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LIVINGSTONE
AND
HIS AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS;
TOGETHER WITH
*A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE YOUNG, STANLEY,
AND DAWSON SEARCH EXPEDITIONS;*
CHAPTERS ON
ANCIENT & MODERN NILE DISCOVERY;
ON THE
CENTRAL AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE,
&c., &c.

*From the "LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY" of S. O. Beaton,
F.R.G.S., and Ronald Smith, of the Royal Asiatic Society,
Bombay; and from Livingstone's own Official and Private
Correspondence, and his Government Dispatches.*

NEW YORK:
ADAMS, VICTOR & COMPANY,
98 WILLIAM STREET.
1872.

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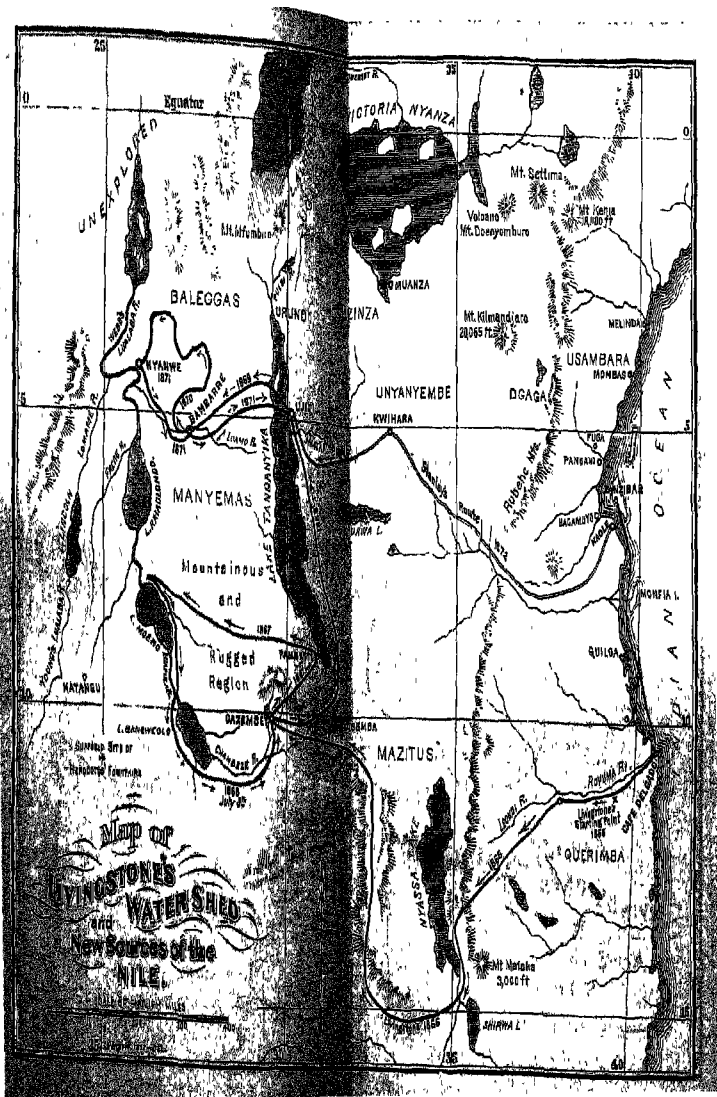
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so far as geography goes, we may, in the course of a few years, be able to hand over a "Dower's Atlas," or a "Webster's Dictionary of the World's Surface," to the pupil or student, and say, "You will find everything there you want; let your desire be to know whether Captain Cook was really the first discoverer of Otaheite, or whether it was Dr. Livingstone or Captain Speke who discovered the real sources of the Nile." That, in fact, everything which is troubling us now as regards this or that in geography shall before long be settled finally; and that our great authorities on geographical subjects shall have smoked the pipe of peace and ceased all bickerings.

Let us travel the Nile down through the flat, sandy, and hot lands of Lower Egypt, through Nubia and its wild, burning deserts, along its rivers—the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, or the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile—and we find that even this ancient country—old Ethiopia—is but little known. We know that it is under Egyptian supervision; but, as a domain tested and tried, and which ought to be known to every schoolboy, not merely as a wild dominion, but as a country capable of producing the

articles, the loss of which mars the prosperity of an otherwise great kingdom, it is in reality a *terra incognita*. Nubia is a splendid cotton-growing country ; the heat, which is felt as so oppressive, and the natural irrigation of the land, are, combined with the peculiar richness of the soil, capable of producing an exceedingly fine staple. The sportsman there may find elephants, rhinoceroses, gazelles, ostriches, giraffes ; while to the missionary, Nubia opens a field that a man zealous of his faith would hasten to, and remain in.

The war of the British with Theodore opened up Abyssinia, and showed to European eyes the extraordinary country whose rains cause the overflow of the Nile, and the consequent fertility of the Delta of the Nile. Theodore was then the supreme ruler of the highlands ; but since his death war has been raging in all directions in Abyssinia, and the reigning emperor, Kassasi, seems unable to maintain peace within, or to preserve his empire from invasion. The troubles and turmoils in that country have, it appears, given the Khedive an excuse to step in and seize several of the richest provinces, with the view of ultimately subjugating, and, in

the end, annexing, Abyssinia as part and parcel of his dominions; but whether Europe will sanction or regard with indifference this act of appropriation remains, of course, to be seen. Certain it is, however, that, if allowed to annex and plunder Abyssinia, the vassal of the grim ruler of Turkey will not only soon rival his master in extent of territory, but become a potentate of almost unparalleled power in the East. One has simply to turn to the map of Africa to find that, with Abyssinia in his possession, the Khedive has the east coast of Africa also in his grasp, and, whether for good or evil, would rule all that side of Africa with an iron hand.

But, turning back to times when the whole East was a mystery to the Occident, one famous figure stands out in history whose daring and discoveries have long been subjects upon which the schoolboy loves to dwell. We refer to Bruce, who confidently asserted, believing it to be true, that the Bahr-el-Azrek, or the Blue Nile, was the great river of Egypt. His inquiries among the barbarous races of Darfur led him to place the source of the river at about 7° N. lat. and 27° E. lon.; not, however, in

lakes, but in a small stream flowing from the Djebel-el-Kamar, or Mountains of the Moon, situated just below the Lake Nyanza—the name given by Ptolemy to the great range in which he affirmed that the true source of the Nile would be found. But Bruce had not penetrated far enough in a south-westerly direction; and, after all his marvellous adventures, died without bequeathing the secret to the eager world of science.

The African Association, in 1827, sent out an explorer named Lenant, who surveyed the course of the White Nile from its confluence with the Blue river to Aleis, a distance of 132 geographical miles; and, after completing this work, he (Lenant) affirmed that the question had been finally disposed of. But he, too, expired while the secret was enveloped in what seemed an impenetrable mystery.

Panting after discovery and conquest, Ibrahim Kashef, a faithful and accomplished officer of the Viceroy of Egypt, succeeded in obtaining the consent of his chief to the departure of an exploring party from Cairo to settle forever the vexed question. He divided his party, and marched for thirty-four days along the banks of

the White Nile, but without progressing in the great object of his mission. It was not, however, this distinguished officer's fault that his name was associated with the word failure; for, while passing through Nubia, and ascending the precipitous elevations of Abyssinia, numbers of his party deserted, and, returning to Cairo, reported (as it was the case with Dr. Livingstone) that Ibrahim Kashef had died. This wretched fabrication was believed at the viceregal palace, and, in consequence, the supposed dead officer was left entirely to his own resources. He wandered for months on the great table-land of Abyssinia, and succeeded in reaching the highest peak, Abba Jared, an elevation snow-clad perpetually, and towering towards the sky 15,000 feet. After this feat, he returned and put his calumniators to shame.

Between the years 1839 and 1843, no less than three expeditions were fitted out by the Egyptian Government for the exploration of the Nile, and by which the river was followed up into regions hitherto unknown to the modern world. The first of these expeditions was headed by an European adventurer, who had wormed himself into the confidence of the

reigning Viceroy, and, with a view to plunder, suggested the attempt at discovering the great secret. This expedition ascended the river as far as $6^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat., discovering in its passage the mouth of the Sobat, and that of the Bahr-el-Azrek. The second of the expeditions was the most important. It was under the direction of a Greek of eminence and energy, who had long sought for an opportunity of penetrating into Central Africa. In the passage of the expedition, this Greek was so much impressed by the appearance and magnitude of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, that he would have certainly proceeded to explore that remarkable piece of water in preference to the Tabui, conceiving it entitled by its importance to be considered the true Nile, rather than the river up which he pursued his journey; but his instructions were imperative to continue his explorations to the south, whereas the Bahr-el-Ghazal would have taken him south-west. This expedition made many important discoveries, but without making the greatest discovery of all, as it was also the case with the third party, who succeeded in getting so far south as the southerly bend of the Lake Albert Nyanza.

The difficulties in travelling southward after leaving Abyssinia are so striking and numerous, that, to a traveller, they often appear insurmountable, especially where a large party is concerned. The river is, in many places, completely choked up with long, thick grass, so as to offer an effectual barrier to the passage of boats of any size. At these places the explorer has perforce to either land and drag his craft to open water, or with axe and knife cut a passage through the hardy and luxuriant vegetation.

Writing in 1804-5-6, Lord Valentin, a distinguished English traveller, who had wandered for a long time in Upper Egypt and Abyssinia, says that he had consulted a number of respectable Arab merchants of Aden and Mocha, "respecting the possibility of penetrating into the interior of Africa by the caravans which return from Berbera," and the result of these inquiries satisfied Lord Valentin that it was possible to reach the sources of the Nile by means of the caravans which at that time journeyed between Cape Guardafui and the districts *south* of the Mountains of the Moon. It was suggested to him that the most effectual way to secure his safety, and to lead to a successful

issue, was by paying his respects to a Somaui chief, and by this means secure his protection. His lordship, it appears, did not make the journey, although he found out afterwards that an open route existed south-west from Berbera, by which he could have proceeded to a point not far distant from Lake Tanganyika.

Our own John Ledyard set out in 1788 for Egypt, determined to discover the source of the perplexing water, but he was stopped by death, in Cairo. Not, however, before he had pushed his inquiries among the black slaves that were brought from Eastern Africa; and, in one of his last despatches, he says: "I was told by one of the slaves that they came from the west of Sennaar, fifty-five days' journey, which may be about four or five hundred miles." A negro chief said that the Nile had its source in his country, but where the exact spot was, Ledyard could not learn. This American had been sent out under the auspices of the African Association, a society formed in London to promote African discovery, as the immense advantages of accurate intelligence respecting the interior of the vast continent were greatly felt, even in that day. At that time the Portuguese were

swarming all along the seaboard from Sofala (the Ophir of Solomon) to Melinda, the furthest point north to which adventurous Europeans then proceeded, although, along the coast of Ajan, and on to Cape Guardafui, there were great inducements, in the shape of myrrh, ivory, and ambergris, to attract the stranger. The Portuguese, however, flew at higher spoils, and were, in short, contented with nothing below gold. Gold they had come for, and gold they would have, by fair means or foul. It was a race between them and the crafty Arab merchants of El Yemen for the precious metal, as the latter had a perfect acquaintance with the extraordinary productiveness of the gold-mines of Monomotapa and Sofala, and the yellow riches of the Mozambique rivers. They arrived in small vessels, called zambucks, freighted with gaudy-colored cottons and silks, with which they traded on the coast. The accounts which reached Europe from time to time led to the formation of the African Society, whose object, however, was not of the sordid and grasping nature of that of the Portuguese; but, on the contrary, it contemplated the possibility of familiarizing the civilized world with the great

table-land of Central Africa, and spreading knowledge among the rude, barbarous tribes of the interior. But Ledyard's death seems to have damped the ardor of the association, as we have no record of an expedition from the same quarter for very many years after.

As years rolled on, the ascendancy of the Portuguese on the seaboard received many a rude shake. Melinda, at one time a port of great promise and the most flourishing on the coast of Ajan, was completely destroyed by the barbarous Galla. Mombaza, in its vicinity, where the British attempted to establish factories, was finally abandoned in 1827. Zanzibar then was and still is under the rule of an Arab, whose subjects are partly pagans and partly Mahometans, and whose revenues are in the hands of the Banians, a grasping, unscrupulous caste belonging to the Bombay (India) Presidency. Mozambique is still subject to the Portuguese, as well as several settlements on the Zambesi, and others of comparatively little importance at Zumla and Manica ; but trade in these parts assumes but very slight proportions, while, although the soil is fertile, yielding luxuriant vegetation when cultivated, it is to a great

extent neglected. There are in Mozambique, as is the case in almost all the Portuguese settlements in the East, signs of long years of gradual decay. The inhabitants are lazy and poor, and prefer to remain so, rather than imitate the British, whose energy under a tropical sun is something wonderful to behold. Moreover, the authorities in Mozambique afford no encouragement to industrious persons, a fact which may be accounted for by saying that the authorities themselves receive no encouragement from the home Government. The Governor has a salary which an Anglo-Indian clerk would despise; while his staff, military and civil, are lean and of a scarecrow aspect, although their names are suggestive of pomp, and their grave faces of wisdom. Sofala, in latitudes south of Mozambique, collapsed long ago; and if any gold-washer or gold-digger, hankering after the yellow god of the world, finds himself on this coast, he will have to travel to the mountains of Monomotapa and begin his search there, for the Ophir of Solomon is now beneath consideration.

The Portuguese have, on the whole, had great opportunities in Africa on the coast to which we have referred; but these opportunities of adding

to the importance of the mother country in Europe have been neglected, and now it seems the height of folly to expect that if left to them the resources of Africa will ever be developed. And when one thinks that the situation of the continent is more favorable than either Europe or Asia for maintaining an intercourse with other nations, it appears most extraordinary that the Portuguese should have allowed their settlements to sink into decay, and their name among the inhabitants into evil repute. Yet such is the fact. It is clear, therefore, that the duties which the Portuguese have trifled with should be discharged by a wiser and more energetic race, and there is no race better fitted to give Africa her true place among the continents than the great family that peoples North America and Great Britain.

Of late years pioneers have gone forth in increasing numbers, and if they disagree in many respects as regards the source of the Nile, they have all made important discoveries which reflect the highest honor on their names. Speke, for example, discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and suggested that the Nile had its source in the waters of this great lake. When he and Grant

arrived at Ripon Falls on the 28th of August, 1862, he records in his journal that the object of the expedition had been gained. "I saw that old father Nile," writes Speke, "without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of that holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief." This explorer placed the source at the most southerly point of the lake, "close on the 3d degree of S. lat. ;" and were this the case, the direct measurement of the Nile, "rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, would be 2300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe." But, according to Dr. Livingstone, the Victoria Nyanza is only a side feeder of the Nile, and, before its source is found, between four and five hundred miles must be added to its immense length. Nor was Baker more successful when he arrived, with his heroic wife, at River Lake Albert, and pronounced *it* to be a second source. Yet the achievements of these great travellers, and those of Grant, Burton, and others, are splendid examples of Anglo-Saxon skill, pluck, and endurance apart altogether from their value in a geographical sense. The qualities of head,

heart, and physical constitution demanded of the true African explorer are so rarely found combined, that for a nation to have produced such men as those here named may well be a source of pride ; and that all but Speke yet live to watch over the field of African discovery is a source of satisfaction. Contesting, as each one does, Livingstone's claim to have discovered the true Nile source, they nevertheless honor geographical science by their watchfulness over the great explorer's labors, and none will be more willing than they to do him honor if, on his final return to Europe, he proves his speculations to be true.

But every step in unexplored Africa is of the greatest consequence to the world, as who can tell what profound secrets are hidden among the dark elevations of the interior—secrets which, once revealed, cannot fail to shed new light on the mysterious workings of nature ! But she guards these secrets with zealous care. She did so when Herodotus thought he had solved the great Nile problem, and she does so now. But the greatest of all explorers is even now storming her stronghold.

But there are other secrets in her bosom be-

sides those which Livingstone, Baker, and Speke searched for, and these will be discovered the more rapidly now that the spirit of Great Britain and America has been fired by the result of Livingstone's work. And to emulate the heroic self-denial of our great African travellers is a noble ambition, more exalted than that for military conquest. It is worthy of the two great nations, whose desires are to suppress an inhuman traffic, and quench the thirst for blood which rages among the petty despots of equatorial Africa.

II.

David Livingstone's Parentage—Youth—Remarkable Struggles to acquire Knowledge—Thirst for Travel and Adventure—Studies Medicine and Theology—Departure for Cape Town—Marriage.

THE accepted version of Dr. Livingstone's birth and lineage does but scant justice to the illustrious explorer and his family. According to that account, David Livingstone was born near Glasgow, of parents in an exceedingly humble walk of life—a fact not altogether correct, as his father was a respectable tradesman, carrying on a small business in tea in the neighborhood of Blantyre. But no mention whatever is made of the causes which brought the family to the "low country," or the position which it formerly held in the Western Islands. The true story of his life and struggles with fortune is as follows:—

The great-grandfather of David Livingstone distinguished himself, and fell at the celebrated battle of Culloden, where the Duke of Cumberland gained a decisive victory over the army of

Charles Edward Stuart. His son, the grandfather of the Doctor, held a small farm in Ulva, one of the Hebridean Islands, where he was held in high respect on account of his upright dealings, and unflinching diligence in the teeth of disaster and trouble of various kinds. He was regarded, too, with a species of awe, on account of the legendary lore with which his mind was stored. All the extraordinary tales handed down orally, through many centuries, were familiar to him, and were told by him, during the long winter nights, to an audience gathered round a great peat fire, all rapt in respectful attention. Often he narrated the adventures of his countrymen abroad, and dwelt upon the sufferings of those who had fallen into the hands of the Moslem. On these occasions he usually sung Gaelic songs, composed by the captives to break the monotony of their captivity. To these wild stories and legends, young David, then almost a child, listened with the same eagerness as it was his wont to listen to the dusky story-tellers of Africa when he went among them as a missionary. It is stated that the teachings and tales of his grandfather assisted materially to

form the character of David Livingstone, and implanted that insatiable thirst for travel that has made his name famous.

The old gentleman, although accustomed to recount particulars of the family for six generations, professed to admire only one of his ancestors. This Livingstone, he used to say, was poor, but he was renowned for his wisdom and sternness in requiring that justice should be done in all cases to his poorer brethren. On his death-bed he called together all his children, and, after giving them his blessing, he said that during his lifetime he had carefully examined the traditions of the family, and had searched everywhere to discover whether his ancestors had ever done wrong to their fellows. "I never could discover," he said, "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 your blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: *Be honest.*"

But Livingstone's grandfather, like many more of the fine old farmers of the Hebrides, found difficulties which his forefathers had never

experienced, and which threatened to swamp his small stock. Rents were rising, his family was numerous, and the produce of the farm was falling off. Not even incessant toil could stem the current against him, and at last the evil day came. With feelings which no one but he who knows the fondness of the Highlander for the soil of his fathers could properly appreciate, the head of the Livingstones left the island, and with his family removed to the banks of the Clyde, above Glasgow, and near the large cotton-works at Blantyre. As his sons had received as good an education as was possible in the Western Islands, the proprietors of the cotton-mills received them as clerks, and, on discovering the fine character of the old gentleman, they gave him a post of confidence, one of the duties of which was to carry large sums of money between Glasgow and the works.

He died at an advanced age, beloved and respected by ^aall with whom he had come in contact. His sons, with one exception, entered the army during the last French war, and, like their valiant ancestor, distinguished themselves greatly in the field. The exception was David's father, a man of retiring habits, and on princi-

ple disinclined to embrace a military career ; but, notwithstanding, his patriotism was sufficient to overcome his scruples, and, had it not been for the claims of his family, he too would have entered the army. Had he set these claims aside, it would have been a matter for unlimited conjecture to deal with the future of his son. He, however, remained at home, and carried on a small business in tea in the neighborhood of the cotton-mills. He died in February, 1856, when, as the traveller writes, " I was, at the time, on my way below Zumbas, expecting no greater pleasure than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels."

When David Livingstone was ten years old, his father's means were so small that it was decided the boy should be sent out to work, by way of adding to the family purse ; so that, while boys of his own years were in the school-master's hands, the future illustrious explorer was hard at work as a " piercer " in a cotton-factory. About this time his passion for books was so great, that it almost absorbed every other consideration. Certainly he lost sight of the downright hard work in which he was engaged, and thought only of possessing books.

With a portion of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin Grammar, and, as he himself says, "I pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards with unabated ardor, at an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labors was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the book out of my hands. I had to be back to the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night."

This extraordinary example of perseverance under difficulties that would have crushed the spirit of most lads, was indicative of the immense energy which the explorer afterwards displayed in penetrating to the mysterious centre of that vast continent which "emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know, and longed in vain." And when one considers the case of the poor boy—a child in years, but a man in heart—toiling arduously during the long factory hours of that day, and when it might be supposed that he would eagerly have sought relief for his wearied

body in sleep, he was committing his self-imposed tasks to memory, it is not difficult to account for his present greatness.

The night-school which he succeeded in attending was of a very humble type, as far as appearance went, but it was fully on a level with some of the better class of schools in England in other respects, while the fee in comparison was a mere trifle. Everything taught in it was on a substantial scale. Modern languages were not part of the course, as will be understood; but what is usually described as a sound English education—or, more strictly speaking, a Scottish education—could be had there; and, as far as his means went, David Livingstone availed himself of it. Apart from his studies, he was at this time reading everything that came in his way; but his supreme delight was in devouring treatises and works on scientific subjects, and books of travel. The latter he read with a glowing cheek and a bright eye filled with excitement; and as he read, the resolution to travel and explore was formed, and grew until he thought of it day and night. There were difficulties apparently insurmountable in the way. He was a poor lad, only half educated,

and out of any direct channel through which he might proceed abroad. Another youth, with the same craving for seeing the world, would have desponded, and finally, regarding his wishes as vain, sunk down into the ordinary operative, and forgot, in a few years, all his youthful aspirations.

But, young Livingstone knew not the meaning of the word failure, just as the great traveller knows not the meaning of the word fear; and he set himself the task of studying medicine and theology, with a view to find employment in the east as a missionary. He procured, as a beginning, Culpeper on *Astrological Medicine*, along with which he studied a work on the *Plants of Lanarkshire*.

At this time his anxiety to complete his studies was so great, that he read, not merely far into the night, but also while at work in the mill; and this he contrived to do by placing the volume on a prominent portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could snatch a sentence now and again, which he analyzed as he stood over the machine.

For nine years he remained at the mill, planning and scheming how to prosecute more

rapidly his studies, and, more especially, how to obtain the means to permit of his attending the Medical and Greek Classes at the Glasgow University. His wages at that time were not, however, sufficient to justify the necessary outlay, and so up to his nineteenth year he had perforce to struggle on without assistance. But, shortly after this, he was promoted, and became a spinner. His labors now were very severe, and, to a youth naturally delicate, excessively trying. His wages were, however, increased; and, in the satisfaction he felt at being able at last to procure first-class instruction, he considered himself far more than compensated for the additional strain upon his constitution. *During the winter, therefore, he studied medicine and Greek, and in the summer attended divinity lectures.*

David Livingstone's father being an eminently pious man, early taught his son to fear God and love the truth, and the lessons which David received in these early years never have been forgotten. The Doctor is not only illustrious as a traveller and explorer, but he is, as has well been said, "a man upon whom the hand of God has been laid." He has led one of those

blameless lives, whether as a boy, as a student, as a missionary, or as a pioneer of civilization, which provokes the admiration of honest, true-hearted men everywhere, and the cause of this proceeds in a great measure from the early teachings of his excellent father. Had the latter lived to read of the achievements of his son, the cottage at Blantyre would have been the scene of rare felicity.

