of money.

“I stayed in Mataka's country about a fortnight, when the continual rains and the memory of the rivers behind us made me think it was high time to return. I hoped to have gone down to the coast very light and very quickly, but our men, finding that I had few burdens for them, bought such a quantity of tobacco for themselves that they were more heavily loaded than before. The Yaos use their tobacco almost exclusively in the form of snuff, but Yao tobacco is specially valued in Zanzibar for chewing, and commands a higher price there than any other sort. There seems to be no legitimate commerce now between the Yaos and the coast except in tobacco and bhang, and a very little ivory, the elephants being nearly all killed off. Caravans

are, however, sent across the lake by Mataka and the other chiefs to buy ivory, which is afterwards sent down to Kilwa, or indirectly through the Makuas, to Ibo. This want of other trade is of course the chief reason why the Yao chiefs cling so firmly to their slave traffic; the opening of some new commerce would be the surest way of destroying the trade in men.

“We made our final start from Mataka’s villages on December 22, taking with us abundant provisions, and some Yaos who were skilled in making bark canoes, in case we found the rivers unfordable. In going up we had met few caravans, partly because they avoided us when possible, and I think our guide avoided them. One caravan near Makochero’s made a night march to pass us unseen, and two slaves escaped from them that night; when they got down to Kilwa they spread a report that we had been dispersed by the Gwangwaras and many of us killed, and they were believed till Mataka’s caravan arrived, and reported meeting us at the Luatize. Now we were in the midst of a rush of caravans, trying like ourselves to escape the worst of the rains.

“We were very fortunate in finding both the great rivers bridged by previous caravans; indeed, we met one in the act of crossing the second. We made a slightly quicker march down through the Yao forest than we had made going up. Now we found all the low land full of Rovuma water. We were told that the river was unusually high, and it rose two feet while we stayed on its banks for a day to buy food.

“I had thus an opportunity of seeing under a different aspect a district of high land near the river which I had thought in going up would make an admirable site for a city of refuge, or for an intermediate station and resting place. It looked even more promising now. Just by it we met a large caravan, the largest I think which we saw; it consisted of one hundred and thirty-four people carrying sixty-one bales of cloths. The number of these is always the standard by which the importance of a caravan is measured. A few days before we had met another with thirty-five people and seventeen bales, which was, I think, the smallest. In all we met nine, five belonging to Yao chiefs and four to coast Arabs, most of them having been from two to three months on the way, and all exclaiming at the scarcity and dearth of provisions. We found afterwards at Makochero’s, where we had bought most of our provisions in going up, and amongst us had eaten some hundreds of fowls, that nothing was now to be had, and everything about the place looked hungry; the caravans seen would represent from one thousand five hundred to two thousand slaves, and possibly some ten thousand for the whole year.

“The Rovuma was crossed on January 7, at a place where the river flows in one channel, reminding one in breadth and current of the Thames at Westminster when the tide has begun to run out strongly. I think, however, that it is wider, and the water, instead of being black, was a muddy

red. We were ferried over in four small canoes, which made seven journeys each. Two days more brought us to the Mwera forest, and just as we left the river, we met a man who said he was six days from Lindi, which makes one believe that it is possible for a native going express to get to Mataka's in from ten to fifteen days, as all the coast people say that it is.

“On the 16th of January we were again among the Mweras, for whom I confess a strong liking. They have no slave trade, but drive a brisk business with the coast in Kafir corn, rice, semsem seed, tobacco, and copal, to which they have just added india-rubber, and may add bees-wax, for honey is so abundant that we may almost say their standard food is porridge and honey. The copal lies close to the surface in quite uncertain patches. The Mweras have a tool like a broad spud, with which they sound where they fancy likely places, and by use can recognise at once if they strike copal. The finder is then entitled to all he can stretch over, say six feet each way, beyond which any one else may dig. Sometimes a lucky find will fill his bag at once, but more commonly the loads taken down to the coast are many days in gathering. I offered to teach any lads that would go down with me, but some did not care to learn, and more were afraid they might never come back. However, a beginning is made, and in time they will know and trust us. It is sad to think that, unless we can do something, their end must be to be swept into hopeless foreign slavery, as at any time by a Gwangwara raid they might be, for they have no principle of unity, and Seyed Barghash's policy makes it impossible for them to get powder, without which their guns are useless.

“We made no stay among them, for food was scarce, and rain was plentiful; and one night, through the obstinacy of our guide, who would not stop at a village when the storm threatened, I got for the first time thoroughly wet through. So on January 21st we walked again into Lindi in very good general condition; indeed, that one night's rain was the only serious damage we had encountered, our bell tent having preserved the goods, and my waterproof sheets myself, from all the previous downpours. We were thus thirty-one days from Mataka's country, of which twenty-five were full days of marching, and the remaining six days of resting and food buying.

“The line I traversed has been the scene of terrible destruction since the time that our mission was first started, and whole nations have practically disappeared. The Yaos are now in every sense the strongest in mind and body, as well as in numbers. None of the tribes have a common head, but Mataka, Makanjila, and Mponda, are really great chiefs.

“The Mweras are even less united; every little group of huts is independent. There is a story current of a Mwera who had thirteen daughters, and determined to be a chief. So he cleared a new spot in the forest, and every one who wished to marry one of his daughters he made it a condition

that he should come and live under him. Thus he soon had thirteen huts beside his own, which in Mwera land is a respectable village. The Matambwes, on the lower or middle Rovuma, are almost overwhelmed by refugees—Gindos, Dondes, Yaos, and Makuas, but their language asserts itself as the common medium of communication. Near the mouth of the Rovuma lie the Makondes, pressed upon by the Makuas from the south, with Machelamba, like a cancer, in their midst.

“Old traders say that the road from Kilwa to the Nyassa used to lie entirely through an inhabited country, where food of all sorts was fabulously abundant. East of Kilwa lay the Gindos, and south of them the Mweras; east of both these the Dondes, and then on the lower Rovuma Matambwes; and on the upper, and along the lake, Yaos; south and east of the lake, Nyassas, and east of them again the Bisas, who were ardent traders, and used to send down caravans of their own to Kilwa. The great disturbers of this state of things were the Maviti, or Mazitu, a Zulu army sent on an unsuccessful expedition, which instead of returning to be decimated, went north and found a new home round the north end of the Nyassa, whence they plundered and burnt in all directions, even sending an army against Kilwa itself, and for the time stopping all trade.

“The coast trade itself in anything like its present dimensions seems to be scarcely twenty years old, corresponding in fact to the growth of Zanzibar as a centre of commerce. Yet it must have been once of great extent, or Kilwa could not have been the important city which the Portuguese found it. In the Yao language there are a few words which point to old commercial relations with the coast, especially the name for coast people, which is merely the Arab name for Christians; this seems to show that at the coming of the Portuguese there was Arab influence enough among the Yaos to give them an Arab name. The trade died in their hands, and only in our own days is returning to its former importance. The same conclusion may be drawn from the vague acknowledgment of one God by all the nations between the great lakes and the sea. This is just the remnant of Mohammedan teaching, which might be expected to survive, when that teaching was first forcibly suppressed at the fountain head by a professed Christianity, and then allowed to wither away into forgetfulness, nothing really remaining except a distaste for visible idols. It is only on the young men of the present generation that Mohammedanism is beginning to exert a powerful influence, and this just in proportion as they are struggling into some kind of civilisation. It is therefore much more felt by the principal Yao chiefs than by the smaller, or, by the less advanced Mweras.

“The harvest is ripe, where are the reapers?”

“EDWARD STEERE, *Missionary Bishop*.

“ZANZIBAR, *Lent*, 1876.”

Referring to Bishop Steere's plan for arresting the slave trade, the carrying out of which was the object of his journey into the interior, the Rev. Horace Waller, who speaks from knowledge, says :—" There can be no doubt that Bishop Steere's plan is the correct one. Forty men, carefully selected under a competent leader, might not only establish themselves within a few months upon some favourable spot near Lake Nyassa, but, if properly constituted, the little detachment should hold its own against any possible disturbance, and induce every village within two days' march, under offer of good reward, to report the presence of any slave caravans in the country. The party should certainly contain, say, ten sappers, one blacksmith, two carpenters, one mason, two bricklayers, taught to make bricks, one sergeant, two seamen, one cook, two agriculturists, and a medical man. It would be hard if the remaining hands could not be gathered from the ranks that have already sent such men to Africa as those which make up the 'Livingstonia' party. The prospect of an intensely interesting and adventurous life and a determination to put an end to the slave trade would attract many, whilst the bold and unsparing eye of the leader would sift out such as could not furnish unmistakable evidence that their previous life and reputation would stand the test of severe discipline and thorough obedience.

"That some one or two men would beg to be allowed to join as missionaries and teachers from the outset, we may be certain, and with the probability of a large population quickly springing up around the City of Refuge, their presence, from all points of view, would be indispensable. The outlay on such an undertaking would not reach that needed for the maintenance of a guard-ship on the coast. With Lindi as a first-rate harbour, and Zanzibar frequented by ships of all nations within easy reach, stores could be landed on the coast at any season, and at each trip the cost of portorage and time expended on the road would be worked down. Trading should be vigorously carried on in all directions, in order that the natives might find the same goods procurable in exchange for the products of their lands and forests that they have hitherto alone been able to secure by the sale of their fellow creatures. The home Government might well afford to be answerable for the military and naval element in the undertaking, as it would form part of the suppressive policy at work on the coast, whilst private enterprise might support the remaining cost. The news would spread with incredible speed that any fraction of a tribe could settle down in the vicinity of the settlement safe from attack, and with equal speed it would become known, as of old at Mago-mero, that no slaver would be tolerated in the land. Indeed, the writer of these observations can ill conceal that he is jotting them down in full recollection of what five or six men once proved to be possible in this way, and within one hundred and fifty miles of this same chief Mataka; and he ventures to state that every one who has had actual experience of the native

tribes as at present constituted, the ramifications of the slave trade as at present carried on, the deep longing on the part of the natives for the presence of the English, and the extreme fear of the Arabs when brought into contact with them, will bear him out in saying that twelve Englishmen on Lake Nyassa, and forty more stationed as Bishop Steere proposes, would in three years make the slave trade a thing of the past, over an enormous tract, and save some hundred thousand lives per annum.

“Nor, whilst we are on this branch of the subject, can we help speaking freely of the treaties which we have recently made with the Sultan of Zanzibar, the apprehensions concerning the integrity of territory threatened by the Egyptians, and his supposed powers to interfere with the slave trade throughout his so-called dominions. His ready acquiescence with our suggestions for a very good *quid pro quo* irresistibly recalls the old story of the farmer leaning over the gate by the roadside and allowing the cockney to fire away into the ducks swimming about in the pond on the common at so much a shot. It was only when the slaughterer of ducks found out that he had been putting crown after crown into the hand of a man who had really nothing to do with them that he could properly understand the easy terms agreed upon.

“So with ourselves: after reading such accounts as Livingstone wrote from Nyangwe, after reading that which Dr. Steere relates on the path to the lake, and Young from the shores of Nyassa itself, to say nothing of the additional testimony of Stanley and Cameron, it is clear that from southern Shire to northern Nile, from the Comoro Islands on the east to the waters of the supposed Congo on the west, *the Zanzibar image and superscription is indelibly stamped on every deed of Arab infamy and bloodshed*. It becomes, I say, an anxious question what value we ought to attach to the leave we have obtained from this bland Sultan to interfere in his dominions; and when we reflect that every musket, every pound of powder, every bale of goods—in short, every Arab caravan which is fitted out for the interior is identified with Zanzibar to begin with, it is not altogether beside that question to ask also whether we should not now try our hand in a different direction, and not content ourselves with stopping a mere percentage of the slaves that are exported, after the slave raids organised at Zanzibar have had time to work their baneful effect amongst the tribes.

“In this country the police would far rather break in upon a gang of coiners than detect a poor wretch passing a bad shilling over a counter. In the East our policy is to encourage the coiner, and congratulate ourselves in Parliament and on platforms that we have something to show when we eventually pick up a bad coin. Mr Young states that twenty thousand slaves were carried across Lake Nyassa last year by Zanzibar Arabs, one of whom had the audacity to appear at the capital a few months after, representing

that the English, under Mr Young, were ruining the slave trade there! In singular confirmation of this we find Bishop Steere stating that he believes, from what he saw, as many as ten thousand slaves per annum passed along the particular path (one of two leading to the coast) that he happened to be travelling upon.

“But we must now leave them to speak for themselves. That the slaver has altered his plans, we cannot doubt; that he has dropped his lucrative trade, it is absurd to imagine; but we are equally sure that in contrast to this unsatisfactory state of things the right measures for real suppression have been ably propounded.

“It is with extreme delight that we now see an extraordinary impetus given to an old scheme, formed many years ago, for dealing a most effectual blow at the very heart of this dreadful state of things. Originating first of all in the practical mind of Dr Livingstone, it has stood the test of many years’ criticism, and has never seemed otherwise than precisely *the one thing wanted* when regarded by those who have personally watched the slave trader at his work in the country.”

In October, 1876, the annual meetings of the Church Congress were held at Plymouth; and one of the subjects discussed was, “Central Africa in relation to Mission Work, Slave Trade, and Commerce.” A paper which had been prepared by Sir Bartle Frere was read, in which he said he proposed to lay before the Congress a short account of the recent development of Christian Missions on the East Coast of Africa, and to indicate the mode in which they were likely to be affected by the plan for an international association for the exploration and civilisation of Central Africa which the King of the Belgians had lately placed before a Conference of geographers and others at Brussels in September last. Central Africa had for ages been almost closed or lost to the rest of the world, except as a nursery or hunting ground for slaves. Admirably adapted by nature for producing and exporting almost every kind of tropical or sub-tropical raw produce, and for consuming in large quantities the products and manufactures of the rest of the world, Central Africa had for three centuries exported little except slaves, every one of whom had been proved in the clearest manner to be procured at the cost of many other human lives, while the process of hunting for them kept the whole country in a state of perpetual insecurity and barbarism. The annual loss of life had been repeatedly proved to be some hundred times greater than the slaughter in Bulgaria, which had so recently shocked the whole civilised world. No one who had any instinct of humanity could refuse to aid in putting a stop to such a horrible waste of human life, and of the good gifts of the Almighty; but how was this to be effected?

Governments and diplomatists had done, and were doing, their part, but they could achieve little without the aid of explorers and enterprising

travellers to penetrate regions where mistrust of every man's neighbour had hitherto barred the road to all but the armed bands of slave-hunting men-stealers. Naturalists and men of science must follow the explorers to ascertain and report the natural riches of the country; missionaries must follow to teach and civilise, and men of commerce to trade and assist the development of lawful industry. At present those interested in behalf of Central Africa for opening roads and forming stations which should be centres of security and civilisation, were working separately and losing time, energy, and money.

The idea of the King of the Belgians was by means of an international association to unite all these efforts, as far as they had common objects in view; to make known to all interested in the work the scattered items of information which now escaped notice in separate transactions and reports; to concert united action where united action was necessary or practicable; and to aid in laying before the Governments and communities of the civilised world such requisites of their great task as could only be supplied by national or diplomatic effort. One of the first wants was, of course, to open roads, and to establish stations which might serve as points of refuge for the weak and needy, as bases of further operations for the explorer and man of science; as resting places for the traveller and missionary, and as centres of commerce. All experience showed that the establishment of such stations was not only practicable, but that it was the only way in which the objects he had enumerated could be effectually promoted. Among those who attended the King's Congress were their own countrymen, Grant and Cameron, who were among the few living travellers who had succeeded in passing from sea to sea—Cameron from east to west, Grant from south-east to north, across the great continent. The explorers present gave vivid descriptions of the obstacles which had barred their progress and the mode in which such obstacles might be overcome, and there was a general concurrence of opinion that few things would conduce more to open out Central Africa than the careful selection of routes to be traversed, and the establishment of stations well chosen on such routes, as bases of further exploration. Forty years ago there was not a solitary Christian congregation, or minister of the Christian religion, to be found between Socotra and Cape Delgado—the present northern frontier of Portuguese possessions. Along this coast, extending for 1,500 miles in a direct line, such Christianity as might have once existed had entirely disappeared, and the only notable foreign commerce which existed was that in slaves.

The Church Missionary Society were the first to establish an active mission on this coast—at Mombasa, a position wisely selected. For years the mission continued here and at Kissoluduü, sixteen miles inland, with little external increase or development, but it was far from being inoperative, for Dr. Rebmann accumulated vast stores of philological research, which would

be invaluable to all future missionaries and promoters of civilisation in that region. During the last three years the mission had been greatly strengthened and extended by the Church Missionary Society. The Rev. W. Price, who at the Church Missionary Society's Mission at Nassick, near Bombay, trained the "Nassick Boys" who so nobly brought home Livingstone's body, had lately transplanted to Mombasa a considerable colony of liberated slaves found in slave dhows captured by English cruisers, and made over to his care for education at Nassick. Their children had been carefully trained by him, in the Christian religion as well as in various educational arts, and the establishment at Mombasa promised to become a most valuable base of operations.

At Mombasa in the last two years £7,060 had been spent, and the staff of the mission consisted of two ordained missionaries, one layman, Commander Bussell, R.N., one medical man, and a schoolmaster, all Europeans, beside several native Christians educated at Nassick. If the establishment prospered as it promised to do, it might prove a great centre of civilisation and Christianity, which missions might radiate into the interior. One such branch had been already projected by the Church Missionary Society (who proposed to establish a mission in the country of Uganda and Karague, between the Lakes Victoria and Albert). In answer to a special appeal for the purpose, £13,000 had been collected. The Universities' Mission, under Bishop Steere, was one result of the effect produced on the Church by Livingstone's great journey. Now at Zanzibar, Bishop Steere had collected, and, in part, printed by the hands of the educated negro Christians who were once slaves, a most valuable series of elementary educational and devotional works in the native dialects of East Africa, translations of portions of the Scripture and liturgy, grammars, vocabularies, school books, &c., all of the utmost practical value to missionaries, travellers, and educated natives. Bishop Steere was building a church on the site of the former slave market, and had, four miles from Zanzibar, an agricultural settlement of adult free slaves, and a school for girls and infants. A mile and a half from Zanzibar he had a boys' school and printing press, and a station at Magila, on the mainland to the north-west of Zanzibar, and about forty miles in a direct line from the coast. The European staff of the Universities' Mission consisted of Bishop Steere, four ordained missionaries, two schoolmasters, a master printer and master carpenter, and two ladies, who superintended the schools. Bishop Steere proposed to establish another station on the mainland to the north or north-east of lake Nyassa, and the plan, suggested by his journey of exploration was, in fact, a realisation of one of Livingstone's great ideas.

Next in order of date and establishment on this coast, was the French Roman Catholic Mission, a large and a well-organised institution. There was a large farm of several hundred acres, schools for girls and boys,

an hospital, and accommodation for travellers, who were always most kindly and liberally entertained by the brethren. They proposed, when he (Sir Bartle Frere) visited them in 1873, to establish a station some miles inland, clear of the coast of swamps, and about a stage or two on the great road to the interior, but he had not yet heard whether their intention had been carried out.

Livingstonia, at the south end of the Lake Nyassa, had been established within the last two years by the Free Church of Scotland, which raised more than £10,000 for the purpose. It was under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Stewart and Mr. Young, R.N., both friends and former companions of Livingstone, and possessing great African experience. They had two ordained missionaries and eight lay assistants, agriculturists, engineers, weavers, carpenters, and a seaman who assisted Mr. Young in the management of the small steamer which they brought up the rivers Zambesi and Shire, carried in pieces round the falls of the latter river, and with which they had circumnavigated Lake Nyassa. They found that it extended a hundred miles further north than was supposed, and that it fully answered in every respect Livingstone's description as capable of becoming either a great facility for carrying on the slave trade, or an important means of checking it. The mere presence of the English steamer in its waters was stated to have already produced a great effect. The Established Church of Scotland had already taken steps for placing a mission on the shores of the Lake Nyassa in close proximity to their brethren of the Free Church. They had raised £5,000, and despatched Mr. Henderson in company with the Free Church Expedition to choose a site for the future settlement. An ordained missionary and five or six assistants were about to follow.

The London Missionary Society, which originally sent out Drs. Livingstone and Moffat, had determined to establish a mission, and had collected a fund of nearly £8,000 for the purpose. They had deputed the Rev. Mr. Price, grandson of Dr. Moffat, and possessed of considerable missionary experience on the Cape frontier, to visit the Zanzibar coast and prepare for receiving a party of six or eight members of the mission, who will leave England early in the spring to join him. The party was to consist of Lieut. S. G. Smith, R.N., two ordained missionaries, one of them educated as a medical man, two engineers, a carpenter, and a blacksmith. It was impossible to exaggerate the value of wheeled carriages in such a country as Africa. It would go far to obviate the necessity for porters carrying loads on their heads and shoulders, which was one incitement to slave hunting, as such porters at present afforded the only means for carrying the ivory to the coast. There could be but little doubt that if carts or waggons could be introduced, and tracks cleared to afford them passage, the civilising effect on the country between the ocean and the lake districts would be great and im-

mediate. The Tsetse fly had hitherto been one great obstacle to the use of wheeled carriages or even pack cattle in Eastern Africa, but Dr Kirk, the Consul-General of Zanzibar, had since showed that this fly was extremely local, and that vast tracts were to be found which were generally free from it; that the places most infected by it could often be avoided by experienced guides; that the fly disappeared when the country was cleared and forsaken by the great game, and that altogether the Tsetse was not such a formidable hindrance to the use of pack or draught cattle as was once supposed. Mr. Price had already trained cattle to draw a rough cart, with which he had made an experimental journey of nearly one hundred miles on the mainland. Bishop Steere, an experienced authority, had expressed an opinion that Mr. Price had already achieved an important success.

The Free Wesleyan Church had for several years had a mission established at Ribe, sixteen miles north-west of Mombassa, and the mission was well placed for extension to the lake region. It would be seen from these details, first, that in the past three years a great impulse had been given to the missionary effort on this coast, and there was evidently in many branches of Christ's Church a warm and apparently abiding interest in the work of evangelising those long-neglected regions. Secondly, that all societies at work recognised more or less the importance of industrial, civilising, as well as pure missionary influences. Thirdly, it was clear that every one of those societies might derive most important aid from such a plan as the King of the Belgians had recently devised for an international organisation for exploring and civilising Central Africa. Indeed, some of the societies had in part anticipated the king's plan, and more than one traveller had already found a base for his explorations at the hospitable missionary establishments on the coast.

Such travellers, as well as the missionaries, might benefit enormously by the establishment of international stations at intervals of two or three days' journey inland from the coast. From the speech of Mr. Stevenson at the meeting of the British Association held in Glasgow some time previously there was every hope that a part at least of the scheme indicated by Mr. Mackinnon at the Brussels Conference might be executed by the enterprising countrymen and townsmen of Livingstone. The scheme comprised a chain of posts from some port south of Kilwa to the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and thence to the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. A second would connect Ujiji with Bagamoyo or some neighbouring port. These lines would be most valuable and helpful to four of the six missions already established on the coast, and at the same time they were among the most important routes for commerce with the lake country. They would be supported by Dr. Kirk as important checks on the land-borne slave trade, and they were selected by Commander Cameron as most promising for aiding

to complete the unfinished work of himself and Dr. Livingstone by enabling future travellers to solve the great geographical problems regarding the lake country west of Tanganyika and the vast basin of the Congo.

The work was one in which commercial men, seeking new routes and objects of traffic, scientific men, and geographers exploring unvisited regions; philanthropists desiring to civilise Africa by abolishing slavery and the slavery trade; and, above, all, missionaries bearing the gospel of peace to the barbarous millions of Central Africa, were all deeply interested, and there was no branch of the Church on which the work had greater claim than on their own National Church. Other Churches were actively entering on that vast and almost untouched field of labour. It behoved the English Church not to be behind. The want of men which, until lately, had been so keenly felt had, he was told, been supplied at least in part by the personal exertions of Bishop Steere and the Church Missionary Society, but there was still a very serious want of funds, especially for the Universities' Mission, which, organised on sound Church principles and directed by one of the most self-denying, able, and successful missionaries he had ever met with, he earnestly commended to his fellow-churchmen in the Congress. At the same time they should not neglect the great work of the Church Missionary Society at Mombassa, under the Rev. William Price. The Church might, he believed, safely trust to the guidance of such men in the great work of conveying to the uncivilised millions of Central Africa the truths of the gospel as they had been taught in the English Church, since a similar work was first commenced under very similar difficulties on our own then barbarous shores by the missionaries who had learnt the glad tidings of salvation at the feet of the apostles.

The REV. W. S. PRICE read a paper on the same subject. He said that scarcely three years ago the eyes of England, and of the whole civilised world were opened to the fact that the interior of the vast continent of Africa was not a boundless expanse or sandy desert, or dreary swamps; but on the contrary, a country of mountains and valleys, and embracing some of the best scenery in the world—enriched with all the products of nature, enjoying every gradation of climate, and with teeming millions of human beings, made by God and endowed by him with the same feelings and capacities as themselves, and, excluded from the brotherhood of nations, were left to die and perish, no man caring for their souls—a people answering more than any other he knew the description of the prophet Isaiah, when he spoke of a neglected people.

No doubt the story of personal adventure, and the graphic description of countries before unnoticed and unknown, and the exposure of the evils caused by the slave trade, brought to light by Burton, Speke and Grant, drew attention to the matter; and when the news reached England that David

Livingstone was dead, and when this was followed by the touching story as to how his little band of followers had gathered up the bones of their late master from the plains of Africa at the risk of their lives, and had conveyed them through a nine months' weary journey to the coast in order that they might find a resting place among the great and good in his own land—when all this came to be known, it was as if an electric shock had passed from one end of England to the other, and every man and woman in city, town, and hamlet, began to feel that somehow or other he or she was identified with the country to which Livingstone had consecrated his powers and sacrificed his life. And now, what did they see? Men of the highest talent, and animated by the best motives, were concerning themselves in the affairs of Africa and the welfare of her people. The traffic in slaves was a lasting curse to the country and a standing reproach and disgrace to the civilised world. It must be confessed that the present state of things constituted a very solemn call to the Church to be up and doing the work of God in the name of Christ, and he rejoiced that the call to the Church had met with a noble response.

The Churches had already started on a good work, and, with as little delay as possible, had organised a mission on the southern shores of the Lake Nyassa. The London Missionary Society was also doing a good work, and he wished God speed to every effort made by honest men in the dark places of Central Africa. God's was the only Gospel for a lost human world—Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. But to the Church of England justly belonged the honour of taking the lead, not only in missionary enterprise, but in geographical discovery in Central Africa. Thirty years ago Dr. Croft and Dr. Redmund had established the first mission in that region, and, moreover, discovered a mountain, where there was perpetual snow, almost on the equator. Every subsequent discovery from then till now acknowledged these discoveries as the starting point of their explorations. Two years ago the Church Society sent a mission, in which he took a part, to establish and recognise a colony where slaves liberated by the Government and made free by the Consul at Zanzibar might find a home and Christian teaching and discipline. This had scarcely been done when another expedition was equipped and sent forth to carry the Gospel into the very heart of Africa, to the people living on the northern and western shores of Lake Nyassa. That expedition was now on its way; it was composed of brave Christian men, but its members had a task of great danger and difficulty, and he earnestly commended them and their undertaking to the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

It was satisfactory to know that of all the movements at work for the benefit of Africa the Christian missionary held the foremost place. But they were only now at the beginning of their great work, and those who had any suggestions should not fail to make them known. The three subjects mentioned in the title of the discussion were so closely linked that they could not

speak of one apart from the other. By the efforts of Sir Bartle Frere great restrictions had been placed upon the conveyance of slaves, and only a few months ago the Sultan of Zanzibar issued a proclamation which far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, for it made the conveyance of a slave caravan a criminal act, and destroyed the traffic by the land route. They owed this mainly to the untiring efforts of Dr. Kirk, the Consul-General at Zanzibar. Would this proclamation be carried out? So far as the Sultan was concerned, there was no reason to doubt that he was prepared to carry this out, but at the same time it was a very unpopular measure with his subjects, who saw in it a warning that their trade was coming to an end. It rested with the Government and the people of England to see that the proclamation did not become a dead letter.

There were several things wanted in order to ensure proper travelling through the country—steam, and the construction of roads in the interior among them. The bad roads were a very great obstacle, and he believed that waggon transports would be of little good except with practicable roads. An important movement had been lately set on foot by the King of the Belgians to open up the continent of Africa, and he trusted in some way or other to confer upon the people the blessing of Christian life and civilisation. He did not know that the measure decided upon would secure this, but he learned that mission stations were to be established along the main lines of route for the benefit of European travellers. He advised them to be very careful as to the men they sent out on this great work. They should not send out any men who had an antipathy to their fellow-creatures to whom it had pleased God to give black skin and woolly hair; men who knew how to keep their temper, combining firmness with gentleness; men who would speak the truth, and men of Christian character who would have honesty of feeling and unsulliedness of life; men who would maintain the good name of Englishmen, and make it possible for other Englishmen to follow in their path. He believed in the possibility of regenerating Africa. Though her children had sunk very low, and were in an evil case, she was not so low that God's arm of mercy could not reach them and the blood of Christ save them. He believed a good day was dawning for Africa, and when he saw so many agencies at work he regarded them not with distrust or jealousy, but with unmixed pleasure, because he believed that God's time for rescuing Africa had come—yea, that the set time had arrived.

SIR J. KENNAWAY, Bart., M.P., thought they might consider themselves fortunate, in having heard two able papers representing the views of men so well qualified to tell them what had been done in the past, what was doing in the present, and the road they ought to travel for the future. He had no claim to their attention as the administrator of a province, the maker of treaties, the traveller, or the missionary; the only reason he could give for asking

their indulgence was his earnest sympathy with this great work, and his great desire that the influence, the power, and the energy of England, should be put forth, as far as in them lay, to make some preparation, feeble though it might be, for the wrong that Africa had suffered at their hands in times gone by.

In approaching the subject, they might well ask themselves what it was in that vast Continent—over which so many centuries had rolled without leaving any historic trace—what it was that exercised so wondrous a fascination for the energy and philanthropy of England? Various reasons might be alleged. There was the wondrous phenomena of that mysterious river, the Nile, flowing thousands of miles through arid deserts without a tributary and without a rainfall, and yet, by the beneficent order of providence, still affording sufficient streams to cover with fertility the land of Egypt. There was the fascination of a blank map for the geographer, though that map which had been kindly lent them by the Geographical Society, and which was hung in the hall, had almost become obsolete by the discoveries made during the past year. There were also attractions to the man of science, the desire for new avenues of knowledge, new sources of information and power; and, besides that, the merchant was thinking of new outlets for his wares, and there were new races on which the missionary might expend all the self-sacrificing energy which belonged to the nation which had colonised America and Australia, and which was ever seeking new outlets and new worlds to conquer. All these considerations had acted, and were acting with a force which was hardly possible to exaggerate; but though they were proud of this colonising power, they held it, he hoped, a still greater boast that they had endeavoured to grapple with the evil which had before been referred to that evening—the slave trade.

When England awoke to the sense of the awful enormities of that traffic, when she by her self-sacrifice—a self-sacrifice at which the world stood amazed—purified herself of all complication in it, she did not stop there, but went on still further, and expended her blood and treasure, until the traffic was entirely put down on the West Coast of Africa. No matter what the character of her Government, the policy of England in this respect had never changed; and now, as the traffic which was in full swing on the Eastern Coast, to which their eyes were now directed, there were being brought to bear the same means and efforts. By subsidies, by treaties, and by squadrons, they had worked, in spite of disheartening influences, until the result had been attained so far as they could attain it. They had heard of the recent proclamation of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and they had been told that other influences must be brought to bear upon that country in order that it might be carried out. There were two ways of doing away with the slave trade. One was by influencing public opinion in slave-holding countries—an extremely difficult thing to do. They had reason to believe that the Khedive of Egypt was

really honest in his endeavours to put the slave trade down in his dominion, but he could not trust those under him to faithfully carry out his directions.

The other way to which he referred was the dealing with the traffic in countries from which the slaves came, and by the introduction of Christianity, and civilisation alongside Christianity, to cut off the supply of slaves, and so put an end to the thing altogether. As they had heard, it was necessary for them to look at this question from a comprehensive point of view, and he might tell them that what they heard of the necessity of the slave trade being grappled with before missionary work could be hoped to be successful was confirmed by Sir Samuel Baker, and was the conviction of David Livingstone, who left one work and set himself to grapple with the other, which he felt to be the open sore of the world, and in the cause of which he nobly laid down his life. Yes, they must prepare the way for the missionary and the colonist, by teaching slave-holding nations that they were really going against their own interests, and destroying themselves. When they had done this the natives would soon learn to be no longer satisfied with the merest natural requirements, but would begin to covet things of which they knew not the want before. This desire would also stimulate the native to production, so that he might have something to give in return, and thus the merchant would find a new outlet for his ware, and take a new product in exchange. Thus the change would be effected, but time alone could show its accomplishment.

They had heard of the beginning of the work with many noble efforts, and they were encouraged to believe what had been told them by Mr. Price that there was hope for the regeneration of Africa, for had they not proof of its practicability in the Christian settlements which had been rising up on the West Coast of Africa since the slave trade had been abolished? There was, too, the evidence of Bishop Crowther, a native African, a bishop of their own Church—who had recently made a journey of twenty days, travelling fifteen or twenty miles a day, and every day had found five or six rising villages in the very country through which he was brought to the coast as a slave, and which was then utterly depopulated waste. They might look for reports of governors of those districts, and they would find that they agreed in saying that the civilisation of these West Coast settlements penetrated into the very heart of Africa. They found, too, confirmation of the possibility of the regeneration of Africa in the native churches as they existed in Sierra Leone—native churches which were so strong that they declined any longer to receive help, and were paying back £300 a year to the society to which they owed their existence. Who would say, then, that they ought to be discouraged? The Government, he was convinced, would not be slow to recognise what the country expected of them. They had had in the House of Commons a most satisfactory assurance by the Secretary of State for War, whose heart

was in this work, and who, speaking on behalf of the Government, said he knew England meant to back up her old policy, and he promised that every support should be given to the Sultan of Zanzibar. On the authority of Sir Fowell Buxton, Mr. Kennaway stated that some £40,000 or £50,000 had already been expended in making settlements, and in carrying them on, and this he considered some little contribution from England towards the debt she owed Africa for past neglect.

They, as Englishmen, boasted that this was a subject peculiarly their own, and there was no doubt that while recognising the travellers of other nations, they might still claim for themselves a foremost place. But they must remember that the King of the Belgians was the first to recognise the fact that this subject was so large and important that it ought not to be the work of one nation, but of all Europe—and every country of Europe should step in, and, as far as possible, take a share in the work. Whether the notion of the proposed trade route was possible or not remained to be seen; but, at all events, he felt sure the greatest good would have been done by public attention being called to this subject, and no one who had the honour of attending the Conference on the subject, called by the King of the Belgians, could forget the earnest interest which his Majesty showed, nor fail to be acted upon by the stimulus which must have been felt by all who obeyed his Majesty's summons. He must not, however, trespass further upon their time, but as the noble President had sounded the death-knell of many a speaker there that day, and they expected him soon to sound his, so he called upon that assembly, as representing the Church of England, and through the Church of England the people of England, to do their best towards sounding the death-knell of this accursed institution.

Then it might be, if England carried on the work as she had begun it, that, with God's help, they might look forward to a glorious success, when would be fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. Phipp, who half a century ago said: "The time will come when some of us will look upon the reverse of that picture, from which we now turn with shame and regret. We may live to see the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupation of productive industry, and in prosecuting an advantageous and legitimate commerce. We may see the bright beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon the land, and joining their influence to that of pure religion, illuminating and radiating the most distant colonies of the vast continent."