After studying medicine and divinity for some time, Livingstone regarded China as the field in which he might labor with the most profit to himself and the natives of that country. With that view, he looked around for an appointment as medical missionary, having previously qualified himself by becoming a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. When on the eve of embarking for China, the Opium War broke out, and it was not deemed expedient for him to proceed thither. Having taken a deep interest in the missionary labors of Mr. Moffat, who at that time was in the Bechuana country—a division of Southern Africa, about 700 miles from Cape Town—Livingstone made up his mind to join the former, and, after a little more theological training in

England, left his country, in 1840, for Cape Town.

His stay there was short, as his services were much required among the Bechuanas, who were, notwithstanding their courage and industry, of predatory habits, like their neighbors, the Zoolas.

For four years Livingstone remained a bachelor in the Bechuana country, where he was employed in preparatory labors connected with the mission. At the end of that term, he, to use his own words, "screwed up courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit-trees, which I believe is usually accompanied by a peculiar thrilling sensation in the bosom, and which those who have never felt it can no more explain than the blind man did, who thought that scarlet color was like the sound of a trumpet." The question which the young missionary put resulted in his marriage with Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter. Three boys and a girl brought increased animation to the little circle at the Mission-station—at least for a time, and until it became necessary to send his family home before the African climate had told upon their constitutions.

The fact that Mrs. Livingstone was not only a missionary's daughter, but a lady whose heart was with her husband in his scheme, of civilizing the wild races of the dark continent, led him to the field of exploration. Had she opposed his first hazardous adventures to the north and north-east, toward the Zambesi, that first journey never would have been undertaken; but it was undertaken with her full assent, and, in a subsequent trip into the unknown region, she even became his companion—alas, to her own martyrdom!

III.

The First Explorations—Their great Success—Return Home—
Again on the Zambesi—Discovers Lake Nyassa—Death of
Mrs. Livingstone—In the Zulus Country—The Slave Trade
—Home Again—Honors.

IT was in the ninth year of his residence in Africa that Livingstone began his famous journey to discover Lake Ngami, having, up till 1849, been exclusively engaged in medical and missionary labors. And in 1852-6 he undertook those still more famous journeys, which excited the attention and provoked the admiration of the thoughtful classes throughout Europe and America. During the fourth of these journeys he reached the Upper Zambesi, the "key of Southern and Central India;" and during the latest he travelled from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loando, the capital of Angola, one of the great divisions of Lower Guinea. In returning, he traversed *the whole breadth of Central Africa*, to the mouth of the Zambesi on the east coast, and from the port of Quilimane sailed with his

native interpreter, on board the British naval brig "Frolic," for Mamithu.

Six months later he reached England, and told that wonderful story of his, of his journey from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, across intertropical Africa; of his marvellous escape from death, and of his great discoveries. It was then he described the stupendous cataracts of Mosiattunija, or Victoria Falls, whose waters eclipse even those of the Falls of Niagara. And when he had told his tale, honors were showered on him, and his name was acclaimed as that of the greatest of all explorers. Edinburgh claimed him as her own; he was a Scotchman, beloved of his countrymen, and a welcome guest among the highest in the land. He was accordingly presented with the freedom of the northern capital, as a token that Scotland was proud of her illustrious son. The Royal Geographical Society handed him the Victoria gold medal, and entertained him at Freemasons' Hall; and when the British Government heard that he was about to renew his researches, he was appointed British Consul to the Portuguese settlements in Southern Africa. That was in February, 1858, and three months

later Livingstone was again at the mouth of the Zambesi.

Livingstone's next discovery was the Lake Nyassa, which he explored in company with his brother, Dr. Kirk, and one seaman. In attempting to sound its greatest depth, 700 feet of line and chain were dropped without finding a bottom. On proceeding north, it was found that this huge lake widened gradually from twenty to sixty or seventy miles, and was upwards of 210 miles in length. While engaged at this task he was joined by Mrs. Livingstone, who had penetrated to one of the mouths of the lake, in order to aid her husband in his labors. In the following April this lady expired, and was buried by the little group of mourners under the broad shade of a banyan-tree at Shropanga. The loss which the Doctor sustained in his beloved partner's death was, to him, immeasurable. Mrs. Livingstone was a brave, devoted woman, of that rarest type combining courage and high intelligence with the rarest simplicity. Her love for her husband, and his love for her, was something very beautiful to behold. She fell a sacrifice to that love and her devotion to duty, and her name will

be enshrined in the record of illustrious women.

Impelled with a motive that will make his name immortal, Dr. LIVINGSTONE strove to fathom the secret that had long perplexed thoughtful people regarding the slave trade in Central Africa. It had been asserted that the slaves from Zanzibar, Kilua, and Iloe were obtained chiefly from the natives who inhabit the shores of the Lake Ambrect. To decide this question, Dr. Livingstone ascended the Shiré. In this task he got into difficulties. He lost his boat and was deserted by his men; but whatever befell this intrepid spirit, his march was ever onward. After travelling on foot in a north-west direction, without meeting any of the hateful Mazitu or Zulus, he came upon a great range of hills running north and south, which rose to the altitude of 6,000 feet above the sea. In this range he found a beautiful valley softened by rich verdure, and refreshed by sweet waters, which gladdened the traveller's eye. The range of hills formed a grand table-land called Doza, on which he found dwelling a tribe called the Maraoi. Subsequently he travelled along the shores of Kota-

Kota Bay alone, and discovered what made his brave soul rise in horror. Two Arabs, the servants of the wealthy Portuguese on the coast, were engaged in the infamous task of transporting slaves across the lake.

The Arabs engage in the slave trade as a means of obtaining carriers for the ivory which they had previously bought. The slave trade alone does not "pay." The Arabs, in the first place, buy or steal as much ivory as they can, and instead of engaging porters to carry the tusks to the coast, they simply seize upon the natives least protected, and convert them into carriers. Then with muskets at their heads they march them down to the seaboard, and sell flesh and ivory, human beings and elephants' tusks, for what the combination will command. Sometimes these traders buy slaves. For six feet of gray or white calico they can purchase a strong boy; for twelve pieces they may possess themselves of a good-looking girl; and so on. Of the horrors of this trade we will not now speak, as, in a future section of this volume, we give Dr. Livingstone's account of it as it exists at this present time—an account which ought to cause every civilized nation in

Christendom to arise in wrath and blot out the monstrous iniquity at once.

On travelling due west from the "Lake Country," the Doctor made several ascents, and landed upon an extraordinary table-land, the air of which braced up his nerves and gave him a new lease of life. But it is strange to say that his followers, who were accustomed to the malaria of the Zambesi delta, *were actually prostrated through the change!*

The next movement of the Doctor's was to the east coast, from whence he proceeded to Bombay, in India, where, after a weary, uncertain, and dangerous voyage of 2500 miles, performed in forty-four days, he was made heartily welcome. From India he travelled homeward, and on reaching England was greatly "lionized." It was not, however, adoration that Livingstone wanted. What he came home for was to recruit his somewhat shattered health, and to enjoy the society of his family. No man living thought less of distinguished receptions and flattering messages from those in power. When Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, out of sheer admiration for the intrepid spirit of the missionary explorer, sent a dis-

tinguished member of the Bar to inquire what he, as Prime Minister, could do for Dr. Livingstone, as he was anxious to serve one who had done so much to add to the glory of his country, the Doctor, instead of asking that his family might be provided for, begged that Lord Palmerston would use his influence to "open the Portuguese ports in East Africa." This was simply characteristic of the man.

The year or more spent in England was largely devoted to the production of those records of his remarkable journeys which soon literally become a household word. In almost every country of Europe the volumes were read with an eagerness, that for a while the publishers could hardly supply books enough; and in the New World the same interest followed, and his travels were sold by tens of thousands of volumes. One volume, abridged from his larger work, sold in one year over 100,000 copies; and the author's fame was coequal with that of Crusoe himself; so that, when it was known that he had consented to answer to the demands of geographical science to explore the wilderness and labyrinths of Equatorial Africa north-west of Lake Nyassa,

the feeling was one of unbounded pleasure—for, what a treat shall we not have, said all, when the story of that adventure is told!

That story is here told, in its most essential respects; but it remains for the Doctor, after his final return, to give us that intimate and chatty diary record of that six or seven years in the wilderness which must form one of the most readable volumes ever published. Alas, indeed, if any evil fortune should befall the explorer 'ere the time fixed for his return, or that any loss should come to him of his notes and records from which to make up the precious volume!

IV.

The Central African Exploring Expedition—Its Organization and Personnel—On the March—Mutiny of the Sepoys—At Lake Nyassa—Desertion of the Johanna men and Story of the Doctor's Death—Progress North-westward—At Prince Cazembe's Court—The Cazembe Women—Discovers the New Nile Source—Two Years' Tramp to the North and West of Londa—The new Lakes and Rivers—Return to Cazembe and thence North to Ujiji.

AT the solicitation of Sir Roderick Murchison in 1865, Livingstone again turned his face eastwards "to determine the watershed of Central Africa, by an examination, in the first place, of the regions lying between the Lake Nyassa of Livingstone (between 11° and $14^{\circ} 30'$ S. lat., and between 34° and 35° E. long.) and the Tangaynika of Burton and Speke (between 3° and 8° S. lat., and between $29^{\circ} 30'$ and $30^{\circ} 30'$ E. long.)" The Doctor consenting, late in the same year he proceeded to Bombay *en route* to Zanzibar. In the "Western Presidency" of India he was received by all classes with every mark of respect which so illustrious an explorer deserved. During the time that his small vessel

lay off the Apollo Bunder, awaiting the orders of its commander, crowds congregated, both European and native, and prayed that the mission of the "Burra Sahib" might be successful.

This journey of exploration had long been contemplated, although he recommended to Sir Roderick another person for the work. In the preface to his "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," written in April, 1865, the explorer says:—"I propose to go inland north of the Territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavor to commence that system on the east which has been so successful on the west coast," and he adds of his route:—"I hope to ascend the Rovuma or some other river north of Cape Delgado, and in addition to my other work shall strive, by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, to ascertain the watershed of that part of Africa." And, as if in anticipation of the results to follow, he says:—"In so doing I have no wish to unsettle what, with so much toil and danger, was accomplished by Speke and Grant, but rather to confirm their illustrious discoveries." Why this clause if he

did not apprehend that his discoveries would "unsettle" their own? His *wish* might be not to affect their resolution of the Nile problem, yet we surmise he strongly suspected that it would—as it did! He pursued the route indicated, only passing around Nyassa on the south, but, after that, headed direct for the very spot where his keen senses told him was the real watershed—over 300 miles west of Grant and Speke's line of discoveries.

To carry out this scheme the funds made available were not very liberal. The Royal Geographical Society gave £500; the British Government the same sum, and three or four of his good friends gave a further sum of £1,000. The Doctor was, furthermore, appointed British Consul for Central Africa, with an annual salary of £500. Such were all the funds directly available, although a small sum was afterwards added by the residents of Bombay, and with it he organized his expedition.

Sailing from Bombay, January 2d, 1866, he reached Zanzibar in due season, and from thence started down the coast in boats to the mouth of the Rovuma. His caravan consisted of twelve

Sepoys from Bombay, nine "Johann men" (Comoro Island natives), seven liberated slaves, and two Zambesi men, and also, as an experiment, six camel, three bullocks, two mules, and three donkeys as carriers. The Sepoys were well armed, the Bombay Government having provided them with Enfield rifles. For baggage, the expedition, besides personal stores, instruments, and equipage, took along two bags of beads and ten bales of calico, with which to conciliate the head men of the various tribes over whose territories the Doctor must pass.

No landing being feasible at the mouth of the Rovuma, the boats ran up it for 25 miles, when a landing was effected, and the real expedition entered upon. Proceeding along the southern bank of the stream to the mouth of a large affluent, the Leondi, the caravan then halted at the village of a friendly chief, while the Doctor and a guard went forward to discover the way. The journey thus far had been excessively arduous, through forests and jungles where the path literally had to be hewed out by the men. This greatly displeased all hands, but especially the Sepoys, whose rank mutiny

and cruelty to the beasts—say, rather, their slow murder of the poor brutes, one by one, until not one was left alive—compelled the Doctor to discharge them all before midsummer, and provide them with means to return. This left him with a limited escort, but, had the Johanna men been faithful, all would have been well. They, too, proved treacherous, for after passing around the southern end of Lake Nyassa and striking out for the unknown country to the north and west, these men, led by their leader, Musa (or Mousa), suddenly decamped with a considerable portion of the Doctor's personal baggage, and it was their return to the coast in March, 1866, with the story of his death, which created so much alarm in the explorer's behalf.

The region of the Lake was reached after an eight days' march from the Rovuma, during which two of the liberated slaves deserted. At the Lake his body-servant demanded his discharge and left the service. It was at a Babisa village on the Lake that Musa heard from a half-caste Arab that, over the Lake, the fierce Mazitus were robbing and murdering, and this story afforded the Johanna men a pretext for refusing to go farther. The Doctor proposed to pass

south of the point named, in order to avoid the Mazitus; but this would not answer, it seems, for, as stated, after the expedition train started forward from the Babu village, the Comoro men, left somewhat behind with the baggage, deserted in a body.

The explorer now found himself in a country of friendly savages, and by their aid went forward—each tribe leaving him at the confines of another. In this way he progressed slowly, and with a great deal of suffering on the way, through the country of the Babisi, the Bobemba, the Barungu, the Balungu, into Londa, the dominions of Prince or King Cazembe, whom Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller, had visited. By this sable potentate the Doctor was very kindly received (August, 1807). Livingstone describes his Majesty as “a most intelligent prince,” a tall strong man, who wore a kind of kilt of a crimson color, and a great length. He wished to know what the Doctor wanted there, and when it was explained that the white man was in search of waters west of his Majesty's dominions, the reply was that plenty of water lay close at hand. Cazembe said that he liked Livingstone, and gave orders

that the latter had permission to go where he pleased. "The Queen," the Doctor says, "was a fine, tall, handsome young woman," who entered the assembly armed with a spear, and attended by a bevy of ladies, ready for a fight, if it need be. The appearance of the Queen Livingstone thus characterizes :—"Cazembe's Queen, Moaria Nyombe by name, would be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage, near the tip of her fine, slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of two of the front of her superb snow-white teeth, and then, what a laugh she had ! Let those who wish to know go see her. She was carried to her farm in a pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne, fastened in two very long poles and carried by twelve stalwart citizens."

And of the other ladies of the court, he says in his own quaint way :—"Many of the women are very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately the dears could not change charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms,

and small hands and feet, but must adorn themselves, and this they do — 'oh, the husbands!' — by filing splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile — which has so much power over us, he-donkeys — like that of crocodile ornaments, scarce. What would our ladies do if they had none, but pout and lecture us on woman's rights. But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning fine warm brown skins, tattooing various pretty devices without colors, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heralding uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of light, warm brown color, and so very sisterish, if I may use the word, like on new coinage, it feels an injury done one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose so as to bulge out the *ala nasi*, or wing of the nose of the anatomists."

Not a very flattering picture, truly, as judged by our canons of beauty; but showing, nevertheless, the great promises of civilization with such good material to work upon. Fortunate, indeed, for the good Doctor's future that he found at that particular spot a race so kindly disposed and so naturally intelligent.

While exploring northward around Cazembe, early in 1868, Livingstone discovered a lake called by the natives Zaemba, but which proved to be one of the head-waters of Lake Tanganyika. At the southern point of this lake the latitude is 9° S, and it is 300 geographical miles in length from north to south. Long supposed to be the real head-waters of the Nile, it was not, however, until Stanley and Livingstone's survey of its northern end, in December, 1871, that it was proven to have no outlet in that direction, and is therefore, so far as is now known, an isolated body of water, which depends upon evaporation under a tropical sun for its reduction.

Passing west from Pambette, on the southwestern shore of this lake, the explorer struck out for the real heart of the continent. Observation, research, and inquiry had fully convinced him that to the west lay a new line of drainage. The fact that the Chambesi, at Cazembe, ran *west* by south, and was reported by the natives to empty into a big lake, on which the great winds blew, the Doctor rightly interpreted to mean a new system of water-courses. To reach this was the object of his movement west of Pambette.

The details of this most daring adventure are wanting, but, at a later part of the narrative, we have the result. He finally traced the new line of water at Lake Moera, in about 8° S. lat. This lake had an outlet at the north—a great river, pouring forth a volume of water which indeed “meant business.” Not desiring to leave his work undone, he now began to follow this new system backward to its fountain-head in the south—leaving the further exploration to the north to a later day. He therefore tramped along Moera, slowly and painfully making his way over the extremely mountainous country, and through valleys of overflow and rapid streams. Finally, reaching the head of Lake Moera, he there met the true water-course again—a great river coming from the south. Along it that patient tramp was continued, until, after weeks of toil, he came to another vast body of water, called Lake Bangowelo, lying in about lat. 10-12° S. Around this lake, on the west, the explorer pressed his steps, consuming months in the search, and finally, as he expected, he struck a great river on the southern end of this lake, which, from certain indications, he surmised was the Chambesi.

So, taking his course along it upward, the indefatigable man again came out at Cazembe, greatly to the Prince's astonishment and to the Doctor's satisfaction.

All this remarkable adventure had only one result—to inspire the now triumphant man with a purpose to solve the mystery of that water system, and to trace it down to the north until it was shown that *it* was or was not the real Nile source. So, resting a while at Cazembe during the winter of 1868-69, he then started for his prearranged depot of supplies at Ujiji, where he arrived in March, 1869.

It is one of Livingstone's most singular attributes of character—his ability to withstand “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” In this great journey, here so briefly sketched, the discouragements which confronted him at almost every step of the five hundred miles of his dreadful march would have overcome, serially, a dozen ordinarily courageous men. Pain, hunger, sickness, bodily torment and exhaustion; the groping through forests and morasses literally haunted with poisonous reptiles and the dreadful Tsetse fly; the danger from savage tribes on the way; the necessity of pro-

viding for his own coat, food, and safety – the treacherous or worthless character of that escort – all were his almost daily burden to bear; and that he finally reached Ujiji in safety is one of those dispensations of Providence which reassure us of the truth of Divine interposition, at times, in the affairs of men. His sufferings and trials succeeding those now adverted to, when he seemed indeed lost to the world forever, were a further illustration of that Guiding Hand which has appeared over him from the beginning.

The results of this journey were of such vast importance that Livingstone made his way back to Ujiji, more particularly to transmit his news to the Home Government. Having seen just enough of the country on the great watershed to determine him to know more, he felt that the contingencies of life and death in that lone land were too perilous to run a risk of the loss of what knowledge he already had obtained. From Ujiji he wrote; as he afterwards stated, *forty letters* (see p. 104), whose revelations would have electrified the world had they ever been permitted to reach their destination, which they did not. The despatches were all destroyed,

en route for the coast, by those who feared the Doctor's exposure of the villanies of the slave traffic more than they feared the anger of their own and the English Government. Of these official shortcomings we shall see more as this narrative progresses.

Of Livingstone's presence at Ujiji faint reports reached the coast, through the attendants of the Arab traders; and Livingstone, apprehending a possible detention of the correspondence, took the precaution to send a brief letter to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, which, being concealed on the person of a freed slave, reached the Consulate, and was almost the sole reliable news that reached his friends to give them assurance of his safety. Responding to that brief note, and its revelation of the Doctor's destitute condition, the British Government ordered forward supplies, and these left the coast late in the year 1869; but long ere their departure from Bagomoyo, the disappointed but still indomitable man was far off in the Manyema country. Had he there perished—as, indeed, the Fates seemed twice or thrice to have decreed should be the case—the destruction of the mail of 1869 would have proven a disaster the measure of whose

magnitude we are happy in being spared the contemplation. All that the world would then have known of his memorable two years in the Cazembe country a brief paragraph or two would have told. We can only surmise the old explorer's feelings when, on visiting Unyanyembe, in company with Stanley, in the early part of 1872, he found in office as Governor the same rogue who had done him so great an injury. A strong dose of the lash which the young American administered to the backs of his refractory carriers would have been a small compensation.

V.

Nile Discovery—Ancient Stories—Discoveries of Grant, Speke, Burton, and Baker—Error of their Conclusions—Livingstone's Conception of the True Nile Source—His Description of the "Unknown Land."

As light begins to dawn on the mystery of equatorial African physical and race peculiarities, it becomes more and more apparent that the old Ptolemiac records of the Nile sources are not all *incorrect*. This Livingstone admits, saying :—

"But all that can in modern times and in common modesty be fairly claimed is the rediscovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by one of the Phœnician admirals 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 spring of the Nile, rising in ten degrees to twelve degrees south latitude, and then 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."

We shall not, after this, be so willing to discredit Herodotus and the Egyptian records. To penetrate the continent, and solve what the late Sir Roderick Murchison (Livingstone's truest friend and supporter) called "The Problem of the Ages," has agitated the world for twenty centuries. "It was the subject of eager inquiry by the Romans, and so engaged their attention that Nero despatched centurions to settle it; and Julius Cæsar, amid the splendors of his military career, was known to have expressed his willingness to lay down the sword if he might only reap the glory of discovering the fountains of the Nile."

The discoveries by Baker, Grant, Burton, and Speke (1861-69), already referred to, of the

great lakes Nyanza, lying directly under the equator, and between 29° and 35° east longitude, was regarded as fathoming the "problem;" and up to the reception of intelligence from Livingstone, in July, 1872, these intrepid men were considered as entitled to the honors of this discovery. So convinced was Baker of the value of their geographical determinations, that he essayed to follow the water-course from Egypt to these lakes, and as we write, Dec., 1872, if alive, is pursuing his way, accompanied by his intrepid wife. Of course much good will come of his daring and persistent efforts, if he lives to write out the record of his labors; but, it is Livingstone's opinion that all these investigators have not struck the real Nile sources. "Let me explain," he writes to the Home Government in November, 1871, "but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza he at once jumped to the conclusion that therein lay the

sources of the river of Egypt, '40,000 square miles of water,' confuted by sheer immensity.

"Ptolemy's small lake, 'Coloe,' is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north. Its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash, or Neibash, is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

"These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake, to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them further and further from the sources they sought. But for devotion to this foregone conclusion, the sight of the little 'White Nile,' being

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 added a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came further up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between six hundred and seven hundred miles short of the *caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile slave trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

“When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one should come after me and find sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.”

To apprehend the nature of the Doctor's proposed field of labor, and to guide the reader to

an understanding of the physical features of the country lying west of Lake Tanganyika, in the very heart of Central Africa, below the Equator, we here give the explorer's own description of the land and its relation to the river system of the continent : --

“ I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over 700 miles in length from west to east. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable - that is, it would take a large part of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the head of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down, the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north

in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four large lines of drainage, the head-waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which in pre-historic times abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo,' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river-bed in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches; and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the numbers of 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 Bangweulu, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed; for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into eleven degrees south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in twelve degrees south latitude. 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 main-land 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 4,000 feet above the sea, it was very cold, so I returned.