The REV. H. ROWLEY was announced as the next speaker. He said he quite agreed with those who thought that something more than the mere promulgation of Gospel truths was needed in Africa. He by no means wished to advocate civilisation as apart from or superseding Christianity. Christianity was the parent, or the sanctifier of all civilisation worthy the name, but mission work in Central Africa must be comprehensive and

adapted to the wants of the nation. The sending of one or two missionaries unassisted by secular aid who could expect to do no more than make one or two individual conversions, would, he ventured to think, do very little to advance the Kingdom of God in that part of the world. The formation of establishments on the coast for the reception of freed slaves was a good and blessed work, and he had no doubt such a work would be as blessed in East Africa as it had been in the West. But more than this was required of them, and if they would make their mission work productive in wide-spread and prominent results, they must deal with it in a comprehensive manner, and they must have thoroughly organised missions at the head-quarters of some powerful tribe, where they might be cities of refuge for the distressed and centres of civilisation and evangelisation for the district around. They must teach Christianity, not only as a religion of doctrine and precept, but as a religion of life-work. They must lay the foundation not only of Christian Churches, but of Christian nations.

COMMANDER CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., was received with enthusiastic cheering on taking his place at the rostrum. He observed that the part of Central Africa through which he travelled was at present entirely virgin field for missionary labour. The races there were in great measure ignorant of the outside world, and abandoned to barbarous and cruel customs. The chief of one of the largest territories—as large as the whole of Germany, Austria and Hungary—indulged in the greatest atrocities, mutilating and torturing the people, and plundering the villages subject to him on the most frivolous pretexts. These people were very different from the natives of the West Coast. They were the pure, unadulterated negro, with no false graft of civilisation on them. The negro on the West Coast had been contaminated by the influence of the slave trade ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth; but the origin of the slave trade on the East Coast was lost in obscurity, though it was known that Arabs went down there in search of slaves as early as the commencement of the Christian era. The question arose, how was the centre of Africa to be approached for the work of the missionary?

There were several routes open from the East Coast, but owing to the policy of annexation pursued by the Khedive the country could not be approached from the north except by a very large armed force. The road was also open from the south. How were these different routes to be utilised? It was no use placing missions where they would be cut off from the outside world. The only feasible plan was to begin by establishing a station, say one hundred or two hundred miles from the coast. This would become a basis of operations from which another might be established two hundred miles further on. Working from both sides of the continent in this way four or five stations from each coast would complete a line of communication right across. Offshoots could then be made north and south, and by degrees they

would be able to construct an enormous network of stations all over Africa. These stations should be made centres for the instruction of the natives in all the useful arts. The country abounded in minerals; the natives had learnt to work iron and copper, and were, in fact, expert smiths, but with instruction from civilised artisans they would no doubt become very much better workmen than at present. They should try from these stations to teach them what civilised life in its highest form was.

The civilisation of the African, it should be remembered, need never be the same as that of the European. There were different sorts of civilisation, fitted for different races of men, and different climes. At present the great fault of our contact with the African was that we forced a false veneer of civilisation upon him, with many vices of a spurious civilisation. In working these places, then, they must remember that the African had his peculiarities of temper, of mind, of thought, all very different from those of people at home. They had had no education, no literature, or history. With the African they had had, as it were, to begin life. They had to think of him in many things as being lower than the Briton at the time of the Roman invasion. But in all this they must remember that the African was a man just the same as any white man. He had his feelings, his love of family; he was not to be domineered over and bullied—for he felt these things as acutely as any white man. But the African must be taught what was for his own good; that it was not proper to rule people by indiscriminate murder and burning of villages. The missionary had to go to him as the living exponent of a higher and better life. He had to teach him that his greatest happiness did not consist in drinking the whole day long until he was drunk, and if he could get enough stuff to keep drunk for a month. He had to teach the negro that it was not the highest happiness of mankind to indulge in drinking and in smoking “bang” until, as was the case with the chiefs of some tribes, they came perfectly irresponsible for days and weeks together; and under these influences the chiefs often committed the most frightful cruelties on the people under their control.

The missionary who went to Africa needed to go there having taken in thoroughly what the magnitude of the work was, and prepared to devote himself entirely to that one work. It was no good for a man to go there thinking of turning back; he must stick at it either until forced to return by circumstances over which he had no control, or until he died at his post—and there was no more noble post for a man to die at. It was necessary to exercise very great care in the selection of men as missionaries. These men had to go among wild untutored savages like the heaven-descended prophets of old, prepared to challenge the closest comparison of every act of their lives with the standard of their own teaching and that of the Bible. They must also be men of great linguistic ability. A missionary to Africa must be able

to attain the language of the natives in order to teach them properly. The African language was so entirely different in construction, inflections, and grammar, from the English language, that the latter was extremely difficult for them. Although they might learn to talk English, it was difficult for them to get a true appreciation of ideas from it. Fortunately, with regard to this matter, from Zanzibar on the east coast to the strip of coast south of the Congo on the west, the languages spoken by the natives belonged to one great family, called by a great geographer the Kisuabili, the language of Zanzibar. Any one having a competent knowledge of this language would find it comparatively easy to acquire any of the languages of the part of Africa to which he was referring. For his own part, the Kisuabili had carried him from one coast to the other. These languages were so engrained into the ways of thought of the Africans of that part, that it was imperative they should labour to teach them in their own, and not in a foreign tongue.

One great result they hoped to attain from the construction of highways into the interior of Africa was the wiping out of that great blot on the human race, the slave trade. At the same time the work of doing away with slavery in Central Africa was not one to be done in five or ten years, or in a generation. Let it be sufficient for them that they commenced the work—even if it was reserved for their grandchildren or great grandchildren to see its accomplishment. But if they did not see immediate results, let them not be disheartened. Such an enormous revolution in the whole African manner of thought was not to be accomplished in a short time. It was only to be accomplished by the patient, unremitting toil of generations. The idea of slavery was so thoroughly engrained in the African nature, that if it could be swept away to-morrow, the slaves set free would be complaining because they could not own slaves themselves. They had to be educated out of the idea that human beings of whom they got possession by war or robbery were mere chattels, to be bought and sold. Of course, a great deal of the actual traffic in slaves arose from the way in which the trade with the interior was carried on. The Arabs went there for ivory; in some parts, it was true, they went simply for slaves, but the great trade was in ivory, and if there were proper roads and proper means of transport the Arabs would gladly enough relieve themselves of the trouble of buying slaves.

Sometimes the slaves ran away; and, of course, they were disinclined to work. All this was so much loss of capital, and many of the merchants had assured him that if they could possibly do without them they would buy no more slaves except for domestic service. As to this domestic slave question, they had an idea that many men could afford to buy a slave who could not afford to hire a servant. They failed to see the force of the argument that one servant would do the work of half a dozen slaves. Wherever slave labour was employed there was always an enormous waste of labour, and it

would be far better for the country if the energies of its people were utilised in some profitable form instead of being wasted in that way. In some places the natives themselves trafficked in slaves and the price of everything was regulated by the number of slaves it would fetch. In Nyangue, for instance, a town on the Lualaba, a slave was worth four goats, and a canoe was worth five slaves; a slave was supposed to be equal to a sovereign, a goat to five shillings, and so on. Slaves, in fact, were the standard of currency among the natives, and this fact alone showed how deeply it was engrained in the African nature. The products of Central Africa were of inexhaustible richness, and varied in character; there were both vegetable and mineral products that would well repay the trader. In his opinion, no stations could be formed to open up Africa without the commercial element instantly taking advantage of them. It was, therefore, to be hoped that missionary enterprise would not look upon the commercial element as something in the way. Wherever large bodies of men went, there must be a certain amount of evil: their task was to render the evil as little as possible.

Trade must be opened in Central Africa; it would be opened sooner or later, and people who went there as missionaries must make use of that trade, instead of setting themselves in antagonism to it. When a few stations had been opened up they might have commercial and mission stations working side by side. If they were properly organised the commercial element might do no harm; but if that element was ignored or set aside it would be sure to put itself in antagonism to mission labours, and do incalculable harm. On the other hand, it would be to the interest of the commercial element to work in harmony with the missionary. The more civilised the natives became, the greater consumers of European produce they would also become; therefore the commercial world should do all in its power to assist the missionary in civilising Africa. The two must work together, and not in antagonism to each other.

Great portions of the coast of Africa were at present closed by the Portuguese rule. The Portuguese had their stations by which they maintained nominal possession of large lines of coast, and they even claimed large tracts of the interior. Mozambique had been in their hands since the days of Vasco di Gama, but though they never found out the Nyanza they now wanted to say it was theirs. By a suicidal system of differential duties on foreign goods they had contrived to drive away trade from their territories. Zanzibar, which, under the Portuguese, had scarcely any trade with the interior, now absorbed all that used to go through Mozambique. Arabian ideas of custom and trade were certainly not up to those of the nineteenth century; and yet the Mahometan rulers of Zanzibar were in advance of the Christian governors of Mozambique. If they could open the country to Benguela in the interior, and get a road one hundred miles further, they would reach a high plateau

varying from five thousand feet to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, perfectly healthy, where any European might live, and cultivate all the productions of Southern Europe. But instead of this beautiful country being a centre from which to spread Christianity and civilisation, it was now one of the strongholds of the slave trade. Slaves could not be exported to the East Coast in such numbers as they used to be; yet they were still exported to the West Coast. People did not know exactly where they were sent to, but he had no doubt that many of them found their way to the Brazils. He saw recently in the "Times" that there had been a row about the Royal mails taking slaves from port to port; and as he had said, he had no doubt that many were carried at the present day from the West Coast of Africa to the Brazils. A Portuguese caravan, in which he came down from the interior, collected in eighteen months about fifteen hundred slaves, and these he supposed, did not represent more than twenty per cent. of the population destroyed.

The slave trade was, therefore, going on now as it was when slaves were carried over across the Atlantic—still carried on in the interior of Africa, chiefly in the Portuguese capital. England had put herself in the forefront in relation to this great question, and she must not be satisfied until the time had arrived when a slave was not to be sold in any part of the world. They should stop the slave trade by sea and by land. A scheme had been mooted for forming stations between Lake Nyassa (on which there were steamers already running) and the south end of an adjoining lake and other parts. By this means a great cordon could be formed across the lake, so that slaves should not be taken to the east coast. In the interior of the Portuguese territory the traffic was still carried on, and it was not easy to see how to stop it, but he thought that if steamers were set running upon the upper waters of the Zambesi, with stations on the different rapids, it might act as a means of preventing the further carrying on of the traffic.

On the Congo river they might place steamers which could carry cargoes, and also act as a water police, and might possibly cut off all the country to the north of the Congo from communication with the trade districts, and they might also reach other lakes by the construction of a canal of thirty miles to the head of the Zambesi. In fact, with complete water communication, the means of getting from one lake to another, and with an active river police and steam launches, they might stop the whole of the trade there. But if they opened a country to traders there must be some consular authority, to check and govern them. These river steamers would afford the consuls the power of enforcing their authority, and would also aid in furthering the purely philanthropic efforts made by individuals. Africa in its heart had a system of water communication, which if utilised would be little, if at all, inferior to the system of water communication with North America, which at one time

was supposed to be nothing but a great desert, but which had since proved to be full of rivers. By means of this water communication they could penetrate the furthest point reached by Dr. Schweinfurth, who travelled down from the north, and they would come across the people who had been carrying desolation into the dominions lately annexed by the officers of the Khedive. He thought that the time had come when something should be done as regarded this matter, and the only question was as to how it should be done.

Whatever they did they should make up their minds to stick to it, and not to give it up because of any temporary rebuffs they might experience, whatever they might be. In the first place they should establish their trunk line stations across Africa, and from them they should carry out a network of stations across the whole country. In Africa there were elephants without number, but they were never utilised for carriage, although, if they were, the present difficulties that existed regarding portage would go for nothing. Elephants were now wantonly shot in order to procure their ivory, or else for the sake of their flesh. He considered that, with the use of the elephants, the introduction of the water system, and a line of light railways across the country, Africa would be opened up. The climate was not half so bad as it was represented to be. If they gave it a fair chance it was all right, but it should be understood that people travelling in Africa had not with them such appliances as organised expeditions had. When one got wet, and had to travel without food, and to go on marching when ill with fever without halting, then one did not give the climate a fair chance; but with proper medicine, food, and shelter, such as they would have in a well organised expedition, the climate of Central Africa would be found to be far better than that of British India, and although it could not be seen at once, yet if fair and honest work were done in Africa, places now unknown would in a few years become the centres of the future civilisation of the negroes.

The REV. R. C. BILLING believed that that great meeting had met together not for the desire only of doing honour to the great traveller, but to evince their purpose to carry out the order of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." But they should not forget that they must realise Christ's idea of missionary effort; and he was decidedly of opinion that the Church of England had so far done its duty in this matter, although the difficulties were stupendous. It was a great thing to know that they had already translated the word of God into the native tongue, and it was a matter for rejoicing to know that so much in the way of civilisation had been performed. It was their object, not only to show the natives a Christian community maintained by its own industry, but also to train up a native agency which should do material and good work among their fellows in the future. The speaker referred to the new expedition going out under the command of Lieutenant Smith, whose father served on board the vessel which captured the slaver

that was carrying Samuel Crowder into slavery. It might be asked why Colonel Gordon was not followed up. In spite of Colonel Gordon's pacific intentions, it was known to be the plan of Egypt to annex those provinces at the south of her kingdom, and it would not be the place of the missionaries to follow in the rear of the conqueror's chariot. The great aim of those men now going forward was to secure the conversion of individual souls. The men they sent forth should go with a faith that nothing would stagger, assured of the help of God and with a hope that could not be made ashamed, to preach the gospel to every creature. If they did this God would give them His blessing.

MR. ARTHUR MILLS, M.P., said there was a great deal of truth in the remark made by the Sultan of Zanzibar, that Parliament had a great deal to do. Parliament certainly had a great deal to do, and not only in reference to this question of slavery. When his friend, Sir John Kennaway, brought forward his motion in the House of Commons regarding the slave traffic, there was, he regretted, less interest felt in the question than had been exhibited by the meeting that evening. Instead of a crowded hall they had scarcely got together more than two dozen members, and their deliberations were nearly brought to a conclusion by the summary process of a count out. Parliament might have done better by displaying more sympathy with the movement, but the fact of the question being taken up by the Congress and other bodies would show Parliament the great interest the country felt in the matter, and its desire for the abolition of slavery in Africa. It was said they should testify their interest in the cause of missions and commerce.

There was one way in which they could show sympathy, and that was with the Sultan of Zanzibar. They had a commercial treaty with him, but there were in it certain provisions not sufficiently favourable to him which he hoped, with the consent of the other Powers, might be repealed. He referred to this, not because he undervalued those motives by which they had been called together that evening, but because he believed that by doing what he had spoken of they would benefit the Sultan and advance the cause they had in view. The treaty he referred to gave the Sultan power to levy certain dues upon shipping, but in other countries other dues were levied that the Sultan had not the power to demand. This was a point of some importance, because when they had in Africa a potentate like the Sultan of Zanzibar, who was so favourably disposed towards their mission, they should do what they could to promote his interests, and thereby promote the cause they had in hand. He was aware that they were not there that evening to promote the cause of commerce, nor to extend an empire founded on the shifting sands of commercial enterprise, but he desired that this country should be the herald of love and happiness to the miserable people of Central Africa.

COLONEL SIR PERCY DOUGLAS said he hoped the day would come when

Christianity would spread through the land, and that from the north to the south of the continent they would have Christian missions, as the great Livingstone had prophesied they would. They owed a debt of gratitude to the great traveller who had spoken that evening, and who had done such wonders with such little suffering. To England was committed the duty of civilising the land, and if she did not do it, to other hands would be entrusted the privilege of performing the great work. He quite agreed that their object was to Christianise the country, but from the centrifugal forces of society they could not fail to carry civilisation with them also, and wherever a country like this had been opened up English people would be sure to follow and occupy it in part. What was the Church going to do in this matter? He appealed to the clergy to do all they could to advance the work. He trusted the little nation of England, which had fulfilled such great destinies in this world, might rise to the occasion, and add to her former achievements the great work of civilising Central Africa.

The REV. D. ELSDALE said it was to be hoped that those present would aid the movement in every way, some of them even by going to Africa and taking part in the great work. The Divine omnipresence was among the natives of Africa; and he hoped that, when the priests and laymen who had been doing missionary work there came back impaired in body and mind, that they would not be taunted with being from the missionary cause; but, on the contrary, he hoped some offices might be found for them where they might employ themselves in new spheres of usefulness.

The VEN. ARCHDEACON BADNALL said that he knew Southern Africa when there were but thirteen priests working in it. Now there were half as many bishops, and he fully believed that any missionaries who might be sent out would wisely, faithfully, and conscientiously discharge their duties.

This closed the meeting, which was throughout crowded and enthusiastic.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*Description of Angola by Mr. J. J. Monteiro—Changes in Vegetation and Climate—River Congo—Voyage up the River—The Bay of Muserra—Ambriz—Quiballa and Quilumbo—Bembe—From Ambriz to Loanda—Porto Domingos—Districts of Cazengo and Golungo Alto—River Quanza—Benguela—District of Dombe Grande—Mossamedes—The Muquices—Climate of Angola—Treatment of Diseases—Habits and Customs of the Natives—Insects and Reptiles—Fruits—Safety of Travellers.*

AN excellent account of Angola and the River Congo has been furnished by Mr. Joachim John Monteiro, the result of many years' travel in that province. The Portuguese possessions of Angola on the south-west coast of Africa extend from Ambriz in  $70^{\circ} 49'$  South Lat. to Cape Frio in  $18^{\circ} 20'$  South Lat. This long extent of coast comprises considerable variety in geological formation, physical configuration, climate, vegetation, and natural productions, tribes of natives, and different languages, habits, and customs. The recent explorations of Congo, and the neighbouring district, by Commander Cameron, give double interest to all information concerning that part of the African continent.

“The coast line is nowhere very bold, level sandy bays, fringed with a belt of the evergreen mangrove, alternate with long stretches of cliffs, seldom attaining any great height or grandeur, and covered with a coarse branching grass, small patches of shrubby scrub, a tall cactus-like tree *Euphorbia*, and the gigantic towering Baobab, with its fantastic long gourd-like fruit.

“The Calema, or surf-wave, with its ceaseless roar, breaks heavily in long white lines on the smooth beach, and pulverises the hardest rock, and every particle of shell and animal structure. It dashes against the base of the cliffs, resounding loudly in its mad fury, as it has done, wave after wave, and hour after hour, for unknown ages; and the singular absence of gulls or any moving living objects, or noises, to divert the eye or ear from the dreadful monotony of constantly recurring sounds, and line after line of dazzling white foam, gives a distinctive and excessively depressing character to the coast, in harmony, as it were, with the enervating influence of the climate.”

Nowhere on the coast is seen more than an indication of the wonderful vegetation, or varied beauty and fertility, which generally begins at a distance

of from thirty to sixty miles inland. At this distance, a ridge or hilly range runs along the whole length of Angola, forming the first elevation; a second elevation succeeds it at about an equal distance; and a third, at perhaps twice the distance again, lands us on the central high plateau of Africa. These successive elevations inland are accompanied by very remarkable changes in the character of the vegetation covering the surface of the country. For about twenty-five miles from Ambriz, for example, the vegetation is principally composed of enormous Baobabs, Euphorbias, slender creepers, and short tufty grasses. At Matuta the scene suddenly and magically changes; the Baobabs become fewer in number, the Euphorbias almost completely disappear, and most of the creeping plants; and a set of larger, shadier trees and shrubs take their place, the grass becomes tall and broad-leaved, and one seems to be travelling in an entirely new country. This character is preserved for another stretch of road till Quiballa is reached, about sixty miles from the coast, where the rise in level is more marked; and again the vegetation changes. Creepers of all kinds, attaining a gigantic size, almost monopolise the vegetation, clasping round immense trees, and covering them with a mass of foliage and flower.

The change of vegetation is accompanied by difference of climate. The rains are much more plentiful and constant towards the interior of the country, where the vegetation is densest; on the coast the rains are generally deficient, and some seasons entirely fail—this is especially the case south of 12° Lat., several successive rainy seasons passing without a single drop of rain falling. The total absence of horned cattle among the natives on the coast, from the River Congo to south of the River Quanza, is a singular circumstance; due as much to some influence of the climate, or irritant nature of the vegetation, as to the neglect of the natives to breed them. The natives south of the Quanza beyond the Quissama country, as far as Mossamedes, breed large numbers of cattle—their principal wealth, in fact, consisting of their herds.

No strikingly high mountain exists in Angola. The second and third elevations contain some fine hill ranges, as at Bembe, Pungo Andongo, Cazengo, Mucellis, and Capangombe. To the south of Benguela, as far as Mossamedes flat-topped, or table hills, perfectly bare of vegetation, are a very prominent feature, seen from the sea; they are of basalt, and are about two or three hundred feet in height, and are in many places the only remains left of a higher level. In others, this higher level still exists for a considerable extent, deeply cut by narrow gorges and ravines leading towards the sea, with nearly perpendicular sides.

The River Congo is a striking and well-marked line of division, in respect of climate, fauna, natives, and customs, between Angola and the rest of the West Coast. The Congo is very deep, and the current is always strong; even above Boma, about ninety miles distant from the sea, the river is a vast

body of water and the current still very swift. From the mouth to beyond this place, the banks are deeply cut in innumerable creeks and rivers, and form many large islands. For many years, and up to the year 1868, the Congo was the principal shipping place for slaves on the South-West Coast, the large number of creeks in it affording safe hiding-places for loading the ships engaged in the traffic, and the swift current enabling them to go out quickly a long way to sea, and clear the cruisers. Boma was the centre or point for the caravans of slaves coming from different parts of the interior, and there was little or no trade in produce.

At the mouth of the Congo, and on its north bank, a long spot of sand separates the sea from a small creek or branch of the river. On this narrow strip, called Banana, are established several factories, belonging to Dutch, French, and English houses, and serving principally as depots for their other factories higher up the river and on the coast. Mr. Monteiro ascended the river in a steamer belonging to the Dutch house, in February, 1873. The first place he touched at was Porto da Leuha, about forty or forty-five miles from Banana. Porto da Leuha consists of half-a-dozen trading factories, built on ground enclosed from the river by piles, forming quays in front, where large vessels can discharge and load close alongside. From this place he proceeded to Boma, also situated on the north bank of the river, about ninety-five miles from Banana. Here he spent a fortnight.

“All the lovely coloured finches,” he says, “and other birds of the grassy regions, were here most conspicuous in number and brilliancy, and it was really beautiful to see the tall grass alive with the brightest scarlet, yellow, orange, and velvet black of the many different species, at that season in their full plumage. We were very much amused at a pretty habit of the males of the tiny sky-blue birds (*Estrela cyanogastra*) that, with other small birds such as the *Spermestes*, *Estrelas*, *Pytelias*, etc., used to come down in flocks to feed in the open space round the house. The greatest mites would take a grass flower in their beaks, and perform quite a happy dance on any little stick or bush, bobbing their feathery heads up and down, whilst their tiny throat swelled with the sweetest little song-notes and trills imaginable. This was their song to the females feeding about on the ground below them. The long-tailed whydah birds (*Vidua principalis*) have a somewhat similar habit of showing off whilst the hens are feeding on the ground: they keep hovering in the air about three or four feet above them, twit-twit all the time, their long tails rising and falling most gracefully to the up-and-down motion of their little bodies.”

The natives of the Congo, from its mouth to a little above Porto da Leuha, belong to the Mussurongo tribe. They are fond of wearing ankle-rings, which, when of brass, are made in Birmingham; but in many cases they are made by the natives of iron forged by their smiths, and cast-tin or pewter,

which they obtain in the form of little bars. These rings are seldom above a few ounces in weight, and are worn by men and women alike, very different from the natives of Cabinda, on the north of the Congo, whose women wear them as large and heavy as they can be made. The Congo teems with animal life; above Porto da Leuha hippopotami are very abundant; alligators swarm, and are very dangerous. At Boma the Koodoo antelope is abundant.

The oil-palm is abundant, and the finest palm-wine is obtained. The natives ascend the trees by the aid of a ring formed by a stout piece of the stem of a creeper which is excessively strong and supple; one end is tied into a loop, and the other end thrown round the tree is passed through the loop and bent back; the end being secured forms a ready and perfectly safe ring, which the operator passes over his waist. The stumps of the fallen leaves form projections which very much assist him in getting up the tree. This is done by taking hold of the ring with each hand, and by a succession of jerks, the climber is soon up at the top, with his empty gourds hung round his neck. With a pointed instrument he taps the tree at the crown, and attaches the gourd to the aperture, or he takes advantage of the grooved stem of a leaf cut off short to use as a channel for the sap to flow into the gourd suspended below. This operation is performed in the evening, and in the early morning the gourds are brought down with the sap or juice that has collected in them during the night. The palm wine is now a slightly milky fluid, in appearance as nearly as possible like the milk in the ordinary cocoa-nut, having very much the same flavour, only sweeter and more luscious.

When cool in the morning, as brought down fresh from the tree, it is perfectly delicious, without the slightest trace of fermentation, and not in the least intoxicating; in a few hours, or very shortly, if collected or kept in old gourds in which wine has previously fermented, it begins to ferment rapidly, becoming acid and intoxicating; not so much from the quantity of alcohol produced, as from its being contained in a strongly effervescent medium, and being drunk by the natives in the hot time of the day. Even in the morning the wine has sometimes a slightly acid flavour, if it has been collected in an old calabash. The smell of the palm wine, as it dries on the tree tops where they have been punctured, is very attractive to butterflies, bees, wasps, and other insects, and these in their turn attract the many species of insectivorous birds. This is more particularly the case with the beautiful little sun-birds (*Nectariniæ*), always seen in numbers busily employed in capturing their insect prey.

The southern point, at the entrance of the Congo, is called Point Padrao, from the marble Padrao, or monument raised by the Portuguese to commemorate the discovery of the river, by Diogo Cam, in 1485. At a short distance from it there formerly existed a monastery dedicated to Saint Antonio, and the place still bears that name. Monteiro made a journey from Saint Antonio

overland to Cabeça da Cobra, or "Snake's Head." The coast line from Cabeça to Ambriz is principally composed of red bluffs and cliffs, and the road or path is generally near the edge of the cliffs, affording fine views of the sea and surf-beaten beach below. The country is arid and thinly wooded, and is covered with hard, wiry, branched grass, and the curious Mateba palm grows in great abundance in the country from the Congo to Moculla, where it is replaced by the Cashew tree as far as Ambrizette.

A lowly plant, but perhaps the most important in native tropical African agriculture, the ground-nut (*Arachis hypogæa*), deserves description. Many thousand tons of this small nut are grown on the whole of the West Coast of Africa, large quantities being exported to Europe, principally to France, to be expressed into oil. The native name for it is "mpinda" or "ginguba," and it is cultivated in the greatest abundance at a few miles inland from the coast, where the comparatively arid country is succeeded by better ground and climate. "It requires a rich soil for its cultivation, and it is chiefly grown, therefore, in the bottoms of valleys, or in the vicinity of rivers and marshes. The plant grows from one to two feet high, with a leaf and habit very much like a finely-grown clover. The bright-yellow pea-like flowers are borne on long slender stalks; these, after flowering, curl down, and force the pod into the ground, where it ripens beneath the soil. Its cultivation is a very simple affair. The ground being cleared, the weeds and grass are allowed to dry, and then burnt; the ground is then lightly dug a few inches deep by the women with their small hoes, their only implement of agriculture, and the seeds dropped into the ground and covered up. The sowing takes place in October and November, at the beginning of the rainy season, and the first crop of nuts for eating green is ready about April; but they are not ripe for nine months after sowing, or about July or August, when first brought down to the coast for trade.

"A large plantation of ground-nuts is a very beautiful sight; a rich expanse of the most luxuriant foliage of the brightest green, every leaf studded with diamond-like drops glittering in the early sun. The ground-nut is an important part of the food of the natives, and more so in the country from Ambriz to the Congo than south at Loanda and Benguela. It is seldom eaten raw, but roasted, and when young and green, and roasted in the husks, is really delicious eating. It is excessively oily when fully ripe, and the natives then generally eat it with bananas, and either the raw mandioca root, or some preparation of it, experience showing them the necessity of the admixture of a farinaceous substance with an excessively oily food. The nuts are also ground on a stone to a paste, with which to thicken their stews and messes. This paste, mixed with ground Chili pepper, is also made into long rolls, enveloped in leaves of the *Phrynium ramosissimum*, and is eaten principally in the morning to stay the stomach in travelling till they reach the proper camping-places, for their breakfast or first meal and rest, generally about noon.

“The trade in coffee is almost entirely restricted to Ambriz, and it comes principally from the district of Encoge, a considerable quantity also being brought from the Dembos country and from Cozengo, to the interior of Loanda. Very little of the coffee produced in the provinces of Encoge and Dembos is cultivated; it is the product of coffee-trees growing spontaneously in the virgin forests of the second elevation.”

Among the other products, are the sesamum seed (*Sesamum indicum*), which the natives grind to a paste on a stone in the same manner as the ground-nut, to add to their other food in cooking; the red gum copal, called “maquata” by the natives, which is found chiefly in the Mossulo country, at a depth of from a few inches to a couple of feet below the surface of a highly ferruginous hard clay; the white Angola gum, the product of a tree growing near rivers and streams of water, and ivory. One of the most curious productions of this country is india-rubber, called by the natives “Tangandando.” “The plant,” says Monteiro, “that produces it is the giant tree-creeper (*Landolphia florida*), covering the highest trees, and growing principally on those near rivers or streams. Its stem is sometimes as thick as a man’s thigh, and in the dense woods at Quiballa I have seen a considerable extent of forest festooned down to the ground, from tree to tree, in all directions, with its thick stems, like great hawsers; above, the trees were nearly hidden by its large, bright, dark-green leaves, and studded with beautiful bunches of pure white star-like flowers, most sweetly scented. Its fruit is the size of a large orange, of a yellow colour when ripe, and perfectly round, with a hard brittle shell; inside, it is full of a soft reddish pulp, in which the seeds are contained. This pulp is of a very agreeable acid flavour, and is much liked by the natives. The ripe fruit, when cleaned out, is employed by them to contain small quantities of oil.

“It is not always easy to obtain ripe seed, as this creeper is the favourite resort of a villainous, semitransparent, long-legged red ant, with a stinging bite like a red-hot needle, which is very fond of the pulp and seeds. Every part of this creeper exudes a milky juice when cut or wounded, but, unlike the india-rubber tree of America, this milky sap will not run into a vessel placed to receive it, as it dries so quickly as to form a ridge on the wound or cut, which stops its further flow. The natives collect it, therefore, by making long cuts in the bark with a knife, and as the milky juice gushes out, it is wiped off continually with their fingers, and smeared on their arms, shoulders, and breast, until a thick covering is formed; this is peeled off their bodies and cut into small squares, which are then said to be boiled in water. From Ambriz the trade in this india-rubber has spread to the River Quanza, from which large quantities are exported.”

The Bay of Mussena is a noted place for large captures of a fine fish, called the “pungo.” It is a very firm-fleshed fish; and cut up, salted, and dried in

the sun, is a great article of trade. The canoes on this part of the coast, and as far north as Cabinda, are very curious. They are composed of two rounded canoes lashed or sewn together below, and open at the top. This aperture is narrow, and each canoe forms, as it were, a long pocket. The natives stand or sit on them with their legs in the canoe, or astride, as most convenient according to the state of the surf, on which these canoes ride beautifully. A very singular disease prevalent among the natives is what is called the "sleep disease." It is said to be an affection of the cerebellum. The subjects attacked by it suffer no pain whatever, but fall into a continual heavy drowsiness or sleep, having to be awakened to be fed, and at last become unable to eat at all, or stand, and die fast asleep as it were. There is no cure known for it, and the patients are said to die generally in about twenty to forty days after being first attacked.

"A considerable quantity of salt is made by the natives, from Quissembo to Ambrizette, particularly at the latter place, in the small salt marshes near the sea, and with which they carry on a trade with the natives of the interior. At the end of the dry season the women and children divide the surface of these marshes into little square portions or pans, by raising mud walls a few inches high, so as to enclose in each about two or three gallons of the water, saturated with salt from the already nearly evaporated marsh. As the salt crystallises in the bottom of these little pans it is taken out, and more water added, and so the process is continued until the marsh is quite dry. In many cases a small channel is cut from the marsh to the sea to admit fresh sea-water at high tide.

"It is an amusing sight to see numbers of women and children, all stark naked, standing sometimes above their knees in the water, baling it into the pans, with small open baskets or quindas, and singing loudly a monotonous song; others are engaged in filling large quindas with dirty salt from the muddy pans, whilst others again are busily washing the crystallised salt by pouring sea-water over it till all the mud is washed away, and the basketful of salt shines in the sun like driven snow. Towards evening long lines of women and children will be seen carrying to their towns, on their heads, the harvest of salt, and great is the fun and chaff for them if they meet a white man travelling in a hammock—all laughing and shouting, and wanting to shake hands, and running to keep pace with the hammock-bearers."

Ambriz, seen from the sea, consists of a high rocky cliff or promontory, with a fine bay sweeping with a level beach northward nearly to the next promontory, on which stand the trading factories forming the place called Quissembo. In the bay the little River Loge has its mouth, and marks the northern limit of the Portuguese possession of Angola. The town of Ambriz consists principally of one long, broad street or road, on the ridge that ends at the cliff or promontory forming the southern point of the bay.

It boasts of the only iron pier in Angola. Ambriz is an open roadstead, and vessels have to anchor at a considerable distance from the beach; they are, however, always safe, such things as storms or heavy seas being unknown.

The "tipoa," or hammock, is the universal travelling apparatus in Angola, and is of two forms, the simple hammock strung to a palm pole, which is strong and light, or the same with a light-painted water-proof cover, and curtains, very comfortable to travel in, and always used by the Portuguese to the interior of Loanda, where the country is more open, and better paths or roads exist, but they would quickly be torn to pieces north, and on the road to Bembe, from the dense bush, and, in the wet season, the high grass; consequently only the plain hammock and pole are generally employed, the traveller shading himself from the sun by a movable cover held in position by two cords, or by using a white umbrella. When travelling long distances six or eight bearers are necessary; the two hammock-carriers generally run at a trot for about two hours at a stretch, when another couple take their places. The motion is disagreeable at first, from the strong up and down jerking experienced, but one soon becomes used to it, and falls asleep whilst going at full trot. The pole is carried on the shoulder, and rests on a small cushion generally made of fine grass-cloth stuffed with wild cotton, the silky fibre in the seed-pod of the Mafumcira, or cotton-wood tree (*Eriodendron anfractuosum*), or "isca," a brown, woolly-like down covering the stems of palm-trees. Each bearer carries a forked stick on which to rest the pole when changing shoulders, and also to ease the load by sticking the end of it under the pole behind their backs and stretching out their arm on it.

Quiballa is a large town, containing several hundred huts, most picturesquely situated on a low, flat-topped hill, surrounded on all sides by other higher hills, and separated from them by a deep ravine filled with magnificent forest vegetation, and in the bottom of which a shallow stream of the clearest water runs swiftly over its fantastic rocky bed—all little waterfalls and shady transparent pools. A great change takes place in vegetation from the coast to Quiballa; and several species of birds abundant on the coast disappear about here, especially the common crow (*Corvus scapulatus*), the brilliantly-coloured starlings (*Lamprocolius*), and the several rollers.

Leaving Quiballa, after you ascend the hill called Tuco, a magnificent view is obtained. As far as the eye can reach is seen a succession of forest-covered mountains brightly lit in the cloudless sun to the distant horizon, shaded off into a haze of lovely blue. After this hill is passed, the country continues comparatively level for some miles, and is very beautiful, being covered with dense vegetation, in which are seen abundance of dark feathery palms, relieved by the bright green patches of the banana groves, planted round the little towns. The soil is very fertile, and many ground-nut and mandioca plantations are seen everywhere. Ngungungo is a large and pictur-

esque town, where there is a considerable trade carried on in mandioca root and its different preparations, as well as in beans and ground-nuts. After passing this town the road becomes exceedingly rocky and stony, until the small town of Quioanquilla is reached. A large quantity of wild pine-apples grow around this town, but the natives make no use of its fine fibre, contenting themselves with eating the unripe fruit.

The largest and most important town on the road to Bembe is Quilumbo, beautifully situated in a forest, and with a great number of oil-palm trees. It contains several hundred huts and quite a swarm of inhabitants. Proceeding thence, and passing through pretty undulating country covered principally with high grass, you at last reach Bembe, a distance of not less than a hundred and thirty miles from Ambriz.