“ The length of this Lake Bangwcolo is, at a very moderate estimate, 150 miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapula ; yet lakes are in no sense sources, for no large river begins in a lake ; but this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara, which, according to Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza, gives out a large river which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that, of the three or four lakes there, only one (the Okara) gives off its waters to the north.

“ The ‘ White Nile ’ of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in 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. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons

now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their base, 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 Moon.

“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 ; the second fountain, rising on the north-west of the mound, becomes Young's Lualaba, which, passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Locki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the south-west, Palmerston's, becomes the Liambia or Upper Zambesi ; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue and falls into Sambesi in Inner Ethiopia.”

This is somewhat vague, it is true. The Doctor does not locate his points with precision ; but, as his Lake Bangweolo is the most *southerly* of his series of lakes and rivers, lying between 12° and 10° south latitude, and in about $31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east longitude, we have a fair initial from which to trace his whole system of discoveries. In his letter to his brother he gives this succinct sketch of that system :—

"Of these four rivers into which the springs of the Nile converge, the central one, called Lualaba, is the largest. It begins as the River Chambeze, which flows into the great Lake Bangweolo. On leaving it its name is changed from Chambeze to Luapula, and that enters Lake Moero. Coming out of it, the name Lualaba is assumed, and it flows into a third lake, Kamolondo, which receives one of the four large drains mentioned above. It then flows on and makes two enormous bends to the west, which made me often fear that I was following the Congo instead of the Nile. It is from one to three miles broad, and can never be waded at any part or at any time of the year. Far down the valley it receives another of the four large rivers above mentioned, the Loeki or Lomame, which flows through what I have named Lake Lincoln, and then joins the central Lualaba."

And in still further reference to his own confessed preconceived view—or "foregone conclusion," as he characterizes Grant and Speke's predilections for the Nyanzi sources—he thus humorously casts down the gauntlet to geographers at home who cannot or will not comprehend the real nature, and the true rela-

tions, of his discoveries to the river system of the Continent :—

“ I perpetrate a heavy joke at the geographers by offering a prize for the best explanation of the structure and economy of the watershed, in correlation with the great lakes and lacustrine rivers, in producing the phenomena of the Nile; and now they will turn the laugh against me if I have put in fountains which have no existence. The rivers that rise near the west end of the watershed I know, and they gave me good hopes that the reports I have heard so often are true. I have a copy of Ptolemy's map with me, copied by a young lady at Bombay. It does not contain the fountains referred to, but contains the Montes Lunæ; and as I found the springs of the Nile rising at the bases of certain hills on the watershed in Ptolemy's latitude, I am bracing myself up to call every one who won't believe in his Lunæ Montes a Philistine.”

No existing map of Africa can aid the reader, for the existence of all these vast water-courses, and the great mountain chains lying west and north of Lake Tanganyika, are only just revealed. Using the information as above given, and as indicated in various other places

throughout Livingstone's letters, we have succeeded in constructing a map so approximating to the truth, that the reader will be enabled to obtain a satisfactory knowledge of the nature of the discoverer's work. Comparing this map with the best of those hitherto used, it will be seen what a vast gap in the geography of the continent Livingstone has now closed up.

VI.

The "Lake Country," or Real Valley of the Nile—Ugly Reports—The Manyemas "at Home"—Wonderful Features of the Country and its Vegetation—The Gorilla Belied.

To reach this country of the Lakes—his real "Valley of the Nile"—the Doctor, in the early summer of 1869, started from Ujiji, first proceeding up Lake Tanganyika, by canoes, about sixty miles, then landing and marching over the country towards Bambarre, the capital of the Manyema country, if capital it can be called. Where a dozen chiefs reign, no real court or capital can exist; but Bambarre is one of their most considerable and prosperous towns, in which reigns Moenckuss, one of the most sensible of all the Manyema chiefs. The country is nominally tributary to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who, living on the east coast, over 700 miles away, has indeed but little authority over the wild races, or the interior commerce.

The journey across the Manyema territory was exceedingly harassing, tedious, and ac-

accompanied with much sickness. The people were not openly cannibals, as had been persistently represented by the Arab traders and slave dealers; but were, nevertheless, very wild, suspicious, and dangerous. The Doctor came down at length with fever, and was only saved by the timely arrival (early in July, 1869), at a place called Marungu, of a caravan of traders under the control of an Arab, named Muhamad Bogharib, who proved to be a Good Samaritan.

With him the explorer proceeded to Bambarre. "Two days before reaching Bambarre," says the traveller, "we met a band of Ujijian traders carrying 18,000 pounds weight of ivory, bought in this new field for a mere trifle in thick copper bracelets and beads. The traders had been obliged to employ their slaves to collect the ivory, and slaves with guns in their hands are often no better than demons. We heard but one side of the story—the slave version, and such as would have appeared in the newspaper, if they had one—"the Manyema were very bad, were always in the wrong;" wanted, in fact, to eat the slaves, and always gave them just reason to capture women and

children, goats, sheep, fowls, and grain. The masters did not quite approve of this, but the deeds had been done, and then masters and men joined in one harmonious chorus—"The Manyema are bad, bad, bad, awfully bad, and cannibals!"

This was the story which everywhere assailed the explorer's ears, but he had now been in Africa long enough to distrust every report that his own experience did not verify; and after a two years' experience among the reputed man-eaters, he had to say of them:—

"The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'Not proven.' They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty;

they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

“Markets are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are light colored, have straight noses, finely formed heads, small hands and feet, and perfect forms; they are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle and joke and laugh and cheat seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.

“Near Lomame, the Bakuss or Bakoons cultivate coffee, and drink it highly scented with vanilla. Food of all kinds is extremely abundant and cheap. The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves, and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears among them; no prognathous jaws, barn-door mouth, nor lark-heels are seen. Their defects arise from absolute ignorance of all the world;

besides, strangers never appeared among them before. The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema seems to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gunshot on a goat was shown in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship; they looked up to the skies and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down; and afterwards, when the traders tried to force a passage which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi's followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity; and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would ever leave their country.

“There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what 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 being all stolen by the Zanzibar slaves. The slave-owners had to do the same.

“Manyema-land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as ‘lambas’ or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the ‘muale’ palm.

“They call the good spirit above, ‘Ngulu,’ or the Great One, and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, ‘Mulambu.’ A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes.”

As to the general aspects of the country, there are many singular features not found in the Equatorial regions of South America or in India. It is the natural habitat of the elephant and buffalo, for whose comfort the grasses grow

to heights unknown in other lands ; the hippopotamus wallows in its lakes. Its dense forests are very jungles of the deepest shade, and the lair of beasts of prey and serpents of immense size. The mangrove and the date give the people cheap food, and the palm-tree its precious oil. So rank is the vegetable growth, that over some of the streams spread bridges of grass upon which men can pass in safety. The rainfall is so immense, that all that region becomes of necessity a mighty upland basin to feed the Zambesi, the Congo, and the Nile with an ever-running volume of muddy water. What are its capacities for a future generation, and its prospects for sustaining a civilized population, will appear in the Doctor's description.

"The country," he says, "is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light gray granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megathe-

stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises upon the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear, which we could not sound with a stick six feet long ; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge so as to make believe that the mat is its own ; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by Manyema, ' kintefwetefwe,' as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

“ Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools, made by the feet of elephants ; and the dead leaves decay on the

damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the color of strong tea. The climbing-plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawser, are so numerous the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake.

"The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant; but the roots of trees high out of the soil, across the path, keep the eyes, oxlike, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good shot-gun does no harm to parrots or guinea-fowls on their tops, and they are often so closely planted that I have heard gorillas, here called 'sokos,' growling about fifty yards off without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our cushat dove. Here the "soko" sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it; but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as

to build a house and not go beneath it for shelter."

This does not sound much like the stories of the gorilla's fierceness, told by Du Chaillu. Other accounts verify the view here expressed of the animal's comparative harmlessness and civility.

VII.

Efforts to reach the Lualaba River—Driven Back—The Ivory Trade "Fever"—Goes North—Broken Down by Exposure—Goes into "Winter Quarters"—Explorations during the Summer of 1870—The Great Stream—Back to Bambarre with ulcerated Feet—First News from Zanzibar—Who was to Blame?—Rascally Agents and lost Supplies.

REACHING Bambarre late in July, 1869, the explorer at once entered upon his work to investigate the interlacustrine river system of the region to the west, north, and south. Taking to the Luamo River, he went down its course, nearly due west, in order to reach the Lualaba—the great stream connecting the system of lakes. Indeed these lakes, great as they now are known to be, appear to be but the Lualaba *claborated* at given points, for the river current sets through them all; and the last of the series was ascertained by Livingstone to be so shallow in depth as to be filled with islands upon which the natives reside. It will doubtless be conceded that the lakes are but immense reservoirs, receiv-

ing the drainage of the central continental plateau, and feeding out their stores as the main river level falls, thus keeping its vast volume almost unimpaired through all the year.

"I went down the Luamo," writes Livingstone; "a river of from one hundred to two hundred yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend of the Lualaba. When near its confluence I found myself among people who had lately been maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your 'back up.' The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head trader's name, to look at my color, and see if it were the same as his, she replied with a bitter little laugh, 'Then you must be his father.' The worst the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their

large spears and wooden shields, and show us out of their districts."

A very emphatic way of saying *No*. But it was harmless. A more savage race would have exterminated the little band. Dr. Livingstone's knowledge of the negro character, and rude language, doubtless had its effect to preserve the peace, and, glad that no blood had been shed, he retraced his steps to Bambarre. He had learned that the big river was below only a short distance away, but it was not then permitted to gladden his eyes. His old, and apparently very decided friend, the trader Muhamad, being about to start for the hill country north of Bambarre, where elephants' tusks were reported plenty,* the

* The trade in tusks was at that time prosecuted with great zeal and success. The elephants having perished in that region for centuries, their bones and tusks lay rotting in all directions. Ascertaining this, the ivory *fever* broke out among the Arab traders of the east, and they came in from Ujji by hundreds to glean the harvest. The simple natives, wholly ignorant of the value of the tusks, gathered and sold them for mere trifles, but soon learned to fear and detest the rapacious and cruel strangers, who brought ruin in their train, and, as a consequence, so prejudiced the inhabitants against all white men or strangers, that Livingstone's difficulties were as immeasurably increased by that cause as they had been enhanced in the Lake Nyassa country by the abominations of the horrible slave trade. Man's inhumanity to man everywhere seemed to confront him.

explorer embraced the opportunity, under Muhamad's convoy, to reach a region almost wholly unknown to traders and the people of Bambarre alike.

But the season was unpropitious. Under an equatorial sun, with the water-courses full from recent heavy rains, both exploration and trading were decidedly unpromising. And then, too, bad company was met on the way. Of these combined influences he wrote: "Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of California gold fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde numbering 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 in this journey two severe lessons that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting

drenched to the skin once too often in Marungu I had pneumonia, the illness that was worse than ten fevers. 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."

He therefore retraced his course, retiring, as he says, seven days to the south-west (about seventy miles) to a camp formed by the leading men of the trading expedition, where on the 7th of February, 1870, he went, as he calls it, into winter quarters. The traders were very civil and kind to him. Having with him a letter or "protection" from the Sultan of Zanzibar, it so commended him to the Sultan's responsible subjects, that he remained among them an honored guest. No medicines were to be had, much as the explorer needed them. He was wasted in flesh, and his frame so thoroughly permeated with the torrid malaria that a man less strongly constituted must have succumbed and died. But Livingstone, besides his admirable constitution, had that knowledge of disease which served him well at many a critical moment,

even though no proper remedies were at hand. In the present instance he obtained, first, absolute rest and good shelter; then he boiled all the water he drank; and, finally, a new potato was used whose properties were highly favorable to strength.

In this camp he remained until after mid-summer, literally mud-bound. There fell, during the month of July, fifty-eight inches of water! As a consequence, the roads, or rather elephant-trails, became so impassable that even the eager ivory-hunters were overcome by exposure and fatigue. When at length Livingstone was ready to move, he found a new source of trouble in his worthless attendants. He says:—

“I lost no time, after it was feasible to travel, in preparing to follow the river; but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave women, whose husbands were away from the camp on trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves

and freemen say, 'No one will ever attack people so good' as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times over. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten. I was at the mercy of those who had been Moslem slaves, and knew that in thwarting me they had the sympathy of all that class in the country; and, as many others would have done, took advantage of the situation."

It ended by the resolute investigator starting out on his blind search with only three men. He bent his course from the camp to the north-west, ignorant of the fact that the Lualaba, in that region and direction, made a wide sweep to the west and by south, in one of its several great "bends." Muhamad's ivory-hunters preceded him, and from them he gleaned much information. He at length reached the majestic stream, whose westerly flow greatly surprised and confused him. Was it indeed true, then, that instead of being the head feeder of the Nile, that vast volume of water found its way

into one of the great rivers of the west coast—the Congo? It would seem so, and that Burton and Speke's Nyanza Lakes were indeed the true head-waters of the historic stream of Egypt.

But, with curiosity now intensely excited, and with renewed pertinacity, he explored, asked questions, sent out messengers in all directions, until it began to dawn upon him that the majestic river, after a wide sweep to the west, again took to "nothning."

"A broad belt of buga or prairie," he writes, "lies along the right bank. Inland from this it is all primeval forest, with villages from eight to ten miles apart. One sees the sun only in the cleared spaces around human dwellings. From the facilities for escaping, the forest people are wilder and more dangerous than those on the buda lands.

"Muhamad's people went further on in the forest than I could, and came to the mountainous country of the Balegga, who collected in large numbers, and demanded of the strangers why they came. 'We came to buy ivory,' was the reply; 'and if you have none no harm is done; we shall return.' 'Nay,' they shouted, 'you came to die, and this day is your last;

you came to die—you came to die.’ When forced to fire on the Balegga their terror was like their insolence—extreme. And next day, when sent for to take away the women and children who were captured, no one appeared.”

And of the information obtained from Muhammad’s men, who delighted to give him trustworthy reports of all they had seen or could learn, he speaks as follows :—“ The rivers crossed by them (running into the Lualaba) are numerous and large. One was so tortuous they were five hours in water, waist and often neck deep, with a man in a small canoe sounding for places which they could pass. In another case they were two hours in the water, and they could see nothing in the forest and nothing in the Balegga country but one mountain packed closely to the back of another, without end, and a very hot fountain in one of the valleys.

“ I found 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. 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, because they never make slaves."

But, among these peaceful and simple people some of the Ujiji traders practised their brutal propensities. One night, we are told, one of these trading parties halted, and one of the traders was found next morning pinned to the ground with a spear. Dr. Livingstone and his three attendants slept safely in the village near. This assassination was in return for the act of burning *nine* native villages by this band of traders, whose alleged provocation for such an outrage was that a Manyema man had tried to steal a string of beads!

The fruits of this search, comparatively brief, were manifold and highly important; but his arduous labors had again affected him seriously. This time his feet gave out, and, finding further search impracticable, he made his way, in the latter part of August, 1870, back to Bambarre, where he arrived in a pitiable plight, with eating ulcers on both feet. These ulcers, he states, "are common in the Manyema country, and kill many slaves. If the foot is placed on the ground blood flows, and every night a discharge

of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night-sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever."

And he again refers to this painful episode in his adventures. Speaking of receiving his first news from Zanzibar, February 4th, 1871, by seven Banian slaves who had left the coast in October, 1869, he says of his then condition: "I had been laid up at Bambarre by irritable eating ulcers on both feet, which prevented me from setting a foot on the ground from August, 1870, to the end of the year; a piece of malachite, rubbed down with water on a stone, was the only remedy that had any effect; I had no medicine; some in a box had been unaccountably detained by the Governor of Unyanyembe since 1868, though I sent for it twice, and delivered calico to prepay the carriers."

What must have been the Doctor's mental and bodily tortures we can only surmise. He seemed, indeed, abandoned to his fate, and not until these seven Banians appeared, almost empty-handed, did he have any intimation of the efforts which his Government had made to

succor him. Only a mere tithe of the supplies which the Doctor well knew were given to their master, did they bring into Banbarie. Little wonder if the stout-hearted missionary felt that the Fates were indeed against him.

VIII.

A bad Agent—How Livingstone's Supplies were Squandered—Government Rogues and Unofficial Rascals—Loss of Valuable Despatches—Moslem Depravity—Musa the Liar—One good Friend.

THE story of this wretched failure to relieve the explorer we glean from the Doctor's succeeding investigations into the matter. It appears that Ludha Damji, a merchant in Zanzibar, received an order (Sept. 1869) from Her Majesty's Consul to forward £500 worth of goods to Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji. The caravan was intrusted by Ludha to two freemen, one of them a Moslem tailor named Shereef Boshier, and the other was called Awathe. The first of these worthies, with a view to do a little business on his own account, packed in the Doctor's bales a large quantity of soap and opium, taking out calico and beads sufficient to make room for his own goods. With the proceeds of the stolen merchandise he had a long drunken revel and feast at Bagamoyo, the starting-point. His women were clothed with the best, and his

slave, fattened with that liberality which distinguishes men who give away what does not belong to them.

In October the caravan set out from Bagamoyo, to proceed by the direct route west to Ujiji, by way of Unyanyembe; but Shereef no more intended to seek out Dr. Livingstone than Ludha intended he should. "We shall stop the Doctor, otherwise he will stop our trade," appears to have been something like the conclusion which he and others of the same stamp arrived at, on discovering that the traveller was bent upon stopping the slave trade in Central Africa. As soon as he came to a market, Shereef pitched a new tent, that had been sent up especially for Dr. Livingstone, and, opening the bales, began to retail his brandy. The expenses of living were defrayed by the sale of the Doctor's calico. From one stage to another, stopping two months here and two months there, the caravan proceeded until it reached Unyanyembe, whence Shereef sent £50 worth of ivory to the coast on his own account. At this station he made fearful havoc with the beads and calico, and declined to move before completing a lengthened debauch. On

arriving at Ujiji, and finding, to his great joy, that the traveller then was in Manyema, the wretch *divined* on the Koran, and discovered that the "Great Master" was dead.

That matter having been satisfactorily disposed of, Sherceef settled down for a long carouse. He issued a considerable quantity of calico and beads every month to himself, his women, and his slaves, and lived on the best that the Ujijian market could afford. His favorite tipples were duropombe and palm toddy, under the influence of which he lay drunk "for a month at a time." As these appear to be expensive drinks in Inner Africa, a big hole was made in the Doctor's fine samsum beads. During some sober moments Shereef repented of his sin and folly, or, more likely, was afraid of being caught in his villany. At any rate, he sent seven of the Banian slaves to the Doctor at Bambarre, in the Manyema country, with a few pieces of calico, a portion of the coffee and sugar, a tent in tatters, and a few coarse beads. After thus discharging his duty, the Moslem applied for and obtained leave from the Governor of Unyanyembe to sell the rest of Dr. Livingstone's goods, with the proceeds of which

he bought slaves and ivory for the benefit of himself and friends.

But this wretched record does not stop here. These same pious Mohammedans are responsible in a still greater degree for outrages committed on the explorer's correspondence, whose loss was, in a sense, irreparable.

Away off in those wilds, of course only infrequent means of communicating with civilization offered. These occasions were, however, embraced by the Doctor to send forward to Zanzibar notes of his progress and discoveries, with proper information of his whereabouts, by which the supplies he asked could be made to reach him. *It is an amazing fact that almost every one of these despatches were purposely destroyed on the way.* The evidence of this we have in Livingstone's own communication to Earl Granville. "In my letter, dated Bambarre, November, 1870, I stated," he says, "my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing-paper, intended to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was

delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyanyembe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde bin Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banians of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent he pilfers from his employers, be they Banians or Arabs; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most; and as the subject of a Sultan, who intrusted him because he had no power on the main-land 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.

“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. These brothers are employed in trade chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar,”—the very rich rascal to whom the English Consul at the coast committed the Doctor's supplies, as we have seen.

The almost innate rascality of these Moslems

appears throughout the explorer's confidential communications. They stole from him; they lied to him; they betrayed him; they received his money and protection, and then deserted him; they created hostility to him, and finally, to cover up their baseness, they reported him dead, in order that no succor might be sent to him. All this to a man of Livingstone's kindness, honesty, and devotion makes us wonder at his forbearance, and despise the inefficiency of a local government that cannot punish such villainy. The Doctor, it will be remembered, started upon his last great journey early in 1866, having along with him twelve Sepoys from Bombay, and nine Johanna men from the Comoro Islands, under command of Musa (or Mousa), an Arab. All were Moslems. These men all deserted the Doctor at the earliest practicable moment; and Musa returned to the coast in March, 1867, reporting, with great minuteness, the particulars and exact locality of the explorer's death by assassination. This tale, so circumstantially told, was generally credited, and was not finally exploded until the Young Expedition of Search, as noted hereafter, returned at the close of the year (1867),

to report the Arab a most outrageous liar and scoundrel. He had deserted his chief as soon as the country west of Lake Nyassa was reached, and robbed him of his baggage, and yet not one of the rascals was apprehended or punished !

And of the attendants who remained with the adventurer almost every Moslem proved a source of immeasurable annoyance. When the Doctor reached the court of King Cazembe (February, 1867), he found there a half-caste Arab in durance vile. Livingstone interceded with the King, and procuring the man's release, took him into his employ. That rascal caused the worthy Scotchman many a heartache, for at every stage of the explorations, for the two years succeeding, in the country around and to the west of Cazembe, that fellow made it his business to tell lies to the natives, and to create trouble in the camp.

One friend the Doctor found, who from all accounts proved to be a reliable man, and that was Muhamad the trader, of whom we already have spoken. To him the explorer owes a debt of lasting gratitude, for it may be said that had it not been for his good offices the Doctor would

have perished. And the explorer also exempts from this sweeping condemnation the Sultan of Zanzibar, who, he considers, is an honest man, wishing to govern well; but, beset with influences which he cannot shake off, he seemingly permits wrongs that personally he would condemn. It is evident, however, that Moslem morals is good neither for Arab nor native. The government is effete; the government agents are wholly devoid of conscience; while those under them are wholly devoid of the intelligence and force necessary to break the shackles which bind them. Any relief to this condition of things must come from that Saxon civilization that now is the true *motor* in the progress of the nineteenth century.

IX.

The Doctor's Proposed Work—Baffled by his Banians—Cannot reach the great unknown Lake—Secret Hostility of the Arab Traders—The Lualaba Rapids—Proposals for ascending the Lomame River — The last great Calamity — Massacre at Nyanwe—Turns his Face Eastward—Perils by the Way—At Ujiji.

THE relief which the seven Banians brought was meagre, indeed, considering the great work which the explorer had finally determined—no less than a full investigation into the very sources of all that inter-equatorial system of waters. His own discoveries and observations by instruments and experiment, as well as the information obtained from traders and natives coming in from remote sections, convinced him that away to the south there really existed these "fountains of Herodotus," from which flowed the river system of Africa—north, east, west, and south. To solve its existence, as well as to fix the features of the "watershed," he had allotted as his summer work for 1871. But, "man proposes and God

disposes." The stores so much needed, of medicines, food and goods, not only were wanting, but the seven Banians, who were under contract with the English authorities to serve the explorer as attendants, carriers, and boatmen, were mutinous, for they refused to adventure with the Doctor, and actually tried to force him to return to Ujiji, saying they had Dr. Kirk's authority to do so.