“Bembe is the third great elevation, and it stands boldly and cliff-like out of the broad plain, and at its base runs the little River Luguria. Approaching it from the westward, we see a high mountain to the right of the plateau of Bembe, separated from it by a narrow gorge thickly wooded, that drains the valley, separating in its turn the table-land of Bembe from the high flat country beyond, in a north and easterly direction. This valley, in which a great deposit of malachite exists, is about a mile long in a straight line, and runs N.N.W. by S.S.E.

“The malachite is often found in large solid blocks. One, resting on two smaller ones, weighed together a little over three tons, but it occurs mostly in flat veins without any definite dip or order, swelling sometimes to upwards of two feet in thickness, and much fissured in character from admixture with dark oxide of iron, with which it is often cemented to the clay in which it is contained. Two kinds of clay are found, a ferruginous red, and an unctuous black variety. The malachite occurs almost entirely in the former. A large proportion is obtained in the form of a small irregularly-shaped shot, by washing the clay in suitable apparatus. Large quantities had been raised by the natives from this valley before the country was taken possession of by the Portuguese.”

At the end of the valley, where it joins the narrow gorge that drains it, an enormous mass of very hard metamorphic limestone, destitute of fossil remains, rises from the bottom to a height of about thirty feet, and in it are contained two caverns or large chambers. This mass of rock is imbedded in a dense forest, and is overgrown by trees and enormous creepers, the stems of which, like great twisted cables, hang down through the crevices and openings to the ground below. “Great numbers of bats,” says Mr. Monteiro, “inhabit the roof of the darkest of these caverns, and some that I once shot were greatly infested with a large, and very active, nearly white species of the curious spider-looking parasite *Nyctirbia*, that lives on this class of animals. In the thick damp shade of the trees surrounding this mass of rock,

we collected the rose-coloured flowers of that extremely curious root parasite, the *Thonningea sanguinea*."

The soil about Bembe is magnificent, and will produce almost anything. Sugar-cane grows to a huge size, and vegetables flourish in a remarkable manner. A handsome creeper (*Mucuna pruriens*), with leaves like those of a scarlet-runner, and bearing large, long bunches of dark maroon bean-like flowers, grows very abundantly. The flowers are succeeded by crooked pods covered with fine hairs, which cause dreadful itching when rubbed on the skin. "The first time," says Monteiro, "I pulled off a bunch of the pods I shook some of the hairs over my hands and face, and the sensation was alarming, like being suddenly stung all over with a nettle. I have seen blacks, when clearing bush for plantations, shake these hairs on their hot, naked bodies, and jump about like mad, until they were rubbed with handfuls of moist earth."

The Mussurongo, Ambriz, and Mushicongo negroes have hardly any industrial or mechanical occupation; they weave no cloths of cotton or other fibre; their only manufactures being the few implements, baskets, and pots, required in their agriculture and household operations. Building huts is man's work, and as no nails of any kind are employed in their construction, the sticks only being notched and tied together with baobab fibre, a few days, with but little trouble, suffice to build one. Women's work is entirely restricted to cultivating the ground and preparing the food. Their simple agricultural operations are all performed with one implement, a single-handed hoe.

The mandioca-root, and a species of small harricot bean, constitute the principal food of the natives. Chili pepper is the universal condiment of the country. The banana is eaten raw, except by the Portuguese, who both roast and boil it. The Ambriz and Mushicongo natives make but little use of animal food; the latter, however, are very fond of frogs and grasshoppers. The common drink manufactured in the country is a sort of beer, prepared from Indian corn and dry mandioca-root. It is slightly milky in appearance, and when freshly made is sweet, but afterwards becomes acid and intoxicating.

The distance from Ambriz, to Loando is about sixty miles, and the greater part of the country is called Mossulo, from being inhabited by a tribe of that name. They have not yet been subdued, and they dispute the passage of the white man through their territory. About half-way between Ambriz and Loando is Libongo, celebrated for its mineral pitch. The soil around here is very fertile, and the mandioca, the sugar-cane, and the tamarind tree, grow in perfection. The rivers Bengo and Dande are greatly infested by alligators; and a curious idea prevails amongst all the natives of Angola, that the liver of the alligator is a deadly poison, and that it is employed as such by the fetish-men. The manatee is not uncommon in these rivers. The Portuguese call this curious mammal the woman-fish, from the supposed resemblance be-

tween its breasts and those of a woman. The flesh is good eating, though of no particular flavour, and is greatly liked by the natives. The marshes and lagoons are full of wild duck and other water-fowl. The country from the Bengo to Loanda rises suddenly, and the coast line is high and bold, but the soil is very arid and sandy, the rocks being arenaceous, evidently of recent formation, and full of casts of shells. There is much admixture of oxide of iron; and some of the sandy cliffs and dunes close to Loanda are of a beautiful red from it. Doves of various kinds are abundant, and splendidly coloured starlings; kingfishers too are common, and two or three species of bustards.

The city of St. Paul de Loanda is situated in a beautiful bay, backed by a kind of low, sandy cliff. In front of the bay a long, low, and very narrow spit of pure sand stretches like a natural breakwater, and protects the harbour of Loanda perfectly from the waves and surf of the ocean. The cocoa-nut-palm tree thrives well on this narrow spit. Loanda contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom about one-third are whites. The houses are generally commodious, built of stone, and roofed with red tiles. The window-sills and door-posts are generally painted blue, which gives the place a pretty appearance. Most of the houses have large yards, and the streets are wide, so that there is no overcrowding. The principal street runs through the whole length of the town, and for some distance a row of banyan trees goes through the centre, under the shade of which a daily market or fair is held of cloth and dry goods. The vendors are chiefly women.

“A square at the back of the custom-house is the general market of Loanda, and presents a curious scene, from the great variety of articles sold, and the great excitement of buyers and sellers crying out their wares, and making their purchases at the top of their voices. The vendors here, again, are mostly women; and as no booths are allowed to be put up, they wear straw hats with wide brims, almost as huge as an ordinary umbrella, to shade themselves. Every kind of delicacy to captivate the negro palate and fancy is to be had here; wooden dishes full of lean, measly-looking pork; earthen pots full of beans and palm-oil, retailed out in small platters, at so much a large wooden spoonful, and eaten on the spot; horrible-looking messes of fish, cakes, and pastry, etc., everything thickly covered with flies and large blue-bottles; large earthen jars, called sangas, and gourds full of garapa, or indian-corn beer; live fowls and ducks, eggs, milk, Chili peppers, small white tomatoes, bananas, and in the season, oranges, mangoes, sour-sop, and other fruits, quiavos, a few cabbage-leaves and vegetables, firewood, tobacco pipes and stems, wild hemp, mats, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, palm and ground-nut oil and dried salt fish. The women squat on their heels, with their wares in front, all round and over the square, while hundreds of natives are jabbering and haggling over their bargains, as if their existence depended on their noisy exertions.”



A RHINOCERUS HUNT



Loanda is abundantly supplied with fish of many kinds. A small shark is often caught, which is much esteemed by the natives, and is dried in the sun; also the pungo, which attains to as much as a hundred pounds weight. The pungo produces a loud and extraordinary noise, by pressing its snout against the side of a ship. The sound is like a deep tremolo note on a harmonium, and is quite as loud, but as if played under water. This low, sustained note has a very strange effect when first heard so unexpectedly in the still water.

The vegetation about Loanda is scanty, but a milky-juiced, thin-stemmed euphorbia, called *cazoneira*, and the cashew-tree, grow very abundantly on the cliffs, and inland; and sparingly in the sandy, arid soil, *mandioca* and beans. Oxen thrive, but very little attention is given to rearing them, Loanda being supplied from the interior with cattle for the beef consumed by the population. The police of Loanda are all blacks, but officered by Portuguese. The city is lighted by oil lamps. The military band plays twice a week.

The province of Angola is divided by the Portuguese into four governments — Ambriz, Loanda, Benguela, and Mossamedes. These are again divided into districts, each ruled by a military “*chefe*,” or chief subordinate to the governors of each division, and those in their turn to the Governor-General of the province at Loanda. Of the wretched character of the government Mr. Monteiro speaks in strong terms. “In the fifteen years,” he says, “that I have principally lived in, and travelled over a great part of Angola, and passed in intimate intercourse with the natives and Portuguese, I have had abundant opportunities of witnessing the miserable state to which that fine country has been reduced by the wretched and corrupt system of government. This state is not unknown to Portugal, and she has several times sent good and honest men as governors to Loanda to try to put a stop to the excesses committed by their subordinates, but they have been obliged to return in despair, as without good and well-paid officials it was no use either to change, or to make an example of one or two, where all were equally bad or guilty. There is, of course, but little chance of any change until Portugal sees that it is to her own advantage that this immensely rich possession should be governed by enlightened and well-paid officials. Let her send to Angola independent and intelligent men, and let them report faithfully on the causes that have depopulated vast districts, that have destroyed all industry, and that continually provoke the wars and wide dissatisfaction among tribes naturally so peaceable and submissive, and amenable to a great extent to instruction and advancement.”

Porto Domingos, on the River Lucala, a tributary of the Quanza, is one of the most lovely places in Africa. The vegetation of palm-trees, baobabs, cotton-wood trees, and creepers of various kinds, is most luxuriant. The rock

of the district is a kind of conglomerate, with a matrix containing much oxide of iron. At the River Mucozo this formation is succeeded by a very hard white quartz rock, containing but little mica or feldspar; the scenery is hilly, broken, and extremely beautiful. Three days' journey from Mucozo, over a wild and rocky country, brings you to the once populous kingdom of the "Soba" Dumbo, once a powerful king; only a handful of subjects, however, now remain.

The greater part of Cambambe is rocky, and destitute of forest or large trees; large tracts are covered with grass and shrubs. Birds of many species, and of beautiful colouring, are abundant. The most extraordinary bird in appearance and habits is a large black hornbill (*Bucorax Abyssinicus*) called by the natives Engungoashito. It is about the size of a large turkey, but longer in the body and tail. They are found sparingly nearly everywhere in Angola, becoming abundant, however, only towards the interior. The males raise up and open and close their tails exactly in the manner of a turkey, and filling out the bright cocks-comb-red, bladder-like wattle on their necks, and with wings dropping on the ground, make quite a grand appearance. They do not present a less extraordinary appearance as they walk slowly with an awkward gait, and peer from side to side with their great eyes in quest of food in the short grass, poking their large bills at any frog, snake or other reptile that may come in their way. Their flight is feeble, and not long sustained. The note or cry of the male is like the hoarse blast of a horn repeated short three times, and answered by the female in a lower note. It is very loud, and can be heard at a considerable distance, particularly at night.

The lovely "plaintain-eaters," principally the *Corythaix Paulina*, are very abundant all over Angola—where thick forests are found. They are common in the country about Pungo Andongo, and also near the River Quanza. They have a very loud, hoarse cry, quite unlike that which a bird might be imagined to produce, which has a very singular and startling effect when heard in a forest. It is its unearthly cry that makes this bird an object of superstition to the natives of the whole of Angola. If one of these birds should perch on a hut or on a tree within the enclosure of a town, and sing, it is thought such a bad omen that the inhabitants vacate it and remove to another place. One most singular circumstance connected with this bird is the fact that the gorgeous blood-red colour of its wing feathers is soluble, especially in weak solution of ammonia, and that this soluble colouring matter contains a considerable quantity of copper, to which its colour may very properly be due.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of the districts of Cazengo and Golungo Alto, and the country about the River Lombige, a small tributary of the River Zeuza, as the River Bengo is called inland. "Mountains and deep

valleys," says Monteiro, filled with magnificent virgin forests, cover the country. Streams and springs of the clearest water abound, and the valleys are full of monkeys and beautifully coloured birds and butterflies. Most wonderful and varied effects of rolling mists, sunrise and sunset are to be seen in this earthly paradise, and the clearness and lightness of the atmosphere are most exhilarating and agreeable after the dull oppressiveness of the air on the coast. At Cazengo I saw the largest trees I have ever seen, and conspicuous amongst these the cotton-wood tree (*Enodendron anfractuosum*), towering to an immense height straight as an arrow, without the slightest break, to the small branches at the very top covered with feathery-looking foliage, and studded with puffy balls like white silk, from the burst seed-pods. The stems and branches are thickly studded with hard, short, conical, sharp-pointed spikes, and at the base of the stem vast flattened buttresses project, which give a wonderful idea of strength and stability. In these grand forests the splendid giant touraco (*Turacus cristatus*), the largest of the tropical African plaitain-eaters, finds a fitting habitat, and from its great size compared with the other much smaller species, is evidence of the magnificence of the forests and scenery of Cazengo and Golungo Alto."

From Golungo Alto to the south the geological formation is a hard, compact, quartzose granite rock. At Cazengo gneiss is found, and granite, and a hard quartzose slaty rock, with in places a curious rock seemingly composed of disintegrated granite and clay slate. The great forests on the slopes of the chains of mountains and valleys of the country about Golungo Alto and the Dembos are full of coffee-trees growing wild, and they are gradually being cleared of bush or underwood by the natives so as to enable them to collect the berry.

Cazengo has been celebrated from time immemorial for its iron, smelted by the natives, and the bellows employed in the process appears to date from the earliest times, being in fact identical with that used by the ancient Egyptians. For ordinary blacksmith's work the forge is simply a small cavity scooped out in the ground, the fuel being charcoal; and in this, with one bellows, a welding heat is obtained, and they are enabled to make hoes and other implements out of ordinary iron hooping or other scrap-iron. Iron smelting from the ore is but little practised now in Angola, as the iron hooping from bales obtained from the traders nearly suffices for the few purposes for which this useful metal is required.

The natives of the interior comprised between the River Dande and Quanza speak the Bunda language. The natives beyond the River Dande speak the Congo language, and its dialects of Ambriz and Mossulo. There is a singular custom common to the Bunda-speaking race, and to the natives of Navo Redondo farther south. "When a relative or other person visits them, a dish of 'infundi' or 'piras' is prepared, and should there not be a

bit of meat or fish in the larder, they send out to a neighbour for the 'lent rat,' as it is called. This is a field rat roasted on a skewer, and it is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of the 'infundi' on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavour; but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest particle of it, as this would be considered a great crime or offence, and would be severely punished by their laws. It is supposed that the host has duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, and has performed the rites of hospitality, in presenting his guest with meat and 'infundi,' though he has not tasted a morsel of the former, which is returned intact to the owner from whom it was borrowed."

The River Quanza is the gem of the Portuguese possession of Angola, south of the Congo; it is about fifty miles south of Loanda, and is the only river navigable for any distance, and the natural highway to the most fertile and healthy countries of the interior. From the mouth of the river to Calumbo there are large mangrove marshes; but when it reaches that place the banks are mostly bare, or lined with sedges and papyrus. At Calumbo there is a considerable assemblage of huts and mud-plastered houses, belonging to the native population. A few miles higher up is Bruto, where the cultivation of the sugar-cane is largely carried on. At Bruto there is a fine lagoon, in which abundance of fish is netted, and there are some lovely woods and valleys near, which abound with birds and monkeys. Beyond this the river scenery is much finer, cliffs and hills on either side covered with the baobab, and the valleys filled with a luxuriant green forest of trees and creepers, with here and there brilliant patches of colour from the abundant flowers of the latter; the banks of the river forming a foreground of papyrus and sedges of unfading green.

About fifty or sixty miles from the coast, on the southern bank of the river, is the town of Muxima, built on a bare, white limestone rock, on which the hot sun seems to have baked the mud huts with their straw roofs to a dark brown. Beyond Muxima, the appearance of the banks becomes really charming. Mile after mile a continuous panorama of magnificent dark forest of high feathery-topped oil-palms stretches on both sides, but principally on the north bank. Under these palms is seen a succession of picturesque huts. The forest resounds with the cooing of innumerable doves, and the chatter of noisy weaver-birds.

Passing Massangano, the voyager reaches twenty miles higher up the town of Dondo—a growing and prosperous place. Thousands of tons of ground-nuts, coffee, wax, palm-oil, and ivory, are shipped yearly at Dondo for Loanda by the steamers. There is a fine large square in the middle of the town, where a market is held every day, and to this the natives resort from all parts around with produce and provisions. "About six or eight miles

from Dondo up the river are the first cataracts of Cambambe. Immediately on leaving Dondo the river is enclosed by high hills or cliffs on both sides, and winds a good deal, so that a succession of fresh and seemingly more beautiful pictures is constantly presented to the traveller's admiration as he ascends the river in a boat. The river is wide and deep, and the slopes and perpendicular sides of the hilly walls on either side are of endless variety of colour, both of rock, moss and lichen, plant, and tree. Deep red iron-stained sandstone, conglomerate, blue clay slate, huge white-stemmed baobabs, dark masses of palm-trees, plots of large-leaved plantains, masses of trees overgrown with creepers, meet the eye in ever-varying combination; and gradually the wide valley worn by the water becomes narrower and narrower, until at last it is a deep gorge with almost upright walls of clay slate, and the passage for the great body of water is barred right across by vast rocky ledges and peaks, over which, in the rainy season, it rushes and dashes with a deafening wild roar and mad flinging up into the air of showers of water and foam."

The southern bank of the Quanza, from its mouth to opposite Dondo, is called the Quissama country, and is inhabited by the peculiar race or tribe of negroes of the same name. They are very black, undersized, exceedingly dirty, and have a remarkably ugly cast of countenance. The greater part of the Quissama country is very barren, and perfectly destitute of water, except on the banks of the river itself; the natives use baobab trees, hollowed out for the purpose, as reservoirs for rain-water falling in the wet season. The Libollos, or natives of the Libollo country, are a very much finer and cleaner race than their neighbours the Quissamas, and their country is beautiful and fertile, and covered in great part with palm-trees. The Quinbundos are a warlike people to the south of the Libollo and Quissama countries, and are tall, well-formed, and very handsome. They come in caravans to Dondo, principally laden with bees-wax, singing on the march. They plait their hair in thin strings all round their heads, and in each plait they put several beads, mostly made of red paste, in imitation of coral.

The tribes on both banks of the Quanza are great bee-keepers. The hives are to be seen on almost every baobab, this being the tree chosen in preference to any other, and as many as four or five hives may be seen on one tree. They are made by splitting a piece of wood, generally a branch of a tree with the bark on, about five feet long and ten or twelve inches in diameter; the centre is scooped out, leaving the ends entire; the two halves are securely tied together, and three holes large enough to admit the little finger are bored at each end. An aperture is cut in the middle of the hollow cylinder, where the two halves are joined together, large enough to admit the hand. This aperture is closed with a piece of wood, and clayed over, to thoroughly prevent any rain from getting in. The hive is securely placed in the branches of the tree, and a quantity of dry grass put over it as a roof, or thatch.

Once a year the owner climbs the tree and draws up a basket for the wax and honey with a cord, and also some dry grass and fire. He opens the aperture, and, lighting wisps of grass, smokes the bees as they issue out. Most of them drop half suffocated to the ground and the comb is extracted, a small quantity being left behind to induce the bees to work again in the same hive. If no comb be left the natives affirm that they will not return again to the hive. In some places they are careful not to kill any of the bees, and are said to extract the comb as often as three times a year. Bee-hives are their principal wealth, and some families possess as many as three and four hundred.

Scorpions are very abundant in the whole of the district of Benguela, and cases are constantly occurring of persons being stung by them. In some places, hardly a stone or piece of wood can be lifted from the ground without finding one or more scorpions under it. They are of all sizes, up to six and seven inches long. Their sting is rarely fatal, except to old people or persons in a bad state of health. The effects of the sting are, however, very extraordinary; in severe cases it appears to paralyse all the muscles of the body, sometimes with much pain, in others with little or none.

Catumbella is an important place, about nine miles to the north of Benguela. The Portuguese have a fort here, and a detachment of soldiers. There are many traders established in the place; and a large trade is carried on with the natives of the interior in wax, ivory, gum copal, white gum, and other productions. It is on the high road to Bailundo and Bihe. The scenery is exquisite, from the hilly and rocky character of the country and the luxuriance of the vegetation, both wild and cultivated. A small river, so shallow that it can always be forded, except during the heavy rains, runs by the town. It is a pretty stream, but full of alligators, through whom many natives lose their lives while crossing. From the top of a mountain near the town, which, with one opposite, forms the deep gorge through which the river passes, there is a view of surpassing loveliness.

The town of Benguela is situated on a level plain near the sea, with a line of hills about six miles distant at the back. It is a large picturesque town, consisting of good houses and stores, distributed in an irregular manner over several squares and roads, which in the wet season are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and weeds in flower giving the town the appearance of a wild garden. The soil is fertile, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables grow in abundance and perfection. The trade, especially in bees-wax, of which a great quantity is exported, increases every year. To the north of the town there is a green belt of forest marking the course of the River Cavaco. Not far from the beach is a large fort, garrisoned with a force of soldiers that supplies detachments to the adjoining districts.

“The natives of Benguela belong to a tribe called the Mundombes, who

are of a wild, roving disposition, and very unlike the rest of the tribes inhabiting Angola. Their clothing is principally skins and hides of sheep or wild animals, and they rub their bodies and heads with rancid cow's butter, or oil, with which they are fond of mixing charcoal-dust; and they are the only natives in Angola who wear sandals (made of raw hide) on their feet. They are very dirty, never making use of water for washing; are generally about the middle height, and ugly in face. The women especially are rarely comely either in face or figure, and they will not live with or intermarry with blacks of other tribes. Their huts are mostly round-roofed and low. They are very independent, and will not hire themselves to any kind of work. The women cultivate the ground for the indispensable mandioca and beans; the men hunt, and tend large herds of cattle that thrive remarkably well in the country, and also flocks of sheep, which they rear for food.

"Cattle are their principal riches, and are seldom killed for food, except when the owner dies, when, if he be a 'soba' or chief, as many as three hundred oxen have been known to be killed and eaten at one sitting, lasting for several days. On these occasions the whole tribe and friends are assembled, heaps of firewood collected, fires lit, and oxen killed one after the other till the herd is eaten up, not a native moving away from the feast or gorge till the last scrap is consumed. The flesh is cut into long thick strips and wound round long skewers—these are stuck upright round the fires, and the meat only allowed to cook slightly. The meat is eaten alone, without any other food whatever, and without salt, as that would make them drink, which they do not do, as they affirm it would prevent them from eating much meat; the blood, entrails, and the hide, toasted to make it eatable, are consumed, a big feast lasting from ten to fifteen days, or sometimes more. They are fond of dividing their cattle into herds of a hundred head each, and are wonderfully clever at tracing strayed cattle, and also in recognising any they may have once seen.

"A most singular custom of these natives is that of the women and girls, with their heads covered with green leaves and carrying branches of trees in their hands, and singing in chorus, taking round to all their friends and acquaintance any young woman of their tribe who is about to be married; but the most curious part of the ceremony is the manner in which the interesting young bride is prepared. She is stripped perfectly naked, and white washed from head to foot with a thick mixture of a kind of pipe-clay and water, which dries perfectly white, and in this manner she is taken in procession to visit and receive the congratulation of her friends. It appears that this extraordinary custom is also common to some hill tribes in India and in the Andes of South America.

"The richer Mundombes have an odd manner of making their beds. A layer of clay about six or nine inches thick, and about two feet wide, is made in the huts, and when dry constitutes their sleeping place; this they rub over

with rancid butter to make it smooth, and they lie on it without any skin or cloth under them. The Mundombes generally wear their hair in a large woolly bush, but the young men and women cut it into a variety of strange forms and patterns. Their arms are knobbed sticks, often fancifully carved, small axes, bows and arrows, and spears, generally much ornamented with beads. They are expert hunters, and the abundance of large game supplies them with more animal food than other tribes of Angola. They are a hard, wiry race, capable of undergoing great fatigue and hunger, and a very good trait in their character is that they are good-natured and merry. They are not a bad race, but are wild, roving and intractable to teaching or civilisation. Not one of them can be induced to work beyond carrying loads or a hammock, which latter they have also a unique way of doing. Supposing eight to be carrying a white man in a hammock, three will range themselves and run along on each side; at a loud clap of their hands, one Mundombe from the right will shove his shoulders under the pole behind the carrier in front, who passes to the left. Another on the left does the same with the carrier behind, who passes to the right, and so they go changing round and round every few yards, and running along all the time without stopping a moment."

Among the plants growing around Benguela, one of the principal is the shrubby jasmine, which grows in large clumps, covered with white blossoms; and early in the morning, the air is so impregnated with the scent as to give those who pass through the bush for any distance a headache. Jackals and hyenas abound in the locality; on dark nights especially the hyenas perambulate all over the town in search of bones and offal of every description, fighting and making a terrible noise. Zebras are abundant in the rocky districts of the country about Benguela and Mossambes; and their bray is peculiar, being like that of the donkey, without the long drawn notes made during inspiration.

A large dog-faced monkey inhabits these rocky districts, going about in troops of from twelve to twenty. When feeding, they have always two or more of their number perched on the high rocks as sentinels, and on the least sign of danger, they utter a hoarse grunt, and all take to flight, the young ones tightly clasping their mother's backs. If a sentinel fail in his duty, the others set upon him, and worry him as a punishment. They live on the roots and fruits of trees, and on several species of large onion-looking bulbs.

The natives on this part of the coast make a kind of boat or raft, out of the bimba tree, which it is impossible to sink. The wood is soft, and as light as pith; the peeled stems are skewered together in two or three layers, with sides about a foot and a half to two feet high, and the ends finished off in a point, the whole looking like a punt built of three logs. The water rushes in and out everywhere, people get washed over and wetted through by the surf; but the boat never upsets or sinks, and floats like a dry cork.

The district of Dombe Grande is situated about twenty-four miles to the

south of Benguela. The road to it passes over slightly undulating ground, but very arid in character, alternately sandy, and of gypsum rock. It is a wonderful relief from the desert road to arrive at the River San Francisco, and see stretched for miles the beautiful green expanse of Dombe Grande. There is a large quantity of pure sulphur in the gypsum hills on the northern bank of this river; and it is possible sometimes to obtain a solid block of it of thirty pounds in weight. Nine miles south of Dombe Grande is the little bay of Cuio, not far from which copper ore is found. Some portions of this ore contain silver, from a mere trace to over one hundred ounces in the ton. The road from Dombe Grande to Cuio passes through some deep ravines cut in solid gypsum rock by the action of the waters. It requires no kiln for burning; it is sufficient to make a pile of small pieces of the rock with any kind of fuel or brushwood at hand to burn it into proper plaster of Paris.

There are several birds in the country, the colour of whose plumage so closely agrees with that of the ground as to be hardly distinguishable at a little distance. Such as the sand-grouse, and three species of bustards. These bustards are very abundant, and are found in pairs; they have a curious, clucking cry, which can be heard at a considerable distance; they run along the ground with great rapidity, and when alarmed fly off in a straight line. Their flesh is excellent. In the woods there are several species of small hornbills. Their food consists of grubs, grasshoppers, hornets' nests, and hard seeds. When sitting on a tree, they frequently raise and depress their crest feathers, and utter loud cries, like the squall of a sick baby. The natives say that it is the male bird who sits on the nest, and that the female shuts him up in the nest so that he cannot get out, and feeds him till he has hatched the eggs, when she tears down the nest and lets him out. The imprisoned bird is then very lean and in ragged plumage. In Benguela, when a man looks very thin and miserable, they always say that he looks like the hornbill when he has been let out of the nest. The wattled crane is common in the interior, and is often brought for sale to the coast by the caravans. They get very tame and playful, and it is amusing to see them rush in fun at the women and children, with their wings and beak wide open. The ox-bird is very commonly seen on the cattle at Benguela. It appears to feed entirely on ticks. It is curious to watch the manner in which they crawl all over the body of an ox or large animal, which they are enabled to do by their strong claws tipped with exceedingly sharp, hooked nails. They will accompany a herd of cattle only for a certain distance, when they will return to their usual locality, and others immediately make their appearance and take charge of the herd.

From Benguela to Mossamedes almost all the numerous bays on the coast are inhabited by Portuguese. The fishery of the coast is mostly carried on by deep lines, and the fish caught are opened flat, and salted and dried in the

sun. Large quantities are thus prepared and shipped to Loanda and elsewhere. Great numbers of a kind of dog-fish are caught, the livers of which are thrown into large iron pots and melted into a strong smelling oil, which is shipped to Europe, and employed to adulterate whale and other fish oils. The lines and nets of the fishermen are prepared or tanned by steeping them in the juice of an exceedingly curious plant growing in the sand. Besides its use for tanning lines and nets, it is also employed by the natives as a valuable astringent in cases of diarrhœa. Speaking of the quantity of fish on this coast, Monteiro says—"At the little Bay of Baba, I saw a very extraordinary sight, and one that shows the great quantity of fish in the sea of that coast. I had started on foot early in the morning, from the house of a Portuguese who was engaged in the fishing trade, on my way to Mossamedes, and as I walked along the beach for more than a mile, I saw for the whole distance, in the calm water, a small species of fish, about a foot long, in countless numbers packed side by side so closely as almost to touch one another, and their snouts touching the sand. Farther south, fish are said to be even more plentiful. At Port Pinda, a three-masted fishing vessel arrived with a crew of fishermen from Algarve, and they caught such quantities that they found the work of curing too hard, and they gradually gave up fishing, and employed their vessel in carrying freights up and down the coast. I was told by the captain of a British man-of-war that at Walwish Bay he had seen eight tons of fish taken at one haul of the sieve net."

At Mossamedes oxen are trained for riding; the cartilage of the nose is perforated, and through the opening a thin, short piece of round iron is passed, at the ends of which are attached the reins, and the animal is guided by them in the same manner as a horse. A good bullock will trot well, and even gallop for a distance, and is very comfortable to ride. The saddle is made of leather, and is only a well-padded cushion with stirrups. About twenty or thirty miles from Mossamedes granite abounds, and the form of the country is peculiar. In some places huge single rocks rise out of the nearly level plain; in others hills of rocks, in several of which deposits of rain-water are found at the very top.

The country about Mossamedes is exposed to periodical eruptions of the Monanos, or natives from the Nano country, which is inland and north of Mossamedes. They come down in large expeditions, laying waste the country by driving off the cattle and sheep. The few native inhabitants about Mossamedes are Mundombes, like those of Benguela, but between the two places there is a district peopled by a curious tribe called Mucoandos. This district lies to the interior. These Mucoandos are a roving, migratory tribe, rearing flocks of sheep, which are their only wealth; it is said that they hardly ever cultivate the ground, and only build temporary huts or shelters. They go about nearly naked, only wearing a small piece of sheepskin round their

loins, and are a quiet and inoffensive tribe. They are said to be gradually dying out.

A still more curious tribe are the Muquices, of whom only a few remain. They are found near the sea, between Mossamedes and Carumjamba. They do not keep sheep or cattle, or any live-stock whatever, and never cultivate the ground or build huts to live in. Their food is principally fish, which they catch with hook and line, and shell-fish, particularly mussels, which are very abundant and fine on the rocks, and oysters. They cook their food by roasting it at a fire, and at night they each make a small half circle of stones about a foot high, against which they curl up like dogs as a shelter from the wind, very often on the bare tops of the cliffs overhanging the sea. They also take advantage of the ledges of rock and open caves or holes to sleep in; but they are always on the move, never remaining more than a few days at each place.

“I often saw these encampments, “ says Monteiro, “ with the usual accompaniments of heaps of mussel-shells and ashes, the remains of their food and fires on the cliffs. I once saw a party of eight of these Muquices at Point Giraul, the northern end of Mossamedes Bay, where I had gone with some friends for a day’s pic-nic of fish, oysters, and mussels off the rocks. This was the largest number I had ever seen together. They were living in a large hole in the soft rock, and were very pleased to have a talk, and get a drink and a few small presents. They are rather light-coloured, with very decided obliquely-set eyes, which gives them a singular expression—a Chinese expression of face. They are slow and gentle in their manner, and are said to be what their appearance indicates, very quiet and inoffensive. The Portuguese often employ them as letter-carriers up and down that part of the coast. Their constantly roving habits do not allow them to have old or infirm people. When these cannot walk or keep up with the rest, they are killed by being knocked on the head from behind with a stick. The eldest son, or nearest male relative, does the deed, and the victim is not apprised beforehand of his fate.”

That most singular plant, the *Welwitschia mirabilis*, grows about Mossamedes. Monteiro sent some specimens to the Kew Museum, and Dr. Hooker thus describes the plant:—“The *Welwitschia* is a woody plant, said to attain a century in duration, with an obconic trunk, about two feet long, of which a few inches rise above the soil, presenting the appearance of a flat, two-lobed, depressed mass, sometimes (according to Dr. Welwitsch) attaining fourteen feet in circumference, and looking like a round table. When full grown it is dark-brown, hard, and cracked over the whole surface, much like the burnt crust of a loaf of bread; the lower portion forms a stout top-root, buried in the soil, and branching downwards at the end. From deep grooves in the circumference of the depressed mass two enormous leaves are given off, each

six feet long when full grown, one corresponding to each lobe: these are quite flat, linear, very leathery, and split to the base into innumerable thongs that lie curling upon the face of the soil. Its discoverer describes these same two leaves as being present from the earliest condition of the plant, and assures me that they are in fact developed from the two cotyledons of the seed, and are persistent, being replaced by no others.

“From the circumference of the tabular mass above, but close to the insertion of the leaves, spring stout dichotomously-branched cymes, nearly a foot high, bearing small, erect scarlet cones, which eventually become oblong, and attain the size of those of the common spruce-fir. The scales of the cones are very closely imbricated, and contain, when young and still very small, solitary flowers, which in some cones are hermaphrodite (structurally but not functionally), in others female. The hermaphrodite flower consists of a perianth of four pieces, six monadelphous stamens, with globose three-locular anthers, surrounding a central ovule, the integument of which is produced into a styliform sigmoid tube, terminated by a discoid apex. The female flower consists of a solitary erect ovule, contained in a compressed utricular perianth. The mature cone is tetragonous, and contains a broadly-winged fruit in each scale.”

The climate of Angola is not so hot as might be expected from its latitude. The thermometer in the hot season is seldom more than  $80^{\circ}$  to  $86^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit in the shade during the day;  $90^{\circ}$  and over is not often attained. In the cool season the usual temperature is  $70^{\circ}$  to  $75^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, and at night as low as  $60^{\circ}$  to  $65^{\circ}$ . The sea-breeze, which sets in about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and lasts till sunset or an hour later, cools the burning rays of the sun; and the nights are always cool. In the interior, away from the sea-breeze, the temperature is higher. Rain only falls in the hot season, or from the end of October to the beginning or end of May, when violent storms with but little wind deluge the country. During the cool season the sun is often not visible for days together, a thick uniform white sky preventing its position being seen at any time of the day. A thick white mist covers the ground at night, and in the morning valleys and low places are completely enshrouded in it. As the wind and sun dissipate these rolling vapours, very beautiful effects are seen, particularly among the valleys and mountains in the interior.

The remedies of the natives for disease in Angola are numerous. In fever and ague their treatment often consists in lying quiet until nature works her own cure; but they sometimes use a strong infusion of the leaves of an excessively bitter plant, which they call Malulo. Another method of curing fever is to squat over an earthen pot, in which the plants *Herva Santa Maria* and *Sangue-sangue* have been boiled. The patient is well covered over, and the aromatic vapour-bath soon produces copious perspiration, and often a

speedy cure. The Herva Santa Maria (*Chenopodium ambrosioides*) is a small annual plant, generally about a foot and a half high, very green and bushy, and every part of it hotly and strongly aromatic. Sangué-sangué is the name given to the large seed-heads of a strong, tall grass (a species of *Cymbopogon*), which exhales a very powerful aromatic odour when crushed. The principal remedy for ulcers is powdered malachite, with or without lime-juice. When they rise in the misty mornings in the cold season, they smoke the flowers of the wild hemp, which they say wakes them up and warms their bodies, so that they are ready to take up their loads, and trot off quickly.

They have no efficient remedies or treatment for bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia, from which they suffer so much and so fatally in the cold season. Their purgatives are the castor-oil seeds ground and mixed with a little water, and the juice of the plant bearing the physic-nut (*Jatropha curcas*). This is collected on a leaf from a cut made in the stem of the plant, and at once swallowed: from five to ten drops appear to be a dose. Bleeding seems to suit the negro constitution, and the Bunda-speaking natives are very skilful in the use of the lancet, often with dreadfully blunt instruments. For inflammation of the bowels, colic, or other violent pains, great use is made of the fresh leaves of the tobacco plant, applied, as gathered, to the abdomen, or better still, after dipping in boiling water. Another remedy for stomach and liver complaints is the root of a creeper bearing very pretty small white flowers (*Bœrhaavia* sp.), and growing most abundantly everywhere in Angola. Leeches are extremely abundant in the fresh-water lagoons, and are much used by the Portuguese.