"The slaves came without loads," declared the outraged man, "except my tent, which Shereef and they had used till it was quite rotten, and so full of holes, it looked as if riddled with small shot. I never used it once. They had been sixteen months on the way from Zanzibar instead of three, and now, like their head men, refused to go any further. They swore so positively that the Consul had told them to force me back, and on no account to go forward, that I actually looked again at their engagement to be sure my eyes had not deceived me. Fear alone made them consent to go, but had I not been aided by Muhamad Bogharib, they would have gained their point by sheer brazen-faced falsehood."

With such unruly servants but little could be

expected, but the brave old traveller would not give up without a trial, even with all the odds against him. He might have returned to the east to settle scores with the tailor, Shereef, and his assistant rogue, Awathe; but this would have required a loss of six months, by which time he hoped to have completed his researches and turned his face homeward, with news that would astonish the world. "The desire," he wrote, in explanation of his course, "to finish the geographical part of my work was, and is, most intense every time my family comes into my mind. I also hoped that, as usual, ere long I should gain influence over my attendants; but I never had experience with Banian Moslem slaves before, who had imbibed little of the Mohammedan religion but its fulsome pride."

Therefore, starting once more from his "head-quarters" at Bambarre, where he had spent so many weary months, he bent his steps again toward the great stream to the west, with the design of striking it below the Luamo, and thence to follow the Lualaba by canoes far enough north to settle beyond dispute its course in that direction. Then he would reascend the Lualaba to its confluence with the Lomame.

By ascending this to and beyond Lake Lincoln, he would be right in the (to him) centre of greatest interest—the region containing the fountains.

But this plan was, ere long, changed. “As we went across the second great bend of the Lualaba,” he says of the Banians, “they showed themselves to be all accomplished cowards, in constant dread of being killed and eaten by Manyema. Failing to induce me to spend all the goods and return, they refused to go beyond a point far down the Lualaba, where I was almost in sight of the end towards which I strained. They now tried to stop further progress by falsehood, and they found, at a camp of Ujijian and main-land Arabs, a number of willing helpers to propagate the slander ‘that I wanted neither ivory nor slaves, but a canoe to kill Manyema.’ Can it be wondered at that people who had never seen strangers before, or even heard of white men, believed them?”

Of course, under such circumstances, the natives would not sell the explorer a canoe; but, to make the purchase impossible, and to compel the old slave-hater to retire disgusted from his attempt to penetrate the country, the traders

secured, by the ceremony of mixing blood, nine canoes—all the natives had to spare. With these canoes the ivory-hunters started down stream, leaving the Doctor in his camp, helpless to pursue his journey.

He had his little revenge on the rogues. Four days' travel to the north, down the stream, the Lualaba "is compressed by rocks which jut in, not opposite to each other, but alternately; and the water rushing around the promontories forms terrible whirlpools." Into this trap the traders ran. One canoe was upset and lost, and the passage seeming impassable, they all returned up stream, with exaggerated reports of the obstruction. Livingstone would have ported the rapids, he states, in order to "gain the confluence of the Lomame, some fifty miles below, and thence ascend through Lake Lincoln to the ancient fountains beyond the copper mines of Katanga, and this would nearly finish my geographical work. But it was so probable that the dyke which forms the narrows would be prolonged across country to the Lomame, that I resolved to turn towards this great river considerably *above* the narrows, and where the distance be-

tween Lualaba and Lomane is about eighty miles."

By this move, of course, he abandoned any further search to the north, to define the flow of the Lualaba through and beyond the great lake which he learned lay but a few degrees below; and he has thus left the question of the Lualaba's absolute connection with the Nile to be determined in the future.*

But, before proceeding across country to the Lomane, as here proposed, he resolved to await the coming of a friendly trader named Dugumbe, of whose advance, with a large company, he was informed. The Banians, he found, were chronically mutinous, and had signified their determination not to go across country to the west, "where there were no Moslems," nor could he force compliance with his orders unless

* "By my reckoning—the chronometers being all dead—it (the new line of drainage) is five degrees of longitude west of Speke's position at Ujiji. This makes it probable that the great lacustrine river in the valley (the Lualaba) is the western branch of Petherick's Nile, the Bahr el Ghazal, and not the Eastern Branch, which Speke, Grant, and Baker believed to be the river of Egypt. If correct, this, after all, would make it the Nile only after the Bahr el Ghazal enters the Eastern Arm."—Liv. letter to *New York Her. ald*. (See exception taken to this view by Grant, Beke, Petherick, and Petermann, chap. xii.)

he flogged the slaves into obedience—the usual remedy in such cases, but one which he never had nor ever would practise; and knowing this, his slaves were his masters. “As an Englishman,” he quaintly observes, “they knew I would not beat or chain them, and two of them frankly avowed that all they needed for obedience was a free man to thrash them. The slave-traders all sympathized with them, for they hated my being present to witness their atrocities. The sources of the Nile they knew to be a sham; to reveal their slaving was my true object; and all dread being ‘written against.’”

For three months, therefore, he awaited the trader's appearance. The caravan was so large, however, that it progressed very slowly under that tropical sun. It included 200 guns and nine under-traders, with all their attendants—a little host quite capable of overawing any of the petty chiefs who might object to their presence and advance. During all this time, the Banians remained idle and indifferent.

At length (June 11, 1871) Dugumbe reached the great river, and Livingstone at once made propositions for his aid. “I offered four

thousand rupees (£100)," he states, "for ten men and a canoe on Lomame, and, afterwards, all the goods I believed I had at Ujiji, to enable me to finish what I had to do without the Banian slaves. His first words to me were: 'Why, your own slaves are your greatest enemies. I hear everywhere how they have baffled you.' He agreed to my proposition, but required a few days to consult his associates."

This delay was the last of the series of the Doctor's disappointments, for it was followed by a calamity so heart-rending and wicked that it drove him back to Ujiji. The particulars of this affair we give in the Doctor's own version:—

"Two days after Dugumbe's arrival, or on the 13th of June, a massacre was perpetrated which filled me with such intolerable loathing that I resolved to yield to the Banian slaves, return to Ujiji, get men from the coast, and try to finish the rest of my work by going outside the area of Ujijian bloodshed instead of vainly trying from its interior outwards.

"Dugumbe's people built their huts on the right bank of the Lualaba, at a market-place

called Nyanwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, they were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him and make an impression in the country in favor of their own greatness by an assault on the market people and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves.

“Tagamoio, the principal under-trader of Dugumbe’s party, was the perpetrator.

“The market was attended every fourth day by between 2,000 and 3,000 people. It was held on a 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.

“On the date referred to I had left the market only a minute or two, when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market-place, but had refrained by attributing it to ignorance in new-comers, began to fire into the dense crowd around them. Another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods, the men forgot their paddles, the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprung into the water.

“The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island 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 and five hundred souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of thirty canoes which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One lady refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them

next day home. Many escaped and came to me, and were restored to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's band began their assault on the people on 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 pro-

tect them as well as he could against his own people ; but when I went to Tagamoio to ask back the wives and daughters of some of the head men, he always ran off and hid himself.

“ This massacre was the most terrible scene I ever saw. I cannot describe my feelings, and am thankful that I did not give way to them ; but by Dugumbe’s advice avoided a bloody feud with men who, for the time, seemed turned into demons. The whole transaction was the more deplorable, inasmuch as we have always heard from the Manyema, that though the men of the districts may be engaged in actual hostilities, the women pass from one market-place to another with their wares, and were never known to be molested. The change has come only with these alien bloodhounds, and all the bloodshed has taken place in order that captives might be seized where it could be done without danger, and in order that the slaving privileges of a petty Sultan should produce abundant fruit.

“ Heart-sore and greatly depressed in spirits by the many instances of ‘ man’s inhumanity to man’ I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long, weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body,

and it is no overstatement 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."

This death in a more summary way was by the vengeful spear of the exasperated natives. "In our return," he states, "we passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji and goods back again. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birthplaces. As all the Arabs had been enjoined by Sayed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough, but there were no Europeans to see it. The maltreated men, now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very

naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest, with vegetation so dense that by stooping down and peering towards the sun we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the 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 anthill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down toward me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming, 'Peace, peace ! You will finish your work in

spite of all these people, and in spite of everything.' I, too, took it as an omen of good that I had three narrow escapes from death in one day.

"The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear; and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now, but in running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies all eager to signalize themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiments entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not."

Ujiji was reached about October 22d. The once hardy man was "a mere ruckle of bones;" his means were all spent; his goods had been wasted, and despair seemed at last to be his portion.

X.

The Explorer's forlorn Condition—Banian Villany and Duplicity—A sad Record of Wrong—Stanley's Opportune Arrival—The Doctor's Feeling on the Occasion—The American Flag to the Rescue!

REACHING Ujiji, Livingstone's worst fears were confirmed. His supplies were not there—having been sold out and dissipated, as already recorded, by the agents selected to convey the precious articles safely to the explorer's recognized supply-post. He found himself in a remote region without even the means of defraying his personal expenses, and utterly helpless to resume his uncompleted task—drawing aside the veil which for ages had hung over the mysterious heart of the dark continent. His health, which had so stoutly withstood shocks that must have destroyed any man less hardened and acclimated, was now seemingly broken, and his once noble strength of body irreparably gone. He well expresses his condition when he says it was forlorn. To

despair was not in his nature. In addition to the proverbial *obstinacy* of his race (Scotch), he possessed that rare combination of good humor and hopefulness which sustains minds even after the body is worn out or distempered. But the last two years of experience in trying to solve the problem of the watershed had been so full of disappointments, worry, and pain, that it is marvellous to find him willing any longer to endure his wrongs and sufferings.

In him, however, we have a sublime instance of constancy to duty and abnegation of self in behalf of the cause of humanity and science. In his letter to the *New York Herald*, we find him saying: "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 which I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among the Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife. We could have no success after that. Afterward

the idea of despair had to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, that it was out of the question."

In a future chapter, covering the facts of the slave trade, we shall show how deeply implicated in that horrid business are the Banians of the East Coast and Bombay. Knowing them all to be involved in the traffic to a greater or less degree, it is incomprehensible that the English agents at Zanzibar continued to commit to them the convoy of supplies for Livingstone—their most inveterate enemy. Caravans were constantly going forward from the coast to the interior and to Ujiji, while other responsible parties were doing more or less business between Ujiji, Unyanyembe, and Zanzibar; yet in no instance were the proper persons chosen to communicate with the explorer, or to forward his carefully provided stores, money, and instruments. That it was so is a matter of official record. The Doctor stated the facts succinctly as follows, in his letter of Dec. 18th, 1871, to Earl Granville:—

"I am very unwilling to attach blame to any one, and I can only ascribe it to ignorance at Zanzibar of our government being stringently

opposed to its officers employing slave labor that some five or six hundred pounds' worth of my goods were intrusted to Ludha, a concealed slave-dealer, who again placed the supplies in the hands of slaves under two dishonest free-men, who, as I have described in my letter of the 14th ult., caused me a great loss of time, and ultimately of all the goods.

“Again, £500 of goods—this being half of £1,000 kindly sent by Her Majesty's government to my aid—was, by some strange hallucination, handed over to Ludha again, and he again committed them to slaves and two free-men. All lay feasting on my stores at Bago-moyo, on the main-land opposite Zanzibar, from the latter part of October, 1870, to the latter part of February, 1871, and no one looked near them. They came on to Unyanyembe, a point from twenty days to a month east of this, and lay there till a war which broke out in July gave them a good excuse to continue there still. Ludha is a very polite and rich Banian, but in this second bill he makes a shameless over-charge of \$364. All the Banians and Arabs hate to see me in the slave mart, and dread exposure. Here and in Manyema I have got

into the good graces of all the Arabs of position. But the Banian hatred of our interference in the slave trade manifests itself in the low cunning of imbuing the minds of the slaves sent with the idea that they are not to follow me, but, in accordance with some fabulous letter, force me back. This they have propagated all through the country, and really seem to believe it. My letters to the coast having been so often destroyed, I had relinquished hope of ever obtaining help from Zanzibar, and proposed, when I became stronger, to work my way down to Mteza or Baker for help and men."

That this indictment of these rogues in high places is a true one we shall see. But he further adds, in his despatch to Granville, dated February 20th, 1872, from Unyanymbe, this deeper and darker shade to his picture of Banian complicity in robbery and man-stealing :—

"I cannot say that I am altogether free from chagrin in view of the worry, thwarting, baffling which the Banians and their slaves have inflicted. Common traders procure supplies of merchandise from the coast, and send loads of ivory down by the same pagazi or carriers we employ, without any loss. But the Banians and their

agents are not their enemies. I have lost more than two years in time, have been burdened with 1,800 miles of tramping, and how much waste of money I cannot say, through my affairs having been committed to Banians and slaves who are not men. I have adhered, in spite of losses, with a sort of John Bullish tenacity to my task ; and while bearing misfortune in as manly a way as possible, it strikes me that it is well that I have been brought face to face with the Banian system that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly, very naturally conclude that all Cutchees may safely be intrusted with the possession of slaves. But I have been forced to see that those who shrink from killing a flea or mosquito are virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten ; and could the

Indian gentlemen who oppose the anti-slave-trade policy of the Foreign Office but witness the horrid deeds done by the Banian agents, they would be foremost in decreeing that every Cutchee found guilty of direct or indirect slaving should forthwith be shipped back to India, if not to the Andaman Islands.

“The Banians, having complete possession of the Custom-House and revenue of Zanzibar, enjoy ample opportunity to aid and conceal the slave trade and all fraudulent transactions committed by their agents. It would be good policy to recommend the Sultan, as he cannot trust his Moslem subject, to place his income from all sources in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. He would be a check on the slave trade, a benefit to the Sultan, and an aid to lawful commerce.”

In Ujiji the Doctor remained after his return, in October, from the Manyema country; and the opportune arrival (November 3d, 1871) of the *New York Herald* Expedition of Search and Relief, under the command of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, at the old man's abiding-place, came at a moment of all others the most Provi-

dential and comforting. The dates given by the Doctor for his return to Ujiji (October 22d) and that of Stanley's arrival (November 3d) do not express the exact term of the Doctor's tarry there, for he had *gained three weeks in his reckoning*, and not one of the least surprising things Stanley had to communicate was this singular fact.

We may now repeat that Livingstone, after having spent three years — 1866-67-68 — in marching from the coast, and exploring the country from Lake Nyassa to Cazembe, and from Cazembe to the great Valley of the Lualaba, returned, in the spring of 1869, from Cazembe to Ujiji, from thence to despatch to England the news of his wonderful discoveries up to that date. Forty letters were written and started, when he gathered together all that remained of the stores which he had (in 1866) despatched from Zanzibar to Ujiji in anticipation of his needs, and once more turned his face westward, to plunge into the country of the wild Manyema. The depot at Ujiji should then have been found full. It was, in truth, almost empty, having been plundered by the official agents. When he returned to Ujiji in

1871 he faintly hoped to find there a full chest and bundles of letters, giving him news from the world from which he had been shut out for five years. He found there only the mere dregs of his Government's second liberal provision,* and had but one of two resources to adopt—to abandon his research for the time being and make his way down to Zanzibar, or to wait and gain strength for a voyage down to the eastern sources of the Nile, to a junction with Baker, and with him or his men to reascend the western stream to its fountain-head. This latter alternative, as we have seen, he had resolved to adopt; and it was while waiting to recuperate for this most perilous adventure that the Good

* This second provision was in response to the single brief letter to Dr. Kirk, which Livingstone wrote from Ujiji in the summer (May) of 1869, calling for help. Says Dr. Beke, referring to this matter:—"In the July following (1869) he was still at Ujiji, unable to move for want of carriers and supplies. In order to relieve him from his difficulties, the Earl of Clarendon generously recommended the grant by Her Majesty's Government of £1,000, which sum was given to Mr. Consul Churchill in June, 1870, to take with him to Zanzibar, so as to enable Dr. Kirk to fit out a native expedition, to carry to Ujiji whatever was needful for the traveller. At the same time I must not omit to mention that Livingstone's sterling friend, Mr. James Young, had already placed considerable sums of money at the disposal of Dr. Kirk for the like purpose. . . .

"Consul Churchill, on his arrival at Zanzibar, lost no time in

Samaritan, in the shape of the *New York Herald* messenger, came. How he received that messenger let him answer.

To Lord Granville he wrote:—"A vague rumor reached Ujiji in the beginning of October that an Englishman had come to Unyanyembe with boats, horses, men, and goods in abundance. It was in vain to conjecture who this could be; and my eager inquiries were met by answers so contradictory that I began to doubt if any stranger had come at all. But one day, I cannot say which, for I was three weeks too fast in my reckoning, my man Susi came dashing up in great excitement,

forwarding the necessary supplies; but the natives to whom they were intrusted, instead of proceeding with them into the interior, remained at Bagamoyo, on the coast of the main-land, under the pretence of not being able to obtain porters, until Dr. Kirk went over to them in February, 1871, and hurried them off. At that time nothing whatever had been heard of Dr. Livingstone; but in the following month (March 18th) Dr. Kirk wrote from Zanzibar, forwarding a copy of a letter received from an Arab Sherif at Ujiji, dated November 15th, 1870, by which he reported that a month before that date, consequently in the middle of October, Dr. Livingstone was at the town of Menakoso in Manyema, 'waiting for the caravans, being helpless, without means, and with but few followers, only eight men, so that he could not move elsewhere or come down.'"

By which we can form some little idea of the time it takes to reach, and to accomplish anything, in that far region.

and gasped out, 'An Englishman coming ; see him !' and off he ran to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told me the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of £4,000, to obtain correct information about me if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The kindness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude." And to Mr. Bennett himself the grateful and surprised explorer thus expressed himself:—

"When I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumors 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 ! ’ ”

For Stanley's own account of that memorable meeting, we refer the reader to a succeeding section of this volume.

XI.

The Pleasant Dream — Excursion up Lake Tanganyika — Geographical Results — Tanganyika an Isolated Lake — Return to Unyanyembe — Preparations for the Final Expedition — Livingstone's Speculations as to the Probable Results — His crowning Glory.

STANLEY'S letters, despatches, and news were so numerous and varied that it took the anxious and news-hungry Doctor many days to digest and comprehend all. Several weeks were spent in the agreeable task of reading, writing, and talking, and in a trip to the head of Lake Tanganyika—weeks which, to the Old Man Patient, must have seemed like a long sweet dream. His lost appetite returned, and in a week's time he began to regain the strength which he had despaired of ever again calling his own.

This trip to the south was undertaken at Stanley's suggestion, that geographers were anxious to know if Lake Tanganyika really flowed into the great basin of the Albert Nyanzi. The river Ruizi was pronounced by

all authorities to be the outlet, and Dr. Livingstone himself so regarded it, having detected, as he thought, a northerly flow or drift to the waters of the lake. The particulars of this "excursion" we have in Stanley's communication to the Geographical Section of the British Association, in which he states that at the time of his proposing to Dr. Livingstone a journey, in company, to the northern end of the lake, the Doctor was almost sure that the Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika communicated with each other. He had perceived, as he thought, a constant flow northward in the waters of Tanganyika, and all the Arabs and negroes persisted in declaring that the river Rusizi (at the northern end) ran *out* of the lake. As soon as Mr. Stanley mentioned to him the interest and importance attached to a settlement of this question, he lost no time in preparing for the journey. Previously, as he stated, he had not regarded the subject as of any importance, the central line of drainage (*i. e.*, the Lualaba) having absorbed all his time and means.

Embarking in a boat, and travelling northward from Ujiji, the two travellers hugged

the coast of Ujiji and Urundi, looking sharply into every little inlet and creek for the outlet that was said to be somewhere. About fifteen to twenty miles were travelled per diem, past lofty mountains, rising sometimes 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the level of the lake, and camping ashore for the night. Several times they were in danger from the natives, and their men had to keep watch all night, lest they should be surprised while asleep.

It took ten days to reach the head of the lake; on the opposite shore, a mountain range, ever bold and high, limited their western view, and appeared impenetrable. The lake is of very great depth: Mr. Stanley sounded two miles from shore and found no bottom with 620 feet of line; and Dr. Livingstone, further south, while crossing, found no bottom with 1,800 feet of line. The mountains round the northern end fold around so close, with no avenue for the escape of waters, save the narrow valleys and ravines by which tributary streams reach the lake, that were the waters to rise 500 feet above their present level, the configuration of the lake would not be materially altered.

The evening before they saw the Rusizi, a freedman of Zanzibar declared (in answer to their questions) that he had been on the river the day before, and that it ran *out* of the lake. This information caused the two travellers to deliberate on their further proceedings, should they find a channel leading into Albert Nyanza; and they decided they would in that case follow it and coast round its shores, in the hope of meeting with Sir Samuel Baker.

The mouth of the river was at length found; it was in a little bay about a mile in width, and was masked by a dense brake of papyrus and *matete* cane. The entrance was not visible, and they followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously through the gaps in the brake. Thus they found the central mouth, and all doubt as to whether it was an effluent or an influent soon vanished, for a strong brown flood met them which tasked all their exertions to pull against. Higher up it widens into lagoons on either side.

The alluvial plain through which the Rusizi flows into the lake is about 12 miles wide at

the commencement, and 15 miles in length, narrowing upwards to a point. The mountain ranges on either side here approximate to within two miles, the eastern range passing the termination of the western. Further towards the north-west there was a perfect jumble of mountains.

The chief Rubinga (near the Rusizi), who was a great traveller, and readily discussed questions of geography with the two explorers, told them that the Rusizi rose in Lake Kivo, a sheet of water 15 miles long by about 8 broad, from which it escaped by a gap in the mountains. About 20 miles from its mouth, the Rusizi is joined by the Luanda, or Ruanda, flowing from the north-west; and there were besides seventeen other tributary streams. Rubinga had been six days to the northward, but had not heard of a large body of water, such as Lake Albert Nyanza. Baker's lake, therefore, could not have the large extension southward which its discoverer had claimed for it.

The return to Ujiji was followed by a march back to Unyanyembe, along with Stanley, who, having accomplished his mis-

sion, was in a hurry to get back to civilization once more, to make known the wonderful news which it was his great good fortune to hear. Livingstone's object in retracing his steps to the place named, was to seize the goods and supplies which were known to be at that point, and to hire there the freemen necessary to constitute his retinue in the proposed return to the south-west. His last letter to Granville adverts to his condition, prospects, and the work which he designs before he abandons Central Africa to rest from his labors of a life.

Dating from "Unyanyembe, near the Kazeh of Speke," February 20, 1872, he says :—

"I am thankful in now reporting myself well supplied with stores ample enough to take a feasible finish-up of the geographical portion of my mission. This is due partly to the goods I seized two days ago from the slaves, who have been feasting on them for the last sixteen months, but chiefly to a large assortment of the best barter articles presented by Henry M. Stanley, who, as I have already informed your Lordship, was kindly sent by James Gordon Bennett. Jr., of New York, and who bravely

persisted, in the teeth of the most serious obstacles, till he found me at Ujiji, shortly, or one month, after my return from Manyema, ill and destitute. It will readily be believed that I feel deeply grateful for this disinterested and unlooked-for kindness. The supplies I seized two days ago, after a return march of 300 miles laid on me by the slaves in charge refusing to accompany Mr. Stanley to Ujiji, were part of those sent off in the end of October, 1870, at the instance of Her Majesty's government, and are virtually the only stores worthy of the name that came to hand, besides those despatched by Dr. Seward and myself in 1866.