There are several peculiar habits and customs common to the natives of Angola. "One of the most striking and most pleasing is their regard for their parents and old people. These are always consulted before they undertake a journey, or hire themselves as carriers or for other service, and they always bid them good-bye, and leave them some little present of beads or rum. On returning to their own towns they immediately see their fathers and mothers and the old people, and squat down and beat hands to them, and give an account of their doings. A little food is then eaten together, and they consider that they have done their duty. Neither the men nor women will smoke whilst speaking to their old people, but always take their pipes out of their mouths, or, if their hands are engaged, hold the pipe stem across their teeth. Other marks of respect always practised to their old men, to their kings, and to white men, are, when passing between or close to them, to bend their bodies slightly and snap their fingers; if they meet them on the road, they will stand aside without moving, till they have passed, and if carrying a load on their head, always remove it to the shoulder, or lift it above the head on both hands."

Smoking is universal. Snuff-taking is also very general. The ordinary

way of taking a pinch of snuff between the forefinger and thumb, is unknown to the blacks, and would be considered a very unsatisfactory method. They pour about a teaspoonful of snuff into the palm of the hand, and burying their wide and capacious nostrils in the peppery mixture (for they add cayenne pepper to the tobacco dust), snort it up loudly, aided by a rotary motion of the half-closed hand. Many allow a scrubby, woolly moustache to grow for the sole purpose of plastering it thickly with snuff, so that when on a journey and carrying a load, they take it by simply curling up the upper lip and sniffing up strongly, without stopping or laying down the load to open the box and take it in the ordinary way.

The common way to assert the truth of a statement, is to go on their knees and rub the forefinger of each hand on the ground, and then touch their tongues and forehead with the dusty tips; this is equivalent to an oath. About Loanda they make the sign of the cross on the ground with a finger for the same purpose, and this is evidently derived from some old custom introduced by the former missionaries. The ordinary burial places of Angola, are merely mounds of earth or stones, with a stick to mark the grave of a man, and a basket that of a woman; and sometimes a slab of rock is stuck upright in the ground to indicate the head of a grave.

White ants, wasps, centipedes, land-tortoises, snakes, porcupines, are to be found in the country. On the stems of the high grass may often be seen little round nests about the size of a hen's egg having the appearance of a rough glazed paper, and made by the mantis. These nests are applied by the women to an odd use; they rub the soles of their children's feet with them in the belief that it will make them good walkers when they grow up. Many of the caterpillars are very gorgeously coloured and fancifully ornamented with tufts of hair; though the moths and butterflies are not so brilliant as might be expected. The natives are fond of the flesh of the porcupine, and stick the quills in their woolly hair as an ornament. A long yellow-spotted water-lizard, with a handsome bead-like pattern on its back and legs, is common in the rivers, and is said to be very destructive to poultry. The boa-constrictor inhabits the marshy places near rivers. There is a dangerous snake not uncommon, which is small in size, but remarkable from its habit of spitting to a considerable distance, and its saliva is said to blind a person if it touches the eyes.

Mr. Monteiro narrates an amusing adventure with one of the harmless snakes found under the flooring of houses and stores, and which are very useful in ridding them of rats and mice. "One of these snakes," he says, "once gave me considerable trouble at Loanda. My bedroom was on the ground-floor under an office, and outside my door was the staircase leading to it. Every morning, just a little before daybreak, I used to be awakened by hearing a loud crack on the table as if made by a blow from a thick whip. This

excited my curiosity greatly, as I could find no possible explanation for the noise. At last I determined to be on the watch. I had lucifers and a candle ready, and was luckily awake when I heard the noise repeated on my table. I instantly struck a light, and saw a snake about six feet long glide off the table on to the ground and quickly disappear in a hole in a corner of the room. I then ascertained that Mr. Snake went up the staircase every night to the office above, where he hunted about for rats, and towards morning returned through a hole in the flooring immediately above my table, dropping a height of about ten feet, and producing the whip-like sound that had so perplexed me for many nights. A bung in a hole in the floor above stopped his return that way for the future, but I could not help being thankful that my bed had not been placed where the table stood, for, notwithstanding that I believed it was simply a harmless and inoffensive rat-catcher, still six feet of cold snake wriggling over my face and body might not have been quite pleasant in the dark."

A large scarabeus beetle is very abundant wherever cow-dung is found; and it is amusing to see them at work, making it up into balls nearly the size of a billiard-ball, an egg having been deposited in each. Two or three may be often seen pushing the ball along backwards—the universal custom. A very beautiful lemur is found in some districts. It is of a light, chinchilla-grey colour, with black nose and ears, and dark-brown feet and toes. This animal can turn back and crumple up its rather large and long ears at will. Its tail is long, and, like the rest of the body, very fussy. It is very quiet and gentle, nocturnal in its habits, and sleeps much during the day. The natives use its long, fine fur to stanch bleeding from cuts and wounds.

Fruits are not so abundant in Angola as they might be. Most of the European fruit-trees grow remarkably well. Oranges are of delicious quality. Mulberries bear abundantly. Limes grow wild in places. Mangoes are splendid; but in some places the natives have a prejudice against planting the tree, as they believe it would be unlucky. The guava grows wild in abundance in many parts. Pine-apples are generally very fine, and might be grown to any extent. Grapes and figs are sparingly cultivated, but bear well. The natives on the coast eat the fruit of the *Chrysobolamus Icaca*; it is like a round black-purple plum, tasteless and astrigent. The *Jambosa vulgaris* is found growing wild, and although rather insipid, it has a delicious scent of attar of roses. There is another tree bearing bunches of yellow, plum-like fruit of a very delicious flavour and scent, and its pulp mixed with water and sugar makes one of the nicest drinks one can taste. The only plants employed by the natives as scents are the seeds of the *Hibiscus Abelmoschus*, smelling strongly of musk, and a very sweet-smelling wood. These they rub over the head and body, and keep with their clothes. They use the skin of the musk or civet-cat, which is common in the interior, to scent their clothes and bodies. The

natives from the interior also rub themselves over with a stinking nut something like an acorn, with a powerful smell like rotten onions. Angola is poor in dyes, and the natives use only few. For red they use the fresh pulp enveloping the seeds of the annatto; for yellow they employ yellow ginger. Cloths are made black by rubbing them with charred ground-nuts reduced to a fine paste.

There is no danger, Mr. Monteiro says, in travelling over almost any part of Angola, especially in those parts in the occupation of the Portuguese. The natives are everywhere civil, if well treated. A knowledge of Portuguese is almost essential, as, with the exception of some places on the Congo, and as far south of it as Ambriz, where some of the natives speak English, a great number speak only Portuguese besides their own language.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Despatches from Mr. Stanley—Circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika—Legends as to its Origin—Meaning of the Name—Geological Changes—The Alexandra Nile—The Warundi and Waruanda—Small-Pox at Ujiji—Frank Pocock's Letters—Comment of "The Daily Telegraph" on the Despatches.*

IN March, 1877, after a long silence, copious and deeply interesting despatches reached this country from Mr. Stanley, under date Ujiji, August 7th to 13th, 1876. From these it appeared that the brave traveller had made a complete survey of Lake Tanganyika, and settled the question of the Lukuga, which Captain Cameron supposed to be its outlet. He proposed to cross the country to Nyangwe, and there to determine his final course. The first of these despatches is from Ujiji, Aug. 7, 1876:—

"Lake Tanganyika, despite its extreme length, is to be subject no more to doubts and fanciful hypotheses, for it has been circumnavigated and measured by me, and its enormous coast line laid down and fixed as accurately as a pretty good chronometer and solar observations will admit. Captain Burton's discovery is now a completed whole, with no corner indefinite, no indentation unknown. You must banish from your charts Mr. Cooley's grand United Tanganyika and Nyassa, and Sir Samuel Baker's no less fanciful idea of Upper and Lower Tanganyika, as also Livingstone's United Lake Liemba and Lake Tanganyika. A finished circumnavigation dispels all erratic ideas and illusions respecting its length and breadth, and furnishes us with a complete knowledge, as far as present necessities require, of its affluents and effluents.

"I write this letter to explain the problem of the Tanganyika, which has puzzled Livingstone and so many explorers, and induced so many able cartographers to publish wild conjectures instead of solid facts and truths; and I take for my texts once more certain items from Lieutenant Verney Cameron's letter to the Geographical Society, dated May 9, 1874. That gallant explorer says:—

'I have been fortunate enough to discover the outlet of the Tanganyika. The current is small (1.2 knots), as might be expected from the levels. It is believed to flow into the Lualaba, between the Lakes Moero and Kamarondo. I went four or five miles down it, when my further progress was stopped by

the floating grass and enormous rushes. The river, the Lukuga, is about twenty five miles south of the group of islands Captain Speke explored.'

"It is not fair to criticise such a brief letter as this, evidently written hastily after the discoverer's arrival in Ujiji, nor have I any such intention; but the observations serve as a preface to what I am about to say, and in a measure mark the boundaries of difference between Lieutenant Cameron and myself. I send you a chart of the Lukuga Creek, to enable your readers to understand clearly one of Nature's secrets in Central Africa. I shall now briefly remark upon the above statements.

"Lieutenant Cameron says he has been 'fortunate enough to discover the outlet of Lake Tanganyika.' He certainly has discovered Lukuga Creek, and, entertaining the friendliest feelings towards the gallant gentleman, I am happy to admit that, though he has found what has never been and is not the outlet, yet he has none the less pointed out what will be within a few years the outlet of the Tanganyika, for at present there is none, as we understand the term; no outflowing river or effluent. 'The current is small (1·2 knots), as might be expected from the levels.' Having differed with the first I must oppose this second statement, though reluctantly; but I impute the error to the traveller's over-hurry and imperfect levels. The chief who accompanied Cameron says that he stayed but a short time, and such a current as he mentions might well be caused by the monsoon wind blowing up the creek, but for further details and experiments testing this current I must refer you below.

"'It is believed to flow into the Lualaba, between Lakes Moero and Kamarondo.' More about the flow below, but Moero is pronounced 'Merwu' by all men, natives or Arabs, and of Kamarondo 'Lake' I can hear nothing, except a distinct and emphatic denial of there being such a lake; but all who know anything of it say there is a river called the Kamalondo, or Kamarondo, a large tributary of the Lualaba or Ugarowa. 'I went four or five miles down it, when my further progress was stopped by the floating grass and enormous rushes.' Lieutentant Cameron proceeded about three miles, I think, and made his experiments at Lumba. His progress was stopped by the papyrus, which perhaps may come under his description; but all specimens of ordinary grass seen in the Lukuga Creek at present may be eaten by a healthy ass in fifteen minutes. 'The river, the Lukuga, is about twenty-five miles south of the group of islands Captain Speke explored.' The entrance of the Lukuga Creek is situate in S. lat.  $5^{\circ} 49' 30''$ , while Kasenge Island is in S. lat  $5^{\circ} 35' 30''$ —making the Lukuga just fourteen geographical miles south of Kasenge, discovered by Speke.

"Beyond these few points I have no cause to differ with Lieutentant Cameron. To him alone belongs the credit and honour of the discovery of the Lukuga Creek, the future outlet of Lake Tanganika. I followed his course inch by inch, marked each of his camps, and employed the same guides.

Where he cut across deep bays and finally traversed Tanganyika Lake without reaching the south end by nineteen geographical miles, I diverged from his track, and completed what he had left undone, in the hope, since I was on the lake, and captain of my own boat, to correct or confirm him; but after all my trouble I only came to the Lukuga Creek to find that he is entitled to the honour of the discovery of the future outlet of the Tanganyika, because there is not at present what can be called an outflowing river at Lukuga Creek. I followed Cameron as far as Kasenge, whence he returned to Ujiji, leaving the northern half explored, but then I continued the exploration along the coasts of Ugubba, Goma, Kavunvweh, Karamba, Ubwari, Masansi—all new ground unvisited by any white man. Thus I came to the point where Livingstone and myself left off in 1871; thence to Ujiji, after having explored every corner and river mouth, bay, and creek, in search of the real outlet, or, if the Lukuga can be called one, in search of another. A distance of over eight hundred geographical miles was so traversed by me; but though I have made several interesting discoveries during the long voyage, none of them deserves our attention like the Lukuga Creek.

“I hope none of Lieutenant Cameron’s friends will take offence because I have found errors in his statements. Differences do not always imply dissensions. In this case his mistakes have arisen from haste and an imperfect examination of the Lukuga Creek. He is not deprived of the glory of the discovery of the Lukuga, nor of the credit of having gone through much trouble and hardship in his Tanganyika voyage. It is difficult for any man to be perfectly exact. One explorer loses a date, and having no means to right his calendar or to take lunars, is corrected by the next; one traveller regards an object this way, another in quite an opposite aspect; one man hears a statement and obtains a version of a thing directly the reverse of what is reported to his successor; one person contents himself with merely hearing of a fact, another is not content until he has realised it for himself, which makes a vast difference. There are more errors in the English Admiralty chart of the East African Coast than in all the maps of the Central African travellers’ routes. I have found no such absurd mistake in Burton’s, Speke’s, Grant’s, or Livingstone’s maps, as I found in the Admiralty chart, where Kissomang Point stands for Kisima Mafia (or Mafia’s well). Let Cameron’s friends, then, rest content, for in this letter I shall have to correct myself, Livingstone, and Burton.

“I begin, after this lengthy preamble, with tradition, the mother of history. The Wajiji, a tribe now occupying a small country near the centre of the eastern coast of the Tanganyika—immigrants long since from Urimdi—have two interesting legends respecting the origin of Lake Tanganyika.

“The first relates that the portion of this continent now occupied by the Great Lake was a plain ‘years and years ago;’ that on this plain was a large

town, the site of which is not known. In this town lived a man and his wife, with an enclosure round their dwelling, which contained a remarkably deep well or fountain, whence an abundant supply of fresh fish was obtained for their wants. The existence of the fountain and its treasure was kept a profound secret from all their neighbours, as the revelation of its existence had been strictly prohibited by father to son for many generations within this particular family, lest some heavy calamity, dimly foretold, would happen; and, remembering this injunction, the owners of the fountain lived long and happily, fresh fish being their main food each day. The wife, however, was not very virtuous, for she permitted another man in secret to share the love which should have been solely bestowed on her proper husband, and, among other favours, she frequently gave to her lover some of the fresh fish, a kind of delicious meat he had never before tasted, which roused his utmost curiosity to ascertain whence she obtained it. For a long time he ceased not to ask, while the woman steadily refused to tell.

“One day the husband was compelled to begin a journey to Uvinza, but before departure he strictly enjoined his wife to look after his house closely, to admit no gossips within his doors, and above all, not to show the fountain. This African Eve solemnly promised to comply with his instructions, though secretly she rejoiced at the prospect of his absence. A few hours after her husband’s departure she left her house to seek her lover, and when she found him she said, ‘You have for a long time demanded to know whence I obtained that delicious meat you have so often praised. Come with me and I will show you.’ The African Eve then took him to her house, in opposition to her husband’s commands, where, with a view to enhance the glories of the fountain, and the pleasure of viewing the fish sportfully displaying their silver sides in the water, she first entertained her lover with dishes cooked in various ways, nor was she neglectful to satisfy his thirst with wine of her own manufacture. Then, when the black Lothario began to be impatient at the delay, having no cause to postpone the exhibition, she invited him to follow her. A fence of water-cane plastered over with mud enclosed the wondrous fountain, within whose crystal depths he saw the fish. For some time he gazed on the brilliant creatures with admiration, then seized with a desire to handle one of them and regard it more closely, he put his hand within the water to catch one, when suddenly the well burst forth, the earth opened her womb, and soon an enormous lake replaced the plain. Within a few days the husband, returning from Uvinza, approached Ujiji, and saw to his astonishment a large lake where once a plain and many towns stood. He knew then that his wife had revealed the secret of the mysterious fountain, and that punishment had fallen upon her and her neighbours because of her sin.

“The other tradition imparted to me by the ancients of Ujiji relates that many years ago—how long no one can tell—the Luwegeri, a river near

Urimba, flowing westward into a valley, was met by the Lukuga flowing eastward, and its waters, driven backwards by the easterly flowing river, spread over the valley, and formed the Tanganyika. Hence the Luwegeri is termed the mother of the Lukuga. The Wagubba have also their tale, which is that a long time ago, near Urungu, there was a small hill, hollow within and very deep, full of water. This hill one day burst, and the water spread over the land, becoming a lake.

“The chief at the mouth of the Lukuga says that formerly that opening was a small river flowing into the Tanganyika, receiving many others as it descended towards the lake, but that the Tanganyika, filling up, ‘swallowed’ the Lukuga and made it a small lake or feeder of the Tanganyika, which until two years ago, during the rainy season, discharged its surplus water into the basin. During the last two years, however, the Tanganyika has risen so high that the neutral ground visible last rainy season between the creek-mouth and the Lukuga proper flowing to Rua has been inundated, so that the two Lukugas have become one.

“From traditions we may proceed to hypotheses, which, as will be seen, have been as wild as the native tales. Mr. Cooley, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, on the strength of an acquaintance with a half-caste Arab who had traded to certain parts in Central Africa, wrote the results of what he had gathered in his ‘Inner Africa Laid Open,’ wherein those who run may read and find much unwisdom, as has since been conclusively proved. The Tanganyika, according to Mr. Cooley, is connected with Nyassa. Livingstone also, the first of African explorers, was greatly misled and greatly in error about the Tanganyika. He said he tested a current during three months by means of water plants, which kept continually drifting northward. Misled by these, he constantly wrote and spoke about Upper and Lower Tanganyika. The Upper was supposed to be the Albert-Nyanza, the Lower, Burton’s Tanganyika. So certain was he of this, that when he and I proceeded to explore North Tanganyika he spoke to me about continuing down the river as far as the Albert-Nyanza. Since this last circumnavigating voyage of mine I do not wonder at all that Livingstone was so firm in his belief, for at the extreme south end, and far up the west coast, I find he had made diligent search for the outlet. On foot he trudged from Cazembe’s country to the frontier of Ugubba, and only took boat then to proceed by water to Ujiji. On his last march I also find that he made his direct way to the Tanganyika. I have not seen his journals, though no doubt they have been published by this. From Ponda’s village, as far as Ukituta, I find he has coasted along the lake. Camp after camp was shown to me, and it appears that he only desisted from search when he had united his last route to his former one. From all this it is apparent that he made strenuous efforts to discover the lake’s outlet, though unfortunately—the more’s the pity after such courageous striving—without

success. I never looked at the grim heights of Fipa, as I sat in my boat, without wondering how the aged traveller was able to hold out so long after such severe climbing. My men also stimulated my admiration by pointing out some tremendous mountain which had occupied them an entire day to scale.

“ I recollect also attending the Geographical Soiree of 1874, which was held at Willis's Rooms, and seeing pendant from top to bottom of the wall an enormous map, illustrating broadly enough the ‘Hypothesis of Sir Samuel Baker,’ which was an imaginary marriage of the Albert-Nyanza with the Tanganyika. Heedless of the stern obstacles that hinder the actual explorer in Africa, with one dab of a paint brush the gallant theorist had annihilated Ruanda, Mkinyaga, Unyambenya, Chamali, Nashi, and Uzige; while a broad, winding, river-like lake, nearly eight hundred geographical miles in length, astonished the scientific and unscientific worlds.

“ But to the point. On reading over the duplicates of my late letters, sent some months ago to the coast, I proudly perceive that I have cause to congratulate myself upon having approached pretty near the truth; but it must be admitted that my conjectures were not broached until I had paid a second visit to Lake Tanganyika, and had viewed with surprise the great rise of the lake which had taken place during an interval of five years. In my letters I ask, ‘Can it be possible that Lake Tanganyika is filling up, and that the Lukuga is but an intermittent affluent?’ Now that traditions, hypotheses, and conjectures must give way before the light thrown upon the subject by careful and exact exploration, it will be seen that my conjectures were not unfounded. I forgot who it was who said that the word Tanganyika was derived from the Kiswahili words Kuchanganya or Kuchanganika, which means in English, to ‘mix.’ Whether it was Mr. Cooley, or Captain Burton, the suggestion must be admitted to have been most ingenious; but the word has the objection of having been borrowed from a foreign language, because it shows an accidental similarity with a Wajiji term. Whether Kiswahili or some other northern speech must be taken for the mother tongue cannot be settled for some time yet; and until this is definitely ascertained by a comparison of languages and dialects, and a knowledge of the course of ancient immigrations, it is greatly to be doubted whether the interpretation should be admitted as the correct one.

“ Among the inquiries made by me around this lake has been one about the signification of the word Tanganyika, which I discover to be only adopted by the Wajiji, Warundi, Wazige, Wavira, and Wagoma, who united inhabit about a third of the shores. The Wawendi, Wafipa, Warungu, and Wawemba, who people the southern third, call it Jemba, Riemba, or Liemba—The Lake. It will be remembered that, among some of the discoveries Livingstone said he had made was that of Lake Liemba, which is really ‘Lake-Lake.’ No doubt Livingstone asked often enough of the natives of Uumya, probably

in Kibisa or Kibisa-Kisawahili, the name of the water, and was so often told it was Jemba or Liemba. Hence Livingstone wrote that he had 'discovered another lake, not very large, with two islands in it. Four rivers discharged into the lake. The shores very pretty, romantic, &c.' And in a subsequent letter he said, 'I find that this Lake Liemba is joined to Lake Tanganyika.' Imperfect investigation also, it seems, did not, therefore, exempt Livingstone from ever committing mistakes. Exploration of this part of Lake Tanganyika (the south end) discovers it as tallying with the above description of Liemba. Sakarabwe village, where the good Doctor was brought to by one of the chiefs of Kitumkuru as he came from Kabwire, and where he halted some time, was shown to me. The 'two islands' are Ntondwe and Murikwa; the four rivers are the Wizi, the Kitoke, Kapata, and Mtombwa.

"The natives of Marungu and Ugubba occupy the western third, called Tanganyika-Kimana, from which it is evident that had Burton and Speke, the discoverers of this lake, happened to have first marched to Fipa, instead of being informed about the 'Tanganyika,' we should probably have heard of this lake as Lake Liemba, or Riemba. Had they journeyed from westward to the lake, it is to be doubted much whether we should have heard of it as Tanganyika at all; undoubtedly, they would have enlarged upon the vast length, sea-like expanse, and romantic shores of Lake Kimana. In the same manner as all large bodies of water are spoken of by the Waganda as Nyanzas, so the Wajiji speak of them as Tanganyikas.

"In my endeavours to ascertain the signification of the term Tanganyika, and in the attempts of the Wajiji to explain, I learned that they really did not know themselves, unless it might be because the sea was so large, and its surf always made a noise, while a canoe could make a long journey on it. From all which I came to suppose that its signification was Large, Great, or Long Lake; Stormy Lake; Sounding Waters, or High Wave Lake, &c. I also learned that there was an electric fish called Nika in the lake, but then Tanga stood in the way of it being called after the fish; neither was the creature itself so very remarkable an object as to give its name to such a vast body of water. Questioning in this manner only worried the natives, and I did not obtain a satisfactory solution of the difficulty until happening, as is my custom, to write down as many native names for objects as I can gather from all dialects for the purpose of comparing them, I came to 'Kitanga,' a small lake, pool, or pond; a lake on which no canoes travel, and 'Nika,' a plain. It appeared to me that the meaning of the word was now obtained; that Tanganyika signifies The plain-like Lake, especially from the fact that a plain is universally taken in Inner Africa as a standard object for comparing or illustrating level bodies of earth or water of considerable extent, in the same manner as the word Bahr, or Sea, is used by the sea-coast people.

"On the voyage to the Lukuga, Cameron's chief guide, Para, whom I also

employed, pointed out several instances of changes that had occurred since that explorer had been on the lake. Sand beaches, which in many instances had served their canoes as a shelter from the waves, had become flooded to a depth of from three to four feet; low points of land had become totally insulated, islands had been formed, and others had been submerged; in the words of the guide, 'The Tanganyika truly was swallowing the land very fast.' But the best known change was at the mouth of the Lukuga. Two years ago—if Para and the chief at the entrance are to be believed—there stood there a long beach of white sand extending from Mkampemba on one side to Kara Point on the opposite side, cut by a channel four hundred or five hundred yards wide, much nearer Mkampemba than Kara Point. Several Arabs, surprised at the change, confirmed Para's statement, but I found, instead of this beach, a line of breakers, with a depth of from two to five feet, from Mkampemba to Kara Point; and as Cameron's halting place was no longer a shelter for canoes, we were compelled to proceed further on, about three-quarters of a mile.

"The chief, Kawe-Nyange, who took Cameron in his canoe up the creek, was very affable, remembered the white man of the well, and explained some wonderful things that had been shown him, finally expressing a doubt as to whether he should permit me to ascend the Lukuga, since he feared that the other white man had thrown some medicine into the water, which had caused the Tanganyika to overflow much country. The beach between his village and Kara was covered with angry white waves, a fishing village on the beach was destroyed, and the Mitwansi was covered with water. If one white man could make so many changes in the country, what might not two do? Kawe-Nyange, however, was, after a little while, laughed out of his fears, and was encouraged with ample gifts to take men with him to show me the land and water round about.

"All I could hear about the Lukuga, whether at Ujiji or from the chief at its mouth, only added to the difficulty of comprehending the real state of things. Lieutenant Cameron stated that he had discovered the outlet of the Tanganyika, with a current of about 1·2 knots an hour! Arabs who had crossed the Lukuga scores of times said that it was not an outflowing river, but an inflowing river. Wagubba from Monyis asserted that there were two Lukugas, one flowing east and one coming west, and a bank or ridge of dry land separated the two. Ruango, one of my guides, declared that he had crossed it five times; that it was a small river flowing into the Tanganyika; that if I found it flowed in any other direction except into the Tanganyika he would return his hire to me. Para, Cameron's chief guide, remarked that the white man could not have seen the water flow towards Rua, simply because it did not flow there.

"A native at Tembwe reported that last year there were two Lukugas,

one flowing to Tanganyika, another to Rua; but this year's rain had joined the two rivers and made them one, flowing west. Kawe-Nyange, the chief at the entrance to the Lukuga, said that he would show me a river flowing to the Tanganyika, and a little way above another running towards Rua.

"A sub-chief of his stated that formerly there were two Lukugas, one flowing to the lake, another running in towards Rua; but these last two years' rains had swelled the Tanganyika so much that the lake had 'swallowed' the Lukuga stream flowing into it, and had become joined to the Lukuga, flowing to Rua; but that this union with the Rua-Lukuga was not continual, lasting only during the hours of the south-east monsoon (Manda); that each afternoon, after the wind had calmed, the river returned as usual to the lake.

"Lastly, I may mention that Mr. J. F. de Bourgh, C. E. and F. R. G. S., a gentleman engaged by me to construct me a blank chart of Central Africa, has drawn, near the position occupied by the Lukuga in question, a small lake with a river flowing out of it towards the Tanganyika. I must say that, wherever the gentleman obtained his information, he has illustrated the subject exactly as it stood a few years ago. As the case stands to-day, no one is exactly right, or quite wrong. Exploration and close investigation of this geographical phenomenon reconcile all these contrary statements; but without the chart, illustrating my survey, I should despair of making my meaning very clear.

"In company with Kawe-Nyange and some of his people, we sailed up a fine open stream-like body of water, ranging in width from ninety to four hundred and fifty yards of open water. From bank to bank there was a uniform width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, but the sheltered bends, undisturbed by the monsoon winds, nourished dense growths of papyrus. After sailing three miles before the south-east wind we halted at the place which Kawe-Nyange pointed out as the utmost limit of the ascent made by Cameron, a small bend among the papyrus plants, a few hundred yards north-west from Lumba. As a first proof of what Kawe-Nyange had said about a Lukuga flowing into the lake, and another flowing out of the lake, he pointed out the returning water-bubbles, which 'fought,' he said, against the small waves by the south-east wind, for which intelligent remark he received an encouraging word.

"After landing at Lumba all who were not required by me in the deliberate investigation I was about to make with the aid of my boat, I had a proper camp pitched and a quiet cove cleared, where boat and canoe could lie close to the bank. I then proceeded further up the Lukuga. When about one hundred yards higher we arrived at the limit of open water, and an apparently impenetrable mass of papyrus grew from bank to bank. Here we stopped for a short time, and with a portable level tried to detect a current. The level indicated none. We then pushed our way through about twenty

yards of the papyrus plants, until we were stopped by mud-banks, black as pitch, enclosing slime and puddles seething with animal life. I caused four men to stand in the boat, and climbing on their shoulders, with an oar for support I tried to obtain a general view of what lay ahead and around us. I saw the bed of the creek or river choked from bank to bank with the papyrus plants, except where they enclosed small pools of still water, while about a mile or so higher up I saw trees which seemed to me to stand exactly in the bed. Descending from my uneasy perch, I caused two of my men to proceed in opposite ways on the mud towards the banks. Perceiving, after watching them a short time, that the muddy ooze was not firm enough to sustain a man's weight I recalled them, and returned to open water again.

"I now began another experiment to test the existence of a current. I took a piece of board, with which I had provided myself beforehand, and cut out a disc a foot in diameter. Into this disc I bored four holes, through which I rove a stout cord and suspended to it at the distance of five feet an earthenware pot, which, filled with water and held in suspension by the board, would unmistakably mark the existence of a current. Into one side of the board I drove a long spike with a small ball of cotton tied round the head. This done I measured along a straight reach of water one thousand feet with a tape line, both ends of the track distinctly marked by a riband of sheeting tied to the papyrus. When these preparations had been completed I proceeded to the south-easternmost end, and in the centre of the creek dropped the disc and the attached pot in the water, noting the time by chronometer, while we rowed a way from it. The monsoon wind blew very strongly at the time. The distance which the disc floated between 23h. 22m. 20s. and 24h. 22m. was 822ft. from S.E. to N.W. Second attempt, afternoon, wind having dropped, disc floated from N.W. to S.E.—that is, lakewards—159ft. in 19m. 30s.

"This closed our experiment for the first day. The second day, with fifteen of the expedition, accompanied by the chief and ten of his people, we started afoot north-westwards. Keeping as closely as the nature of the bushes and the watercourses would permit to the Lukuga, I observed that the trend of the watercourses and streams was from north-west to south and S.S.-Easterly. After a march of a couple of hours we came to Elwani Village, where the road from Monyis to Unguvwa and Luwelezi crossed the Lukuga. At Elwani we augmented our party by two of the villagers, and then descended by a gentle slope to the Mitwansi. At the base of the slope we came to the bed occupied by the Kibamiba and Lukuga. The former was a small sluggish stream with a trend south-easterly. Crossing this we came to the dried bed of a periodical river; whether it should be called the Lukuga or the Kibamiba it would be difficult to say. Prostrate and withered water-cane showed that the flow of the water in the season was lakewards. A few

yards further on we reached a point where this bed first became moist, with a dense growth of water cane flourishing and checking all progress, except by the well-trodden path, which ran through tunnels caused by the water canes embracing above our heads. Our road lay now through what might be called a swamp, now over a firm path of dark brown clayey mud, then through shallow hollows, with water up to the ankles, which sometimes deepened to the knees. Finally we arrived in the middle of the Mitwansi, and Kawe-Nyange halted to point out triumphantly the water flowing indisputably westward. The stream was up to the knees and felt cold, and on putting a thermometer into it I found it to be only 68° Fah., about 7° cooler than the Lukuga Creek. By pressing the cane down with our feet to allow a free passage for the water, the flow perceptibly quickened. Borne by two men, I crossed over until I stood on the other bank, and observed that this cane-choked bed was very uneven. Sometimes the water was so deep that the men sank to their hips, but the average depth was about eighteen inches. Trees, now dead, were seen in the centre of the bed, which proved the statement of the natives true, that not long ago the Mitwansi tract was dry enough to nourish tamarind groves.

“This last rainy season has changed it now, for since its termination the tract has become inundated, and a continual waterflow has been observable. The name Lukuga clings to this bed until it passes the Kiyanja ridge, when the channel becomes known as the Luindi (some call it the Luimbi), which, flowing by Miketo's Land, passes through Kalumbi's in Rua, and empties into the Kamalondo, a tributary of the Lualaba. This road or ford, as it must now be called, is daily traversed by men, women, and children, who require to cross from one bank to the other, and is about three miles north-west from Lumba, or six miles from Mkampemba.

“The result of four days' experiments, investigations and inquiries, proved that, as far as the south-east end of the Mitwansi tract—which may be called a marsh or an ooze, receiving and absorbing a large quantity of water pressed against it by the daily south-east wind—there is no current, but that, on the contrary, the surplus waters which cannot be absorbed by the already repleted ooze, on the wind subsiding, return to the lake. That for the space of two miles from the south-east end of the Mitwansi, the entire bed from bank to bank is choked by immovable mudbanks enclosing stagnant pools and stream-like expanses of water, edged round with impenetrable growths of papyrus plants. That at the third mile, where the ancient lacustrine deposit is of a firmer quality, and water cane replaces the papyrus, there first becomes discernible an ooze, a trickle, and a flow westward, which, proceeding in that direction at the base of the Kiyanja ridge, is attracted to one proper channel and presently approaches the dignity of a river, when it becomes known as the Luindi.

“ This Mitwansi is a tract of alluvial deposit, and is the result of the united action of the lake winds (which from the end of April to the middle of November prevail from the south-east) and the feeble current of the former affluent Lukuga. The current, as may be expected from the very limited area it drained, was met daily during nearly seven months of the year by the waves of the lake, which encroached yearly nearer and nearer to its source, and the detrital matter which would have been borne into the lake by a stream of greater force was deposited amid the papyrus. This plant flourishes in still and sweet-water lagoons or in quiet bends of rivers, and once it has thoroughly obtained root it becomes almost as immovable as a forest. As the waters of the lake advanced with its annual rise they destroyed with each year some small portion of the force of the Lukuga current; and the water plants and other organic *debris* floating down the stream no sooner felt the influence of the lake wind than they were heaped up amid these papyri; other matter borne direct from the lake, such as floating canewood, and earthy washings from the banks and the bar, were pressed against them, sometimes thrown amongst them. Soil, sand, decomposing vegetation, sunk on the surface, bore it down with their weight, and thus the process of entombing the earlier *debris* created finally a tract of clayey mud and ooze, out of which a luxuriant growth of papyrus shot its brush-like heads as dense as a field of corn.

“ While the Lukuga was a river it will be seen that there was a constant precipitation of detrital matter, and as steady an accumulation of it in one locality, until the river became annihilated, and only its bed, now filled by the creek, and the small tributary streams, mark its former course.

“ Since the Tanganyika has risen to the level of the Mitwansi—whether this year, last year, or two years ago, matters not much which—a change must be looked for, and with the advance of time it will become more decided and remarkable. The mud and ooze, with all the papyrus of the Mitwansi, furnishes too feeble an obstacle to resist the increasing volume received each year by the Tanganyika, while there is a steep slope at the western side of it ready to pour away the surplus water. The consequence will be that five years hence, perhaps a little later, an effluent will be formed of great magnitude and real force, for the fiat of Nature has gone forth to the Tanganyika, ‘ Thus high shalt thou rise, and no higher.’

“ In these results, patiently and impartially attained, I see no opposition to Lieutenant Cameron’s claiming the full honour of the discovery, but rather a simple reconciliation of apparently opposing statements. The whole was a perplexing riddle to me, which the more I thought of the more complicated it grew, and only a personal examination of the scene would ever have enabled me to understand the matter.