"However, though sorely knocked up, ill and dejected, on arriving at Ujiji, I am now completely recovered in health and spirits. I need no more goods, but I draw on Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar for £500 of the £1,000 placed at his disposal for me by Her Majesty's government, in order that Mr. Stanley may employ and send off fifty free men, but no slaves, from Zanzibar. I need none but them, and have asked Seyed Burghash to give me a good, honest head man, with a character that may be inquired into. I expect them about the end of

June, and after all the delay I have endured feel quite exhilarated at the prospect of doing my work.

“Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Pambette; thence resuming the south-west course to cross the Chambeze and proceed along the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which, being in latitude 12 degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From them it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. The malachite ore is described as so abundant it can only be mentioned by the coal-heavers’ phrase, ‘practically inexhaustible.’

“About ten days north-east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for all having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large

districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days north-north-west, 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. I was mistaken in the information that a waterfall existed between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza. Tanganyika is of no interest except in a very remote degree in connection with the sources of the Nile. But what if I am mistaken, too, about the ancient fountain? Then we shall see. I know the rivers they are said to form—two north and two south; and in battling down the central line of drainage the enormous amount of westing, it caused me at times to feel as if running my head against a stone wall. It might, after all, be the Congo; and who would care to run the risk of being put into a cannibal pot and converted into a black man for anything less than the grand old Nile? But when I found that Lualaba forsook its westing and received through Kamolondo Bartle Frère's great river, and that afterwards, further down, it takes in Young's great stream through Lake Lincoln, I ventured to think I was on the right track.

“Two great rivers arise somewhere on the western end of the watershed and flow north—to Egypt (?). Two other large rivers rise in the same quarter and flow south, as the Zambesi or Liambai, and the Kafue into Inner Ethiopia. Yet I speak with diffidence, for I have no affinity with an untravelled would-be geographer, who used to swear to the fancies he collected from slaves till he became blue in the face.

“I know about six hundred miles of the watershed pretty fairly. I turn to the seventh hundred miles with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the water-shed with the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may only have dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on the division of labor in dreaming, and each discovered one or two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far, I went two years and six

months without once tasting tea, coffee, or sugar ; and, except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort, and have come to believe that English roast beef and plum-pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beefsteaks and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation, on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy."

The dear old enthusiast ! May this, his crowning work, be his greatest glory ; and that he may return safely to report his results and to enjoy the homage a world is eager to pay him, we know is the wish of every reader of this volume.

The failure here, and elsewhere in his communications with the Home Government, to give definite meridians to his locations has, of course, left much for the philosophers to do in *guessing* out his courses. He does, indeed, in his last letter home to Lord Granville, dated July 1st, 1872, add, in explanation of this apparent discrepancy, this statement, which shows that he had no accurate means of fix-

ing his points—his chronometers being all dead :—

“An original plan of getting the longitude, which I submit to Sir Thomas Maclear, of the Royal Observatory at the Cape, gives 27° E. as the longitude of the great river Lualaba, in lat. $4^{\circ} 9'$ S. It runs between 26° and 27° E., and is therefore not so far west as my reckoning, carried on without watch, through dense forests and gigantic grasses, made it. It is thus less likely to be the Congo, and I ought to meet Baker on it.”

His faith certainly is something sublime. If he does meet Baker in the Lualaba, will not that noted traveller be an astonished man?

XII.

Dissenting Views of Col Grant, Beke, Petherick, etc.—Views of Sir II. Rawlinson, regarding the Character and Value of Dr. Livingstone's Discoveries—The Lualaba not the Head-Waters of the Nile—Dr. Petermann's Plea for the Congo.

AT the Brighton meeting of the British Association, in the Geographical Section, the reading of Mr. Stanley's report of a journey to the north end of Lake Tanganyika was followed by some considerable excitement among the Royal geographers and old African explorers then present.

Lieut.-Col. J. A. Grant read a paper "On the Recent Discoveries of Livingstone," in the course of which he observed that it was much to be regretted that Dr. Livingstone's despatches and letters contained so few observations of latitude, longitude, and altitude; and that map-makers were consequently unable to lay down his vast discoveries with any degree of certainty. Dr. Livingstone had informed us that his great line of drainage had been traced by him from 12° S. lat. down

to 4° S. lat., and that he believed the waters continued to flow beyond that until they joined the Bahr el Ghazal, or great western tributary of the Nile. But no such thing could happen. The Bahr el Ghazal throughout its course was a system of marshes, stagnant waters overgrown with rushes and ambadj, and supplied very little water to the Nile. Moreover, a recent German traveller, of whose discoveries Livingstone, of course, could not be aware, had passed the sources of the rivers of the Bahr el Ghazal system in from 3° to 5° N. latitude. From the facts recorded by Livingstone that pigs were kept by the natives of the Lualaba country, and that the gorilla was found there,—both of which animals are unknown in the Nile-Lake region,—he (Col. Grant) concluded that the great traveller had under-estimated the westing he had made in his longitude, and that he was really on the upper waters of the rivers which flowed west into the Atlantic.

Dr. Beke said that the inevitable conclusion from the facts stated by Dr. Livingstone, especially that of the altitude of the Lualaba, was, that the river-system he discovered could

not belong to the Nile. It was not an agreeable conclusion to him (Dr. Beke), who had so long advocated the contrary view, but it was forced upon him by the facts brought to light for the first time in Dr. Livingstone's official despatches.—Mr. Petherick stated that it was impossible that the Lualaba could join the Bahr el Ghazal, with which he had been, during his travels, so well acquainted. His own observations, and especially those of Dr. Schweinfurth, who had pushed his researches beyond the southern watershed of the Ghazal, and found to the south an important river flowing to the north-west, absolutely shut off the Lualaba from any possible connection with the Ghazal.—Sir H. Rawlinson also believed the Lualaba could not be the Nile: he was inclined to the opinion that it formed part of a closed basin, the receptacle being some large lake further to the north. Mr. Stanley repeated his conviction that Livingstone was correct in his conclusions. In answer to questions, he stated that the water of Tanganyika was perfectly sweet. The President thought it unlikely that a closed basin existed in that humid part of Africa, where the evaporations from a lake would not

equal the amount of water poured into it.—Mr. A. G. Findlay would not admit that the information we had received regarding altitudes was final, and believed it still possible that the Lualaba was connected with Albert Nyanza.

These views of Beck and Petherick, the well-known German geographer, Dr. Petermann, has made more pronounced by a long and closely critical paper in his *Mittheilungen*, in which he gives most forcible reasons for declaring that Livingstone's Lualaba and coexistent lakes and tributaries are the head-waters of the Congo, and have no possible connection with the Nile. The Congo alone has the capacity to receive the vast volume of water which the new sources pour out. "The Lualaba," he assumes, "carries down nineteen times more water than the Bahr el Ghazal (with which river Livingstone would fain identify it), and at the least three times as much as the White Nile." And as to any connection with the great rivers of the East Coast, the Shari and the Benue, not only is their capacity too small to receive the Lualaba's store, but the opposite seasons of their respective "flooding" prove that there can be no relations between them and the newly-

developed water - basin of the Equatorial region.

As to its possible connection with the great river Ogovai, the Doctor thinks that that stream too is too small. Of these he says, in substance, that the Ogovai is, undoubtedly, a majestic stream, it having, according to Serval's measurement, an average breadth of 2,500 mètres, or 8,200 English feet, with a strong current, and a depth of from 5 to 15 mètres at low-water; but its great breadth is materially dependent on islands and sand-banks in the bed of the river, and the depth given is that of the navigable channel, which, in some places, is narrow and difficult to find; so that, in 1867, the French river-steamer "Pionnier" was obliged to hurry away from the junction of the two main arms, lest it should be grounded in its passage down-stream. According to Du Chaillu, the more southerly of those two arms, the Ngunië, in the Apono country, in 2° S. lat., is about as broad as the Thames at London Bridge (700 feet); and in June it was 10 or 15 feet deep, though in the rainy season it was some 10 feet deeper. The northern arm, the Okanda, which is much larger than the other, alone possesses some claim to con-

sideration. Above the junction, where it changes its direction from west to south, it was found by Walker to be 600 or 700 yards broad, but of this breadth nearly one-half was made up of visible sand-banks. Higher up the stream, where the rapidity of the current prevented the advance of Walker's boat, the river was filled with rocks, and its breadth reduced to 200 yards, the current being, however, considerable. From such data, it is impossible to make any satisfactory estimate of the volume of water of the Ogovai ; but this much appears indisputable, namely, that there is no room within the channel of either the Ngunič or the Okanda for a river that, like the Lualaba, is from 2,000 to 6,000 yards broad, and unfordable in the dry season.

On the other hand, the Congo fully possesses the magnitude which the Lualaba must acquire after receiving the Quango and other tributaries. In proof of the immensity of this river, Dr. Petermann gives an extract from Mr. A. G. Findlay's "Sailing Directions for the Southern Atlantic Ocean" (London, 1855), and refers also to Capt. Tuckey's work and to the Admiralty chart of the river Congo (No. 625, Africa, West Coast, corrected to 1867) ; and from these

he deduces the following result: — “Congo, breadth in feet, 9,000; mean depth in feet, 60; current per second in inches, 40; cubic feet of water per second, 1,800,000.” And he then continues in these terms:—

“The Congo is one of the giant streams of the world. It is considerably larger than the Mississippi; for, according to the measurements of Humboldt and Abbot, the united Mississippi at Carrollton, in Louisiana, in a channel of the average breadth of 2,470 English feet, carries down 675,000 cubic feet of water per second as the annual mean quantity. In March this increases to 1,150,000 cubic feet; but, on the other hand, it sinks to 228,000 feet in the dry season in November; whereas the difference in the level of the Congo between high and low water is only 8 or 9 feet, which proves that it is fed by great lakes. The Mississippi collects its water from an area of 1,244,000 English square miles; the Congo possesses at the utmost 800,000 square miles. Were we to take from this area the basin of the Lualaba, which, according to the reports of Livingstone and Magyar, comprises that also of the Kassabi or Loke (Livingstone's Locki or Lomame), there would

not remain more than 400,000 square miles; which contracted area would be insufficient to maintain even the lowest estimated volume of water of the Congo, especially as the rainfall in the country of Manyema, in the interior of Equatorial Africa, during the rainy season of 1869-70 was found by Livingstone to be not more than 58 inches; that is to say, not quite twice as much as the average rainfall within the basin of the Mississippi, which is 30 inches. In like manner, then, that the Congo, from its size, is the only river in Africa that is capable of receiving the Lualaba, so, on the other hand, it requires this latter river to account for its enormous volume of water."

These views, of course, Dr. Livingstone already has anticipated, because no living man has given the question of African Physical Geography more attention. In returning to the water-shed he has been, in a great measure, forced to a more minute investigation, in order to settle beyond a doubt his own inferences; and, pending his return from his final trip, the world will have to suspend judgment on the speculations of the geographers and travellers who so stoutly dissent from the Doctor's deductions.

XIII.

First Report of Livingstone's Death—Anxiety and Hope—Sir Roderick Murchison to the Rescue!—Departure of the Young Search Expedition—Up the Zambesi and Shire to Lake Nyassa—On the Explorer's Track—The Babisa Chief's Testimony—Musa's Story a Lie!—Return Home with the good News.

IN the autumn of 1866, Dr. Livingstone was staying at the village of a Babisa chief, near the heel of the Nyassa, for the charitable purpose of treating the latter for an aggravating skin disease. While there a half-caste Arab made his appearance, and reported that he had been robbed by a band of Ma' Zitu, from whose clutches he had narrowly escaped with his life. But the spot at which he said the robbery took place was so far away, being 150 miles to the N.N.W., that the Doctor declined to credit the story. Musa, the chief of the Johanna men—men of the Comoro Islands whom Livingstone had hired to accompany him on his expedition, as heretofore recorded—insisted, however, that the Arab had told the truth.

"He tell me true, true," said he. "I ask him good, and he tell true, true." To serve his own purpose, Musa had questioned the Arab, and contrived, by coloring the lies he heard, to make up a tale of horror which frightened the rest of the Johanna men, and led them to listen to his plans for leaving the Doctor, and returning to the coast.

The Babisa chief, on hearing the Arab's story, denounced him as a liar, and said that no Ma' Zitu could possibly be at the place mentioned without his (the chief's) knowledge. In fact, the Ma' Zitu cannot move far in any direction without their presence being known, on account of their predatory and murderous habits. Wishing to allay the fears of his attendants, the Doctor told them that, although he did not believe a word the Arab said, he would, to satisfy him, on leaving the village, march direct west till far beyond the beat of the savage tribe. This evidently did not exactly suit Musa, for he groaned continually, and sullenly followed his master on leaving the hospitable Babisa chief. For a short distance, and until the Doctor turned westward, all went on well; then Musa and the Johanna men fled in a body, and,

making their way to the coast, reported in a circumstantial manner that Dr. Livingstone had been murdered by the Ma' Zitu.

On the 10th December, 1866, Dr. Seward, acting British political resident at Zanzibar, forwarded a despatch to Lord Stanley, at that time the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, giving an account of the supposed murder of Dr. Livingstone. This shocking intelligence was received by the Doctor's legion of friends with profound sorrow, as it was feared that the news was only too true, so ingenious was the tale which Musa had fabricated. Sir Roderick Murchison, however, stoutly maintained that the whole story was false, and urged that an expedition should be sent out to the neighborhood indicated, to make inquiries. At first this proposal was treated as one in which a further loss of life might occur, while the only advantage to be gained would be a confirmation of Musa's story, but, as Sir Roderick continued to urge his case with unflagging zeal, an expedition was at length set on foot; and six months after the news of the great explorer's death reached England, the search party sailed from Portsmouth for Simon's Bay, Cape Colony.

Mr. Edward Daniel Young, a gentleman eminently qualified for the duty, inasmuch as he had accompanied the Doctor on a previous expedition, was in charge of the party. At Simon's Bay a passage was secured on board H.M.S. "Petrel," and, in the course of a ten days' voyage, Mr. Young and his assistants found themselves (July 27th, 1867) at the mouth of the Zambesi, ready to begin their search. A small steel vessel in sections, and easily put together, had been taken out for navigation on the African rivers; and this vessel, with two whole boats, was launched from the "Petrel," and towed a short distance up the river, where a native crew was engaged to work the search expedition up to Shupangu. On arriving at this place, Mr. Young's first duty was to visit Mrs. Livingstone's grave, and put it thoroughly in order, for the vegetation had grown so thickly around as to almost conceal it from sight. Proceeding a short distance higher up the river, one of Dr. Livingstone's old attendants, whom he had discharged in 1866, was found, who, however, had not seen the traveller since the date of his discharge.

In proceeding up the river, the "Search,"

the steel vessel, lost some of its gear, an accident not unknown in these waters, on account of the furious currents, winds, and difficulty in sailing through the shoals. On repairing damages, the expedition landed close to a station, and called on a Portuguese gentleman, Francesco by name, who remembered Dr. Livingstone well, and from whom Mr. Young heard the same story that had been sent home—that Dr. Livingstone had been murdered by the Ma' Zitu. Subsequently, Mr. Young discovered that the Señor's information was derived from Zanzibar, and, consequently, was not more reliable than the rest.

After the customary civilities the parties re-embarked, and in a little time entered the Shiré—the great tributary of the Zambesi River leading from Lake Nyassa—three miles above Mount Mosambala. On the 12th of August, 1867, the party landed, and while forming an encampment were suddenly pounced upon by a band of armed natives, who mistook them for slaving foes, but who, on learning that they were English, cast aside their weapons, and behaved like Christians, that is, according to their own notions of what Christians are. At

any rate they were hospitable, and not exorbitant in their charges for the provisions bought from them.

At this point the party were close to the junction of the Rua with the Shiró. On the 15th of the same month the Expedition arrived at the chief village of Mankokwi, a small potentate who rules over a host of little villages which stud the river banks between the elephant marsh and Chibisas. Here several old friends were met, who hastily spread the news that the English had come. From village to village the news circulated like wildfire. The natives flocked in hundreds to the chief centre, and spontaneously gave Mr. Young and his party a welcome and reception that showed how greatly the efforts of the missionary Englishmen are appreciated in those regions. Then, after the expression of many regrets at parting, the chief and the head men allowed the expedition to proceed.

For a distance of thirty-five miles they had a tolerably clear run, and then it became necessary to land and take the "Search" to pieces on account of the cataracts. On the last day of August the little vessel was launched again on

the stream, and being somewhat leaky made but slow progress. The providers had in the meanwhile shot hippopotami and elephants in large numbers, both on account of the sport and the food which were in consequence afforded. The rate at which they were going through the water enabled them to keep the larder well supplied, and break in upon the monotony of the passage by means of the gun.

After proceeding for some distance in the direction of Lake Nyassa, an able and intelligent man, Stacy, who had done good service so far, was disabled for a time with sore hands, while almost at the same time the native crew began to groan and fear that they never would return. The terrible Ma' Zitu, they were afraid, would make their appearance and destroy the whole party before many more days were over. Their fears seem, however, to have subsequently fled, as the dreaded savages had not been heard of for some time.

From the reports Mr. Young received from the natives on the river banks, he felt assured of being on Livingstone's trail. A white man had passed through their villages with baggage and attendants, and had gone on towards the *north-*

west. On September 5th, Mr. Young and his party arrived at a small island near the entrance of Lake Nyassa, called Boargum, where they encamped and consulted as to their future course. On the following morning Mr. Young saw a native on shore, who endeavored to hide himself, as he perceived the white man land and walk towards him; but as soon as he understood that the strangers were English, he hastened from his hiding-place and said, "The English are good." He knew that, because a very kind Englishman had passed through his village, giving presents here and there. Mr. Young's curiosity being now thoroughly aroused, he questioned the native over and over again to know who the Englishman was! From his own knowledge of the native character, the traveller knew that to get at the truth he must avoid leading questions, and, in a word, give the man no chance of making news from what he (Young) said. The result of the cross-examination was, that the Englishman in question, Mr. Young had not "a moral doubt," was Livingstone himself.

The leading geographers at home had believed that the explorer had crossed the *north* end of

Lake Nyassa, but, according to the native's story, Livingstone had been living at the southern extremity, at a village which he pointed out, and which lay concealed behind a point running out into the lake. This important piece of information was confirmed on sailing round the point mentioned, and entering a small bay, on the shore of which were half a dozen natives. Before landing, Mr. Young took care that none of his crew or attendants had the first word with the people, who by this time had collected in considerable numbers, and as the traveller landed advanced to ask what he wanted. On being told that the expedition was an English one, the crowd clapped their hands and shouted, much pleased, in the vernacular, "It is good ! it is well !" An old chief then came forward and expressed his satisfaction at beholding the English. He had seen one Englishman who had rested in the village for ten days in the previous cold season, but he had not returned since that time. He had gone to Pamfundas, which Mr. Young says is "on the Shiré, near its exit from the lake." The conversation which the traveller had with the old chief is one of the most interesting on record.

As each question was answered, Mr. Young grew more and more convinced that he was now fairly on the track of the missing explorer, as it was utterly impossible for any people, native or European, to give such a circumstantial account of Livingstone and his belongings as that of the old chief without having seen the Doctor. He described Dr. Livingstone's moustache, his height, and age ; also the kind of head-covering he wore. The shape of the naval cap, known as the Doctor's favorite covering in Africa, he imitated admirably by holding his hand over his forehead in the form of a peak. He described his shirt, boots, and trousers accurately ; even the mosquito curtains round Dr. Livingstone's bed, which he called " a small house of cloth in which there were little holes everywhere." But the most signal instance of the chief's accuracy of observation was while he illustrated the Englishman's movements while using the sextant's artificial horizon (an instrument employed in taking observations).

Mr. Young had asked the chief if the Englishman had any boxes with him ! At this question he laughed and said :—

" There was one ; a little one ; in it was

water which was white : when you touched it by placing your finger on it—ah ! behold it would not wet you, this same white water. I lie not.”

“What was it for ? What did the Englishman do with it ?” inquired Mr. Young.

“He used to put it down upon the ground, and then he took a thing in his hand to look at the sun with,” replied the chief.

“Now show me what you mean ; how did he do this ?” and as Mr. Young spoke the “old chief gravely took up a piece of stick, and his actions, as he imitated a person taking observations, could not be 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, could not have been excelled.”

The cross-examination lasted some time, and a present of cloth seemed handsome compensation in the eyes of the friendly natives, who appear to have held Dr. Livingstone in great veneration. Every movement of his had evidently been carefully noted and talked over. The news to them that Englishmen

never bought slaves had undoubtedly made a deep impression, as they knew from the stories carried from village to village, that the Portuguese were not so scrupulous.

What Mr. Young elicited further was to this effect, viz., that the Doctor had with him as guards and attendants "Two tens of people, or three tens; but to say how many, I cannot." That he had "skins on his feet like yours" (meaning Mr. Young's boots), and that with him were two Nassick boys and Musa. One of the guards, Mr. Faulkner, of the expedition, discovered was the havildar of the Sepoys from Bombay, the only Hindoo who remained faithful to Dr. Livingstone when the others left him and returned to the coast. He had with him no beasts of burden, but a small dog followed him always.

On leaving the village, Mr. Young proceeded to the place whence the Arabs cross the lake on their slaving expeditions. Here several articles which had belonged to Dr. Livingstone were brought to the expedition. No additional information of importance was gleaned as regards the Doctor's movements.

The traveller, however, learned that batches of slaves were periodically brought from the other side and landed at this place, to be afterwards marched to the coast.

From the crossing-place of the Arabs, Mr. Young and his party walked three miles south to a village called Chivola, where they were informed Livingstone had been. There the natives brought an empty Enfield cartridge-case, and an iron spoon of English make with the word "patent" on it. The owners of these articles set great store upon them. They pointed out where the M'Sungu (Englishman) had slept while there—under a tree—and stated that he was constantly writing in one kind of a book and reading from another. The simple-hearted Africans had, like their neighbors, faithfully chronicled the movements of the Doctor, as one who held an awe-inspiring place in their estimation. They rushed from one family to another talking about the great "white man" who had been in their own language father, grandfather, and, in a word, all a man's male relations combined. Then the fact that more white men had arrived struck them as being extraordinary. Tales had been told them by some of their

travelled kinsmen, that beyond the "water that is salt" were pale faces who had liberated slaves, and taught that whatever a man wants he must work for, instead of adopting the primitive and wicked method of helping himself irrespective of ownership. And this doctrine was so great a novelty, and pleased them so much, that they embraced it without hesitation, and declared to swear by the white man ever afterwards.

During the time Mr. Young remained at Chivola, the natives outvied one another in exhibiting relics of the Doctor's stay. One brought a small English Prayer-book; another a pair of English razors; a third a looking-glass; and several others fish-hooks, which he had exchanged at various places for food. While these articles were being exhibited, the gentlemen of the expedition must have but felt a strange and painful sensation creeping over them. That the necessities of the great explorer were manifold, no one doubted; but that he had passed from village to village parting with the knick-knacks of his toilet, and the means of securing specimens of the fish in the various lakes and rivers that were in his path, showed that the brave old man was sorely pressed.

At Chivola, a book containing fifty portraits was shown to one of the natives. At Dr. Livingstone's likeness he stopped, and said, referring to the Englishman, "That's exactly like him, only his dress was not like that." Were it not for the latter part of the sentence, one might think that the native had touched the Doctor's portrait by accident; but seeing that he observed the difference between the black cloth coat which Livingstone wore at home and the flannel jacket so well known to the natives, was conclusive proof that the stranger was the missing traveller. A few days after, Mr. Faulkner, one of the expedition, while hunting, discovered a village in which one of the Nassick boys had lain while suffering from a painful foot disease.

On the following day, the expedition steered for the Arab crossing-place laid down on Drs. Livingstone and Kirk's chart, and there heard a repetition of the story. The inhabitants remembered seeing the white man in the previous cold season. He had been at Marcngas; but beyond this, that he was travelling in a south-west direction, no one knew whither he had gone.

After coasting the lake for several days, and hearing reports, both on shore and from the paddlers on the lake, which went to prove that the Doctor had been there, Mr. Young heard that Livingstone had been seen at a village called Pacahoma. His informant stated that he himself had assisted the M'Sungu, who had only seven attendants carrying guns. On being cross-examined, this man knew nothing of Musa or the Johanna men—thus proving that he had been employed *after* Musa and his fellows had deserted—a most important piece of information, seeing that it upset Musa's beautiful fabrication. When informed that Mr. Young had come to look for the M'Sungu, he was directed to the Babisa country, the Doctor having gone that way. But the most surprising part of the news was that, when told that it was reported that the Doctor had been murdered by the Ma'Zitu, the native laughed, and asked how that possibly could be. He afterwards said, "he went that way on purpose to avoid them, and we know it would take him far beyond, it would take months to walk." According to this witness's story, Livingstone pitched his tent at a place far beyond the

spot where Musa had buried him ; and, in consequence, the Johanna men's tale was found to be false from the first to the last. The place was a long, deep valley, which furnished water and shade to the traveller, while he rested before going forward on his weary tramp.

A few days after, the expedition reached Marengas village. The chief was a fat, hearty-looking old fellow, evidently fond of good living, and filled with good humor. He received Mr. Young with much cordiality, and laid the best that the village could afford before his guests. He was the Babisa chief whom Livingstone had cured of the skin disease, and at whose village the traveller was last heard of. The tribe to which by birth he belonged was a very powerful one, and was famed for its hospitality, enterprise, and fidelity. The males were great travellers, and the chief carriers between the coast and the Babisa part of the country.

As soon as the party had sat down, the chief said that he knew the M'Sungu well, that he was a good and great man, and that there were no people bad enough to injure

him. He said that the white man had come there with a number of attendants, among whom were Musa and the Johanna men, and, after a short stay, had gone away again. Close to the village was a large marsh, through which the river flows till "it reaches the lake in a bed of rushes." To save time, Livingstone requested the chief to ferry him across the morass, which the latter gladly did. A portion of the baggage was also taken over, but the bulk was despatched in another direction to avoid the water, under the care of Musa and the Johanna men.

A few days after the departure of both parties the old chief was astonished to see Musa and the Johanna men make their appearance, and when he inquired why they had left the Doctor, Musa said, "They were merely Arabs who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really," added Musa, "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 motive in assisting the traveller."

And accordingly they had left him, but not without tearing themselves away from him. They were on their way back to the coast to attend to their business, which had been so long neglected. These and several other particulars were told by the chief, who had never heard of the Doctor's death, and had it really occurred, he would have heard of it soon enough. He expressed the liveliest interest in the expedition, but warned them not to follow the Doctor's steps. At Maksuro or Karadmarazaro, where Dr. Livingstone had been, not a soul could be found living.

The hostile Ma' Zitu had destroyed both places, and nothing now remained but ruins and human bones. Mr. Young thought it useless "to go on the Doctor's track to gain more corroborative testimony," and from the Babisa's chief village returned to the coast. He there soon was picked up by an English vessel of war, and soon appeared with the welcome news that Musa's tale was false, and thus verifying the sagacious suspicions of Sir Roderick Murchison, whose interest in Livingstone seemed to amount to a sublime faith that Providence had chosen him for a work

that must be done. Alas! that this staunch friend could not have lived to hear the good news!

XIV.

The *New York Herald* Search and Relief Expedition—Stanley's Adventurous Life—Origin of the Expedition—At Zanzibar—The Caravan's *Personnel*—Off for the Land of the Moon—Incidents of the One Hundred and Fourteen Days' March—A Land of Industry and a Land of Blood—The Wild Animals of the Region—An enforced Rest.

THE deep interest felt in the fate of Doctor Livingstone was everywhere apparent. His name and fame having become household words in every civilized community throughout the globe, the announcement that he was lost sent a thrill of pain to millions of hearts. His long absence, and only faint traces of his progress in the first three years of his wanderings, then after that—silence, led even his most hopeful friends to fear the worst. But, long before the British people took action to test the truth, an American journalist, with a confidence which sprang from success in all other enterprises under his control, had resolved upon solving the mystery of Livingstone's absence and silence, by sending a search messenger

into the heart of the African Continent—all at his own individual expense. That journalist was the younger James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and the messenger chosen was Henry M. Stanley ;—the one inspired by the most generous spirit of enterprise and personal interest in the explorer, and the other a representative “correspondent,” ready for duty on any field where man could pass with even a slender chance of escaping alive.

Stanley was known to Mr. Bennett as a *Herald* correspondent during the English Abyssinian War, and by his pluck and enterprise had astonished the English War Office and people by the extreme “cleverness” of his news and letters from the seat of war, and the celerity with which he worked. Through him, in fact, and the columns of the *New York Herald*, the British Government actually received its most important advance announcements of events in Abyssinia.

This enterprise, and his future experience in wandering in the Far East, indicated him as the proper person to undertake the laborious and extremely hazardous attempt to penetrate to

Central Africa.* So, summoning him from Madrid—where the correspondent then was—to Paris, where Mr. Bennett was for a while tarrying, the matter was arranged in a brief and certainly very characteristic interview, and Stanley, with but small preparation, started for Zanzibar, at which point he was to organize his expedition, buy his goods, and from thence to strike for Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. His only orders were—"Find Livingstone if alive; if dead, find his bones and bring them home"—orders which, if fulfilled, might carry him quite across the dark continent, through its most trackless and dangerous regions.

Reaching Zanzibar January 6th, 1871, Mr. Stanley at once commenced the preliminary work of learning everything that was to be learned regarding the explorer, the route to

* He had been one of the guests of the hospitable Khedive at Port Said, at the opening of Ferdinand de Lesseps' great Suez Canal. He had ascended Mount Caucasus, and sent in a report on the Caspian Sea and races that prevail south and west of those waters. He had travelled by the banks of the Euphrates to the Shat-el-Arab, and thence to Babylon and Birs-Nimrod, better perhaps known as the Tower of Babel. He had, moreover, inspected the shores of Lake Asphaltites, or the Sea of Sodom and Gomorrah, and, in short, had paid flying visits to the chief scenes of historical interest eastward, towards the borders of Russia.

take, the means to be adopted, and all the details of an expedition. At Zanzibar he found the old explorer and companion of Livingstone on some of his previous tramps in Southern Africa, namely, Dr. Kirk, then British Consul, and Rev. Mr. New, a missionary, both of whom were so versed in the whole history and *modus operandi* of African travel, that Stanley soon became "posted" far better than ten years of reading in the Royal Geographical Rooms could have qualified him for his undertaking. By February 5th he was off for the initial starting-point, Bagamoyo on the main-land, opposite the island of Zanzibar.

At Bagamoyo two months were consumed in preparations, providing not only the proper escort, porters, and camp equipment and material, but for the equally necessary contingencies of tribute to the sable chiefs on the route over whose domains the path west must lead. His purchases on this account, we are told, consisted principally of cloths of various qualities, ammunition, brass wire, and beads. The wire is of great value in the interior, and is used by travellers as a circulating medium. It is only, however, the chiefs and leading men

of the tribes that can afford to indulge in this article. It is converted into ornaments for the wrists and ankles mainly. Many of the women wear it in the shape of a nose-ring; and the children of the great are often distinguished from the commoner class through wearing twisted brass wire.*

After all purchases had been made and carefully packed for the journey, the Expedition started for the principal Arab depôt, Unyan-yembe (or as it is frequently called, Kwi-hara) in Unyamwezi, or "The Land of the Moon." The Expedition consisted of the Commissioner, Mr. H. M. Stanley, two white men—a Scotchman, named William Lawrence Farquhar, of Leith, and an Englishman, named John William

* From this it may be supposed that the chances of some one doing a good African trade before long are exceedingly good; though, as civilization spreads, we may presume that the Wajiji and other African buyers will be able to detect the difference between honest work and *pukka* jewelry. That will not, however, be for many years to come; and, long ere that, ship-loads of watches and chains may be profitably disposed of. It is somewhat aggravating to read about the immense profits which the ivory-dealers seem to obtain, while none of the traffic comes our way. For a few beads, a piece or two of embroidered cloth, and several yards of brass wire, it appears you may obtain great loads of ivory; only, of course, there is the carriage to the coast, which is expensive and not trustworthy.

Shaw, of London. They were both sailors, mates of ships, then unemployed, and apparently strong, able men, inured to fatigue, and accustomed to danger. Two such "helps," Mr. Stanley supposed, would relieve him of a great deal of the anxiety and trouble of the journey. But Farquhar, it appears, died soon after leaving the coast, and Shaw seventy days' march from it. The former was fond of his gun, and as the party advanced among the game, he exposed himself recklessly to the malaria of these parts, and was stricken with deadly fever and expired. Shaw got as far as Unyanyembe, where, proving an incumbrance to the expedition, he was sent back, and on the road succumbed. This poor fellow seems to have had a diseased liver, and what may be mistaken for cowardice was more likely the terrible depression incidental to his complaint. Stanley might well exclaim mournfully, "Two white men gone, and I shall be the third!" when he found himself alone, also stricken with fever, with mutiny in the camp, and enemies rising thickly in front.

The expedition, besides the whites, consisted of forty-eight Wanguana soldiers, and a large

number of carriers. The boats, for service on the lakes in Central Africa, were carried in sections, and put together at Ujiji. One of these Mr. Stanley afterwards presented to Dr. Livingstone. A small conveyance was dragged along for upwards of 300 miles; but it was found of so little use, and caused so much trouble in crossing streams and ascending hills, that orders were issued to break it up. Then there were the tents. That of Mr. Stanley was a commodious and attractive piece of canvas, looked at from the exterior, and, as things are in Africa, comfortable and cheerful-looking inside. Every night it was pitched and guarded, and in the morning, with all the others in the camp, taken down, and carried by the porters to the next stage of the journey. Besides all the baggage which was in use on the road, the Expedition brought with it bales of cotton goods, both gray and dyed; carpenters' tools; a large quantity of ammunition, carbines, revolvers, etc.; and, in a word, everything likely to be of service to the party should the search extend beyond the time originally calculated upon. Altogether, therefore, between the soldiers and the baggage-carriers, the Expedition presented

somewhat of an imposing appearance as it marched from Bagamoyo, with the American flag flying, on its way to the Land of the Moon.

The journey from Bagamoyo to the Kingani River appears, from all accounts, to be attended with grave difficulties. Mr. Stanley says that the water which covers these flats afterwards daunted the commanders of the English "Search" Expedition; but it seems strange that two English officers should feel discouraged and pause before a difficulty that an Arab and fifty-six native soldiers were able to surmount subsequently. Let that, however, be as it may, the caravan passed safely over the treacherous ground, and reached "a dry, smooth, easy path," leading inland to Unyanyembe. Then, at the rate of seven miles a day, progress was made; for this Arab depot is 550 miles from the coast, and three months expired before the journey was accomplished. This, to the Yankee reader, must seem dreadfully slow work along "a dry, smooth, easy path;" but it must be borne in mind that the baggage-carriers crawl along the road, and that, however anxious the leader may be to advance more rapidly, he is obliged to remain with his men, and drive them, like a flock

of sheep, before him. Then there is the extreme heat to be taken into account, and also the necessity of husbanding the strength of every one of the party. A great deal of time is, moreover, lost in encamping, and cooking, and in obtaining information as regards the disposition of the tribes through whose land the expedition passes.

We can readily perceive that a man of Stanley's energy felt disappointed, as day after day passed adding but a few miles to the score of the journey ; and we can also understand that he was often glad to seize his rifle, and, while the bearers were taking their ease, plunge into the jungle in pursuit of game. The country was fresh to him, as it is to Europeans, save to the dozen or so intrepid spirits who have traversed it in the interests of humanity and science. Stanley felt a craving to leave the hot tent and the worn path, and revel in the wild freedom of the vast expanse before him ; and, during the earlier stages of the passage, he indulged this craving to its full bent.

But Africa is a dangerous country to treat as one would do the Adirondacks on our own western plains. The African plains may be

inviting enough as they rise gently, thick with grass and wood ; but the air is sickly, and trying even to iron constitutions. Fever follows upon fever, and ere long the strong man has paid the penalty of his rashness. But the leader of the Expedition had apparently one of those wiry frames that do battle successfully with disease ; for, while Farquhar sunk, his chief, though exposed to the same trials, shook off, time after time, the moist and deadly grip of the enemy, and pushed forward boldly to the intermediate station, Unyanyembe, where he hoped to strike the trail of the missing traveller.

The march was conducted in a compact and orderly form ; more, indeed, as if the Expedition were under the command of an old soldier accustomed to conduct troops through the heart of a tropical country, than by a young journalist inexperienced in African travel. There was this difference, however ; Mr. Stanley had not only to perform the duties of leader, but also that of physician to the party. He had to dispense medicine, and keep an eye constantly on the commissariat, lest famine overtake them. He, besides, was judge and jury when the home-sick and terror-stricken of the soldiers

and the porters schemed to return to the coast; and the determination which he displayed in punishing the rebellious, and the kindness he showed to those who remained faithful, caused him to be feared on the one hand and held in affectionate respect on the other. The "Great Master" was clearly not to be trifled with, and it was well for the expedition that this was the case, otherwise it might never have been heard of. King Mkasiwa might have found it useful in his War Department, and without much ado "annexed" the whole caravan; or, supposing that potentate were kindly and honestly disposed, who was there to save it from the melodramatic King Mirambo, who with one foot on his native heath and the other on the breast of a royal neighbor, decided to die rather than permit a caravan led by the M'Sungu (European) to pass through his territory? Then, again, its fate might have been similar to the expedition which reached Unyanyembe from the coast under the charge of the drunken Moslem tailor, who lived for a long time in splendid infamy on the proceeds of Dr. Livingstone's goods, as has been recorded in these pages. Clearly, enormous risks were run, and everything de-

pended upon the life of the indomitable American.

The slow progress made, and the daily packing and unpacking of the camp and its belongings, soon told on the spirits of the Expedition. Mr. Stanley himself says that he was growing weary of that long journey, every waking hour of which his mind was kept on the rack. At length they reached the Land of the Moon ; or, as it is called in the vernacular, Unyamwezi, "from *U*, country, *Nya*, of the, *Muezi*, moon." And after a few more stages of weary marching, the great depot of the Arabs appeared in sight. "After," writes the leader, "the wearisome marching through the thorny jungle plains of Ugogo, the primeval forests of Nyanzi, the dim plains of Jura and Rubuga, and when we have emerged from the twilight shades of Kigwa, the first glimpse of Unyanyembe is welcomed by song and tumultuous chorus ; for *rest* is at hand."

The Land of the Moon is "the most inane, and the most prosaic country one could ever imagine." It has nothing likely to attract desperate people, as far as wild beasts and reptiles go. There is *an air of industry through-*

out the whole land, and were it not that the sun is fierce by day, and the air is deadly at night, the traveller might almost believe himself at home! It has none of the deep jungles of India, where the tiger and the cheetah, the elephant and the bison roam, nor the dark hills which rise towering to the sky in the Deccan. There are hills around which "stretch the cultivated fields of the Wanyamwezi—fields of tall maize, of holcus sorghum, of millet, of vetches, etc., amongst which you may discern the patches devoted to the cultivation of sweet potato, and manioc, and pasture lands, where browse the lump-shouldered cattle of Africa, with flocks of goats and sheep."

From one of the heights of Urgunda Makali, in Nyanzi, Mr. Stanley saw "Unyamwezi recede into the far blue mysterious distance in a succession of blue waves of noble forest, rising and subsiding like the blue waters of an ocean," but on approaching Kwihara the scene changed, and the character of the country was entirely pastoral.

It was, no doubt, a refreshing prospect in the eyes of the Expedition, after having been 114 days from Zanzibar. One of the white

men had died, two of the armed escort and eight porters had also succumbed, also two horses and twenty-seven asses. Under these circumstances, and while his own system was being reduced by fever, it is no wonder that Mr. Stanley beheld with feelings of almost rapture his first long halting-place on the march. During the march he had inquired constantly as regards the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone, but the information which he received was of a character that at once led him to think it false. The Doctor was misrepresented. The Arabs said that he was unkind to his men, and that in consequence all had deserted him, "except three slaves whom he was obliged to buy." At one station his death was reported; at another, that he had been wounded by a lion; and at a third, that he was without cloth, and beads, and food; but no one knew exactly where he was. It was thought that he was in the country of the cannibals, Manyema; another native stated that he was on his way to Ujiji: but not one of the statements could be relied upon.

In his progress, Mr. Stanley seems to have met with few wild animals, at least of the

kinds that are usually found in tropical countries. There is no tiger or leopard there. Deer is almost entirely wanting, their place being filled by the antelope, which is found in greater numbers than in any other country. Peculiar to Africa are the zebras and other striped mammalia of the equine and asinine species. Mr. Stanley says that one of the prettiest sights in the world is a "herd of zebras browsing or galloping over the plain." He mentions also that zebra flesh is excellent, and were we able to taste it, we would be, no doubt, of the same opinion; but the enterprise of the meat companies will hardly carry them to the plains of Eastern and Central Africa to catch zebra for preserving purposes. Were that possible, the butchers at home could hold out no longer. The giraffe and the ostrich are also found in these distant regions. Hares prefer a steppe-like country, and so do the warthogs, and other animals of the same kind.

It is notable that very little is said about snakes in African correspondence, because probably the reptile family consists largely of harmless lizards and small serpents. There is

nothing like the cobra of the east, or the boa constrictor of the west, but nearly all the large rivers are filled with crocodiles, whose black repulsive snouts dotting the surface of the water are the reverse of encouraging spectacles. Among the worst of the snakes are the purple naga, the horned viper, and the darting viper, all sufficiently venomous to make them dangerous. Then there is the black scorpion, an insect which bites in the most aggravating manner, and the tsetse that attacks cattle and settles on meat, and generally is a nuisance to the traveller. The absence of snakes to any extent appears to be due to the fact that cover for them is comparatively scarce ; but of course we can only speak of the best known districts.

Stanley's life in Kwiwara, of such rare and peculiar personal interest ; his fund of information regarding that strange land and its strange people ; his revelations regarding the old explorer's usage by those to whose care the British Government committed the funds and stores for Livingstone's relief—all are depicted in a manner so eminently characteristic of the sharp-sighted correspondent, that it would be doing him an injustice not to let him

tell his own story of his three months in the Land of the Moon. We therefore here give, with slight modifications, his *Herald* record, both of his enforced stay in Unyanyembe, and of his memorable experience there.

[We may premise that up to the appearance of Stanley's first despatches in the *Herald*, in July, 1872, very little attention had been accorded the subject of his mission in Africa; and it may be said, the letters from Livingstone to Mr. Bennett, telegraphed from London, and appearing in the *New York Herald*, July 26th and 27th, were indeed a great surprise to the public. Not until that moment had the press or the people of this country any proper conception of the magnitude of the work which had been done by the enterprise of a single person. Stanley's progress on his march to the interior had, it is true, been announced, but it was like the progress of any other traveller in any other country to readers accustomed to read, daily, letters from almost every quarter of the globe; and his arrival at Unyanyembe was regarded as of no more interest than his arrival on the coast of the Caspian Sea two years before.

The publication of the advance letters from

Livingstone, at the dates named, and those of Stanley, now to be noticed, on August 9th and 12th, afforded readers one of the pleasantest newspaper enterprises ever enjoyed by Americans, to whom press-surprises were no novelty. The letters of explorer and correspondent seemed like news from the Land of the veritable Moon itself; and readers now quietly perusing this volume, by their own enjoyment of the record, can surmise what must have been the feeling of the public when the first revelations were made. So marvellous was the correspondent's story, indeed, that certain authorities, both in England and America, attempted to discredit the whole as the invention of an unscrupulous adventurer, but the sober second thought of these unbelievers soon led them to applaud the enterprise of the journal whose correspondent had done his work so well, and the correspondent himself for having shown so much pluck, persistence, and intelligence in executing a most dangerous and difficult mission.]

XV.

Stanley's own Story—Is Livingstone a Myth?—Discouraging Accounts—How the old Explorer has been Neglected—Who is to Blame?—Life in an African "Capital"—The Land of the Moon and its Characteristics—"How are You?"—Breaking Idleness by War—The Unlucky Campaign—The Niggers on the War Path—Skedaddling—Up with the Barri-cades!—Never help an Arab—Facing to the West once more.

KWIHARA, UNYANYEMBE, Sept. 21, 1871.

HOW can I describe my feelings to you, that you may comprehend exactly the condition that I am in, the condition that I have been in, and the extremely wretched condition that the Arabs and slave-trading people of the Mrima—the hill land or the coast—would fain keep me in? For the last two months I have been debating in my own mind as to my best course. Resolves have not been wanting, but up to to-day they have failed. I am no nearer the object of my search, apparently, than I was two years ago, when you gave me the instructions at the hotel in Paris called the "Grand Hotel." This object of my search you know is Livingstone

—Dr. David Livingstone, F.R.G.S., LL.D., &c. Is this Dr. David Livingstone a myth? Is there any such person living? If so, where is he? I ask everybody—Omani, Arab half-caste, Wamruia-pagazis—but no man knows. I lift up my head, shake off day-dreams, and ask the silent plains around and the still dome of azure upheaving to infinity above, where can he be? No answer. The altitude of my people; the asinine obstinacy of Bombay; the evidently determined opposition of the principal Arabs to my departure from here; the war with Mirambo; the other unknown road to Central Lake; the impossibility of obtaining pagazis—all combine, or seem to, to say:—"Thou shalt never find him. Thou shalt neither hear of him. Thou shalt die here."

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Sheikh, the son of Nasib, one of the ruling powers here, declares it an impossibility to reach Ujiji. Daily he vexes me with "There is no road; all roads are closed; the Wakonongo, the Wagara, and the Wawendi are coming from the south to help Mirambo; if you go to the north. Usukuma is the country of Mirambo's

mother ; if you take the Wildjankuru road, that is Mirambo's own country. You see, then, sir, the impossibility of reaching the Tanganyika. My advice is that you wait until Mirambo is killed, then, inshallah (please God), the road will be open, or go back." And oftentimes I explode, and cry out:—"What! wait here until Mirambo is killed? You were five years fighting Manua Scra! Go back! after spending \$20,000! O Sheikh, the son of Nasib, no Arab can fathom the soul of a M'Sungu (white man)! I go on, and will not wait until you kill Mirambo; I go on, and will not go back until I shall have seen the Tanganyika," and this morning I added, "and the day after to-morrow I start."

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

CYNICISM.