“ In the absence of a scientific geologist I must take upon myself to suggest a few thoughts to those of your readers who may become interested in this

subject of the Lukuga, and are better able than myself to deal with it. I cannot satisfactorily account for the existence of this interesting phenomenon otherwise than by supposing the formation of the extraordinary deep depression in the bosom of the broad plateau filled by the waters of the Tanganyika to be post-diluvain. If the ideas of one accustomed to read geological history, and to speculate on past ages from existing traces in the hard rock or mountain contour, may be permitted to see the light, I would say that subsequent to the retreat of the ocean to its present bed, the Malagarazi and the Luwegeri rivers have flowed over this present enormous gulf, and channelled their way for their exit westward, first severing the Kiyanja from the Kilunga ridge. This great depression was in these days an apparently firm plateau with the same rolling surface as Unyamwezi and Uhha now present; and the two rivers, joined by others of less magnitude, flowed on undisturbedly to the Lualaba for centuries, perhaps ages. For in what other manner could this deep break in what must evidently have been long ago one firm, unbroken, compact ridge, have become so smoothly worn down, a thousand feet and more, so low as to permit the gently flowing Luindi to sweep by its base from the east. It required a mightier volume of water than the Luindi, with no other source of supply than the ooze of the Mitwansi, three miles east of Kiyanja, and until the present year such supply must have been scanty in the extreme.

“If it be granted that such was, or might have been, the condition of this region at that time, the subsequent changes which took place are easy enough to arrive at. We may imagine volcanic agency, then, as heaving up this plateau, rending the solid earth, and heaping along the edges of the deep chasm it created long lines of mountain ranges, so changing its former smooth rolling surface into its present rugged and uneven aspect. The great stream which formerly drained all this section and rolled between the Kihinga and Kiyanja ridges, having its ancient bed disrupted, fell abruptly into the immense gulf in several and separate courses, till a stream of short length and little volume is created, flowing from the eastern slopes of the above-named ridges south-eastward, to be in due time known as the Lukuga; since which tremendous wrack of nature half of the waters with inverted courses have assisted the other half to fill up the chasm, appearing to be now on the eve of fulfilling their task.

“The visible effects of this great geological change are not the same at the southern end as they are further north, and about the centre. At the southern end, the plateau, with its folds upon folds and layers upon layers of firm rock, drops abruptly down to the blue-green depths of the lake, and voyagers coasting along those shores appear to be gazing at the zenith, as they look up at the few shrubs and trees growing upon the edge of the tawny plateau. But at the centre, especially about Tongive on the east side and Tembive on the west side, we appear to be in the vicinity of the origin

of this convulsion, and the section whence the earth first began to feel her throes. At Tongive we see an aggregation of aspiring peaks and semi-circular cones, which would perhaps, with more exact knowledge, be called closed vomitories or craters. South of Tembive we see a ridge inclining to the north-east, lofty and irregular, with much of the same structure as the rocks of Tongive exhibit. North of Tembive, on the same side, is to be observed a considerable depression in the land. From a height of four thousand feet above the surface of the lake, the soil has suddenly subsided into a low, rolling surface, the highest point of which is scarcely one thousand five hundred feet above the water, with isolated domes and cones. The rock also changes in character from the basalt and trap to a decomposed felspathic kind, followed by a conglomerate and a calcareous tufa, strongly impregnated with iron, which is the character of the banks on each side of the Lukuga.

“In no other part of the lake coast have I found rock of such soft character as at the Lukuga. This depressed country continues as far as Goma, where we see the land upheaved highest, but with slopes less abrupt and rugged than at the south end, and clothed with a tropical luxuriance of vegetation, mammoth trees, and numberless varieties of shrubs and plants. The high altitude which marks the verge of the Goma tract compared to that of the plateau lying immediately west of it inclines one to think that the volcanic explosion tilted the whole of this north-western coast, merely raising higher and loosening the edges of the chasm, which has since by action of weather and water become worn and decomposed, presenting for a breadth of from four to five miles all those various effects in mountain scenery which most approach the sublime in character. Once out of view of the chasm filled by the Tanganyika, the plateau is seen clearly in its original form, and has a gradual westward slope.

“Between North Goma and the high mountains of Uvira there is another remarkable depression in the land, similar to that of Uguhha. It appears as if there had been a sudden subsidence of this part, and a flow of the subterranean rock N.N.E., which afterwards was ejected bodily upward, and now forms the peninsula of Ubwari, over thirty miles in length. Burton and Speke, on their voyage from Ujiji to Uvira, sketched Ubwari as an island, probably from the fact that the Wajiji carelessly called it ‘Kirira,’ or ‘island.’ Livingstone and myself, in 1871, also heard of what our predecessors had called Ubwari Island as the island of Muzimu. Here is an instance of four travellers mistaken about one small section of Lake Tanganyika. The truth is, we were all wrong. My recent exploration has proved that the countries of Karamba and Ubwari form a long, narrow peninsula, joined firmly enough to the mainland by an isthmus seven miles in width, with an altitude in its centre of about two hundred feet above the lake. So it will be seen that, before any of our former statements can become correct, the Tanganyika must have a

further rise of two hundred feet, which the ‘waste-pipe’ of the Lukuga will presently render impossible.

“The fact that this is not an island, but a peninsula, makes a deep gulf penetrate S.S.W. between Masansi and Ubwari. I have taken the liberty of calling this great arm of the lake ‘Burton Gulf,’ in honour of the discoverer of the Tanganyika, as Speke Gulf distinguishes a somewhat similar formation in the south-east section of the Victoria Nyanza. From the top of one of the Ubwari hills I gazed westward—the first white man who has ever enjoyed this privilege, for there is always some trouble in Ubwari. It being a clear day, by means of a field-glass I obtained an extensive view—at some distance, it is true—of the impenetrably savage countries west of Burton Gulf. The land lies in lengthy mountain waves, with deep valleys between, for twenty or thirty miles, when, finally, the great table-land of this part of Central Africa again presents itself, and is seen to join at a cloudy distance, after a deep curve south-west, the plateau of Goma. These valleys between the mountain waves give rise to many small rivers, all of which have their exit into the lake on the west side of Burton Gulf.

“Such are some of the most remarkable effects of that grand convulsion which disparted the table-land of Central Africa, and formed this enormous chasm of the Tanganyika in its bosom. Nor has this convulsion occurred so very remotely but that it might, in my humble opinion, be measured in lapse of years by competent scientific men. It appears, also, that the agencies which produced this extraordinary change are not quite dead in this part of Central Africa, for about eighteen months ago, I hear, a mountain in Urundi was precipitated from its position and toppled over, burying several villages, with all their inhabitants. This disaster occurred near Mukungu, in Urundi.

“About three years ago the surface of the Tanganyika Lake, in the neighbourhood of Ujiji, was observed to be blackened with large lumps and masses of some strange, dark substance, which, as they were swept upon the shore of Ujiji, were picked up, examined, and wondered at. The Wajiji called it, and still continue firmly in their belief, the ‘discharge of lightning.’ The Arabs called it pitch, and collected large quantities of it. Requiring some substance to caulk my boat before setting out on the voyage of exploration, I was presented with some of this ‘discharge of lightning,’ or pitch, and found it was asphaltum, which most probably escaped through some vent in the bed of the Tanganyika, since on no part of the shores could I obtain, after diligent inquiry, the slightest information of its source.

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

Referring to the foregoing letter, on the day of its publication, the “Daily Telegraph” says:—

“Once again we are enabled, with a great and natural satisfaction, to

continue, from Mr. Stanley's own communications, the story of his remarkable discoveries. Our last despatches, dated in May of 1876, had brought him into the vicinity of Ujiji on Tanganyika, after the thorough navigation of the Victoria Nyanza, the stay at King Mtesa's Court, and the interesting explorations of the country lying between the Victoria and Albert Lakes. In June of 1876 the joint Commissioner of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' reached the well-known Arab town of Ujiji, the resting-place of so many travellers; and, while there recruiting the strength of his expedition, which had traversed such immense distances, he himself prepared to circumnavigate the great inland sea discovered by Speke and Burton. He still had with him, apparently, that wonderful little vessel the *Lady Alice*, which, built upon the Thames and transported by steamer to Zanzibar, has since been carried over almost as many miles of dry land as she has traversed by water. He also appears to have received so much of the intelligence which we had forwarded as to acquaint him with Cameron's researches and his march across Africa.

"Rightly conceiving therefore that it was his duty to employ the leisure time at Ujiji in correcting or confirming the statement made by that gallant officer about the outlet of the Tanganyika, and having in his excellent little vessel a command of the water which no native canoe could give, Mr. Stanley lost no time in launching for the voyage, and spent part of June and all July of last summer in thoroughly exploring the coasts of the lake. It has now at last, and now only, been completely circumnavigated; for the traveller started southwards from Ujiji, and not only searched every bay and sailed to the very end of the basin—instead of, as Cameron did, crossing the bights and missing the Liemba termination of nineteen miles—but, sailing northwards along Uguha and Ugoma, he visited and settled the question of the Lukuga, and finally came round at the northern extremity to the point which he had reached in 1871 with Dr. Livingstone, in the voyage from Ujiji, thus securing for himself the indisputable distinction of having been the first to coast the entire body of water.

"Among many other interesting discoveries, Mr. Stanley has found that Ubwari in the north is no island, but a peninsula enclosing a deep and splendid bay, which, with great propriety, he has named after the distinguished explorer who with Speke first saw and reported this African fresh-water sea. Our Commissioner had already given the name of 'Speke Gulf' to the very similar inlet of the Victoria Nyanza which runs under the island of Ukerewe. It is creditable to him, and a great pleasure to ourselves, thus to have the names of famous Englishmen imperishably connected with the results of their labours; and in the second despatch, which we shall have the satisfaction of publishing on Thursday next, it will be found that our Commissioner lays in a like spirit at the feet of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales

a discovery effected in the hitherto unknown land south of the Nyanzas, which even so illustrious a lady may be proud to accept. In that subsequent communication he mentions some extraordinary particulars connected with the coasts of Lake Tanganyika; its copper mines, underground dwellings, strange tribes, wild and magnificent scenery, abundant fishes and aquatic creatures, including some novel amphibia, which he calls ‘water hyænas.’ Even in the present despatch every line and word tends to increase our interest in this glorious African Michigan, which, rolling its bright waves for five whole degrees of latitude, seems destined, according to the discoveries of Stanley, to a yet more important function in African geography than it has yet fulfilled.

“We say this, because the absorbing portion of the letter which we print this morning is incontestably that dealing with the Lukuga, declared by Captain Cameron to be the outlet of the lake. No geographer needs to be reminded of the announcement made by this explorer’s letter of May, 1874, to the effect that the Tanganyika discharged at this point into the Lualaba. The difficulty of believing the theory was prodigious, in the first place because of the very slight flow reported, and the consequent insufficient relief of so immense a lake receiving a hundred mountain streams and two or three considerable rivers; moreover, the Tanganyika is full of reed-choked inlets or *tingi-tingi* like the Lukuga—which Cameron had merely entered and not explored—and, lastly, with all these uncomfortable doubts existing, there remained a full third of the lake-coast yet to be searched for a more comprehensible outlet. Such considerations threw a cold shadow upon the belief which Captain Cameron proclaimed; and we ourselves, while yielding to none in admiration of that explorer’s labours, could not but point out how unsatisfactory the statements appeared.

“With all the more gratification, we now find ourselves the means of conveying Mr. Stanley’s generous recognition that, in lighting upon the Lukuga, Cameron really made a greater discovery than he knew of; for, while to find an existing outlet is much, to hit upon one which is not an outlet yet, but will be in a short time, must seem still more lucky and clever. Our Commissioner warmly hails his predecessor on this spot as the decipherer of the riddle of Tanganyika, but in a sense never imagined. According to Mr. Stanley, there was until lately a ‘Lukugá’ river, which ran with a feeble volume from the Uguha hills into the lake. This river brought down clay and silt, which, meeting the *debris* washed in from the lake, piled up a *Mitwansi*, or barrier of dry land, covered with trees, and admitting a slight soak of water when the south-west wind blew, causing a current. Behind the *Mitwansi*, on the other side of the narrow water-shed, a real stream, the Luindi or Luimbi, ran to the westward.

If our Commissioner’s view is correct, that neck of land was never

passed by water from Tanganyika until a very short time ago. The lake drainage does but trickle slowly even now through the papyrus and dead groves of the *Mitwansi*; but in about five years from the present date Mr. Stanley believes Tanganyika will for the first time be full to its brim since it was excavated by the volcanic disruption of the great table land. Then and not until then the mighty tarn will begin to pour its surplus waters down the Luimbi into the valley of the Lualaba; and what Cameron saw was not the actual but the destined outlet of that vast inland sea, which, when it once commences to overflow, will create an effluent worthy of its volume. The 'waste-pipe' of Tanganyika has been laid ready by nature—Mr. Stanley says—in the depression between the Kikinga and Kiyanja hills, which gap he believes marks the original course of an ancient river, displaced by the telluric convulsion that formed the basin of the lake. The outlet has never yet come into use, because, with all its tributaries, this vast chasm has taken all these many years to fill. But Tanganyika has, season by season, 'swallowed up more land,' until the beaches which Cameron saw are covered, and surf rolls where he pitched his tent. The huge lake has now at length—and for the first time—begun to cover the *Mitwansi*, and to make its way into the Luimbi bed, which will thus soon discharge an immense yearly tribute into the Kamolondo River—not lake—and finally add largely to the already magnificent volume of the Lualaba.

"Of course, we foresee and are well prepared for the vivacious discussion to which this declaration will lead. Before it is commenced, however, geographers will do well to study the extremely careful observations of our Commissioner, who evidently spared no pains to establish the correctness of his researches, questioning the currents with ingenious contrivances, and exhausting every inquiry and examination. It will appear strange, no doubt, that any traveller can have surprised this vast lake in the act, as it were, of reaching its watery majority; and many will say 'Tanganyika in the rainy seasons must have flowed over this *Mitwansi* from time immemorial.' But the well-grown tamarind trees on the neck of land; the unanimous assertions of the natives; the gradual rising of the lake—which the Chief of Kara attributed to the white men's visits—and the fact that the Luimbi alone could never have excavated the depression in the hills—all these points tell strongly the other way. And if it be asked what has become of the endless wealth of water poured into the lake all round its shores every rainy season, the immense evaporation must be borne in mind.

"We witness in the Dead Sea the phenomenon of a large basin into which the considerable stream of Jordan runs perpetually with a flood that—as those know who have visited the scene—marks the surface for a long distance; and yet the sun's heat sucks up so much of the fresh water as to keep the lake always at a level, and always salt and bituminous. Tanganyika,

according to Stanley's investigations, would be similarly a *lacus asphaltites*, but that the contributions from its coasts have always surpassed the loss by evaporation, and have always been steadfastly though slowly engaged in brimming up the volcanic chasm. It has now at last just reached its natural and long-prepared brink; and, if these researches be accurate, the floods of forthcoming years will precipitate themselves—not by a feeble trickle such as Cameron thought he saw—but in a foaming burst of white and sparkling wave through the Luimbi channel into the Lualaba's bed. If that be so, and if, again, the Lualaba at Nyangwe is indeed the Upper Congo—which problem at this very moment is under solution by our indomitable Commissioner—then who can tell whether Tanganyika may not, with her opulent waves, efface or diminish the Yellalas or cataracts of the ‘Mother of Waters,’ and perhaps so create a navigable channel from Guinea to Nyangwe and the African highlands?

“Of such a fascinating nature are the thoughts inspired by these discoveries, which, dull only to the narrow-minded, are to all enlightened and hopeful intelligences of extreme interest and importance. Whatever the judgment of accomplished geographers may prove upon the facts and conclusions embodied in the present despatch of our Commissioner, we rejoice in the fair and willing tribute which he pays to his British predecessor at the Lukuga. Cameron to-day receives fresh laurels from the hand of him who has thus completed the task, of ‘Settling Tanganyika;’ and when the public has perused Mr. Stanley's second despatch, with its remarkable revelations on the Nile sources, and has seen him—in fancy—start away for Nyangwe from pest-stricken Ujiji, the liveliest anxiety must be felt to know what our traveller will make of the other and almost the last great problem of Africa—the true course and issue of Livingstone's river, the prodigious Lualaba.”

A few days after the appearance of Mr. Stanley's first letter from Ujiji, the “Telegraph” published the following, also written from Ujiji, and dated August 10, 1876:—

“Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, is reported to have said that all travellers up the Nile generally returned with the statement that a new source of that river had been found. The publisher of the jest, no doubt, thought that his Highness was poking good fun at the discoverers. Whether it were the case or not, I must inform his Highness, through the columns of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald,’ that he can pride himself upon being a sovereign of a stream the several sources of which still task the best abilities and qualities of explorers to discover them; that his grand river has not one but several origins; that one main feeder was discovered by James Bruce, and called the Blue Nile, that another was found by Speke and Grant, and christened the Victoria, and that a third was made known by Sir Samuel Baker and named by him the Albert Nyanza, but that these gentlemen did not exhaust the list of the sources of the Nile. Perhaps the enclosed map

which I send you of a new fountain will compel his Highness to exclaim, 'What do I see now? Another source? Can it be possible that the problem has not yet been exhausted?' Could ancient Nilus reply to him, I could fancy the stream saying, 'How many of my sources did thy grim grandsire, Mohammed Ali, or his sons, Ibrahim and Ismail, discover, and how far hast thou investigated me, with all thy power, who shouldst have had the greatest interest in knowing whence I came, and what waters I brought so far to irrigate thy gardens and fields, and sustain thee and thy people? Ingrates of Egypt! which of ye all have thought it worth while to find out whence I came, that ye might honour me as I deserve? If by special favour I whisper a few of my secrets to strangers from afar, and permit them to view my wondrous and sweet fountains and flowery beds, what is the credit to thee? If thou art envious of like distinction, then seek me at my many homes under the Equator.'

"If his Highness will accept my answer I respectfully beg him to glance over the accompanying chart, and to read the few remarks I have now the honour to make respecting the river known as the Kagera, Ingezi, Kitangule, or Nawarango, which, according to the natives of Karagwe and Uganda, is called the Daughter of the River at Jinja, the Victoria Nile.

"People differ, it appears, as to the exact signification of the 'source' of a river, and travellers jealous of their fame for discovery have sometimes assisted to make the meaning more uncertain. Stay-at-homes, on whom devolves the duty of toning down the exuberant congratulations of travellers, are generally agreed that it is the main head, origin, or extremity, whence the initial supply is obtained in a spring, fountain, marsh, lake, or it may be that the river is created by a series of these; but generally one main tributary is followed to its extreme end, and that, whatever it be, is called the source of the river. Speke, if I remember rightly, asks somewhat impatiently in one of his books, 'What should be called the source of the river—a lake which receives the insignificant stream flowing into it, and discharges all by one great outlet, or the tributaries which the lake collects, or the clouds which supply these tributaries with water?' In my opinion, if we go on at this rate, we might proceed still further, and ask, 'Or the moisture and vapours which the clouds absorb, or the ocean which supplies these vapours and moisture?' If these questions are permitted, why should explorers go to such trouble to discover sources of rivers when every child is perfectly well acquainted with the origin of all of them? If we remember the true signification of 'source' it is easy to understand why Bruce, Speke, and Baker, all returned home each with a new source of the Nile, and why I now send you the survey of another. Speke and Baker both write about 'Reservoirs of the Nile' in their books. Speke, while accompanied by Grant, discovered the Victoria Lake and the Victoria Nile.

“The Victoria Lake is a magnificent extent of water. I sent you some time ago a chart of it, the result of our circumnavigation. It is the recipient of many fine streams, two of which are very important. The Shimeeyu is two hundred and ninety miles in length from its source to its exit into the lake, and my ‘Alexandra Nile’ has (as yet discovered) a length of three hundred and ten miles, but perhaps as many more. The Shimeeyu might be compared to the Thames, and drains off the water which falls into it from extensive plains, forests, and slopes of plateaus; but the Alexandra Nile exceeds in volume even in its dry season the Thames and Severn united, and the colour and clearness of its depths prove that it must either take its rise far to the westward of the Tanganyika, or that its course is intercepted by some lake where its waves are purified. Investigating the cause, I have discovered there is indeed such a lake, of considerable extent, and known by different names.

“Speke, after visiting the outlet of the Victoria Lake and travelling some distance down its shores northerly and westerly, returned home; and soon after, a fatal accident deprived the Royal Geographical Society of one of its most indefatigable explorers. Sir Samuel Baker, hearing from Speke and Grant of the existence of a lake west of Unyoro, proceeded to that field, and fortunately discovered another magnificent lake, called by the Wanyoro, Luta N’zige; by the Waganda, Muta Mzige; by the Wasagara, Nyanja Unyoro; by the Wanyambu, sometimes all three; to which Baker, however, very loyally gave the name Albert Nyanza. In a native canoe he explored about sixty miles along the north-east coast, and found the Victoria Nile, descending from the Lake Victoria, to form one of the feeders of the Albert Lake. A little farther north the Albert Nyanza discharges all its collected affluents—the Victoria Nile being one of them—into the White Nile, which in its descent towards Egypt receives other streams more or less important. Near Khartoum, the White Nile obtains an accession to its volume from the Blue Nile (discovered by James Bruce), which rises in Abyssinia. If it be asked, ‘Why enter into these trite details?’ I reply that I write for the readers of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald,’ who amount to about half a million; that amongst this vast number some are perhaps a little confused about the geography of the Nile, knowing little of how much has been accomplished, or of what remains to be discovered; and I believe it desirable for a comprehension of the subject that these few remarks should be made.

“After lighting upon a great gulf in the Albert Nyanza, I travelled south from 0° 30’ N. lat. in search of the tributaries of these two vast lakes—the Albert and Victoria—and perceived that the slope of the section was more to the east, towards the Victoria, and that no rivers worthy of the name, except the Rusango or Mpanga, fall into the Albert Lake from the east side. Nor can any stream of importance supply the Albert from the south, because the Alexandra Nyanza to be described occupies too large a bed, and must be fed

from the section separating the Tanganyika and Albert, as the Albert is from the Victoria. If any important affluents supply the Albert other than the Victoria Nile, they must be searched for on the south-west and west side of Lake Albert, by means of a vessel launched on its waters, or by a journey overland. If a feeder be found on that side so large as to exercise an important influence on the lake, or such as would add greatly to the White Nile itself did not Lake Albert intercept its course, it is obvious that such a river also should be taken into consideration when speaking of 'the sources of the Nile.'

"Lake Albert, receiving so grand an affluent as the Victoria Nile, has been called by Baker a reservoir of the Nile; but, in my opinion, this noble lake deserves a yet higher title, as I shall presently show. It is proved by my explorations that Lake Victoria is also a reservoir of the Nile, but I shall demonstrate that Lake Victoria deserves a prouder name, distinct and separate from that given to Lake Albert. Permit me to place in order a few questions and answers. What supplies the White Nile with water? Lake Albert of course principally. What supplies Lake Albert? The Victoria Nile principally (so far as is yet known). Whence proceeds the Victoria Nile? From the Victoria Lake. What supplies the Victoria Lake? The 'Alexandra Nile' principally. Whence proceeds the Alexandra Nile? From the Alexandra Lake. What supplies the Alexandra Lake? The Upper Alexandra Nile and other streams not yet known. It is clear, then, that the Egyptian Nile is the issue of the united Blue and White Niles—that the White Nile is the issue of Lake Albert—that the Victoria Nile is the issue of Lake Victoria, and I have found that the Lower Alexandra Nile is the issue of Lake Alexandra.

"Thus it will be seen that I have given higher titles to these lakes than mere reservoirs, for, without the source of supply, what would the reservoir become? Indeed, in strict and sober fact, these several lakes are accidents of Nature, intercepting the course of the river from the Alexandra Nile downwards, disparting the river into several streams, the White Nile, Victoria Nile, and Alexandra Nile. A parallel case is presented by the Lualaba, discovered by Livingstone, which may be described in like manner as the above. The Chambezi feeds Lake Bemba; Lake Bemba creates the Luapula; the Luapula supplies Lake Mweru; Mweru creates Webb's Lualaba; Webb's Lualaba, supplied by other tributaries, supplies the Lower Lualaba. Or, in other words, the Lower Lualaba is the issue of Webb's Lualaba; Webb's Lualaba is the issue of Lake Mweru; the Luapula is the issue of Bemba. These lakes are accidents of Nature, as also the Nile Nyanzas, and present so many interceptions or basins in the course of the river. I send you a survey of the above, and request its publication, not only to illustrate the course of the Alexandra Nile, but because (if natives are to be believed) the Alexandra Lake serves a

double purpose. It is a basin for the reception of many tributaries, and has three outlets, one north of Uguvu by the Ruvuvu into the lower Alexandra Nile; the second south of Uguvu into the same river by the Kagera; the third by means of a marsh or an ooze into the Kivu Lake, whence the Rusizi takes its rise, which Rusizi empties into Lake Tanganyika.

"Perhaps it will be asked by the curious why I have distinguished the discoveries illustrated above by the name of Alexandra. I shall forestall this question with the following candid explanation. Captain John Hanning Speke and Captain James Grant, both British officers, while on their way to Uganda to search for the outlet of the Victoria Lake, crossed this very river, the Alexandra Nile. What they thought about it I do not know. I have not their books at hand; but it appears that, seeing this river flow in a contracted channel (one hundred and fifty yards width of open, swift, deep water), being perhaps ignorant of its depth, and holding another grand object in view, their actions being governed at the time by the sole hope of discovering the Victoria Nile, they did not pay that attention to it which they would have devoted had their mission been of a more general character. It cannot be disputed, then, that those two distinguished British officers were the first who saw this river.

"Had Speke lived I believe he would have returned to this interesting region, for I hear from King Rumanika he had such an intention. Had he been permitted to come back—to round off as it were and to unite the fragments of discovery he had made—the natives and his amiable friend Rumanika would have pointed out to him the 'Daughter of the Victoria Nile.' On casting his thoughts around for a name to dignify these new discoveries, what one more graceful, more ennobled by gentle virtues, illustrious descent, and proud position, could he have found to immortalise them than that of her Royal Highness Alexandra, Princess of Wales? British officers first saw the river. 'The Daily Telegraph,' an English journal, contributed one-half of the funds by means of which these latest discoveries have been made. I, therefore, in the name of the English and American interests I represent here, venture to request through your columns that the name of her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, be allowed to designate my discoveries of the new lake and river, which link what has preceded, and are, I trust, worthy to stand with such honoured achievements as those which the names of Albert and Victoria now commemorate for ever.

"I have been very deliberate, you will admit, in making up and sending you this letter, but I had strong reasons for it. I am too far from the telegraphic wire to correct an error, and I have no ambition to be charged with having made a rash statement, though I covered my offence with the excuse that 'the natives told me.' I value native and Arab information only as being a suggestive guide to the traveller, not to be understood, by

any means, as conveying accurate and exact knowledge. Even the most intelligent of Arabs, Wanguana, Wasawhili, and Central Africa natives, as if originally they were taken out of the same matrix, have a terrible passion for exaggeration. If the explorer is unable to visit the scene personally, he may perhaps be excused—after sifting evidence, comparing information acquired in different localities, and weighing with judgment and a sense of distrust every particle of intelligence—for publishing geographical news on native authority. It was not until after marching from the confluence of the Ruvuvu and the Kagera to Ujiji, circumnavigating the Tanganyika, and hearing Wazige and Warundi bear witness to the same facts, that I found courage to publish what I had not personally exhausted. I will give you, in brief, three instances of black people's mendacity, which will prove to you that the best weapon an explorer can arm himself with is distrust.

“Manwa Sera, Captain in the Anglo-American Expedition, during a casual talk with me, related: ‘Master, when I was in Karagwe, some five or six years ago, I went to the top of a high mountain near Rumanika's, and I saw an enormous lake to the west of me. I should say it would take three days to reach it. I could not see the other side of this lake.’ All was related slowly, as if he weighed well each word, with great gravity, and a certain dignity as of truth, but these were the facts as viewed by the Explorer: A lake existed six or seven hours' march from Rumanika's; length of lake, thirteen miles; greatest breadth, eight miles; name of lake, Jhema Rweru.

“Next, Baraka, a smart young fellow, a soldier in the Anglo-American Expedition, reported as follows: ‘Speak of Ruanda! Do I not know Ruanda, and all the countries round about! Who is he that has gone further than I have? Have I not been to Ankori? Yes; I have carried things to the King of Ankori. Ruanda is yellow and flat. It is like a plain—extends away, away westward—a plain, in truth!’ Again, however, these are the facts as ascertained by your Explorer: Ruanda is exactly the opposite of what Baraka said. The view of Ruanda from Karagwe is of a succession of lofty mountain ridges, separated by deep broad valleys. Your Explorer pointed out the strong contrast between fiction and fact to Baraka. Baraka laughed, and impudently showed his ivories.

“Next: A Mgwana, a long time resident within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the Rusizi, spoke as follows to Livingstone and myself in 1871: ‘White men, you want to know all about the Rusizi. I know all about it. I came from Mukamba's yesterday. This river Rusizi goes out of the lake. I tell you true, quite true.’ Meantime facts were as follow: The Rusizi flows into the Lake Tanganyika, and not out; and the light-hearted Mgwana told an unnecessary untruth.

“A native of Central Africa rarely, however, wilfully lies about a matter that does not concern his interests. Ignorance in most cases is the cause of

wrong information from him, and lack of acquaintance with details gives a vagueness and uncertainty to what is told. But if half-a-dozen of them can be examined upon a subject the traveller can generally pick out much reliable information. The Waganda, Warundi, and Wazige are very intelligent, especially the first named. A young Waganda, who had travelled in Karagwe, and went with me to the Albert Nyanza, has oftentimes astonished me by his remarks upon the Alexandra Nile, which he called the Kagera. I fancy if the Geographical Society had heard him, they would have voted him a silver medal for his intelligent observations. As my conversation with him was very interesting, I will give you in his own words, as nearly as I can remember, what he volunteered about the Kagera. He said one morning: 'Master, Sambuzi, my chief, has sent me to you with his salaams, and he says that the best way for you to go to Muta Nzige (Albert Nyanza) is by the Kagera. 'Why,' I asked, 'is Kagera the best way?' 'Because,' replied he, 'Kagera comes from Muta Nzige.' 'Nonsense,' I rejoined; 'Muta Nzige is far below the Nyanza of Uganda; and how can a river ascend a hill?' 'Master, you white people know a great deal; but will you tell me where the Kagera comes from?' 'I cannot tell you because I have not seen it yet, and I don't know anything of the river except what I have seen of it at the mouth, Master, there is no river like the Kagera. We Waganda call it the Mother of Waters. Where can the Kagera come from if it does not come from Muta Nzige? Look at its water. It is water of a Nyanza, and so much water as is in it cannot come from any mountain. Everybody says it comes from the Muta Nzige.'

"When I turned my back upon the Albert Nyanza I felt possessed somewhat by this young man's remarks upon the Kagera. From a score of persons on the way to Kagera, I heard enough to create in me a keen desire to view and examine this river. I have already told you I obtained soundings of seventy, eighty, up to one hundred and twenty feet of water in its bed; that it had a swift current, and a width of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. From Rumanika—that gentle and most pleasant pagan, whom, however, I found more easy to convert to a geographer than to a Christian—I obtained every assistance, and was thus enabled to explore thoroughly the singular body of water called Ingezi, which is a shallow lake five to ten, and even fourteen miles wide, through which the Alexandra Nile continues its resistless course with a depth of from forty to sixty feet.

"You can see on my map, by the position of the Mount of Observation, that I was enabled, after continuing my journey from Rumanika's, to obtain a pretty clear view of a good deal of the unexplored course of the Alexandra Nile. What I could not see, because of the mountains of Ugufu, was Akan-yaru, or Nyanza Cha-Ngoma; but my guides assisted me to understand tolerably well the position of the lake. The Akanyaru was a large lake, and

very wide. It required two days to cross it. A mountainous island was situated in the middle of it, where voyagers to Ruanda from Ugufu generally rested one night, arriving the next day in Ruanda. But though Ugufu is really a large island and very mountainous, no native speaks of it as an island. It is separated on the north side from Kishakka by the Ruvuvu outlet, from Uhha and Urundi on the south by the Kagera, and from Ruanda on the west side by the Alexandra Nyanza. The course of each affluent from the lake was taken by compass-bearings both at the Mount of Observation and at Keza, where I obtained confirmation of what my guides had told me. The natives much confused me when speaking of Kivu Lake, sometimes pointing it out in the direction of the Alexandra Nyanza, and again using the name of Nyanza Cha-Ngoma; others called it by the name of Mkinyaga. They sometimes represented it as very large, and occasionally attempted to give an idea of its extent by stating that it required so much time to cross it in a canoe. Countries situated along its shores were also named, which, being noted down, have assisted me to compare the information of natives of Kishakka with that furnished by Wazige and Warundi.

“Warundi on the Tanganyika say that Kivu Lake is connected with Akanyaru by a marsh; that it would require a day’s march along this marsh (ten or fifteen miles) to proceed from Kivu to Akanyaru, and that the Rusizi flows from the south-west corner of Kivu to Tanganyika. Moreover, the Wazige who live on the Rusizi are very accurate in describing the names of the streams flowing into it, and unanimously agree with the Warundi that it is an issue of Kivu or Koveo Lake. They also confirm the Warundi, that Unyambungu is on the south-west side of Kivu. Having ascertained so much with precision, it became easy then to connect together the fragmentary information obtained from North Uhha, West Usui, and Kishakka, where the name Kivu is not generally known, and the locality of Unyambungu renders the solution of the difficulty conceivable. Mkinyaga is north-west of Unyambungu, and, to a person in North Uhha, with his face turned north, Mkinyaga is said to be left of Kivu, being therefore situated west of that lake. Mkinyaga is a large country extending to south-west Ruanda until a three days’ march would take a person to Albert Nyanza. When hearing of Mkinyaga Lake, we must understand it to be Akanyaru or the Alexandra Nyanza, which last comprehends and replaces all the native titles of the lake.

“Yet here, within two degrees of longitude, where seven countries meet, representatives of these nations are unable to give a clear and connected account of this most interesting region. The cause of this ignorance arises from the peculiar character of the Northern Warundi and Wa-Ruanda, who are a jealous, treacherous, and vindictive people. If an explorer could cross the country of Urundi, and enter Mkinyaga, he would meet with a different

race with whom it would not be difficult to establish amicable relations; but unless he had balloons at his disposal I am unable to see how he could reach Mkinyaga from the east or the south. Were the Warundi or the Wa-Ruanda anything in disposition like the natives we have come in contact with between here and Zanzibar, the task were easy to push one's way direct to the utmost regions of the Nile! We have met tribes who sternly exacted tribute, and we have paid it and passed on our way, and we have encountered others who compelled us to fight our road through them; but here are two nations (not tribes) of one peculiar distinct breed, who are neither subject to the power of sweet persuasion with gifts of sugar-candy, knick-knacks, and gaudy cloths; nor to be forced from the disagreeable position they assume with a few dozen Sniders. Heaven knows the original progenitors of these fierce men.

“I had half a mind once to make an alliance with the bandit Mirambo, and, with the addition of a thousand Brown Besses, drag the secrets of the Nile by force to the light of day. But I could not seriously entertain such an idea. Besides, the name of the amiable Princess of Wales could never be taken to cover such a slur as this would have been on my search for the sources of the Nile. No. I live in the hope that our Expedition will yet visit this section without violence, from the fact, if true, that Mkinyaga can be reached from North Manyema—that the people of Mkinyaga are traders, and convey articles of trade from Manyema to Ruanda. All this, however, can only be settled at Nyangwe, whither I propose going now. I have two reasons for passing round about this way, since the direct road is closed. First, it has become firmly impressed on my mind that the principal river supplying the Alexandra Nyanza rises in North Manyema, north-westward of Lake Tanganyika. Secondly, I do not forget that the purpose of this enterprise of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald’ was to unite the fragmentary discoveries of Speke into one complete whole, to finish Baker's and Burton's exploration, and finally to take up the work left incomplete by the lamented death of Dr. Livingstone.

“Lieutenant Camcron, animated by his honest ambition to traverse Africa rather than to complete the work of his predecessors, has crossed the Lualaba, and proceeded to Lake Lincoln, thence he went, I am told, in a south-westerly direction with a company of Portuguese traders, probably to Ambriz or St. Paul de Loanda, by which he has left the question of the Lualaba much where Livingstone placed it. For the problem in dispute was, ‘Is the Lualaba the Nile or the Congo?’ Livingstone thought it to be the Nile, the Geographical Council thought it to be the Congo. The only possible way to resolve the doubt is to travel down the Lualaba along the right bank to a known point.

“You will thus perceive I have two brilliant fields before me, and the

prospect of entering either one of them causes me to thrill with delight, though merely anticipating what lies ahead. 'Shall I search for the head of the Alexandra Nile, or shall I continue along the right bank of the Lualaba?' such is the alternative which agitates the silent hours of night with me. Shall I, after arriving at Nyangwe, strike north-easterly, and take this coy and maiden Nile-fountain by surprise where she first issues from her oozy bed in the angle of some dewy valley, and trace her thence through all her sportive career, amid flower-decked lakelets or the breadths of ever-vernal papyrus; or where she rushes with fresh-born vigour and youthful ardour by fragrant meads and forest-clad slopes to the three blue Nyanzas, to meet her kindred gathered from all points of the compass as tribute-bearers to King Nilus, the Lord of Floods? Or shall I worship at the shrine of the majestic Lualaba; view with awe and reverence his broad glassy bosom; watch him unfold his strength, and launch himself against rocks with angry roar until the woods and valleys resound with the name of this terrible monarch; witness him receiving his homage from other potentates of less renown, and follow his waves through the dark unknown land to where he finally discharges his flood to the ocean? Both courses are equally enticing, both present splendid openings for geographical research; but which I shall adopt will be best known after I reach Nyangwe.

"In the meantime, I lay at the feet of the good and exalted Princess of Wales an explorer's tribute—all that he has discovered, measured, and surveyed of the Alexandra Nile—for ever to be associated with the Victoria Nile.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

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"Ujiji, August 13th, 1876.

"I must leave off writing letters, and must hurry away, for times are sad, very sad, in Ujiji. A malignant epidemic is raging here, devouring the population at the rate of from forty to seventy-five persons daily. It is a small-pox of the most fatal kind. Few attacked by it have escaped. The same evil influences which nourish this pest cause other ailments to prevail—namely, dysentery, chest diseases, and typhoid fevers. You may perceive by the dates of my letters to you how many days I have required to write off a couple of letters, and make two surveys. I returned from my circumnavigating voyage on Tanganyika August 1st; this is now the 13th. Thirteen days to write two letters! It is true; but the time has been mostly spent fretting in bed, from repeated attacks of fevers.

"When I landed from my boat I received a budget of bad news only. Five deaths had already occurred in the Expedition during my absence of

fifty-one days; six more men were down with small-pox; the fearful disease was running like wildfire through the houses of Ujiji, Arab as well as native. Frank Pocock had suffered severe illness three times while I had been absent; an influential Arab trader died the day of my return; the Governor of Ujiji and Livingstone's old friend, Mohammed bin Gharib, had lost several children, and were losing slaves each day, though their bills of mortality had been already severe. Slaves and pagazis, or porters, were fast deserting their masters for fear of this scourge; finally, my messengers, five in number, had not yet appeared from Unyanyembe, and as they have not yet returned to this day I have given up all hope of them. You may imagine, then, the feeling which prevails in all minds at the present time in Ujiji—it is that of dismay and terror; and, as the inhabitants look forward to two months more of the fatal experience they are now undergoing, those who are able to quit the horrible spot should pack up at once.

“When I first heard these depressing particulars I was impressed with the necessity of immediate departure if I valued the welfare of the Expedition, but I had also my duty to do towards you. The two letters I have herewith written may, perhaps, be considered, if you have any inclination to be very exacting, as mere sops, but they are the best and the utmost that can be done under such aggravating circumstances. The condition of my people is really deplorable; besides being thinned in numbers, many favourite and faithful attendants among those still living are in a bad state, and some no doubt will be taken off. The only thing it appears to me that has saved the Expedition from total wreck is vaccination. But I find when too late that many of the people lost the benefit of this precaution from sheer laziness—when summoned they would not appear. My vaccine matter is all dried away now, and not a particle of it can be scraped up to be of use.

“Frank Pocock has done his best for his Arab neighbours and friends, and it was very gratifying to me to hear how excellently and nobly he had behaved. He is certainly the best attendant a traveller ever had. I would not part with him for a hundred Shaws and Farquhars. He has become a most ardent geographer, too; and, having no other companion with me, I frequently exchange my inmost views and hopes with him. He did not look very promising at first; I thought him rather slow. He has, however, a host of virtues and not the shadow of a vice. He is a brave, honest, manly, patient young Englishman.

“I had a great many more things to write about my journey round the Tanganyika, it has been so very interesting. I may say it has been replete with rich discoveries of magnificent waterfalls, unrivalled scenery, ‘water hyænas;’ exquisitely fragrant berries; caverns, and subterranean dwellings; not to mention the copper mines of Katata and the mode of working them. I have heard much about the famous underground houses of Rua, and have found

what may be called a new religion among the tribes round the Tanganyika, any of which discoveries, with abundant leisure, would furnish matter for a graphic letter. But the necessity of immediate departure is too urgent, since if I delayed it would entail the sacrifice of many valuable lives in this Expedition. It will take some days to prepare, to assort, and re-arrange the goods after such a long stay here, and various minor matters must be attended to. I may be able, nevertheless, to write you a small note on the day of departure in order to acquaint you with our position and prospects.

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

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The subjoined letters from Frank Pocock, addressed to members of his family, will complete Mr. Stanley's narratives, and be read with all the more interest on account of the well-deserved praise which Mr. Stanley bestows on this excellent young Englishman:—

“Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa,  
July 21, 1876.

“MY DEAR UNCLE—I should like to have seen you before leaving home, but there were so many to see that I hardly know who I did see. But I hope to see you on my return, and I hope that will not be long. We have expended nearly all our goods; also ourselves are getting rather worn out from hard marching under the burning sun, and fever and other sickness. We have made a good round. We struck off from Ugogo, and marched north-west of the road of all former travellers to the Victoria Nyanza, and reached it in a journey of one hundred and three days from the coast. You would like to have seen the caravan when it came to the top of a hill, and we caught sight of the lake. I thought the black veterans would go mad with joy, running, shouting, rolling on the ground, beating their bullock-hide drums, dancing, singing, firing guns, etc. We had a rest for a few days, then put the sections of the boat together, and in eight days Mr. Stanley left us to explore the lake. Me and the other white man, Fred. Barker, was left in charge of the goods and men. But before Mr. Stanley returned poor Barker died from chills. Then I was left alone, I may say—for then I knew nothing of the language—and during the absence of Mr. Stanley three chiefs combined together to drive us away, and steal our goods. But said I, they shan't drive us away for nothing, so I served ammunition to the people with guns, and spears to them without guns, and they came close to the boma of our camp. But I would not allow a man inside. We were just about to fire on them when we saw a man coming to speak. He came to make friends. We made friends with him, and all went off quiet. But the reason they did not fight was because they would have

killed some of their brothers, for the people of our village all held our way, therefore we got off well.

“We stayed at Usukuma four months, and I was sent to Ukerewe to get canoes to take the caravan to Uganda. Ukerewe is an island about thirty miles from the mainland or from our camp, the largest island in the lake. I got fifty-two canoes from the Sultan Lukongie, and returned to camp. I was the first white man ever on the island. It is thickly peopled with naked people. Elephants and leopards are abundant. The people brought food for sale to our camp. Beads was the money; cloth was but very little value. We crossed from there to Uganda, and from there to the Albert Nyanza through Unyoro, but had no place to build our camp, while Mr. Stanley explored the lake, as we had at the Victoria Nyanza, therefore we returned to Uganda, and from there to Karagwe, and from there to Ujiji. We left Karagwe on March 25, and arrived here on May 27. Mr. Stanley left on June 11 to explore Tanganyika. I have not heard of him yet, so I cannot say where we shall go from here. But I will write again before leaving Ujiji, so for the present I must say good bye. Hoping soon to see you, and wishing this may find you well and living in Cookham woods with father, I remain your affectionate nephew,

“FRANCIS POCOCK.

“Mr. William Pocock, Chatham, Kent.”

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“Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa,  
Aug. 23, 1876.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—It is now nearly two years since we left the coast. I did not expect to see or hear anything before we reached Ujiji, but here we saw no letters or papers from Europe; not a word of consolation did we find on our arrival. We found the whole village infected with small-pox and fever, and many other diseases. This was not very good news for us after marching for two months through mud and water, and no news from home. We fully expected some letters, but if they were sent from the coast they must have been lost or stolen. Then, again, they may have passed here and followed Cameron, because the Arabs know nothing of our writing; all they know, it is white man's writing (Kuzungu), therefore they may have passed here. We arrived on the 27th May, 1876. On the road I wrote one letter. It was sent to Unyanyembe, only ten days from where I sent it. We had come within two months of the Coast. Then we struck off west to Ujiji. After reaching here I wrote to mother. That was sent to Unyanyembe with Mr. S.'s letters by five men. It is now three months since they left here, and they have not returned. Their mission was to take our letters and to return to Ujiji with home news; but we have heard nothing of them, and it is feared

that they are lost. Mr. Stanley was fifty-one days on the Tanganyika to explore it. It is very large, fish abundant, and the natives are more of a friendly nature than the savages of the Victoria Nyanza. They make trade with corn, palm oil, etc., and the Arabs trade with ivory and slaves, which are brought chiefly to Ujiji.

“My Dear Parents—We have made a good round, but have not yet finished. We have discovered the sources of the Nile and now are on the way to finish Dr. Livingstone’s great task. We leave Ujiji to-morrow to cross Tanganyika, to solve the mystery concerning the Nile and the Congo. When we reach Nyangwe we shall hear more about it. We have three ways to go, but which one to take we cannot say. Any way, if we can get to the West Coast from there we shall be home in good time. But if we have to return by Zanzibar it will be a long journey; but that will be best known there. We only hear of the road S.W. of us, but the route we want to follow we hear but little about. I hope that by the time this reaches you we shall be done our work and on our road home.

“There has been much sickness here, but things look brighter. I have had three severe attacks of fever, but, thank God, I am in good health now, and if all go well I hope to see you again next summer. I often wonder if you are all well, and that is all I can do; for I seem to be always marching under a burning sun, with thirsty lips and tongue; but it is a life I like, there are so many changes, and so many tribes, so many countries, nearly all different. The slave trade is carried on here in a dreadful manner. It would surprise you to see the whips and chains and the way the slaves are treated by their masters, the Arabs.

“My Dear Parents—Excuse this short note, for I have much to do to-day, and to-morrow morning we shall go from here five days’ journey to Uguha; from there to Nyangwe, forty days; then along the great river, about fifty or sixty days; but I cannot tell you all. Give my love to all and everybody. I cannot mention names. You will forward the notes enclosed. I dare say you think me lost, but I am still in good health and happy, for such a climate. Our goods are getting short, but we have enough to find out the river. Our road ahead by all accounts is good, food plentiful, and nice people.

“If we can get a road to the West Coast we shall go, and the Wanguana will return to Zanzibar. I can assure you I am longing to see you all, to get some English food and more clothes and shoes and other comforts that cannot be got here. Perhaps Jem or Harry will say, ‘Why don’t he write to me?’ but I cannot write to all. I only wish I had one word from home; I would not care who it came from. I have written to George and William, and you must send my news to all the others. But the neighbours, I should think, have quite forgotten me by this time. I am in a hurry, therefore I

must say good-bye for the present. Give my love to all, kiss all the children for me, and believe me to be your affectionate and loving son,

“F. J. Pocock.”

The “Daily Telegraph” accompanied these most interesting letters by the following able comment:—

“In the second despatch from Mr. Stanley, which we have the pleasure of laying before the public and the scientific world to-day, the interest turns chiefly on that wonderful and still unexhausted river, the Nile. From the time when Bruce discovered the Abyssinian branch—the Bahr-el-Azrek—of this mysterious stream, a long succession of travellers have added ever new fountains to its upper tributaries, until the majesty of the river became crowned by the announcement of the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas—inland seas worthy indeed to figure as the twin birth-places of such a water Deity. For some time the lake of Speke and Grant, and that of Baker, were looked upon as the ultimate sources of the Nile; and though for a while it seemed possible that Livingstone’s great channel of the Lualaba, with its string of lacustrine basins, might also contribute to the Egyptian stream—perhaps even Tanganyika itself—more careful surveys have since shown this to be altogether improbable. The River of Egypt was traced, therefore, to the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza in about 2° 35’ S. when our Joint Commissioner began his adventurous journey to explore this great unmapped water. Before reaching it, however, he struck and followed from its water-shed in Urimi a new stream, the Shimeeyu, which, as a feeder of the Victoria two hundred and ninety miles in length, and of volume equal to that of the Thames, at once became the highest and truest ‘source of the Nile.’ This took the course of the noble Egyptian river up to 5° S. or farther, and secured the palm of merit to Stanley as the discoverer of what appeared the real cradle of the Nile.

“But in the present despatch our Joint Commissioner gives reason to believe that he has made a still more important revelation; and that, although the Shimeeyu may, perhaps, yet retain the distinction of being the most southerly feeder of the Nile, the Kagera, Kitangule, or Ruvuvu—for by all these names has the channel been known since it was crossed by Speke and Grant in 1863—will really prove the largest and longest of the upper tributaries of that vast Nyanza which, by creating the Victoria Nile, does most to supply the Egyptian river. Speke and Grant crossed the stream spoken of near its outflow into the Victoria Nyanza, and saw the long and narrow lake or marsh which it makes by Rumanika’s capital, to which they gave the name of Windermere. Nevertheless, either not knowing its remarkable depth, or bent too warmly on the attractive discovery of the Victoria Nile, they failed to attach to the Kagera or Kitangule the dignity which it

merits as a principal, if not the chief fountain-stream of that mighty river whose secrets they were engaged in unveiling.

“The task thus pretermitted has now been to a great extent discharged by Stanley, during his journey last summer from King Mtesa’s country to Ujiji; and in the present communication he gives particulars of this very important new tributary of the Nile, which go far to alter our ideas of the region between the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas and Lake Tanganyika, while they add a large though yet undefined body of water to the marvellous system of inland seas which fill Equatorial Africa, and leave it still eminently possible that the Nile takes its ultimate rise in tracts as far off as Manyema, or even a yet more distant spot.

“Henceforward, however, we must not call this interesting stream by any one of its native appellations. The ‘Kagera,’ or ‘Kitangule,’ which flows into the Victoria Nyanza at Usogoro, has received from our Explorer—who has traced its course through three hundred and ten miles, and found it still wearing the appearance of coming from at least an equal distance—the name of the ‘Alexandra Nile.’ By that illustrious title Mr. Stanley begs that the river, with its reservoir, may be hereafter known; and the details of it which he forwards constitute, it will be allowed, a fair claim to so proud a distinction. With the guidance of the map which we reproduce this morning from that transmitted in our Joint Commissioner’s despatch, the course of the Alexandra Nile may be tracked upwards along the Explorer’s line of march from the point where the Kavare enters it, to the Morongo Falls, where the lagoon-like ‘Windermere’ empties itself into the narrower channel; and so past the hot springs of Mtagata, the town of King Rumanika, and the many lakelets which are formed on the way from Kishakka to the spot below the ‘Mount of Observation,’ where it comes down on either side of a large island that fills up the eastern extremity of a Nyanza to which Mr. Stanley’s map gives a length of about sixty miles, and a breadth of about thirty. Our Joint Commissioner could not explore this large water, which has been hitherto only hinted at upon the maps by a small lake marked ‘Akanyara.’ His furthest point westward appears to have been the ‘Mount of Observation,’ from which the high hills of Ugufu shut out the Nyanza behind it; but he had found the Alexandra Nile maintaining a remarkable depth and swift current, while his guides assured him of the remaining particulars. If they be correct the Alexandra Nyanza is half as large as the Albert itself; and the Alexandra Nile runs through it, entering at the western extremity, in Ruanda, from a country as yet unknown.

“The fierce nature of the tribes intervening between Mr. Stanley’s furthest point and Mkinyaga seems to have made it impracticable for him to complete this momentous discovery without such sanguinary collisions as he has always shown himself anxious, if possible, to avoid. We must there-

fore take on conjecture for the present the precise form and the origin of this Nyanza, which may conceivably be the lake heard of by Dr. Livingstone to the north-east of Nyangwe. Mr. Stanley gives such cogent reasons for receiving with suspicion all native statements upon geography that we may be sure he has investigated the evidences well before delineating his Alexandra Nyanza and Nile beyond the extreme point of view. What he has marked to the southwards appears, it must be candidly confessed, very extraordinary. Below the Alexandra Nyanza comes, according to this map, a swampy country, Urundi—a day's march in breadth—and then a smaller lake, Kivu, or Kivoe, connected with the Nyanza by this marsh.

“Out of the south-west corner of Kivu runs the Rusizi, which, as Stanley himself first discovered, flows into Tanganyika; so that if this be indeed the case we are confronted with the puzzle of a body of water in Kivu which drains by a marsh one way into the Alexandra Nyanza, and thus onward to the Victoria, while it flows the other way by the Rusizi into Tanganyika. Now, a lake with two outlets is hardly known to geographical science. It is said that in Norway, and also, perhaps, in Sutherland, there exists such a phenomenon as a double outlet from the same reservoir; but under certain conditions of flood in neither case could the effluents be permanent. If we possessed the elevations of this region the problem would be clearer. Tanganyika, at all events, is lower than the Victoria Nyanza, so that it is impossible for Kivu—if, indeed, it furnishes the Rusizi—to be also connected with the Alexandra Nyanza, which supplies the Alexandra Nile to the Victorian Sea. We should not deem it candid to pass over these obvious difficulties, but they do not diminish the importance of the discovery that a considerable body of water exists upon the spot occupied in previous maps by the petty ‘Akanyara,’ and that the stream which fills it must henceforward be regarded as the principal feeder of the Nile, should no great river be found entering the Albert from the westward.

“Meanwhile all this new volume of lake and stream added perennially to the Nile increases the mystery, as well as the bulk, of that majestic river; and we do not wonder that the fascination of his fresh discoveries divided Mr. Stanley's mind between completing them by an expedition from Nyangwe and following the Lualaba from that place down to its mouth. It will be seen that on returning from his voyage of fifty-one days round Tanganyika our Commissioner found that a malignant epidemic was devastating Ujiji, and had already cost his own followers some lives. Thus within three weeks of his second arrival at Ujiji Mr. Stanley would probably be obliged to be on the march again through Uguha and Manyema to Nyangwe. The road thither is not difficult, and would occupy, as we learn from Frank Pocock's interesting letters, about two months. Our Joint Commissioner would thus arrive upon the Lualaba at the end of November last, and if in anything like

sufficient force and equipment he will not have been easily deterred from grappling with the important question which Captain Cameron was unhappily obliged to leave undecided. He knows what remains to be achieved; and though he may possibly make a temporary excursion in the direction of his new Alexandra Nile, to visit perchance the fountains of this remarkable tributary, we believe and hope that the intrepid explorer will devote what is left of his forces to the all-absorbing matter of the course of the Lualaba from Nyangwe.

“Even if he should not be able thus to attack that last great problem of Central Africa, the work which Mr. Stanley has accomplished must stand, in the judgment of all generous and competent men, one of surprising extent and value. He has pierced by a new route from the coast to the Victorian Sea; thoroughly explored and mapped out that splendid water; carried his line of march across to the Albert, where he has marked an extensive gulf and previously unknown shores; after which he has tracked upward this notable branch, the Alexandra Nile, to its reservoir, and then, descending by Unyanyembe, has thoroughly explored and ‘settled’ the Tanganyika. We feel that in presence of labours like these there is no need to bespeak on his behalf the friendly wishes and interpretations of the public. If any calumnies and jealousies strike or have struck at this courageous traveller in his absence, they have been and are estimated by honest people at their proper worth; and perhaps would never be risked at all except in the thought that he may not return. But a vast part of this arduous journey is now triumphantly accomplished, and we cherish the earnest hope of shortly welcoming back the indefatigable explorer and his deserving attendant, Frank Pocock, possibly too with fresh and precious fruit of all the hardships and dangers which they have so long endured.”

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Return of Lieutenant Young from Lake Nyassa—His voyage round the Lake—Mountainous Scenery—The Lake of Storms—The Settlement of Cape Maclear Colony—The Ujiji Mission—Mission to Lake Nyanza—Conclusion.*

LIEUTENANT YOUNG, R.N., has recently returned in good health to this country, after having successfully planted the Livingstonia Expedition, of which he undertook the leadership, in Central Africa. He left Lake Nyassa on the 2nd of November, 1876, and reports all well at that date. The following details, taken from the "Cape Standard and Mail," of the 6th of February, 1877, may prove interesting:—

"The party arrived safely at Point Maclear, in Lake Nyassa, and set to work. In a short time the steamer was put together, which is now plying on the lakes, and is the pride of the mission. With a view to ascertain the extent of the lake, and search for places of settlement, to discover which would best suit the operations of the mission, Lieutenant Young circumnavigated Nyassa, and found that it ran to the north upwards of one hundred miles further than Dr. Livingstone had thought. The shores of the lake are described as the finest he had ever seen. Magnificent woods abound everywhere. On the north-eastern shores a range of very high mountains runs parallel to the lake for upwards of one hundred miles. The height is from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet, and they slope very steeply to the very margin, the flanks rising often at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  from the lake. The circumnavigation took a month, and Lieutenant Young has prepared a careful map of Nyassa, which, published with his journal, will not fail to be received with great interest as a most valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge of that hitherto unknown country. The Lake Nyassa is two hundred and fifty miles long, and on an average of sixty miles broad, and is, in fact, an inland sea of no mean extent. It teems with fish. The attempt to sound one spot of it with one hundred and forty fathoms of line failed to get bottom at that depth. Sailing on it, as Lieutenant Young remarks, is like sailing on the Atlantic. During his voyage of circumnavigation they experienced a fearful gale of wind, which compelled him to lay-to for two days. The

height of the Nyassa above the sea is one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four feet.

“ Before the arrival of the second party, headed by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, himself, and consisting of the Rev. Dr. Black, Dr. Macklin, Mr. Thelwell, Mr. Cotterill, and others whom, it will be remembered, we had in Cape Town on their way some five months ago, the village of Livingstonia had commenced to rise into existence. Houses, workshops, etc., had been constructed. Lieutenant Young and his party, it may be well understood, were not idle. When this second party arrived they were cheered to find that the noble undertaking was well begun. It certainly is not to the credit of the Portuguese authorities at Killimane that they should have thrown obstacles in the way of Dr. Stewart’s party, which was detained there for fourteen days. We are aware of the fact that Sir Henry Barkly gave special letters of commendation to the Portuguese Governor. If ever an expedition was to be commended as in the cause of civilisation and progress the Livingstonia one was. They were charged twenty-six per cent. custom dues—an undoubtedly exorbitant tariff—and obstacles thrown in their way besides. It was the idea of the Rev. Dr. Black that a postal route might be opened up at once between the lake and Nyassa, but as far as we can understand from what Lieutenant Young tells us, the Portuguese at Killimane have their interests otherwise than with progress and the spread of civilisation in Africa. How easily such a postal route could be organised is apparent, when we state that Lieutenant Young has succeeded in making a treaty with two of the most important tribes in the route *via* Killimane, the Cataracts of the Shire, and Nyassa. These tribes are the Maviti, near the lake, and the Makololo, one hundred and fifty miles off, at the Cataracts. They know the name of England, and trust it. As Lieutenant Young says, now an Englishman may go through the whole country with a walking-stick; but a Portuguese requires armed force. It is to be hoped that something will be done by the English authorities which will compel the Portuguese to give way to the progress of events in that part of the continent of Africa. No doubt Lieutenant Young will have something to say to Sir Bartle Frere on this subject, and possibly to the King of the Belgians as well as to his own Government.

“ The second party were met by Lieutenant Young at the Lower Shire. He had brought with him one thousand natives to carry the goods and effects of the party across the Cataract country. He started to the steamer, which was lying under the Cataracts, with five hundred of these, each loaded with from fifty to sixty pounds of goods. The journey to the steamer was seventy-five miles, and the work was done for six yards of calico to each man. He went to Livingstonia with these goods, returned again to the Cataracts, went back, and returned once more, and had at length the satisfaction of finding his party safe at Livingstonia with all their baggage and material. It will

doubtless be recorded in the history of Livingstonia what Lieutenant Young has done for it, and, as its projection was the outcome of Dr. Stewart's far-seeing missionary enthusiasm, its successful planting has been the result of the energy and philanthropic zeal of Lieutenant Young.

"It will be of special interest to say something of the various parties as they were situated when Lieutenant Young left the country. The Free Church party have been all down with fever, but are all right again. It is understood that Dr. Stewart will not remain there. He is especially subject to attacks of fever. Dr. Black is entering into the spirit of the enterprise with rare devotion and enthusiasm. Dr. Laws is also with them. As yet Mr. Simons, the naturalist, has been unable to move about, the country being a very difficult one. Mr. Cotterill is also at Livingstonia, and we regret to learn that his boats have not been found suitable for the lake. As yet, therefore, he is, too, a fixture at the head-quarters of the Free Church party. We are sorry to learn that the Established Church party under Dr. Macklin and Mr. Henderson has suffered much from fever. They were all down with it when Lieutenant Young left. Their station is on the highlands of the Cataracts of the Shire. Barring this, it must be gratifying to know that success has attended the Livingstonia missions from the first. There has not been a single mishap of any importance. The mission is already making itself felt. The natives are all thoroughly friendly. The slave trade has already greatly suffered. Formerly not fewer than ten thousand slaves passed the southerly end of the lake per annum; last year, only thirty-eight were known to have succeeded in getting to the coast by that route."

On the twenty-sixth of February, Mr. Young delivered, before the Royal Geographical Society, an interesting address, in which he gave an account of what he had done and seen on Lake Nyassa. At the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi he screwed the sections of the little steamer *Ilala* together; and although an extraordinary flood had altered the course of the rivers, nothing materially impeded her passage to the foot of the Shire cataracts. These cataracts or falls extend for some seventy-five miles, and constitute a very formidable obstacle to navigation. In the course of these seventy-five miles, the waters of Lake Nyassa leap down a staircase of rocks and boulders for some eighteen hundred feet; and before the traveller can reach the higher ground, he has to traverse a most rugged and difficult road. As a rule, the most grievous obstacle to be overcome, is the want of porters; but thanks to the kindly recollection existing among the natives of previous missionaries, Mr. Young experienced no difficulty on this score. A sufficient supply of efficient men readily offered themselves, and in ten days the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and her sections, boilers, machinery, and stoves, were conveyed to the upper end of the cataracts. The labour involved in this was very great. Mr. Young says that the carriage of the steel plates, and

other portions of the little steamer necessitated some of the most tremendous exertion he ever witnessed, which was much aggravated by the intense heat, in some places reaching one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. The men who thus wrought for four days for six yards of calico each (worth say one shilling and sixpence), finding their own food too, without a grumble, are not to be despised. The work of reconstruction was soon accomplished, and steam was up in a fortnight.

After examining several beautiful bays and inlets, which did not afford the necessary shelter for the vessel, Mr. Young's party resolved to settle, as we have seen, at Cape Maclear, whither, accordingly, they transported all their stores. Mr. Young then set off on a voyage round the lake, in the course of which he discovered a large extension of its waters, hitherto unknown. Making his way northwards, he came in sight of the grand range which towers over Chiloweela; in places the mountains run sheer down into the lake, and no bottom would be reached at one hundred fathoms. After weathering a furious gale, which raged for thirteen hours, the *Ilala* pursued her northward voyage, passing the islands of Likomo and Chusamoolo.

Mr. Young reports that on his right an iron-bound coast stretched everywhere, excepting when some ravine came down to the shore. In one spot there were evident signs of a dreadful massacre having taken place—the result of a slave-raid. Hardly any wood was to be procured there, in consequence of the forests having been cleared, and the only remnant of a large population was now to be found on rocky patches jutting up from the water of the lake, and on singular-looking pile villages. It was found that the poor creatures had conveyed earth in their canoes to these rocks and wherever a crevice afforded a hold, there a little patch of cassava or corn appeared, grown with infinite labour.

The platform villages reached by Mr. Young were exceedingly interesting. For the most part they are built three or four hundred yards from the shore, and in from eight to twelve feet of water. Poles are driven down in rows, and on the top of them a wooden platform is constructed forming the foundation or floor of the village. To give some idea of the extent of these villages, it may be mentioned that one of them consisted of about one hundred huts. With an abundant supply of fish around them, the islanders were able to hold their own against starvation.

Shortly after leaving these strange villages, Mr. Young met with some scenery, the grandeur of which he thus describes:—"We were now abreast of some mountains that amongst the parallel ranges which virtually make a mountain-basin of Lake Nyassa exceed them all in stupendous grandeur. In no part of the world have I seen anything to equal their peculiar magnificence. With peaks apparently from ten to twelve thousand feet high, they run perpendicularly down into the lake. The rain was pouring upon them, and

numberless waterfalls hung like threads of white floss-silk from crevices which ran out upon their sides far up among the clouds. Baffled by the raids of the Maviti in 1866, Livingstone could not induce his men to go with him to the north end of Nyassa, and thus he missed seeing that which would have struck him as the most beautiful feature of his old home, as he called the lake. There was but one name to give to these mountains. At its northern end they stand like portals to the lake, faced by the opposite mountains; and as future travellers look upon the Livingstone range, it may aid them to remember the man who during his life, more than any other, added to our knowledge of the hitherto unknown beauties of the earth."

A violent storm, more like what might be expected on the broad Atlantic than on an inland sea, prevented Mr. Young from doing much in the way of exploring the unknown region at the end of the lake: nevertheless he saw there what he believed to be the mouth of a wide river; and this opinion was confirmed by what he learned from the natives the next time he landed there. They stated that a river Rovuma or Rooma flows out at the extreme north; and, for the following reasons, he inclines to believe their statement:—In the first place, Dr. Livingstone heard the same story twenty years ago when he discovered the lake and in quite a different quarter. It will be remembered by many how sanguine he was that the Rovuma River, which debouches on the east coast, was identical with the Nyassa River, and that it would prove to be a second outlet. It may yet prove to be so; but the discovery can be of little use, for the Rovuma ceases to be navigable a short distance from the coast. The second reason for believing the native report is, that in the stormy time, when Mr. Young was there, it was very easy to see where rivers ran into the lake. A long current of muddy water would trail out on the dark-blue surface; in this case, however, there was nothing of the kind; and it is consequently tolerably clear that no inflow exists.

Crossing southwards along the western shore of the lake Mr. Young observed, instead of the iron-bound coast on the opposite side, exquisite park-like glades between the mountains and the water's edge; the herds of game merely looked up as the steamer passed, just as sheep raise their heads to gaze at a train, and then went on browsing. In one place a remarkable, detached perpendicular rock stands four thousand feet high. The top is flat, and the sides give it the appearance of a pyramid from which a large slice of the top has been removed in order to place in position a perfectly square block of a greenish colour. Beneath this singular summit there is a deep horizontal band of white stone or quartz succeeded by another of clay apparently; and then comes one of intense black, possibly coal, for this mineral is known to all the natives.

Mr. Young's story of his cruise on Lake Nyassa furnishes undeniable evidence of the justness of the name Dr. Livingstone gave to this expanse of waters,

when he styled it the Lake of Storms; for he has constantly to record meeting with storms, one more terrible than the other in succession. The last he mentions must have been in its wildness fearfully and awfully grand. "At one time," he says, "in the middle of a thunder storm of great fury no fewer than twelve waterspouts appeared around us and we had literally to steer hither and thither to avoid them, for had one overtaken us it would have sent us to the bottom without a doubt."

Such are the salient features in Mr. Young's brief account of the first trip made by a steamer on the stormy bosom of Lake Nyassa. It did not come within the scope of his paper to describe the daily life of the missionary party at Cape Maclear, the insight they got into the native life, the intrigues of the slave-traders, nor the marvellous effect which the presence of Europeans produced on all sides, more especially in attracting to them from the four winds the scattered remnants of villages swept away by slave-raids. He hopes to preserve these details for the public in another form, which we feel sure will meet with the welcome it cannot fail to deserve, as the record of the establishment of the first British Colony on Lake Nyassa.

We have already referred to the establishment of a mission by the London Missionary Society on Lake Tanganyika. The Rev. Roger Price, who was employed by the Society to visit the spot, and make preparations for the mission, returned to this country in September, 1876, having accomplished his work. The main point to which Mr. Price's inquiries were to be directed was the means of transit between the coast and the interior. It has now been found by actual experiment that it is perfectly feasible to take a bullock wagon from the eastern sea-coast up to the Central Plateau, and that there is neither jungle nor swamp, hill, nor tsetse fly to hinder such a course. On the 5th of June, Mr. Price crossed with his train of four oxen to Saadani. He also took with him thirty bearers, with supplies of cloth and beads; both systems of carriage being necessary, since the bullocks were an experiment. This effort was a complete success. In twenty-six days, he reached Mpwawa on the Plateau, bullocks and all; rested four days, and in sixteen days more was at Saadani, on the coast, again safe and well.

The following is a brief account of his journey. After leaving Saadani, he came at once upon high land, a spur of the Usagara hills, which here reaches right down to the coast; he had no swampy plain such as the Bagamoyo route presents. The jungle is rather thick at an early point of the route, but it was cut down with ease. A little later he had to pass through a thicker wood, and the cutting a road open cost rather severe labour. The cart proceeded a long way on, but at last was caught on a hidden stump in the grass and was broken in two. Leaving the cart, Mr. Price took the bullocks on in order to make sure about the tsetse fly. The ascents were not difficult, and the inner valleys were not deep. He found the Nguru mountains

nearer the coast than he expected, and having pushed along them for a time, he suddenly turned into a gap of the hills thirty miles long, and went through on comparatively level ground, with high hills on each side. The streams in the valleys were little trouble; on his return, near the end of July, they were quite easy to pass. On going, one stream was deep; two others were crossed by bridges. Near the upper part of the course he found a large population and herds of cattle. There was no tsetse all the way. The people everywhere were hospitable and kind; there were no gangs of slaves. Food was sold at ordinary rates. The entire cost of the journey from Zanzibar to Mpwapwa and back was a little over £200.

Dr. Kirk, her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, in a despatch to Lord Derby, dated July 27th, 1876, thus refers to Mr. Price's journey:—"Mr. Price's journey has been in every way successful, and he returns prepared to give a most favourable report of the road, the country, and the temper of the people among whom he passed. On Mr. Price's arrival, seeing that he was a man of experience in African travel, and had in view a scheme which, if successful, would do more than anything yet attempted to open up the lake regions to legitimate trade, I obtained an interview, and strongly recommended him to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and it was after careful consideration the line of route was selected.

"Abandoning the Bagamoyo route, the one almost universally followed at present, but known to lead through a district infested by the tsetse fly, so deadly to cattle, it was determined to land at Saadani, and passing through Uzugua and Nguru, reach Mpwapwa on the borders of Ugogo, where the ordinary caravan route is joined, and beyond which all travellers describe the country as possessing cattle and not difficult to pass through. The dangers were, first, from the tsetse fly, and, secondly, from the nature of the ground, for in many parts of the coast the grapes and woody jungles are practically impenetrable for wagons, unless the road were first cut at great expense, and again it remained to be seen whether the formidable slopes of the Usagara hills that wall in this part of East Africa could be passed on suitable gradients.

"Mr. Price has now determined that on this line of road there is no fly country, and this he has done, not by personal observation alone—for he is too experienced an African traveller to depend upon the eye in so essential a matter, but he has taken with him cattle from the island of Zanzibar, and safely returned to the coast with the same, passing part of the way through country where cattle are now kept by the people. Again, as to the nature of the road, he tells me that on the whole way there is not a place to compare for difficulty with those which the colonists daily pass, and that the ordinary road between Graham's Town and Algoa Bay is more difficult than that he travelled in going to Ugogo.

“After leaving Saadani there are a few days’ journey over ground covered with long grass, heavy in the wet season for cattle, also one or two belts of jungle, which, however, he was able to cut his way through without difficulty, taking a wagon drawn by cattle with him so far. On reaching the higher ground, where the grass became shorter, he left the wagon, but took on the cattle, for the purpose I have already stated. Reaching the passes in the mountain he found the path leading between the two hill masses of Nguru on the north and Usagara on the south. There he must have attained a considerable elevation, for the thermometer fell at night to 45°, although the days were hot; but he had no means of measuring heights, what he was there engaged on being rather to view the roads, and he tells me that he could pass these ridges with a bullock wagon without any extraordinary difficulty.