He has only just parted from me, and to comfort myself after the ominous words I write to you. I wish I could write as fast as the thoughts crowd my mind. Then what a wild,

chaotic and incoherent letter you would have ! But my pen is stiff, the paper is abominable, and before a sentence is framed, the troubled mind gets somewhat calmer. I am spiteful, I candidly confess, just now ; I am cynical—I do not care who knows it. Fever has made me so. My whining white servant contributes towards it. The stubbornness of Bombay—"incarnation of honesty," Burton calls him—is enough to make one cynical. The false tongues of these false-hearted Arabs drive me on to spitefulness ; the cowardice of my soldiers is a proverb with me. The rock daily, hourly growing larger and more formidable against which the ship of the expedition must split—so says everybody, and what everybody says must be true—makes me fierce and savage-hearted. Yet I say that the day after to-morrow every man Jack of us who can walk shall march.

NEWSPAPER SCRAPS.

But before the expedition tries the hard road again—before it commences the weary, weary march once more—can I not gain some information about Livingstone from the scraps of

newspapers I have been industriously clipping for some time back? May they not, with the more mature knowledge I have obtained of the interior since I went on this venture, give me a hint which I might advantageously adopt? Here they are, a dozen of them, fifteen, twenty, over thirty bits of paper. Here is one. Ah, dolor of heart, where art thou? This mirth-provoking bit of newspaper is almost a physician to me. I read:—

ZANZIBAR, Feb. 6, 1870.

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

To you who stay at home in America may be accorded forgiveness if you do not quite understand where "Nayamweze" or "Ujiji" is; but to the British politico and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Dr. John Kirk, a former companion of Livingstone, a man of science, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and one who is said to be in constant communication with Livingstone, forgiveness for such gross ignorance is impossible. A parallel case

of ignorance would be in a New York editor writing, "I am also told by Mr. So and So that a large wagon-train, bringing silver bricks from Montana, has perished in Alaska." Ujiji, you must remember, is about a month's march westward of Unyamwezi—not "Nayamweze,"—and to me it is inconceivable how a person in the habit of writing weekly to his government about Livingstone should have conceived Ujiji to be somewhere between the coast and "Nayamweze," as he calls it. But then I am spiteful this morning of September 21, and there is nothing lovable under the sun at this present time except the memory of my poor little dog "Omar," who fell a victim to the Makata Swamp. Poor Omar!

THE FAITH OF SIR RODERICK.

Amid these many scraps or clippings all about Livingstone there are many more which contain as ludicrous mistakes, mostly all of them having emanated from the same scientific pen as the above. I find one wherein Sir R. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, stoutly maintains that Livingstone's tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and herculcan

frame will overcome every obstacle. Through several scraps runs a vein of doubt and unbelief in the existence of the explorer. The writers seem to incline that he has at last succumbed. But to the very latest date Sir Roderick rides triumphantly over all doubts and fears. At the very nick of time he has always a letter from Livingstone himself, or a despatch from Livingstone to Lord Clarendon, or a private note from Dr. Livingstone to his friend Kirk at Zanzibar. Happy Sir Roderick! Good Sir Roderick! a healthy, soul-inspiring faith is thine.

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

THE CHANCES AGAINST LIVINGSTONE.

But though he has tenacity of purpose and is the most resolute of travellers, he is but a man, who, if alive, is old in years. I have but

to send for Said bin Habib, who claims to be the Doctor's best friend, and who lives but a rifle-shot from the camp of the *Herald* and Livingstone expeditions, and he will tell me how he found him so sick with fever that it seemed as if the tired spirit was about to take its eternal rest. I have but to ask Suliman Dowa, or Thomas, how he found "old Daoud Fellasteen"—David Livingstone—and he will tell me he saw a very old man, with very gray beard and moustache, who ought to be home now instead of wandering among those wild cannibals of Manyema.

THE KNAVISH SHERIF.

What made me to-day give way to fears for Livingstone's life was, that a letter had reached Unanyembe, from a man called Sherif, who is in charge of Livingstone's goods at Ujiji, wherein he asked permission from Said bin Salim, the Governor here, to sell Livingstone's goods for ivory, wherein he states further, that Sherif had sent his slaves to Manyema to look for the white man, and that these slaves had returned without hearing any news of him. He (Sherif) was

therefore tired of waiting, and it would be much better if he were to receive orders to dispose of the white man's cloth and beads for ivory.

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

THE FATE OF LIVINGSTONE'S STORES.

In the store-room where the cumbersome moneys of the *New York Herald* Expedition lie piled up, bale upon bale, sack after sack, coil after coil, and the two boats, are this year's supplies sent by Dr. Kirk to Dr. Livingstone—seventeen bales of cloth, twelve boxes of wine, provisions, and little luxuries such as tea and coffee. When I came up with my last caravan to Unyanyembe I found Livingstone's had

arrived but four weeks before, or about May 23 last, and had put itself under charge of a half-caste called Thani Kati-Kati, or Thani, "in the middle," or "between." Before he could get carriers he died of dysentery. He was succeeded in charge by a man from Johanna, who, in something like a week, died of small-pox; then Mirambo's war broke out, and here we all are, September 21, both expeditions halted. But not for long, let us hope, for the third time I will make a start the day after to-morrow.

TRUTHFUL SHERIF.

To the statement that the man Sherif makes, that he has sent slaves to Manyema to search for Dr. Livingstone, I pay not the slightest attention. Sherif, I am told, is a half-caste. Half Arab, half negro. Happy amalgamation! All Arabs, and all half-castes, especially when it is in their interest to lie, lie without stint. What and who is this man Sherif, that he should, unasked, send his slaves twenty days off to search for a white man? It was not for his interest to send out men, but it was policy to say that he had

done so, and that his slaves had returned without hearing of him. He is, therefore, in a hurry to sell off and make money at the expense of Livingstone. This man has treated the old traveller shamefully—like some other men I know of, who, if I live, will be exposed through your columns. But why should I not do so now? What better time is there than the present? Well, here it is—coolly, calmly, and deliberately. I have studied the whole thing since I came here, and cannot do better than give you the result of the searching inquiries instituted.

DR. KIRK'S NEGLECT.

It is the case of the British Public *versus* Dr. John Kirk, Acting Political Agent and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, as I understand it. The case is briefly this :—Some time in October, 1870, Henry Adrian Churchill, Esq., was Political Agent and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar. He fitted out during that month a small expedition to carry supplies to Dr. Livingstone, under the escort of seven or eight men, who were to act as armed soldiers, porters, or

servants. They arrived at Bagamoyo, on the mainland, during the latter part of October. About the latter part of October or the early part of November Mr. Churchill left Zanzibar for England, and Dr. John Kirk, the present occupant of the consular chair, succeeded him as "acting" in the capacity Mr. Churchill heretofore had done. A letter bag, containing letters to Dr. Livingstone, was sealed up by Dr. John Kirk at Zanzibar, on which was written "November 1, 1870.—Registered letters for Dr. David Livingstone, Ujiji," from which it appears that the letter bag was closed on the 1st November, 1870. On the 6th January, 1871, your correspondent in charge of the *New York Herald* expedition arrived at Zanzibar, and then and there heard of a caravan being at Bagamoyo, bound for the interior with supplies for Dr. Livingstone. On the 4th of February, 1871, your correspondent in charge of the *Herald* Expedition arrived at Bagamoyo and found this caravan of Dr. Livingstone's still at Bagamoyo. On or about the 18th February, 1871, appeared off Bagamoyo Her Britannic Majesty's gunboat "Columbine," Captain Tucker,

having on board Dr. John Kirk, acting Her Britannic Majesty's Consul. Three days before Dr. John Kirk arrived at Bagamoyo Livingstone's caravan started for the interior, hurried, no doubt, by the report that the English Consul was coming. That evening, about the hour of seven P.M., your correspondent dined at the French mission in company with the *pères*, Dr. Kirk and Capt. Tucker of the "Columbine." The next morning Dr. Kirk and Capt. Tucker and another gentleman from the "Columbine," and Père Homer, Superior of the French mission, left for Kikoko, first camp on the Unyanyembe road beyond the Knigani River; or, in other words, the second camp for the up caravans from Bagamoyo. Père Homer returned to Bagamoyo the evening of that same day; but Messrs. Kirk and Tucker, the French Consul, M. Divianc, and, I believe, the surgeon of the "Columbine," remained behind that they might enjoy the sport which the left bank of the Knigani offered them.

HUNTING, BUT NOT SEARCHING.

A good deal of ammunition was wasted, I

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

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

"No! we saw lots of game, you know—

giraffe, zebra, wild boar, &c.—but they were made so wild, you know, by the firing of peacocks by the officers, that immediately one began to stalk them off they went. I would not have got the hartbeest if I had not gone alone.”

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

A FALSE REPORT.

On the 15th of March your correspondent returned to Zanzibar to settle up the last accounts connected with the expedition. While at Zanzibar your correspondent heard that the report had industriously been spread among those interested in Livingstone the traveller, that Dr. Kirk had hurried off the Livingstone caravan at once, and that he had accompanied the said

caravan beyond the Knigani, and that your correspondent could not possibly get any pagazis whatever, as he (Dr. Kirk) had secured them all. I wondered, but said nothing. Really the whole were marvellous, were it not opposed to fact. Livingstone's caravan needed but thirty-three men; the *Herald* Expedition required 140 men, all told. Before the Livingstone caravan had started, the first caravan of the *Herald* Expedition had preceded them by four days. By the 15th of March, 111 men were secured for the *Herald* Expedition, and for the remainder donkeys were substituted.

PROVING IT FALSE.

June 23 saw us at Unyanyembe, and there I heard the reports of the chiefs of the several caravans of the *Herald* Expedition. Livingstone's caravan was also there, and the men in charge were interrogated by me with the following questions :—

Q. When did you see Dr. Kirk last?

A. 1st of November, 1870.

Q. Where?

A. At Zanzibar

Q. Did you not see him at Bagamoyo ?

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

Q. Is this true ; quite, quite true ?

A. Quite true, Wallah (by God).

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

Mirambo's war broke out? This war broke out June 15, 1871.

THE CASE AGAINST KIRK.

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

UNYAMWEZI.

Unyamwezi is a romantic name. It is "Land of the Moon" rendered into English—as romantic and sweet in Kinyamwezi as any that Stamboul or Ispahan can boast is to a Turk or a Persian. The attraction, however, to a Euro-

pean lies only in the name. There is nothing of the mystic, nothing of the poetical, nothing of the romantic, in the country of Unyamwezi. I shudder at the sound of the name. It is pregnant in its every syllable to me. Whenever I think of the word, immediately come thoughts of colycinth, rhubarb, calomel, tartar emetic, ipecacuanha and quinine into my head, and I feel qualmish about the gastric regions, and I wish I were a thousand miles away from it. If I look abroad over the country, I see the most inane and the most prosaic country one could ever imagine. It is the most unlikely country to a European for settlement; it is so repulsive owing to the notoriety it has gained for its fevers. A white missionary would shrink back with horror at the thought of settling in it. An agriculturist might be tempted; but then there are so many better countries where he could do so much better, he would be a madman if he ignored those to settle in this. And, supposing it were necessary to send an expedition such as that which boldly entered Abyssinia, to Unyamwezi, the results would be worse than the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. No, an ordinary English soldier could

never live here. Yet you must not think of Unyamwezi as you would of an American swamp ; you must not imagine Unyamwezi to have deep morasses, slushy beds of mud, infested with all abominable reptiles, or a jungle where the lion and the leopard have their dens. Nothing of the kind. Unyamwezi is a different kind of country altogether from that. To know the general outline and physical features of Unyamwezi you must take a look around from one of the noble coigns of vantage offered by any of those hills of syenite, in the debatable ground of Mgunda Makali, in Uyanzi.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

From the summit of one of those natural fortresses, if you look west, you will see Unyamwezi recede into the far, blue, mysterious distance in a succession of blue waves of noble forest, rising and subsiding like the blue waters of an ocean. Such a view of Unyamwezi is inspiring ; and, were it possible for you to wing yourself westward on to another vantage coign, again and again the land undulates after the same fashion, and still afar off is the same azure, mystic horizon. As you approach Uyan-

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

THE DARK SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

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

EXTENT OF UNYAMWEZI.

Unyamwezi, or the Land of the Moon—from U (country) nya (of the) mwezi (moon)—extends over three degrees of latitude in length and about two and a half degrees of longitude in breadth. Its principal districts are Unyanyembe, Ugunda, Ugara, Tura, Rubuga, Kigwa, Usagozi, and Uyoweh. Each district has its own chief, prince, king, or *ntemi*, as he is called

in Kinyamwezi. Unyanyembe, however, is the principal district, and its king, Mkasiwa, is generally considered to be the most important person in Unyamwezi. The other kings often go to war against him, and Mkasiwa often gets the worst of it; as, for instance, in the present war between the King of Uyoweh (Mirambo) and Mkasiwa.

A FOREST LAND.

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

GAME.

The forests of Southern Unyamwezi contain a large variety of game and wild beasts. In

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

LIFE IN UNYANYEMBE.

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

Soldiers at night occupy this hallway with loaded guns, and during the day there are always two men on guard, besides Burton's bull-headed Mabrouki, who acts as my porter or policeman. On our left is a room open to the hallway, on the floor of which are spread straw mats and two or three Persian carpets, where the Arab sheikhs squat when they come to visit me. Passing through the hallway we come to the court-yard, a large quadrangle, fenced in and built around with houses. There are about a dozen pomegranate trees planted in the yard, more for their shade than for their fruit. The houses around consist, first, of the granary, where we keep the rice, the matama, the Indian corn, the sweet potatoes, etc.; next comes the very much besmoked kitchen, a primitive affair, merely a few stones on which the pots are placed. The cook and his youthful subs are protected from the influence of the weather by a shed. Next to the kitchen is the stable, where the few remaining animals of the expedition are housed at night. These are two donkeys, one milch cow, and six milch goats. The cow and the goats furnish me with milk for my gruel, my puddings, my

saucers, and my tea. (I was obliged to attend to my comfort, and make use of the best Africa offers.) Next to the stable is another large shed, which serves as barracks for the soldiers. Here they stow themselves and their wives, their pots and beds, and find it pretty comfortable. Next to this is the house of the white man, my nautical help, where he can be just as exclusive as he likes, has his own bedroom, veranda, bathroom, etc.; his tent serves him for a curtain, and, in English phrase, he has often declared it to be "jolly and no mistake." Occupying the half of one side of the house are my quarters, said quarters consisting of two well-plastered and neat rooms. My table is an oxhide, stretched over a wooden frame. Two portmanteaus, one on top of the other, serve for a chair. My bedstead is only a duplicate of my table, over which I spread my bearskin and Persian carpet.

RECEIVING VISITS.

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

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

THE DAILY ROUND.

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

If I have any calls to make this is generally the hour; if there are none to make I go on the piazza and subside quietly on my bearskin

to dream, may be of that far-off land I call my own, or to gaze towards

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

YAMBO—MOIIOLO.

I have to greet about 499 people of all sorts with the salutation "Yambo." This "Yambo" is a great word. It may mean "How do you do?" "How are you?" "Thy health?" The answer to it is "Yambo!" or "Yambo Sana!" (How are you; quite well?) The

Kinyamwezi—the language of the Wanyamwezi—of it is “Moholo,” and the answer is “Moholo.” The Arabs, when they call, if they do not give the Arabic “Spal-kher,” give you the greeting “Yambo;” and I have to say “Yambo.” And, in order to show my gratitude to them, I emphasize it with “Yambo Sana! Sana! Sana?” (Are you well? Quite well, quite, quite well?) And if they repeat the words I am more than doubly grateful, and invite them to a seat on the bearskin. The bearskin of mine is the evidence of my respectability, and if we are short of common-place topics we invariably refer to the bearskin, where there is room for much discussion. If I go to visit the Arabs, as I sometimes do, I find their best Persian carpets, their silk counterpanes and kitandas gorgeously decorated in my honor. One of the principal Arabs here is famous for this kind of honoring. No sooner did I show my face than I heard the order given to a slave to produce the Kitanda, that the Muzunga—white man—might lie thereon, and that the populous village of Maroro might behold. The silk counterpane was spread over a cotton-stuffed bed; the

enormously fat pillows, covered with a varicolored stuff, invited the weary head; the rich carpet of Ajim spread alongside of the Kitanda was a great temptation, but I was not to be tempted; I could not afford to be so effeminate as lie down while four hundred or five hundred looked on to see how I went through the operation.

BREAKFAST—CHUKULA.

Having disposed of my usual number of "Yambos" for the morning I begin to feel "peckish," as the sea skipper says, and Feragji, the cook, and youthful Kalulu, the chief butler, are again called, and told to bring "chukula"—food. This is the breakfast put down on the table at the hour of ten punctually every morning:—Tea (ugali, a native porridge made out of the flour of dourra, holcus sorghum, or matama, as it is called here); a dish of rice and curry,—Unyan-yembe is famous for its rice,—fried goat's meat, stewed goat's meat, roast goat's meat, a dish of sweet potatoes, a few "slapjacks" or specimens of the abortive efforts of Feragji to make dampers or pancakes, to be eaten

with honey. But neither Feragji's culinary skill nor Kalulu's readiness to wait on me can tempt me to eat. I have long ago eschewed food, and only drink tea, milk and yaourt—Turkish word for “clabber” or clot-
ted milk. Plenty of time to eat goat meat when we shall be on the march; but just now—no, thank you.

COUNTING THE MONEY.

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

REDUCING THE IMPEDIMENTA.

Since we are going to make forced marches

I must not overload my armed escort, or we shall be in a pretty mess two or three days after we start; so I am obliged to reduce all loads by twenty pounds, to examine my kit and personal baggage carefully, and put aside anything that is not actually and pressingly needed. As I examine my fine lot of cooking utensils, and consider the fearfully long distance to Ujiji, I begin to see that most of them are superfluous, and I vow that one saucepan and kettle for tea shall suffice. I must leave half my bed and half my clothes behind; all my personal baggage is not to weigh over sixty-four pounds. Then there are the ammunition boxes to be looked to. Ah, me! When I started from the coast, I remember how ardently I pursued the game; how I dived into the tall wet grass; how I lost myself in the jungles; how I trudged over the open plains in search of vert and venison.

And what did it all amount to? Killing a few inoffensive animals, the meat of which was not worth the trouble. And shall I waste my strength and energies in chasing game? No, and the man who would do so at such a crisis as

the present is a —. But I have my private opinion of him, and I know whereof I speak. Very well; all the ammunition is to be left behind except 100 rounds to each man. No one must fire a shot without permission, nor waste his ammunition in any way, under penalty of a heavy fine for every charge of powder wasted. These things require time and thought, for the *Herald* Expedition has a long and far journey to make. It intends to take a new road—a road with which few Arabs are acquainted—despite all that Skeikh, the son of Nasib, can say against the project.

DINNER.

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

SHAW SICK.

At eight P.M. the table is cleared, the candles are lit, pipes are brought out, and Shaw,

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

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

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

"Well, my dear Shaw," I begin, "you shall have a donkey to ride and you shall have all the attendance you require. I believe you are sick, but what is this sickness of yours I cannot make out. It is not fever, for I could have cured you by this time, as I have cured myself and have cured Selim; besides, this fever is a contemptible disease, though dangerous sometimes. I think if you were to exert your will—and say you will go, say you will live—there would be less chance of your being unable to reach the coast again. To be left behind, ignorant of how much medicine to take or when to take it, is to die. Remember my words—if you stop behind in Unyanyembe I fear for you. Why, how can you pass the many months that must elapse before I can return to Unyanyembe?"

No man knows where Livingstone is. He may be at Ujiji, he may be in Manyema, he may be going down the Congo River for the West Coast, and if I go down the Congo River after him I cannot return to Unyanyembe, and in that event where would you be?"

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

But the truth is that, like many others starting from the coast with superabundant health, Shaw, soon after realizing what travel in Africa was, lost courage and heart. The ever-present danger from the natives and the monotony of the country, the fatigue one endures from the constant marches which every day take you farther into the uninteresting country, all these combined had their effect on him, and when he arrived at Unyanyembe he was laid up. Then *his association with the females of Unyanyembe put the last finishing touch to his enfeebled frame*, and I fear if the medicines I have sent for do not arrive in time that he will die. It is a sad fate. Yet I feel sure that if another Expedition, fitted out with all the care that the

Herald Expedition was, regardless of expense; if the members composing it are actuated by no higher motives than to get shooting or to indulge *their lust*, it would meet with the same fate which has overtaken my white man Farquhar, and which seems likely will overtake Shaw. If on the day I depart from here this man is unwilling or unable to accompany me I shall leave him here under charge of two of my soldiers, with everything that can tend to promote his comfort.

THE CAUSE OF DETENTION.

It was on the 23d day of June that the Expedition arrived here, and after resting ten days or thereabouts I intended to have continued the journey to Ujiji. But a higher power ordained that we should not leave without serious trouble first. On the 6th of July we heard in Unyanyembe that Mirambo, a chief of Unyamwezi, had, after taking very heavy tribute from a caravan bound to Ujiji, turned it back, declaring that no Arab caravan should pass through his country while he was alive. The cause of it was this:—Mirambo, chief of Uyoweh, and Wil-yankuru had a long grudge against Mkasiwa,

King of Unyanyembe, with whom the Arabs lived on extremely friendly terms. Mirambo proposed to the Arabs that they should side with him against Mkasiwa. The Arabs replied that they could not possibly do so, as Mkasiwa was their friend, with whom they lived on peaceable terms. Mirambo then sent to them to say:—"For many years I have fought against the Washeuse (the natives), but this year is a great year with me. I intend to fight all the Arabs, as well as Mkasiwa, King of Unyanyembe."

MIRAMBO DECLARES WAR.

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

THE HERALD FORCE JOINS THE ARABS.

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

While traversing the Unyanyembe plains, the column was very irregular, owing to the extravagant show of wild fight which they indulged in as we advanced. On the second day we arrived at Mfuto, where we all feasted on meat freely slaughtered for the braves. Here I was attacked with a severe fever, but as the army was for advancing, I had myself carried

in my hammock almost delirious. On the fourth day we arrived at the village of Zimbizo, which was taken without much trouble. We had arrived in the enemy's country. I was still suffering from fever, and while conscious, had given strict orders that unless all the Arabs went together, that none of my men should go to fight with any small detachment.

DEATH OF A SPY.

On the morning of the fifth day, a small detachment went out to reconnoitre, and while out captured a spy, who was thrown on the ground and had his head cut off immediately. Growing valiant over this little feat, a body of Arabs under Soud, son of Said bin Majid, volunteered to go and capture Wilyankuru, where Mirambo was just then with several of his principal chiefs. They were 500 in number, and very ardent for the fight. I had suggested to the Governor, Said bin Salim, that Soud bin Said, the leader of the 500 volunteers, should deploy his men and fire the long dry grass before they went, that they might rout all the forest thieves out and have a clean field for action. But an Arab will never take advice,

and they marched out of Zimbizo without having taken this precaution. They arrived before Wilyankuru, and, after firing a few volleys into the village, rushed in at the gate and entered the village.

MIRAMBO'S AMBUSII.

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

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE ARABS.

Not an Arab escaped, but some of their

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

DESERTION OF THE HERALD SOLDIERS.

One of my men came to tell me there was not one soldier left; they had all run away.