“Many parts of the country he traversed possess a dense population, and the hills are cultivated to the summits. Sugar-cane he describes as grown in large quantities and most luxuriant, the difficulty being to understand how so much can be consumed, where sugar is not extracted, and the cane simply chewed.

“Although Mr. Price will, on his arrival, submit a full report of all he has seen, I have thought the above sketch of his proceedings may not be uninteresting to your Lordship, as indicating a practicable means of developing at once the resources of the interior in a way that, so long as every article sold or bought had to be carried by porters, could never have been done, and I have urged his Highness to take advantage of the opportunity offered for increasing the commerce of the interior, and retaining the trade his people now possess with the lake regions in his own hands.”

On Mr. Price’s arrival in this country, he presented a full report of his proceedings, accompanied by statistics and suggestions for the guidance of future travellers, to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. From that report we take the following extracts. Speaking of the main ranges of Nguru and Kaguru-Usagara, Mr. Price says—“I could scarcely believe my eyes, as I gazed upon the mountain sides, in the evening, and saw the smoke ascending from a score of peaceful villages. I unexpectedly found myself in the centre of a large population. The slopes of the great Nguru, which during the day appeared still and lifeless, were now seen to be dotted over with villages to a great height. From Mkiropa our course still lay through the Nguru valley for about seven or eight miles, when, having rounded the southern end of Nguru, we made a good deal of northing till we came to the Mkundi River. The Mkundi is about thirty yards wide, shallow and swift, with sandy bottom. It rises on the western side of Nguru. The Mkundi is the boundary between the Nguru and Kguru districts, so far as any boundary is recognised.

“The opinion which I had formed of the Nguru district as an interesting and important field for missionary effort was greatly strengthened as I passed through the valley. The whole valley and mountain sides are dotted over with little villages, many of them within gun-shot of one another. Judging from the number of villages which were visible, and the corn and sugar-cane fields, through the depths of which our path lay for the most part, the Wanguru must be very numerous. And yet the great valley is capable of sustaining five times the number. Its fertility is something marvellous: much of the corn was sixteen and eighteen feet high. As to the sugar-cane it was apparently almost uncontrollable—a perfect forest. The valley itself is too rank in its vegetation to be suitable for live stock; but on the mountain sides flocks of sheep and goats are kept, and on the northern side of the range horned cattle also.

“The Nguru district is one which could not fail always to be a centre of population. In addition to the wonderful fertility of the valley itself the mountains are very strong, affording protection from enemies, while water is abundant. With a clear road to the coast, and it is easily made, the Nguru valley might become very important as a source of supply of cereals and other products. The Wanguru are eminently an agricultural people and seem to trouble themselves very little either about trade or hunting, much less about marauding expeditions against their neighbours. They are certainly about the most friendly and tractable people that I have ever come across in Africa. It is a rare thing in Africa to find so many people within a somewhat small area, and yet comparatively independent of one another. We cannot pass by these quiet, peace-loving, industrious tribes, who do not happen to be so well known in the world as those of Mosilikatse, or Sebituane, or Mtesa. The quiet stay-at-home people are generally the tribes which repay missionary labour most, embrace the advantages of civilisation, and stand the test of its many concomitant evils. Apart from the fact that there is here already an immense population in a district capable of sustaining five times the number, the position itself would be important in view of further operations in the interior.”

In the tracts of uninhabited and rocky country which had now to be traversed, the only break in an available wagon road was encountered. Soon, however, the scene changed; the two mountain ranges, the distance between which had been gradually lessening, again separated, and the landscape became wider and more level.

“Emerging from the pass, we gradually rose for about four miles, when they opened out to us the most cheering prospect I had yet seen in East Africa. To the southward lay the great Kaguru-Usagara range, with a long gorge leading up into the very heart of the great mountains, which seemed piled up one behind another as far as the eye could reach. Through this

gorge comes out the beautiful stream which gives its name (Kitangule) to the district, and which forms its principal water supply, although there are several other smaller streams. To the northward, and round to the west and southwest, are high ridges and detached hills, the whole enclosing a basin about ten miles wide. The whole of this was covered with a fine and comparatively short grass, such as I had often seen in the great pasture lands of the south. There was but little bush, except along the course of the ravines. The large spreading mimosa, growing in its usual fashion, here a solitary tree, there a clump of half-a-dozen, gave to the open parts of the basin quite a park-like appearance. As this lovely scene was viewed from the height which we had attained, I could not help saying to my South African servant, 'Oh that I had a wagon and a span of oxen now, and a proper African whip.'

"As might be expected, when we descended into the Kitange basin, considerable flocks and herds began to appear. But what was most interesting to me, from a missionary point of view (although to men with empty stomachs and good appetites the appearance of flocks and herds was by no means uninteresting), was the sight of the villages with which the whole of this great basin was dotted over. Look wherever I would, I could not fail to discover several of these, often within rifle-shot of one another. Up the sides of the great mountain, on both sides of the Kitange gorge, as far as the eye could reach—east, west, north, and south—they were to be seen. The villages are mostly of the Tembe kind. This mode of building seems necessary in this part of the country, where they have none of the protection afforded by the thickets nearer the coast. One of the saddest features of the state of things in East Africa is the constant fear which the people have of being attacked. It is a rare thing to see a male above the age of twelve to fifteen, by day or by night—in the town or out of it, without arms of some kind.

"I need not say that this is another very important and inviting missionary sphere. If there is anywhere a country so near the Equator where Europeans could live and enjoy health, Kitange is such. Kitange combines pastoral and agricultural advantages, although, in the latter respect, it is not equal to the Nguru district. The population of Kitange consists principally of Wakaguru, although there are a few people from other tribes there. Even the Masai are represented there. The people of Kitange get much iron ore in the Kaguru-Usagara mountains."

Of the twenty-six days from Saadani to Mpwapwa, nineteen were marching days, and included stages of varying duration. "Mpwapwa," says Mr. Price, "is decidedly dry, high and dry, and therefore healthy; and this is saying a good deal of a place in Equatorial Africa. There is nothing like a swamp, or anything that would generate malaria any where near, so far as I could see or hear. In fact, I could not conceive the place to be otherwise than healthy for

Europeans. The district seems to be productive enough of everything that can afford to wait for the rain, which I am told never fails to come in the proper time. Native food is abundant.

“There is a considerable population at Mpwapwa, but it is of a very mixed and nondescript character. The most numerous represented people are, I think, the Wasagara. Then come the Wakaguru. There are also villages of the Wagogo. The all-pervading Wanyamwezi are there too in considerable numbers. There are also numbers of coast Arabs there, or people who call themselves Arabs, but whose pedigree is probably as uncertain as well can be.

“Like Shoshong in South Africa, Mpwapwa is not just the place one would choose to live at. But like Shoshong, Mpwapwa is a kind of gateway to vast regions beyond. At Mpwapwa meet all the roads from the coast to the lake regions, from Dare Salaam, from Bagamoyo, from Whinde, and from Saadani; and it forms a fresh starting-point for caravans after all their trouble and hard labour in the maritime and mountainous regions. Like Shoshong, again, it is a most important position to occupy, both as a mission and trading station. The population of Mpwapwa itself is sufficiently large to justify the establishment of a mission there. Then there is Tubugwe, with a considerable population. It, too, might be visited from Mpwapwa. But the occupation of Mpwapwa is all important in view of the establishment of missions in the far interior, and should not be deferred.

“As a trading station, the importance of Mpwapwa cannot be overrated. All the produce of Tanganyika, and a great deal from the direction of Nyanza, and, of course, of all the countries this side, comes through Mpwapwa; from there it branches off to the different ports on the coast. A few men, or a company, with a moderate amount of capital, and who would not be afraid to lay it out in the first instance upon the establishment of a thorough communication, by bullock wagon, or any better mode, between the coast and Mpwapwa, could not fail in a short time to intercept a great proportion of the produce of the interior, which now goes to the coast.”

On the return journey to the coast, and when about to enter upon the uninhabited prairie, the travellers were on the move at a very early hour. While breakfasting at Brack River Port they were visited by a number of Wakamba—a nomadic, flesh-eating people, inhabiting the northern parts of the Kaguru mountains. They are a portion of the ubiquitous Masai, who are the dread of the whole country—a feeling which the following incident serves to illustrate. Mr. Price writes:—

“We had been joined in our morning’s march by two natives from Tubugwe. They wanted to go to Kitange, and joined us for protection in crossing the prairie. I hired the one to carry water for me, and the other to carry my Zulu cook’s bundle, as I feared he would knock up on the long

tramp, and the donkey was already engaged. All the vessels being filled with water, we made a fair start, I leading the caravan according to promise. When we had gone about two miles we came upon a fine lot of ostriches feeding not far from the road. The temptation was too great. I left the road and went to try and get a shot at them. They quietly moved off in their fashion, always managing to keep out of range, yet tempting me on. I did not, however, lose sight of the caravan. When I had followed these birds for some time, and was about to give them up, I happened to cast my eye forward across the hollow of the Brack River which now lay before me, and I saw in the distance a long black line of natives coming in our direction.

“I could see at a glance that they were not an ordinary caravan by the absence of the usual white bundles of up caravans. What could they be? I bent my course towards the path, still watching them and wondering what they could be. Then I looked round to see whether my own men were observing the black line in front of us. At that moment they halted, and the next thing I saw was the two men I had just hired putting their loads down and bolting as hard as they could back along the road. I then went up to the caravan and found the men in a state of considerable consternation. That black line coming towards us were the Masai, and no mistake about it. What was to be done? We decided to cross the ravine and halt on a bit of a knoll on the other side until they should get nearer, for they were still a good way off. The loads were put down and the animals driven into the midst of us, and there we stood to see what was to come next.

“That they were not ordinary caravan natives was becoming more and more evident as they approached. But what else should bring such a large number of them (about seventy) to that place? I breathed a prayer that all danger might be averted, and that there might not be the necessity for us to act even on the defensive. I thought, however, it would be prudent to follow still further the spirit of the advice which it is said Cromwell was wont to give to his soldiers. I had not hitherto been in the habit of carrying the powder-flask and balls, as the two loaded barrels were generally all I found use for at a time. Now, however, I thought I might as well put a few spare balls in my pocket, and take over the powder flask from Hassan. I can scarcely venture to describe my feelings as I stood on that little knoll in the midst of my comparatively unarmed little army, except that I had no inclination to follow the example of the two Washensi and bolt. But afterwards, when the supposed danger was past, and we exchanged *jambos* (good morning) with the long line of swarthy, naked, savage-looking fellows, each one of whom was armed to the teeth with ugly bows and arrows and spears, I remember distinctly feeling particularly brave and jocose.

“They were the veritable Wakamba Masai. But as they drew nearer, the practised eye of Zaidi, the carrier of my medicine chest, and an old

caravan goer, discovered that they were all laden with meat. So to do away with the appearance of our having been frightened, he shouted out *nyama, nyama* (meat, meat—or they are carrying meat). *Haia* (go a-head), and all said *haia*; and so like brave men we moved on to meet our phantom of a foe. The Wakamba crossed the ravine, and followed its course down to join their friends who had visited us at breakfast time. They were all heavily laden with the meat and skins of game which they had killed with their bows and arrows.

“Thus peacefully ended the battle of Brack River Port. And possibly many an East African battle, which ends in cruel bloodshed, might end equally peacefully, if people would but have the patience and humanity to wait and see whether the supposed foe *carried meat or not.*”

The second stage in the arrangements on behalf of this new mission on Lake Tanganyika has been reached, and the whole of the party forming the first contingent of the expedition are on their way to the East Coast of Africa—the starting-point to the interior. The names of the gentlemen are Revs. Roger Price, J. B. Thomson, E. S. Clarke, A. W. Dodgshun, and Messrs. E. C. Hore, and W. Hutley. Mr. Hore is the scientific member of the party, and has been engaged specially in view of the employment of a steamer on the lake. Mr. Hutley is a practical builder.

For the service of the mission, in addition to personal outfits, the missionaries carry with them household stores sufficient for two years, together with tools and building materials, medicines and medical works. Fittings for a good-sized boat on the lake and survey instruments have also been supplied to the party. This valuable store of goods will be transported into the interior by means of a wagon-train drawn by bullocks under the guidance of Zulu and Kafir leaders. It is hoped that by July 1st everything will be ready for the commencement of the land journey, and that, all being well, the entire party will reach the lake about the month of November next.

In the summer of 1876, the Nyanza Mission party, sent out by the Church Missionary Society, in response to the invitation of King Mtesa, sent to this country through Mr. Stanley, reached Zanzibar. Shortly after, one of the number, Mr. James Robertson, fell a victim to dysentery; and his remains were interred at French Island. Lieutenant Smith, who had charge of the mission, writing from Zanzibar, says—

“I purchased the presents for kings Rumanika and Mtesa. For the former, sets of brass salvers, and cooking pots, and a cloak, such as the Arabs here wear—an Affghan one not procurable. For the latter a Turkey rug and a scarlet johi, a cloak richly embroidered. Small zinc tallies have been made for the Pagaazi, and are hung round their necks by a brass chain. The numbers run from one to five hundred, but I hope we shall not have to use all. It is amusing to watch the pleasure with which they receive them,

reminding one of the pinning on of decorations to the breasts of gallant men.

“ The sultan has given me letters of recommendation to kings Mtesa and Rumanika, also a general one for the way. The substance of them is, that I am ‘ a friend of his, and he hopes every one will treat me as they would him (I cannot help thinking that may be a questionable advantage), and for so doing he will pray that God may bless them.’ Dr. Kirk has also given a letter to be used near the coast, where his name is known ; I am indebted to him for much valuable advice, and he has given great assistance by, in some measure, identifying himself with the expedition. To Mr. Holmwood the Society are indebted for a most painstaking piece of work, the mapping out of the Kingani River and its neighbourhood. He has also made us a present of a quantity of metal sheathing and nails, which may ultimately prove very useful, though at present I cannot afford means to transport it. Bishop Steere kindly presented us with some of his printed handbooks, and wished us God speed. Dr. Robb has been unceasing in his attentions, and we are deeply indebted to him. Mr Archibald Smith, our agent, has helped us greatly.’

Having crossed from Zanzibar to the continent, the expedition attempted, in the first instance, to reach the interior by the River Wami ; this proved impracticable, as also the attempt to ascend the River Kingani. Ultimately, therefore, the land route was adopted. The course pursued, though beginning at Bagamoyo, the place where Speke and Grant, Stanley, and Cameron started, very soon took a more northerly direction, and struck the Wami, which was crossed ; then the route of Mr. Roger Price, of the London Missionary Society, was taken, and followed to Mpwapwa. The expedition travelled in four divisions ; the first under Mr. T. O’Neill and Mr. G. J. Clark ; the second, under the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. W. Robertson ; the third, under Mr. Mackay and Mr. H. Hartnell ; and the fourth, under Lieut. Smith and Dr. J. Smith.

The following extract from a despatch by Dr. Kirk to the Earl of Derby, points out the impossibility of ascending the Wami :—“ Soon after arrival Lieutenant Shergold Smith, formerly of the Royal Navy, in charge of the mission, proposed making use of one or other of these rivers as a means of getting beyond the coast region to the foot of the Usagara mountains, ascended the river Wami, which had been spoken of in such high terms by Mr. Stanley as navigable, and leading far inland, but abandoned the attempt after gaining about thirty miles, a distance that on foot we could have done in less than three days, but which, owing to the windings, the sudden bends, and the force of the current, occupied more than twice that time to accomplish in the steam-launch.

“ In addition, the channel was found encumbered with snags, and the natives said that shortly the river would fall, so that in many places it can

be forded on foot. Thus, in the rainy season, the River Wami is a torrent, overflowing its banks, full of snags and difficult to navigate, from the very sharp bendings, and in the dry season it is too shallow to be of practical use, Lieutenant Smith, therefore, abandoned the River Wami, not without having contracted a fever that seriously delayed his further proceedings and prevented him from going in person to the Kingani, which he had orders to explore should the Wami fail. Under these circumstances, as it was most important we should at present obtain reliable information as to the land slave route, and how far inland the slaves were now passing to avoid the sultan's officials on the coast, I directed Mr. Holmwood to proceed in the steam-launch up the River Kingani, and give his best assistance to the missionary party."

In a letter to Lieutenant Smith, Mr. Vice-Consul Holmwood, who attempted the navigation of the Kingani with Mr. Mackay, presents the following report of that river:—

"The Rufu, or Kingani, is, as a navigable river, at present simply worthless. Its course is so tortuous that, in ascending forty-eight geographical miles from point to point, one hundred and fifteen miles of water are traversed, the distance by road to the same position not being more than seventy miles. Beyond the tidal limit the stream is everywhere rendered dangerous by sunken snags and fallen trees. The river though deep, soon narrows to about twenty or twenty-five yards in most places, making it very difficult for any but a short boat, and one having high steam-power, to get round the numerous sharp bends, where the current often increases to a rapid. Still more hazardous is the descent; indeed, with six oars and both screws working, the 'Daisy' was more than once taken out of all control by the current, and dashed against the banks or on some obstacle in mid-channel, in one instance the huge limb of a tree going through her sides and the water filling the engine compartment instantly.

"By such accidents, which would always be incidental to navigation in this river, we were delayed several days, and greater inconvenience and loss of time were occasioned thereby than would be incurred in the ordinary accidents of land travel. The river, moreover, is only open for navigation from about 1st of June till the end of August; for though in most years it might be ascended in December or January—the rains in Usagara coming on about that time—yet to be caught in a flood would be most dangerous, as not only is the body of water irresistible, but large trees are swept down before it, and in many places the bed is subject to be suddenly shifted. At the beginning of September the river subsides to a fordable stream, except where deep still holes have formed, or when an occasional freshet comes down during the lesser rains.

"The Jungerengere is a deep but narrow feeder of the Kingani. Confined by steep banks, it is a torrent during the rains, but rapidly subsides, and

when we reached it the stream was from twelve to twenty feet broad, with a depth of about two feet. This affluent, however, is unnavigable at all times, even by canoes. Its chief interest lies in the great extent of its course and violence of its floods. It dries up in September. Above the junction the Kingani is called by the natives "Mpezi." It still continues to bear the same character; the general depth of water, however, becomes diminished, and the *deep* channel narrower.

"We did not reach Kidunda, but saw it about fifteen miles to the south-west. I had conversations with the most intelligent natives, and their description of the river and its banks from Kidunda to the junction of the Mgeta was unvarying. The substance of the information thus obtained may here be summarised. The country at and above Kidunda, though hilly in comparison with Ugaramo, is very unhealthy, and fever is as prevalent on the high grounds as in the marshes adjacent; yet the hills appear to be composed of stone, for the river here becomes choked with rocks and boulders. Specimens of the latter, washed down by the floods, were seen in many of the villages. The stone appeared hard, but brittle, and is used by the Wagaramo to sharpen their arrow heads and knives.

"It was considered just possible that, with good luck among the rocks, your boat might reach the Mgeta in the months of June and July; but, from the description of the rapids and divided channels met with in this part of the river, I am inclined to doubt the practicability of ascending beyond Kidunda in an ordinary steam-launch; indeed, I was told canoes were often lost in attempting it. The Mgeta River, though a larger stream than the Jungerengere, is equally unnavigable under any conditions. The Wakutu, who inhabit this district, have become more reduced by the late Maviti incursion than even their neighbours. Ukutu, the country through which the upper portion of the Kingani, from the junction of the Mgeta to its source, passes, is not only denuded of population, but by all accounts possessed of as deadly a climate as is to be found in Africa. Such is the general description of the Kingani and Jungerengere rivers. That of the adjacent country and its inhabitants will best be illustrated by a brief sketch of our trip, and particularly of the people we came in contact with.

"On the 6th of July last, Mr. Mackay and myself left Zanzibar in the Society's yacht 'Highland Lassie,' having your steam-launch 'Daisy' in tow. We reached Bagamoyo on the 7th, and entered the Kingani the next afternoon, after engaging a native pilot and guide. Our party had been augmented by the addition of Mr. H. Hartnell, mate of the steam-yacht, whom Captain Cannan had considerably placed at our disposal when we found all hopes of your being able to join were at an end. His services were most valuable, and he had little reprieve from duty at the helm, except when superintending the wood-cutting, or, working hardest of all, in getting things in order after an accident.

“Beyond a general idea of the situation of the mouth, our pilot knew nothing of the river, while the guide’s want of knowledge respecting the higher portion of the stream was only exceeded by his ignorance of Kizaramo, in which language he professed to be a proficient. No one else in Bagamoyo, however, professed even to know anything of the river, and after all the guide was very useful, having travelled through Uzaramo before, and being able to point out the different places situated on the main roads to Tungomero and Mpwapwa. As, moreover, the majority of the people spoke Swahili fluently, it turned out that an interpreter was not needed.

“Up to the ferry of Meituwambiji, on the Ukami road, the people dwelling on both banks are Swahili, or slaves cultivating the plantations of proprietors resident at Bagamoyo, and mostly professing Mohammedanism. Shortly beyond this, Wagaramo villages commence. The first signs of these were small groups of women and children on the banks, attended by a few more than half-naked savages, each carrying a bow and two poisoned arrows ready in hand, with a leathern quiver of the same at his back. These warriors generally knelt in the tall grass or behind a bush, until the women reported there was no danger. They have the head hideously thatched with a mixture of black clay and oil, with beads or drops of the same at the ends of the rat-tail-shaped points of hair which fringe it; their legs and arms are encircled with heavy brass and copper rings, a few ornaments of beads or white shells adorning their ears and necks. Both bows and arrows are most workman-like in make and finish; the poison extends for about four inches below the barb; when fresh, it is of a bright-red colour. They told me it is prepared from the giant euphorbia, and that their medicine-men provide them with a perfect antidote for it, but I failed to learn the nature or to procure a specimen of this compound. Many of the children are got up in the same way as the men, carrying, however, miniature bows and arrows, the latter tipped with hardwood points, and the shaft stained red where the poison should be.

“But this warlike appearance seems only a keeping up of the customs of a generation now rapidly passing away. On closer acquaintance, these fierce-looking persons were found to be generally of a timid disposition, and by no means prone to an indiscriminate use of their weapons. Whenever a herd of hippopotami in the channel rendered it necessary to sound the steam-whistle, or the donkey-engine was turned on, they instantly fled for the nearest cover, or carefully got the women and children between themselves and the supposed danger, and rarely showed again unless the boat stayed a time for wood or provisions, when they were the last to draw near.

“The women were, as a rule, much less timid; they are mostly fairer than the Swahili, and their faces have few traces of the negro type. They are, however, more sadly in want of clothing than even the men, and wear

fewer ornaments. A little higher up the character of the people changes so far that they are all busily engaged in profitable agriculture, and few find time to get themselves up in war-paint. They more generally wear a little ridge of muddy hair down the centre of their heads, as being less trouble to manage than the thatch.

“From Kisabi to Mafizi the river winds and bends in an extraordinary manner, irrigating the country, which is always very low on one side, sometimes on both, for miles, and, the soil being suitable, an almost unlimited supply of the finest rice might here be grown. There is, indeed, more pains taken with the land in this district, and the quality of the grain, some of which I had cleaned, is very superior. Mafizi was the place that most struck me, and, staying here two days, I was able to mix with the natives, and many hours were spent in the different hamlets quite alone among the people, whilst our men were cutting fuel. I may here mention that it is right to go well armed among unknown natives, and, when opening a conversation, it is prudent to explain the action of a repeating rifle, or show the powers of a revolver, which always duly impresses them.

“This is the last of the five grain districts; it consists of four hamlets and a few outlying huts on slightly rising ground, backed by the low hills of Dundanguru, a large district, of whom one Sahale is chief. I sent for him, and, from his remarks, the appearance of his followers, and general report, am led to believe that he and his people are a good sample of the nation, and that a description of the Wagaramo, though applying, as far as my actual experience goes, more especially to the districts from Kisabi to Mafizi and Dundanguru, would be equally applicable to most of the country at the present time. Mafizi is one of the few places on the banks of the river from which the inhabitants do not remove during the rains; it is well above the river, and without swamp in the immediate neighbourhood; it has also good communication with all the high roads, which may be taken to mean all such as are more than ten inches wide. The elders told me that they would be delighted if white people would settle amongst them and teach them, and stated that none would ever be molested unless the Maviti again invaded the country.

“Beyond Mafizi there are few people, except at the junction of the Jungerengere, near which are many villages. Here the population becomes mixed in race, as also in their language. In each village there were Wakutu, Wakami, and Wagaramo. This country is full of game; everywhere, a few miles from the villages, are to be seen giraffe, brindled 'gnu, water-buck, hartebuste, etc. On a fine park-like plain, on the banks of the Jungerengere, we saw four or five herds of giraffe feeding within a few hundred yards of us, besides water-buck and other game, and in the evening a large herd of 'gnu going to drink at the river. We were also told of an elephant forest one day distant, and among the low hills, a few miles beyond the

giraffe plain, rhinoceros and buffalo are said to be plentiful. This country was populous and thriving a few years since before the incursion of the Maviti; now the only traces we found of former prosperity were the charred remains of numerous villages, strewn with fragments of household utensils, and indications of large plantations now rapidly lapsing to jungle. The fish of the Kingani are very numerous and of fine quality; wherever the banks are low, they are lined with weirs and fish-traps of most skilful construction.

“During our journey we happily had no trouble with the natives. There were a few requests to know who we were who, in defiance of all custom, passed without stopping to see the chief, or get permission to enter the country, and a mild hint sometimes was given about hongo, but was not noticed. We were, however, well provisioned, and to a great extent independent of the country, otherwise we should have been compelled to pay prices that would have been equivalent to giving hongo.

“I am by no means able to confirm all that is said against the Wagaramo; on the contrary, I am led to think that, for Africans, these people are unusually industrious and domestic in their habits, and in regard to morality, far in advance of what is generally found in Africa. The women, though made to do out-door work, are treated, as well as spoken of, in a becoming manner, and every one is perfectly clean, the huts being beautifully kept inside, and the open space in the centre of each hamlet well swept, and often having a bench for the elders, around whom it was customary for the young men to congregate during leisure hours. Of course polygamy is customary, but it is only the rule amongst chiefs and persons well to do. Marriage takes place at any age; it is a matter of bargain with the father of the girl here as elsewhere in Africa. If a child, she works for her husband, living with his mother or another wife till she becomes adult, after which she has a hut of her own.

“The Wagaramo appear to have no religion, unless a lively faith in evil spirits and witchcraft can be so termed. Miniature huts, containing charms against the secret dangers of the seen and unseen world guard the entrances to every village, and incantations for securing success are performed before every important undertaking. A specific from the medicine-man also protects every hut and patch of cultivation, and there is no doubt of its efficacy against thieves among themselves, when all believe in its power. The people, however, are practical agriculturalists. Against the depredations of the hippopotamus and pig they erect strong barriers and dig deep pits; and in one of the latter we temporarily lost Mr. Mackay, who, stepping on shore for the purpose of choosing a tree for fuel, suddenly disappeared. Fortunately, the pitfall was only about six feet deep, and no spikes at the bottom, so he escaped with nothing worse than a severe shock; but many of these traps are as dangerous as they are deceptive in appearance.

“The only artificial marks I noticed among these people were upon the professional hunters; they consist of numerous lines across the wrist and fore-arm, which are supposed to give the power of shooting straight. The worst superstition noticed by us is one very common in Africa—that of destroying any child born with upper teeth. We passed one of these unlucky infants just thrown into the river, and the people seemed to pity our ignorance in remarking on the circumstance, and asking for an explanation.

“Mohammedanism has begun to make way among these people, and, should the country become opened up, is certain to spread rapidly. Already, in most villages, there are a few idle fellows who strut about with shaven heads and make use of Arabic salutations, trying, with poor success, to imitate the grave bearing of some true believer whom they may have been associated with during a journey, or have met at a coast-town. They are, however, looked upon as something superior by their fellow-villagers, whom they behold with pity and contempt, although quite unable to teach the new doctrine. If, however, this part of Africa should be visited by coast traders, the arrival of educated Arabs would soon bring about the conversion to Mohammedanism of this hitherto exclusive country.

“Strictly speaking, there is no form of government in Uzaramo. The head of each village has the mildest of feudal rights, and is supposed to render equally light feudal service at the call of the Pazi, or chief of the district. Good proof was afforded of the slight authority of the Pazi of the present day, for the chief of Sagasera district, although, as he said, most anxious to cement eternal friendship by presenting me with a sheep, was unfortunately prevented from doing so by our inability to wait whilst he sent to his town, about four miles distant. If this old gentleman's power had been in the smallest degree of the despotic order, it might have occurred to him to get over the difficulty which so distressed him by accepting the loan of one of the numerous fatlings belonging to his sub-chief, which were peacefully grazing around. After the Maviti invasion, however, the few chiefs left seem to have lost all their influence in the country.

“Slavery in Uzaramo is only known in its least objectionable form; captives in war, runaways from foreign masters, and even strangers permitted to reside, and cultivate land, are called slaves; but, except for committing a crime, are not subject to be sold, and their status in no way differs from that of freemen, except that they are for the first year or two on trial, and generally cultivate land assigned to them by the chief, somewhat stronger feudal liabilities being probably entailed thereby. If, after probation, they are approved by the inhabitants, and considered by the elders as an addition to the tribe, they readily obtain wives, and their children become free Wagaramo.

“The Wagaramo have always been pre-eminent as expert thieves; it

was owing to their reputation in this respect that the route from the coast to Unyanyembe by the old Kutu road was abandoned. Previous to the Maviti invasion, small caravans were constantly robbed of almost everything; and even camps, guarded by large bodies of armed men, feared to retaliate, though their lines were entered and robbed nightly, because the narrow paths so often pass between impenetrable jungles, from which their necessarily extended formation, when on the march, could be attacked at so great an advantage.

“The people freely acknowledged that they are still adepts at night-stealing, but they are also well aware of their decline in power, and would not now, I believe, attempt to molest properly-armed travellers, who let it be known that strict watch would always be maintained over their property.

“In the above sketch of the Wagaramo, the demoralised inhabitants of the villages still skirting the old caravan road are only, as in the last paragraph, incidentally referred to. They are in constant communication with an idle class in the coast towns who scorn regular work, but are always ready to engage in or abet any scheme for raising a little money. Doubtless many kidnapping raids and small slave caravans have been organised between them, and they would always combine to fleece, by every possible means, a party of respectable people as long as they could do so without incurring much personal danger.”

The progress of the mission party up to the time of their arrival at Nyanza, will be learnt from the following communications, received from different persons at different stages of the march. Lieut. Smith, writing from Bagamoyo, in September, says:—“Small-pox is, I am thankful to say, less prevalent. Dr. Smith has vaccinated as many Zanzibar men as have not yet had it, but in no instance has it taken. One of our stokers and one Pagaazi are down with the disease. We found the people yesterday morning nearly roasting the sick stoker. A fire was lit under his bed, another smoky one was burning in the corner of the room, and he was about to undergo the process of picking. The doctor, however, prevailed on them to forego such a useless and cruel practice, and content themselves with a wipe over with warm water instead. The patient was passive, but his doctor-friends were sure he would die if the custom of ages was neglected. The smoky room is considered part of the cure, and there may be something in that. It certainly fumigates the chamber, and an English eye weeps where the native seems to enjoy it. They cover the face with yellow turmeric to prevent scratching. Nearly every man has well-marked indents of small-pox. Children are often put with a small-pox patient in order to take the contagion. It is painful to think of the annual mortality from this cause.

“Last Friday I went down to Whindi, a village about fourteen miles from here. The groups of houses are perched on elevations which, at a cer-

tain time of tide, are surrounded by water. The main part of the place stands near the sea, and is a straggling collection of mud and straw huts, with one room set apart for the reception of strangers. It was raining on the day I was there, and walking across the muddy wastes was like walking on ice which had been ploughed. A friendly man invited me first under his umbrella, then into his house, and, whilst waiting, sent one of his slave-boys to pick some green cocoa-nuts for the juice. The way these boys climb a tree is by tying their feet about four inches apart, and by fingers and toes dexterously used they quickly reach the fruit.

“There is a peculiar relationship here called ‘little mother.’ It is aunt, the mother’s sister. One day we were asked to give some money to purchase medicine for the ‘little mother;’ and rather to the young man’s discomfiture, we asked to see her. On arriving, we found her lying on one of the country beds, wooden frame, with cocoa-nut fibre rope forming the net between, and the doctor examining could not discover anything wrong. She was offered medicine, but said her only cure lay in a dollar. As we met that disease so often, we were obliged to leave the cure to nature.

“On our return, we passed through the French Mission property, a well cultivated estate of about seventy acres. It stands out as a silent witness to the native population of what labour well directed can achieve. Eight years ago all was jungle and forest; to-day it yields more than sufficient to supply its two hundred or more boys and girls; also, I believe the vegetable and animal wants of the European staff, but of that I am not quite sure. Since my stay at Bagamoyo the maximum temperature has been 82°, and minimum 67°, with a regular sea-breeze, making the air cool and work pleasant.”

Writing from Mpwapwa, under date October 14th, 1876, Lieut. Smith gives an outline of the journey to that place. He and Dr. Smith reached Phuni on the 23rd of September; and, having on the march received a letter from Mr. Mackay, saying he was very ill, Lieut. Smith hurried forward to render what assistance he could. On the 26th he crossed the Wami by a capital bridge for Africa, part suspension, part tressle, the suspenders being formed of lianes and stout creepers. As they approached Mpwapwa the country became hilly, and sheep villages were scattered along the route. Cattle also became plentiful, and the people appeared more independent and bold in manner. The last two days were saddened, as they found themselves in the track of an inhuman leader, the men of whose caravan, dying of small-pox and dysentery, were left on the road. They removed the dead and stayed by the dying, but they were past human aid.

Three weeks later, under date Nov. 7th, Lieut. Smith writes from Unyambwa: “I have been obliged,” he says, “to send our sick brother Mackay back to Mpwapwa, or, if he feels strong enough, to Zanzibar. I am afraid to trust him to the long marches. During the afternoon, the heat from the

parched ground is as trying as the blazing sun overhead. The doctor and I have, by God's blessing, enjoyed the best health. After Ugogo it will be a treat to enjoy solitude. Waggogo curiosity is well described by Stanley, as indeed is the whole country. Here it is excessive. We have to place guards at the tent door to keep them from drawing the canvas aside and peeping in. They have brought the art of robbery to perfection. Yet they are a fine, bold race, and some day I hope will be brought to look on honesty as more commendable than robbery. Our route diverges from Stanley's at Mukondoku, and making to the northward passes Simbo. It is more direct, and, allowing for African roads, we are, I think about three hundred and fifty miles from the lake."

The following journal, kept by the Rev. C. T. Wilson, gives the fullest account that has yet been received of the first half of the route to the lake, viz., from the coast to Mpwapwa. The account of the route forward from Mpwapwa to Nguru is comparatively meagre, having no doubt been sent off in haste.

"*July 28th, 1876.*—We were employed all the morning in getting the pagaazi together, and getting their loads out. Some of them had been working at the French Mission on previous days, and had not got their cloth packed, and we had a good deal of trouble with them about it; but by three o'clock we had got most of them off for Gunira, the first halt, distant, according to my pedometer, two miles and three-quarters. About three o'clock Lieut. Smith and I started for Gunira with three pack-donkeys carrying loads; and my servant Baraka, and Mabruki, the tall cooper and guide, who is the finest specimen of a negro I have seen—tall, well made, about twenty-three years of age, possessing all the good temper of his race, and as strong as a horse. The donkeys were tied one behind the other, and gave us a great deal of trouble at first, constantly flying off at a tangent and breaking their ropes; and on coming to the only tree on the whole way, which grew in the middle of the path, two of them at once made up their minds to go on opposite sides of it, and one was nearly strangled in the attempt. We got on with them better for a time, till we came to the swamp just before Gunira, when the donkey which was carrying the ammunition-cases wanted to lie down in the water, but Mabruki had him up, and made him keep his feet. This swamp was beautiful, being full of splendid ferns, and a very pretty pink convolvulus, and at night was perfectly alive with fire-flies—a sight worth coming hundreds of miles to see. Arrived at Gunira, we unloaded the donkeys, pitched the tent, and got things straight. Then we drew up our men in a circle, and the kilangozi, or guide and head-man, went round with us while we paid each man two days' postho or money allowance for food, and gave each man a zinc tally, with a number on it, to distinguish them. These tallies delighted them, and many of them went off with them, skipping and

dancing like children with a new toy. I had intended to remain at Gunira; but as my bed had not arrived, and there was nothing for me to eat, I went back to Bagamoyo with Smith. Our interpreter and cook were to have come to day from Zanzibar, but did not turn up.

“*29th.* After getting a few more loads off, I set off for Gunira, taking a quantity of pice with me for postho. Arrived at Gunira, I got the tent to rights. A man came with some wild ducks for sale, Robertson arrived with his servant William, and we put up our beds and made things comfortable, and then had dinner. After prayers, and writing up my diary, we turned in, as both of us were tired.

“*Aug. 1st.* Mohammed came up early in the morning, and said the interpreter had come, so I decided at once to go on to Kekoko. When two-thirds of the men were off, the four pack-donkeys were started, and I followed them, leaving Robertson to see the rest of the men off, and follow on the riding-donkey. About a mile from Gunira we came to a mud-hole, which had to be crossed, and here my troubles began. The two smaller donkeys, including the one carrying the precious ammunition, got through the mud fairly well, but the other two lay down in it, and refused to stir. We had to take their loads off, and haul them out by main force. I was toiling away with coat off, shirt-sleeves rolled up, and up to my knees in a sticky compound of black mud and water under a scorching sun for three quarters of an hour.

At last, however, we were off again, and, crossing a wooded ridge, entered the broad, flat valley of the Kingani, covered with a dense growth of high grass in which antelope and hippopotamus are found. But here again we had terrible work with the donkeys. There was a deep muddy ditch, down which a slow stream of water was flowing, to be crossed. A single narrow plank had been placed as a bridge, and over this we had to get the donkeys, but they refused to go, and began to plunge, so we had to unload them all, and haul them across. In the midst of my troubles, Robertson came up and gave a helping hand, and, after an hour's hard work, we were off again, and plodded on over the plain. There were immense quantities of a lovely little pink here, varying in colour from pale crimson to deep scarlet. About half a mile from the river we came to another ditch, narrow but deeper, and with more water in it than the former. I made a bridge of logs, and bundles of grass laid over, but the donkeys would not cross it; so we cut some planks, nailed them to posts driven into the mud, and forced the animals over a plank bridge. We soon reached the river, and, having crossed it, encamped for the night. The distance from Gunira to the river by my pedometer was six miles and three-quarters. The day was bright and very hot.

“*2nd.* Got up early and went out to shoot some provisions. I determined to go on to Kekoko without delay. The road lay by the river for a mile, and then entered a dense grass jungle, which gradually gave place to

beautiful park-like country, with giant cactuses and euphorbias growing in the thickets. Shortly before this I passed the body of a boy by the road; he had died apparently of small-pox. About four o'clock I reached Kekoko, which consists of a few huts here and there, among maize and mahogo fields. An Arab sent us a present of a fowl, and lent us a grass mat to use as a carpet, and told us to keep a good watch, as there were thieves about. Distance from the Kingani to Kekoko five miles and three-quarters by pedometer. Hot, but cloudy. A shower about three o'clock.

"3rd. Got up early, and began to prepare for a start, but the kilangozi refused, saying the men wanted rest, and would desert if we attempted to go on against their will; so there was nothing for it but to wait till tomorrow, as desertion is a thing to be especially avoided if possible. So, as all our meat was done, Robertson and I went out to see if we could find any antelope, or anything in the shape of meat, but we only got a few pigeons. About three o'clock Mabruki came with two cooks, one of whom, to our delight, was able to bake bread, for we have had none for a week; they also brought us a note from Smith and some oranges. The flowers and insects were most lovely; among the former is a handsome purple water-lily very similar to the English white one, a fine crimson hibiscus, and a shrub something like a myrtle, but with crimson flowers. There are quantities of palms, mimosas, and ebony-trees, these last being used for firewood. There are large numbers of beautiful butterflies. The birds too are very varied and pretty. To-day I saw four large vultures, and yesterday I shot a lovely little green and yellow parrot.

"4th. By daybreak the camp was astir, and at 6.30 the first of the caravan started. After going about a mile, the donkeys were in difficulties again. The road lay through most lovely, open forest—clear spaces covered only with high grass, alternated with clumps of large trees surrounded by dense jungle, among which the path wound. The air was loaded with the scent of various aromatic plants, as jessamine and syringa, of which there was a species with a large white blossom. The road ascended gradually for six miles, till we were two hundred feet above the Kekoko. At this point we got the first approach to a distant view we have yet had, and on all sides was the same interminable forest, reaching even to the tops of some blue hills before us, distant some thirty miles. The path then descended into a grassy valley, where we encamped, having gone seven miles by my pedometer. There was no village near, and nothing, consequently, to be bought; and as our stock of meat consisted of two or three pigeons, Robertson and I took our rifles and went out to look for antelopes, which were said to be near; but after a weary tramp of some miles, we returned without having seen anything. We got some tamarinds here, which were a great boon, as we made a most refreshing drink from the acid pulp which surrounds the seeds, mixed with sugar and water. After dinner we went to bed thoroughly tired.

"5th. There was nothing for breakfast but coffee and a few small biscuits, so after making the most of these, we started about seven o'clock. The road lay through the same park-like forest as before; indeed, so like an English park was some of it, that I should scarcely have been surprised if, on turning a corner, I had seen a large house and well kept garden. After a two and a half hours' march we arrived at Rosako, distant eight miles from our last camp. Here we encamped, and the news soon spread that a Musungu caravan had arrived; and the chief of the village sent a sheep to know if we would buy it, which we did for two dollars. Soon after, this official appeared in person, bringing us a present of bananas, half of which, however, turned out to be bad. He then said that there were plenty of giraffes and deer not far off, and that he would send a guide to show us where to find them. Then he told us that he must have sixteen pice more for the sheep, which were given him. When the guide came we set off to look for the promised game, but, after wading four miles through tall grass, we returned without having seen anything bigger than a rat. Not feeling well—the result, I think, of the march on an empty stomach—I took a good dose of quinine and went to bed early, and this set me to rights. During the evening we had rain.

"Sunday, 6th. To-day we rested. The men would have gone on, but we explained to them what the day was. Soon after breakfast the chief of the village came down, bringing us a present of a yam, telling us he had a bag of Matama (millet) to sell, so, as we had found we had not food enough for the men, we said we would go and see it. The village was a mile from our camp, and was clean and very pretty; the little children ran screaming away as soon as we appeared. The matama was brought, and we agreed to buy it, and also a bag of rice. The matama we brought with us; the rice was not quite ready, so we left a man to bring it. In consequence of a dispute about the bargain, the chief at first refused to send it; but having despatched thirty of our men to bring it down, in half an hour they returned with it in triumph. During the morning an ivory caravan passed on its way to the coast.

"7th. About half past six we were off again. The road was still through forest, with much denser jungle, the path often being only a foot wide, with a thick wall of vegetation on both sides. Stanley speaks of having had considerable trouble here with his donkey cart; but the wonder is how he ever got it through at all, if the jungle was then in the least like what it was when we passed. Here we encountered the first rock I have seen since leaving the coast—a yellow sandy limestone. The Udoe hills appeared to-day to the westward of us. I caught a glimpse of them through the trees on the top of the highest ridge we crossed. After a march of four hours we encamped at a place called Pasakwanani, ten miles from Rosako—the longest march we have yet made. A little way before it we passed some fields,

in which millet was growing to a height of sixteen or eighteen feet, and abounding in a beautiful lilac convolvulus and a pretty little scarlet mallow. Soon after we arrived we had the villagers round us bringing provisions to sell. We bought a sheep, a bag of millet, and a quantity of sweet potatoes. To-day I found some ferns, almost the first I have seen on the mainland.

"8th. We started at seven o'clock. Almost immediately we came out on a sort of down, and then descended into a valley, with a stream of brackish water flowing through it, and containing fields of millet, mahogo, and tobacco. We encamped at a village called Brahim, near the stream, having gone six miles. We had heavy rain in the afternoon.

"10th. Started at a quarter after seven. The road still lay through forest, and we had also four streams to cross, all in gullies, which gave us some trouble with the donkeys, and delayed us a good deal. After a five hours' march we reached the village of Mezizi, having gone nine miles and a half. Soon after we had pitched our tent, down came the rain, like a heavy English thunder storm, and the water came pouring into our tent; so Robertson and I turned out, and spent half an hour or more in making a ditch round it, and draining off the water. I sent a message to the king of the place to say I should be glad to see him, and before long he came. He told us that the Makata valley was only six days distant, so we may get over it before it becomes very swampy. He laughed very much at an air-pillow we showed him. As rain continued to fall, and as our tent was very damp, we tried a fire in the evening, but were nearly smoked out at first, owing to the dampness of the wood.

"11th. The men said they were too tired with yesterday's march to go on, so we had to stop. The king told us there were plenty of wild cows (buffaloes, I suppose), but we saw none of them. It rained more or less all day; our tent and the ground got thoroughly sodden; all my sleeping-suits got wet, with the exception of one blanket, so I had to sleep in my clothes on my cork mattress.

"12th. We started to-day at 7.20. It was a lovely morning, with a thin mist hanging on the ground, which, however, soon disappeared when the sun got up. The ground was exceedingly muddy and slippery for a mile or so, but then we got on a hard, red sandy clay, which was much better. Before we had gone very far, the man who was carrying the oil-cans managed to run his spear through the only can of paraffin oil we had for our lamp; fortunately we have cocoa-nut oil and candles enough to last for some time. Soon after this the Pongwa hills appeared a few miles in front of us to the north-west. The road still lay through forest, with long grass instead of jungle, in which were quantities of grouse and guinea-fowl. After going nine miles, we reached the foot of the first peak of the Pongwa hills—a fine, bold hill, with large masses of rock near the summit, its sides being nearly

covered with forest; the top is bare of trees. We skirted its base, passing through fields of tobacco and matama, till we reach the village of Pufuma, a distance of ten miles and three-quarters—our longest march. It took four hours and three-quarters to accomplish. The day was very fine; the heavy clouds, which in the morning had threatened rain, gradually cleared away, and left a cloudless sky at evening. The country here has a curious appearance, as nearly everything is red. The soil is a bright, red, tenacious clay, of which the houses are made, a framework of sticks being thickly plastered with it. The bark of the trees has the same colour and gives a curious appearance to the forests. I should think, when Africa is opened up, there will be large quantities of iron found here. I was struck by the immense number of castor-oil trees here, whole acres being covered with them, and they grew thickly in the matama fields.

“*Sunday, 13th.* After breakfast we made inquiries as to the possibility of getting to the top of either of the mountains, but we found that the one was infested with large snakes, and the other with lions, so we did not make the attempt.

“*14th.* By daylight the camp was astir, and at 7.15 we started, I as usual going with the donkeys, as we nearly always have some difficulty with them. To-day was no exception, as we had several steep gullies to cross. After we came to the rest of the caravan, which had halted to allow the donkeys, which had got far behind, to come up, I found Robertson suffering from the beginning of an attack of fever, and hardly able to sit on the donkey he was riding. I at once sent some men on with the tent to the village where we were to encamp, which was about two miles further on, with orders to set it up ready for us. After crossing the river or brook Fumi, which flows into the Wami, we entered the village, and, on going to see if the tent was up, I found nothing whatever done to it; so, getting the men together, I had it up in a few minutes, and Robertson was soon in bed. I gave him a dose of Livingstone's mixture, and then quinine. The march lasted four hours and a quarter, and we went about ten miles. The first part of the road lay close under the larger of the Pongwa hills. We saw a prominent hill to the N.N.W. called Panga, and to the N.W. the Nguru hills were visible in the dim distance.

“*15th.* Robertson was too ill to move. In the morning, though far from well, I walked down the Fumi for some way to determine its course; it flows about due north, thus, as the natives say, flowing to the Wami.

“*16th.* Robertson a good deal better. Decided to go on, and sent for the kilangozi to tell him so, when I found the men had a lazy fit; they said some were sick, and one had broken his leg. I went to see the broken leg, and found it perfectly sound; so I told the men I should give them no food that day; if they would not work, I should not feed them.

"18<sup>th</sup>. The men were willing to march. Robertson was nearly well, and decided to ride the saddle-donkey. We tried to get men to carry me in a hammock, but none could be got, as just before there had been a fight between the village we were at and the one to which we were going. So a pack donkey was cleared for me, and a blanket folded and tied on the pack for a saddle. When we got to the gate of the village at which we stopped, I was lifted off the donkey quite exhausted. I had a very bad night.

"21<sup>st</sup>. We set off early this morning—I on the pack donkey again. I was much better and stronger. The road was over several hilly ridges running down to the Wami, and covered with forest. After a march of about ten miles we reached the village of Wedigumba, in the valley of the Wami, and about a quarter of a mile from the river. The Wami here looks like a river that would be navigable to a steam-launch; it was about sixty yards wide, flowing with a strong muddy current about two miles and a half an hour; its course was due east. The banks of the river are very pretty; tall trees, covered with enormous creepers, overhang the stream, dipping their boughs in its water; the pretty jessamine grows plentifully, filling the air with its scent. Here and there are little islands covered with a tall, graceful grass, and a little bright-green palm. One tree I have especially noticed here; it has bark something like the plane-tree, only whiter, and has a spreading head of dark foliage. It grows perfectly straight, without a branch till near the top. One I saw must have been eighty or ninety feet to the first branch, and as straight as an arrow.

"22<sup>nd</sup>. We started about half past-seven and proceeded up the Wami valley. The character of the country was completely changed, being a broad, flat, open valley, with very few trees except on the river bank, and these few mimosas and acacias. The valley is evidently a swamp during the rainy season, but now it was dry enough. After three and a half hours' march we stopped at a miserable village, called Mbuni, consisting of three or four huts. I was quite well again.

"24<sup>th</sup>. We started this morning at seven, and soon left the valley of the Wami, passing through hilly forest, with here and there huge masses of syenite cropping up. At one place I saw a beautiful crimson azalea in full flower growing by the road side. We encamped in the forest, having gone about eleven miles and a half—our longest march. There was no water anywhere near the camp, so the natives made holes in the ground in a hollow near, and these were soon filled with a liquid very much resembling soapsuds, and with this we had to be contented. The Nguru hills, which were abreast of us at the last village, were now behind us: these hills are wrongly placed in Speke's map, being put much too near the coast. We had rain at night.

"25<sup>th</sup>. The road lay for some way through forest, and we passed a fine bold mass of rock, two hundred or three hundred feet high, apparently of a

coarse conglomerate sandstone, with trees growing on it. After a time we left the forest and entered the valley of the Wami again, along which we proceeded for a couple of miles, and then encamped at a village one hundred yards from the river called Kwediebago. At a village we passed on the edge of the valley, I noticed a large tree like a sycamore without a single leaf, but completely covered with little green figs. I think this must be the sycamore of the Bible, or a tree closely allied to it. In the evening the king of the village sent to receive the toll which it seems it is customary to charge caravans for crossing the Wami, which we are to do to-morrow; I suppose it is for keeping the bridge in repair. He wanted to charge ten doti, but, as I found that three was the usual toll, I refused to pay any more.

“26th. The men did not want to go, but the king of the village sent a message to say he wanted us gone. So I told him that I could not get them to move, but if he liked to try I should be very glad. He did so, and, his majesty’s logic succeeding, we were off by a few minutes past eight. Our road lay through the forest which covers the banks of the Wami, and which must be almost primeval. Enormous trees, covered with creepers as thick as a man’s leg, and often twisted like huge ropes, form the forest, as there is little underwood. It was deliciously cool here, as the trees quite kept out the sun. We soon came to the bridge, and such a bridge it was! It was made of two stout creepers stretched from one bank to the other, and supported at intervals by stakes driven into the bed of the river. Here and there stout pieces of wood were tied across from one creeper to the other, and on these were lashed long poles, with occasional cross-pieces to keep them in their places. Two rude sort of hand-rails were made of creepers fastened to sticks. The bridge was also further secured by creepers tied to trees on each bank; but the whole shook and trembled most ominously when you walked on it. The sticks, too, had got worn smooth, and were quite polished from frequent use; there were also great gaps, which told you plainly if you slipped you must go into the river below. The men got over very well, and, with a little trouble, the donkeys were got across also. We encamped in a grassy plain, having gone three miles, and taken four hours to do it.

“*Sunday, 27th.* We rested to-day as usual. The Usagara Mountains are right in front of us, and look very grand. We were very much troubled by large black ants, which got into everything, and crawled all over us; they did not sting, but were very annoying.

“28th. At 6.45 we started. The road lay for some miles through an almost treeless plain, in which were large herds of different kinds of antelopes, which stood and stared at us as we passed. The road was rather swampy at first, which made walking unpleasant. After a time we entered a number of groves of palmyra palm, and, after this, forest again. The path led gradually up towards the mountains. We encamped at the foot of a

small hill in the forest, having gone nine miles and a half in four hours. One of the men found a quantity of wild honey, which we bought from him; it was dark-coloured, but very nice. The water here was horrible.

"29th. We started at 6.35, and soon left the forest and entered fields of matama. After leaving these we entered jungle with grass about eight feet in height, and the road lay through this for some way. Then we got into cultivated land again with fields of Indian corn, matama, pumpkins, and tobacco. After going some miles, we came to a running stream of beautiful water, at which we filled our water-bottles. Soon after crossing it, we encamped in a matama field from which the grain had been reaped, having gone seven miles and a half.

"30th. We halted here to-day. One of the men died during the night of small-pox, and another is ill of it. I fear it is getting a hold in the caravan. I intended going out after the antelopes which abound amongst the hills, but it was such a blazing hot day that I did not attempt it.

"Sept. 4th. We started at seven. The road lay along mountain-ridges covered with forest; wherever the trees were thinner, we got glimpses of high mountains all around us, north, south, and west. We kept along the ridges, crossing once a gully, which rather delayed the donkeys. Then the forest got thinner, and gradually gave way to cultivated land, large numbers of bananas and matama fields, from which latter the grain had been reaped. After passing three or four villages we crossed a stream of water, sweet but not clear, and encamped on a hill near the village of Magubika, having gone eleven miles. Close by our camp was that of a party going down to the coast with cattle they had brought from Unyamwezi.

"6th. We started at seven. The road lay at first for some distance through a forest of young ebony trees. We then crossed a steep ridge, bare of trees, but with quite a little grove of sage-bushes growing on one part, the plants being often eight or nine feet high, and sometimes eleven or twelve. We encamped in a matama stubble-field, having gone only six miles. The forest is getting much thinner. Some Arabs here told us that at a village which they passed, and which we must pass, the people were fighting with a band of the warlike Masai; but there cannot have been any real fighting, as the Arabs are such arrant cowards that they would never have gone near the place; subsequent inquiries proved it to be so.

"7th. To-day we met with the bamboo growing in the forest—the first time we have seen it on the mainland. We had several ravines to cross, generally with streams flowing down them, and in some of them were quantities of beautiful ferns. We encamped on a hill, having gone six miles. This was a very hard march, and I was thoroughly tired.

"8th. We started at seven, and entered the forest again, which, however, was generally thin. At one part we had a splendid view of a wooded

plain, dotted here and there with red-walled villages, and looking very rich and fertile. We encamped on the bank of a dry stream. The number and size of the dry gullies we have passed shows what an enormous quantity of water must pour down here in the rainy season. We got some sour milk here, but not at all like milk when it turns sour in England, being purposely made so—it is not at all bad. Our march to-day was about seven miles and a half.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> the party reached Mpwapwa; and there found Messrs. Clark and O'Neill who had gone on before. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> October, Lieut. Smith and his party arrived, bringing the September mails, having come most of the way from the coast by forced marches. Mr. Wilson's journal thus continues:—

“7<sup>th</sup>. O'Neill and I bade farewell to Mpwapwa. We passed close under the mountains, and reached Chunyo soon after sunset, the distance being twelve miles, and the latter part of the road very rough. We were now to begin the crossing of the terrible Marenga Mkali, a plain where for forty miles not a drop of water nor a human habitation is to be found.

“9<sup>th</sup>. We walked on, expecting every minute to come to open ground; but no, there was the same interminable jungle. At last we suddenly emerged on to open ground, dotted with huge baobab trees (a peculiar feature of the country), and I knew that I was in Ugogo, and that the terrible Marenga Mkali was passed.

“13<sup>th</sup>. The hongo or tribute was to be paid to-day, so we did not go on. The king took as hongo twenty-seven doti of cloth, one zinge or bundle of brass wire, and some yellow beads. We wanted to leave a letter here for Lieut. Smith, but an Arab belonging to another caravan told the king that it was poisoned, so he would not take charge of it.

“Sunday, 15<sup>th</sup>. Last night we encamped near the dry bed of the river which runs at times by the set of villages called Matamburu. We stopped here to-day. The king paid us a visit in the morning; his name is Kiremaganda. He remembered Stanley.

“17<sup>th</sup>. The path led us between two hills, through forest and jungle for twelve miles, to the village of Bihawani, where we encamped, as hongo had to be paid here. Mohammed told me the king wished to see me. I found him a simple, childish old man, who was delighted to see me, and said I was the first white man he had seen. He was particularly struck with my beard and shoes. He asked my name, and told me his own, Minyitangaru, and said we must exchange names. He would call himself Wilson, and I must take his name.

“18<sup>th</sup>. The road led through a narrow plain, dotted over with baobab trees, to the village of Kiddidimo, four miles and a half distant. Here we encamped, as hongo had to be paid. This part of Ugogo is far more like what

I had expected from Stanley's book. It seems, for the most part, hilly, and to have far more jungle and forest and waste land than cultivated.

"19th. We ought to have gone on to-day, but Maganga wanted to wait for Terekeza, a negro, who is taking a large caravan to Usukuma to trade for ivory. He is one of those unscrupulous characters not uncommon in the East. His caravan, and one Mackay was bringing to Mpwapwa, travelled together some time; and because Mackay's cloths were better than his, he told the people that Mackay's were poisoned, so nobody would sell Mackay anything, and he had to take another road.

"20th. The road lay through jungle so dense that we had to keep a sharp look-out to prevent our helmets being knocked off. Soon after six we reached our camp under some remarkable rocks.

"21st. Before daylight the camp was astir, and at 5.25 we were off. Mohammed told us it was only four or five miles to the village, but it turned out to be eleven. We encamped in a grove of palms, the first we have seen for two hundred miles. The name of the village is Kitararu. We have now left the Unyanyembe road, and are on a track not much frequented by caravans, and O'Neill and I are probably the first white men who have been along it. The water here is brackish, as the village is just on the edge of the great salt plain from which the Wagogo get their salt. The name of the king here is Simami.

"Sunday, 22nd. We stopped here to-day. The king came to see us several times, bringing on one occasion a calabash of fresh butter; he also gave us a quantity of very good fresh milk, which was particularly acceptable. Indeed he is by far the most liberal king we have come across yet. The Wagogo were very troublesome, crowding round the tent to stare at us, blocking out all the little air there was, and walking into the tent in the coolest manner.

23rd. As we passed the king's tembe, he sent us out some new milk, and gave us a goat. We crossed the eastern corner of the salt plain, and reached our camp at the village of Mbuki, a distance of six miles and a half. Our camp is again in a grove of palms. The king, whose name is Kisanza, was away, and so the hongo could not be settled.

24th. The king returned last night, but said he could not settle the hongo to-day, so we must wait till to-morrow. The Wagogo here are even more troublesome than at Kitararu. The water here is good, and we got some mud-fish to-day. O'Neill likes them, but I think them very nasty.

"25th. The heat of this plain is very intense, and the glare from the sand excessively trying. The hongo was settled to-day. The king came to see us in the evening. On his return, he sent us a cow as a present.

26th. Kept due north some way, and then turned west, passing through a grove of palms of considerable size. This plain on which we now are

has, no doubt, been once a lake. Among other evidences, I saw on the march to-day clear traces of an old beach in one or two places. We reached our camp at 10.5—distance about eleven miles.

“27th. The hongo was settled to-day—fifteen doti of coloured cloth. The name of the place is Puna, and of the king Marangoga.

“28th. The road passed alternately across bare open plain; and through jungle much more interesting than former ones, as all the trees and bushes were in full leaf. Away on our left stretched the bare plain, looking as dismal and dreary as the desert.

“Nguru, Usukuma, Dec. 11th.

“We are now at last only a few days' march from the lake, but I fear we shall be detained here some time. This place is a sort of rendezvous for the caravans to and from this part of the country; and to this place our pagaazis, or porters, engaged to come, a few only agreeing to go on to the lake. So when we arrived here, which we did yesterday, most of our men left us; consequently, we shall have to engage a number of fresh men to carry our things on to the Nyanza. This would have been an easy matter if we had reached this place five or six weeks ago; but we have arrived at an unfortunate time, for the rainy season is just setting in, and all the people are busily engaged in sowing the matama, or millet, and Indian corn, so that we shall have little chance of getting men for three weeks or a month, when the sowing time will be over. Soon after leaving Mpwapwa, we left the beaten road to Unyan-yembe, and passed through new country, which was very largely jungle of forest. Thus, on one occasion, we marched for eight consecutive days through unbroken jungle; and the last four marches before reaching this place were through another unbroken jungle, so a great deal of our time has been spent in the forest. The people we passed through were the Wagogo or people of Ugogo—the Wataturu, a warlike scattered tribe, who live in the first big jungle we passed through, and Wasukuma, or people of Usukuma, among whom we now are. The men here, when in holiday costume, smear their bodies with red clay and dress up their hair with a paste of red clay and rancid butter, and the odour of a crowd of Wagogo is most overpowering. They seem to have no religion, and little or no idea of a God, though they are superstitious and afraid of evil spirits. They also have great faith in their ‘magangas,’ or medicine-men, who profess to make rain, etc., and stand in great awe of them. At one village I was set down as a ‘maganga,’ because they saw me get a light with my burning-glass. I have indeed been literally the medicine-man of our caravan, and have sent many a negro away happy by giving him some ‘dawa,’ or medicine. I have generally, too, managed to cure them. The Wagogo are not a bad-looking race, but the men disfigure themselves by boring a hole in the lobe of their ears when quite young, which they gradually enlarge to an enormous extent. They are

all great thieves, and at the same time great cowards, not daring to go out after dark. The Wasukuma formed the bulk of our pagaazis. They are, like all those negroes, thinking only of the moment's gratification, without any regard to the future. They have, what I think Col. Grant has remarked, a wonderful knowledge of edible plants and roots, and in the jungle were always bringing in some root or plant which they boiled and ate."

The latest communication from the Nyanza Mission party is the letter which we here insert from Mr. O'Neill. It is dated, at least the latter part of it, from Kagei or Kagehyi, the point at the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza struck by Mr. Stanley.

"Nguru, or Gula, in Usukuma,

"Dec. 29th, 1876.

"We (Mr. Wilson and himself) left Mpwapwa on October 7th and reached Chunyo the same evening. The following day and night and part of the second day we marched continuously across the Marenga Mkali and into Ugogo (forty-one miles without stopping). In Ugogo we commenced paying hongo, and before we left it we had to pay to eight kings, each of whom delayed us two or three days before we could arrange what was to be given. They are a most grasping set, and the people generally idle and vain. After a few marches I got a fresh attack of fever, and had them constantly during our continuance in this country until we reached Ushore, having to be frequently carried, or ride on a donkey; so that my mind is rather confused about many parts through which we passed. After marching for eight days through a dense jungle—the same in which Stanley had his fight—we reached the important village of Ushore. Here we were detained for more than two weeks, while the jungle in our front was being examined, as the Rugu-Rugu—a band of robbers (part of the celebrated Mirambo's followers)—infested it, and had attacked another caravan, which they followed, cutting off stragglers. Here we had a note from Lieut. Smith, informing us that he was within a few days' march of us, but short of provisions. I sent off Wilson to his relief with three hundred rations, and marched myself the following morning, passing through the jungle by forced marches of twelve to fourteen hours a day, and reaching Nguru on 3rd December, and discharged all the pagaazi, as this was the place to which they had engaged to come.

"I now endeavoured to engage a fresh batch to take me on to the lake, one hundred and twenty-five miles, but without success. The rains had commenced, and every man was fully occupied in hoeing up ground and getting in their crops. I was told that for at least one month I could not get men; and I found this near the truth. In a week after my arrival Lieut. Smith came in with his caravan, and discharged all his men except those who were natives of the coast. Wilson and the doctor accompanied him. The following day Smith left us for Unyanyembe to purchase cloth, of which we were

short, and to secure, if possible, men to go on to the lake. Up to the present he has not returned.

“Since leaving Mpwapwa we have had two deaths, and three ran away. The incidents of the whole journey, I am happy to say, have been few. At Bugari, some six days’ march to the east of Mpwapwa, we were threatened by an attack from the Masai, who were in its neighbourhood plundering caravans and carrying off cattle. The villagers went out to meet them, but no encounter took place, and they retired from that part of the country after a few days, and we proceeded safely. Next we had the unfortunate affair at Mpwapwa. On the march we had a fight between our men and those of another caravan travelling with us, the dispute being about the dead body of an elephant, which both claimed as having being the first to discover it. Fire-arms were freely used on both sides, but I am happy to say with no fatal results. Then we had the Rugu-Rugu in the great jungle. These we avoided by waiting until they had taken a different course in pursuit of another caravan. The same banditti made an attack on the village of Nguru, coming in and attempting to carry off corn. They were repulsed and the corn recovered by the villagers, aided by our men. Any one of these events might have proved serious affairs to us, had they taken a different course from what they did. We have to thank God for the protection he has been pleased to extend to us, and for bringing us thus far on our journey in safety.”

“Semia, Jan 3rd, 1877.

“I am happy to say we are once more on our march towards the lake, after a delay of four weeks at Nguru, with a small caravan. Wilson and I are now thirty-one miles on the road. We have passed through the only jungle we expect to meet, have crossed a large river, the Munungu, and are now passing through a well-cultivated and thickly-peopled country, which would be an admirable field for a missionary station. The people are a mild and industrious race.”

“Kagei, Jan, 29th, 1877

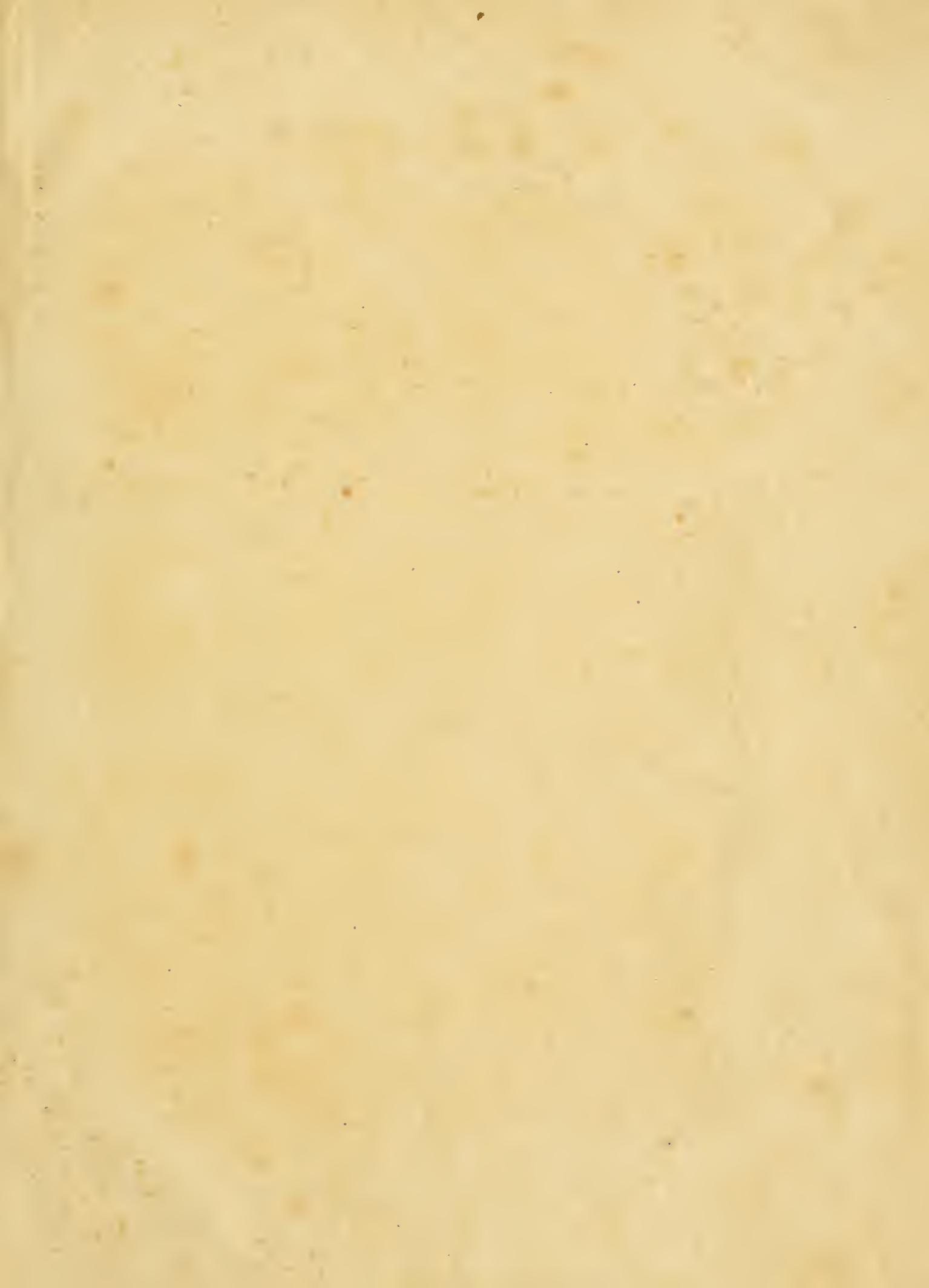
“I am now able to announce our arrival at the Victoria Nyanza, after a rather tedious journey of thirty-one days from Nguru, the distance being about one hundred and twenty-five miles. We had expected to have accomplished this stage in fourteen or sixteen days, but, owing to the many delays which we experienced from our pagaazi, stopping at villages from various causes, sometimes sickness, but more frequently whim, we could not get on; and were obliged to submit, or they would leave us in a worse plight by running away from us. The whole distance travelled over is studded with villages, nicely situated and surrounded by green hedgerows of euphorbia; altogether, the country is a fine open one, with much cattle and well cultivated, every village having a considerable breadth of land sown with Indian corn or

millet, and everywhere water is abundant. I should say it would by proper management become a very rich country; but the great drawback is the absence of any king or ruler recognised over the entire country. Kings there are in abundance, for every village we passed had one, but there is no central authority.

“We are now at the place where Stanley had his camp, and where one of his men died and is buried—the grave marked by a stone, inscribed ‘F.B., 1875, *Stanley’s Ex.*’ As yet I cannot say if it will suit our purposes of boat-building, etc., because we, having arrived only this day, have not as yet examined the country about us as regards the timber. From what I have been able to see, there does not appear to be very much in this neighbourhood, and the king of this place, in conjunction with Songoro, the slave-trader, is building a dhow on the island of *Ukerewe*, opposite to us. This has been in progress for the last three years, and is not yet finished: this is the same vessel referred to by Stanley last year. The sight of the deep blue waters of Nyanza was to us most cheering this day, after our long land journey. Wilson has been unwell for the latter portion of the march with fever, but I am thankful to say that my health has never been better. I have walked the whole distance, and I believe I have now got completely rid of the fever attacks to which I had been previously subject.”

With the record of the establishment of these three missions—one on Lake Nyassa—one on Lake Tanganyika—and one on Lake Nyanza, we close our work. These constitute a triple crown to complete and adorn the heroic labours of David Livingstone. The spirit of that noble man watches, no doubt, with lively interest the carrying out of objects that were so dear to him while here. His broad, catholic nature must rejoice in the fact that they are prosecuted by various sections of the Church of Christ. Through their influence, and that of kindred efforts, Africa shall be redeemed from the bondage of ignorance and degradation; and all her peoples, from the Nile to the Zambesi, from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, be brought into the family of Christ.







Livingstone, David

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