With difficulty I got up, and I then saw the dangerous position I had placed myself in through my faith in Arab chivalry and bravery. I was deserted, except by one Khamis bin Abdallah, and he was going. I saw one of my soldiers leaving without taking my tent, which lay on the ground. Seizing a pistol, I aimed it at him and compelled him to take up the tent. The white man, Shaw, as well as Bombay, had lost their heads. Shaw had saddled his donkey with my saddle and was about leaving his chief to the tender mercies of Mirambo, when Selim, the Arab boy, sprang on him, and pushing him aside, took the saddle off, and told Bombay to saddle my donkey. Bombay I believe would have stood by me, as well as three or four others, but he was incapable of collecting his senses. He was seen viewing the flight of the Arabs with an angelic smile, and with an *insouciance* of manner which can only be accounted for by the charitable supposition that his senses had entirely gone. With bitter feelings toward the Arabs for having deserted me, I gave the order to march, and in company with Selim, the brave Arab boy; Shaw, who was now penitent; Bombay, who had now regained his wits;

Inabraki Speke Chanda, Sarmeen and Uredi Manu-a-Sera arrived at Mfuto at midnight. Four of my men had been slain by Mirambo's men.

THE FLIGHT CONTINUED.

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

MIRAMBO MARCHES ON THE ARABS.

Ten days after this, and what I had forewarned the Arabs of, came to pass. Mirambo, with 1,000 guns, and 1,500 Watulas, his allies, invaded Unyanyembe, and pitched their camp insolently within view of the Arab capital of Tabora. Tabora is a large collection of Arab settlements, or tembes, as they are called here. Each Arab house is isolated by the fence which surrounds it. Not one is more than two hundred yards off from the other, and each has its own name, known, however, to but few outsiders. Thus the house of Amram bin Mou-

soud is called by him the "Two Seas," yet to outsiders it is only known as the "tembe of Amram bin Mousoud," in Tabora, and the name of Kaze, by which Burton and Speke have designated Tabora, may have sprung from the name of the enclosed grounds and settlement wherein they were quartered. South by west from Tabora, at the distance of a mile and a half, and in view of Tabora is Kwihara, where the *Herald* expedition has its quarters. Kwihara is a Kinyanwezi word, meaning the middle of the cultivation. There is quite a large settlement of Arabs here—second only to Tabora.

THE DEATH OF KHAMIS BIN ABDALLAH.

But it was Tabora and not Kwihara that Mirambo, his forest thieves and the Watulas came to attack. Khamin bin Abdallah, the bravest Trojan of them all—of all the Arabs—went out to meet Mirambo, with eighty armed slaves and five Arabs, one of whom was his little son, Khamis. As Khamis bin Abdallah's party came in sight of Mirambo's people, Khamis' slaves deserted him, and Mirambo then gave the order to surround the Arabs and press

on them. This little group in this manner became the targets for about one thousand guns, and, of course, in a second or so were all dead; not, however, without having exhibited remarkable traits of character.

HORRIBLE RITES OF THE SAVAGES.

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

THE PILLAGE OF TABORA.

Khamis bin Abdallah dead, Mirambo gave his orders to plunder, kill, burn and destroy,

and they went at it with a will. When I saw the fugitives from Tabora coming by the hundred to our quiet valley of Kwihara, I began to think the matter serious, and began my operations for defence.

HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

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

THE HERALD FORT.

Then began the work of ditch-making and 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 material close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight; watchmen were posted on top of the house; every pot in the house was filled with water; provisions were collected, enough to stand a siege of a month's duration, the ammunition-boxes were unscrewed; and when I saw the 3,000 bright metallic cartridges for the Ameri-

can carbines, I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this furor of war be ended without much trouble. Before six P.M. I had 125 muskets and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives, and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality—impregnable and untakable.

ON GUARD.

All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wanguana houses were destroyed, and the fine house of Abid bin Sulcmian had been ransacked and then committed to the flames, and Mirambo boasted that "to-morrow" Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumor that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast.

MIRAMBO RETIRES.

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

ON TO UJJI.

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

Of this journey to Ujiji we need only say it was prosecuted with a tenacity and courage that excite admiration. Obstacles encountered were overcome as only a man of invincible determination could have surmounted them, but long ere Ujiji was reached it seemed at times as if the rapacious extortion, by the paltry chiefs, on the route, of "tribute," would exhaust all of Stanley's goods and beads, and leave him helpless to proceed. But in this extremity his ingenuity came to his relief, for, at length driven to a last resort, he escaped by a night march from one

of his worst persecutors, and placing a great river behind him, he was ere long gladdened by a sight of the great inland waters of Lake Tanganyika, on whose eastern margin Ujiji lay. Of his approach to the town, and his meeting with Livingstone, we must permit the adventurer to relate his own story.

“We are now about descending—in a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where we imagine is 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 to 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 Burghash for not taking his advice.

“Well, we are but a mile from Ujiji now, and it is high time we should let them know a caravan is coming; so ‘Commence firing’ is the word passed along the length of the column,

and gladly do they begin. They have loaded their muskets half full, and they roar like the broadside of a line-of-battle ship. Down go the ramrods, sending huge charges home to the breech, and volley after volley is fired. The flags are fluttered; the banner of America is in front waving joyfully; the guide is in the zenith of his glory. The former residents of Zanzita will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may—as to what it means. Never were the Stars and Stripes so beautiful to my mind—the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill, wild clangor of it is far and near; and still the cannon muskets tell the noisy seconds. By this time the Arabs are fully alarmed; the natives of Ujiji, Waguhha, Warundi, Wanguana, and I know not whom, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means—this fusilading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hands and ask anxiously where I came from. But I have no patience with them. The Expedition goes far too slow. I should like to settle the vexed question by

one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled?

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

"'Hollo! who the deuce are you?'"

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

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

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

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' And he says, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus.*"

Well might the brave fellow cry, *Finitis coronat opus !* for nobly had he done his work. Perusing carefully the foregoing letters, we are impressed throughout with the feeling that Stanley was the right man in the right place. Nothing daunted him. Reading the Arab and African character intuitively, he was equal to every emergency. Not a day passed in which he was not called upon to exercise tact and resolution, and patience enough to have won a campaign. When kindness failed, his ready whip was very quickly made to do its work ; or where sterner measures were necessary, his double-barrelled shot-gun acted as peacemaker. To lead such men demanded just such a leader. A weaker man would have miserably failed, perishing by the way. If a general's genius is shown in the choice of his commanders, as in his conduct of a campaign, Mr. Bennett has shown himself a genius in the generalship of journalism by the choice of this inevitable best man for the work he had resolved to see done. The conception of the enterprise, the manner of its accomplishment, and the results which have ensued, form one of the most pleasing subjects for congratu-

latory remark which this entire century has offered.

The conference which followed this joyous meeting—Livingstone's Condition when Found—The Week of Talk—The "Pleasure Trip" to the Head of Lake Tanganyika and Exploration of the Susizi River—The Return to Ujiji—Livingstone's Retrograde with Stanley to Unyanyembe in a Fifty-four Days' Tramp, and the Final Arrangements for the Old Explorer's Last Venture into the Heart of the Continent—all have been recorded in a previous chapter; and it only remains to state that Stanley pushed on for the coast, reaching Bagamoyo May 6th, in impaired health, but in exuberant spirits, just in season to stay the march of the English Search and Relief Expedition, whose history we give in the succeeding chapter. Paying off his men at the American consulate, Mr. Stanley induced twenty-five of them to join the caravan he was getting together for Unyanyembe. He soon after secured the full complement of fifty good men, and after purchasing and packing up the stores that were wanted, despatched the caravan under the charge of an Arab to its destination. Mr. Stanley had re-

ceived from Dr. Livingstone an order for £500, which he tore up in the presence of witnesses, and drew on Mr. Oswald Livingstone for money as it was needed to defray the expenses of the caravan—that gentleman being the cashier of the Search Expedition.

After all this business was settled, Mr. Stanley left for Europe, and was “interviewed” at Marseilles, when the first details of his journey were transmitted. As it may be supposed, he arrived in nothing like robust health. Indeed, the marvel is that he arrived in Europe at all. It is said that when he reached the American consulate he looked so emaciated that none could believe that it was the same strong athlete, who was thoroughly inured to every kind of danger and fatigue, that had marched to Ujiji.

Previous to his arrival on the coast it was known that he had met Livingstone, but when this news was sent home few people believed it. It was, to use the Doctor’s own words, “quite a wonderful event;” and, as a rule, most people are slow to believe in “wonderful events.” Here, for instance, was a young journalist, with no special geographical knowledge, and no

Royal Geographical Society at his elbow, on his way back from Africa with a story that he had not only seen Livingstone, but that he had provided him with supplies, and travelled with him for a month in a region that had not been traversed by white men before. London refused to believe any such story, and looked for information to the Livingstone Search Expedition. "In due time," said the great geographical authorities, "Livingstone will be found by Lieutenant Dawson, or one of the survivors of our expedition, and the honor and glory will be *ours*."

In the mean time, a feeling had begun to grow in favor of the young journalist. They knew that pluck and money were more effectual in an undertaking of importance than red tape; and when Mr. Stanley reached Marseilles, the British people were eager to listen to his story, and anxious to give him a cordial welcome. When he arrived in Paris his countrymen entertained him, feeling that they were honoring themselves by so doing. The American Minister praised him; and until he crossed the Channel he was a lion in the French capital. Yet the British "authorities" were not convinced. Sir Henry

Rawlinson, with a view to check any demonstration that might be got up in Mr. Stanley's favor here, wrote to the papers and stated that not a line had been received by the Geographical Society from Dr. Livingstone. That was conclusive. Mr. Stanley might be feasted and flattered by the ignorant and credulous, but never by royal geographers.

But, at last, the day came that the great explorer's letters to the Foreign Office were delivered and published, and afterwards even the chief of the royal geographers thanked Mr. Stanley publicly for having succored Dr. Livingstone, and brought home his letters. Earl Granville expressed his admiration for the high qualities of the young traveller, and invited him to dinner; and from thenceforward the young American became a "lion," finally receiving the Victoria medal—an honor of which the journalist might well be proud.

XVI.

Apprehensions concerning Livingstone's Safety—Contribution of Funds to send out an Expedition—Departure of Lieutenants Dawson and Henn and Mr. Oswald Livingstone—Arrival at Zanzibar—Collapse of the Expedition—Livingstone's Regrets—Work he wanted to do.

THE fears that were allayed on the return of Mr. Young's Expedition were revived in full force in 1871, as nothing had been heard of Dr. Livingstone in Europe since the summer of 1869. His friends were afraid that he had perished in one of the apparently interminable forests of Cazembe, or on the dark, cold, mysterious upland which forms the water-shed of Central Africa. The fact that no letters had reached Dr. Kirk, either formally or officially, later than the one just mentioned, or that one single item of news regarding him had been received by his sons, or his favorite and only daughter, Alice, was regarded as corroborative testimony, and thus people began to make up their minds that Livingstone really was no more. It was a conclusion arrived at with

deeper sorrow on his own account than upon the loss of his geographical discoveries; for while disappointment was naturally felt that the fruit of so many years' labor in Africa should be lost, as most people thought, yet those discoveries were regarded as of small moment compared with the loss of the illustrious discoverer himself.

But again Sir Roderick Murchison insisted that Livingstone was alive, and that all the rumors of his death were false; and again, in consequence of the way in which the aged and celebrated geographer stuck hard and fast to his conviction, hope was revived, and another effort was made to discover the whereabouts of the traveller, and send him the means of prosecuting his discoveries, if alive, or of returning home. In his address as President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1870, Sir Roderick Murchison said that although he was unable "to offer encouraging sentences on the prospect of welcoming Dr. Livingstone home, he thought that there was no cause for despondency as to his life and safety." It was known to the Society that Livingstone had been "for some time at Ujiji, on the Lake Tanganyika," whence

he wrote home, saying, that through want of supplies and carriers he had been unable to make any forward movement. These, Sir Roderick said, had been forwarded to him from Zanzibar by Dr. Kirk, but on account of an outbreak of cholera on the march, the relieving party had not succeeded in reaching the explorer.*

The work that lay before Livingstone, as far as the geographers at home then could judge, was to advance to the northern end of the Lake Tanganyika, "and there ascertain if its waters flow into the Albert Nyanza of Baker." In the event of the juncture being proved, hopes might be entertained that a meeting would take place between Livingstone and Baker—then supposed to be coming up the Nile—as Baker, as soon as he had got a steamer on the Albert Nyanza, had determined to steam without delay to the southern extremity, and, if possible, relieve Livingstone, and induce him to return down the Nile to Europe.

The progress of the Expedition from Egypt had been made known by Sir Samuel Baker. In February, 1869, the expedition had left

* See previous reference to this letter.

Kharoun to ascend the White Nile; and in March, on reaching Gondokoro, considerable delay occurred in establishing a factory above the Upper Rapids, and beyond the tributary Asua, where the steam-vessels had to be put together before they could be launched upon the lake. Nevertheless, it was thought that, through the known energy of Baker, he would be able to meet Livingstone, and afford him every assistance.*

These movements for a while allayed anxiety, but this again was re-excited when Sir Bartle Frere, Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society, in the spring of 1871, laid a statement before the Society to the effect that Livingstone was in difficulties in Central Africa, and remarked that it would be a disgrace to the country if the old explorer was permitted to perish without an effort being made to send him supplies. This news created a profound

* The hypothesis of the Royal Geographers, however, were but guesses, as the explorations of Livingstone and Stanley, in 1872, proved that no connection existed between the waters of the Lake Tanganyika and those of the Albert Nyanza. So that, to meet Baker, Livingstone would have to work north-east, between the northern extremity of Tanganyika and the lakes which form the source of the Ru-izi.

impression, and the Livingstone Search Fund was created, and considerable sums subscribed in England and Scotland.

The matter, however, was rather held in abeyance, as it was known that the *Herala* Expedition was then actually on its way to Ujiji. But, news coming back to Zanzibar, in September, 1871, that Stanley had suffered severe reverses at Kwiwara, in a war with the natives, the new Search Expedition was again revived, and, towards the end of that year, it was put in the field. Ample provision having been made for such an expedition, chiefly by subscriptions above referred to, it only remained to select the leaders and despatch them.

The gentlemen selected for the charge were Lieut. Dawson, an experienced surveyor in the British naval service, and Lieut. Henn, a promising young officer, also in the British navy, and well qualified to take a running survey of any country through which he was likely to pass. That these gentlemen's qualifications to carry out the views of the Society were thought highly of, will be understood, considering that they were selected from upwards of four hundred volunteers. It is creditable

that so many came forward for a service entailing grave responsibility and great risks. The Geographical Society simply agreed to pay for the outfit and expenses of the leaders, and attached "no fee or reward of any kind" to their services.

The leaders having been selected, no time was lost in arranging for their departure, and, as it fortunately happened, a steamer, the "Abydos," was on the eve of proceeding to Zanzibar through the Suez Canal, just as passages were wanted. The charterers liberally offered to convey all stores free of charge, and arrange for a reduction of the passage money. And this offer being accepted, both Lieutenants, accompanied by Dr. Livingstone's eldest son, Mr. Oswald Livingstone, who had offered to join the expedition, left England on the 9th of February, hopeful of success in what was distinctly an arduous undertaking.

Lieut. Dawson's instructions, on leaving London (February 9th, 1872), were contained in a letter from the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society, directing him, on arrival at Zanzibar, to deliver to Dr. Kirk a despatch which had "been addressed to him

by the Foreign Office on the subject of your expedition, and which enjoins him to give you all the advice and assistance in his power." He was further directed to begin the search with as little delay as possible, but to be guided in this, as in all other matters, by the Political Agent, who, as an experienced traveller, and resident on the east coast of Africa, was likely to prove of great service to the expedition. On finding Dr. Livingstone, and furnishing him with stores, Lieut. Dawson was, in the next place, instructed to procure from him, "for transmission to the Royal Geographical Society, copies of the geographical information he has obtained during his present expedition, of which very little is known to us." On the authority of a correspondent of the *Daily News*, let it be added that several influential members of the Council directed him, privately, "to pick up the ends of Livingstone's work, by fixing as far back as possible his positions."

The expedition reached Zanzibar (March 17th) in good health, and in tolerably good spirits, and immediately began making preparations for getting the caravan together. Here the Rev. Charles New, the well-known mission-

ary, who had ascended a short time previously the equatorial snow-clad mountain Kilmanjaro, joined the Expedition as interpreter, and succeeded in inducing some of the natives of Mombas, who had accompanied him to the mountain, to engage as guards several Nassick boys, who were also enrolled, as they were anxious to search for their friends who were with Dr. Livingstone. By degrees a considerable quantity of goods was bought and packed, ready for the carriers when the rains had subsided, as it was utterly impossible to proceed inland through the rising flood of water and mud that lay directly in the line of march. The Europeans were not, however, idle, for each day brought its duties, so much has to be done before a caravan can be completed.

Lieutenant Dawson's discovery in the Blue Book at Zanzibar enlightened him as to the attitude of Livingstone towards the Geographical Society; and if it did not create a feeling of disappointment in his mind, it at any rate caused him to ponder deeply over the former's despatch, and endeavor to arrange his plans accordingly.

On the 27th of April, 1872, Lieutenants Daw-

son and Henn crossed to the main-land, and took up their quarters at Bagamoyo, preparatory to making a start in the country. Young Livingstone was left at Zanzibar to complete some business arrangements that had been left in his charge. At the head-quarters of the expedition the British flag was flying while the final preparations for departure were being made, and all were in good spirits, anxious only to be on the road. But disappointment was in store for the party. Three men sent on in advance by Mr. Stanley, of the *Herald* Search Expedition, came in with a despatch stating that Livingstone had been found and relieved, and that the writer was within twenty days' journey from the coast on his way back. Lieutenant Dawson, as it may well be supposed, looked "unutterable things" when the messengers appeared with the news, as he felt that his hopes of distinction in this particular mission were vain. He adopted, however, a very wise course, and consulted with Dr. Kirk as to proceeding inland. He was advised, it is said, to await Mr. Stanley's arrival, and learn what were Dr. Livingstone's instructions. He in consequence directed Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New, the

missionary, to return to Zanzibar, and consider what should be done next.

At a meeting of the members of the expedition, held on the 3d of May, 1872, the leader pointed out that as the main objects of the expedition had been forestalled, "nothing remained to be done but to forward such stores as Dr. Livingstone might still be in need of to Unyanyembe." He also said, "as regarded myself, I felt that my presence in the country as a surveyor would be highly irritating to Dr. Livingstone," and therefore he should retire from his appointment, and return home.

Lieutenant Henn being the recognized surveyor of the expedition, and, moreover, having been appointed second in command by the Geographical Society, was therefore entitled to succeed Lieutenant Dawson, were he so disposed. Although without hopes of distinction as the discoverer of the great explorer, he was, nevertheless, animated by the thought that he might make his name known before returning home. He therefore proposed, on reaching Unyanyembe, and delivering the stores to Livingstone, to "strike out a new route through the Masai country to the northward, where no

white man has ever been before, and so make my way to the coast." And the plucky young fellow wrote home to his father particulars of his proposed journey. He thought that it would occupy five months of time ; but as he intended to make a running survey of the country, his time and labor would not have been badly spent.

While Henn was almost on the eve of departure, the village was suddenly enlivened by musketry and shouting. The natives turned out to a man to discover what the meaning of the noise was, and reply to the friendly salutations of the new comers. At the head-quarters of the expedition, the leader, suspecting that Stanley had arrived, endeavored to give him as hearty a greeting as possible. "Clasped hand in hand, and standing beneath the flags of America and England, the brave American received the congratulations of the British officer ; and the British officer, whose sadness and emotion could not be repressed, received the generous sympathies of the intrepid American."

Mr. Stanley brought back instructions under Livingstone's own hand, to stop any expedition of white men that might be marching to his relief. All he wanted were fifty guards, free men,

and not slaves, and then to be left alone. The American dispatched that number to Unyanyembe, and afterwards set out for home.

The expedition thereupon collapsed, for to proceed inland would have been in direct disobedience of Livingstone's wishes.

A real row was raised in London over this inglorious *finale* of the Expedition, and Dawson was pretty severely castigated by the English press, who felt mortified that to an American newspaper correspondent must be assigned the honor of having discovered and relieved the lost explorer. But Dawson's course, after much canvassing and discussion, was approved by the great majority. The Lieutenant's disclosures show that his instructions made him a *spy* upon the Doctor's knowledge, and that he was to wrest from the Explorer the information which his sealed correspondence and despatches might suppress. That Livingstone had good reason to distrust the authorities at home is evident from what this war of words which Dawson's return excited, since it then appeared that the leader of the expedition was expected to work especially in the interest of the Geographical Society.

And as the *people* of England and Scotland gave the greater portion of the funds for the expedition, the verdict seems to have been, Dawson did the right thing in refusing to submit to the Geographical Society's sealed instructions. In his own defence he wrote: "So soon as I came to the conclusion that I was being used as a catspaw for work which I considered dishonorable, I retired from the expedition." He had every inducement to proceed. "Funds at my disposal ; honor within view for African exploration ; but that honor could only be sought through a breach of faith to Livingstone and the public. Much as I regretted the loss of the chance of treading in the steps of Speke, Grant, and Burton, and of the time already spent in reaching the threshold of the enterprise, I could but resign at once, as a point of honor."

And thus to Stanley belonged all the glory.

Livingstone himself, when he heard of this collapse, was considerably chagrined. He explained that he had not the remotest idea that a search expedition was at Zanzibar ; no news had reached Unyanyembe of the matter ; and his orders to Stanley—"if he met a batch of *slaves*, coming forward from the coast to succor him,

to turn them back, no matter how much had been expended on them"—were given in view of his previous painful experience of the rascality of slaves and their masters, and of his further orders for Stanley himself to send forward a strong body of free men, for whose coming the old traveller would wait in Unyanyembe. He thus expressed himself to Lord Granville :—

“ Had it been possible for me to know of the coming of the late Search Expedition, I should certainly have made use of it as a branch expedition to explore Lake Victoria, for which the naval officers selected were no doubt perfectly adapted. The skeleton of a boat left here by Mr. Stanley would have served their purpose, and they would have had all the merit of independent exploration and success. I travelled for a considerable time in company with three intelligent Sanheli, who had lived three, six, and nine years respectively in the country east of the Victoria Lake, there called Okara, but on this side Mkara. They described three or four lakes, only one of which sends its waters to the north. Okara seems to be Lake Victoria proper ; about its middle it gives off an arm eastwards called Kidette, in which many weirs

are set and many fish caught. It is three days in length by canoe, and joins Lake Kavirondo, which may not deserve to be called a lake, but only an arm of Okara. Very dark people live on it, and have cattle. The Masai are further east. To the south-east of Kavirondo stands Lake Neibash or Neybash; they travelled along its southern bank for three days, and thence saw Mount Kilimanjaro, also in the south-east; it had no outlet. Away far to the north of Kavirondo they described Lake Bariño (not Bahr Ngo). A river or rivulet called Ngare na Rogwa flows into it from the south or south-east. Its name signifies that it is brackish. Bariño gives forth a river to the north-east called Ngardacash. The land east and north of Bariño is called Burukinegge, and Gallahs with camels and horses are reported, but my informants did not see them. I give their information only for what it may be worth; their object was plunder, and they could scarcely be mistaken as to the number of lakes where we suppose there is only one. The Okara, or Lake Victoria proper is the largest, and has many very large islands in it. I have not the faintest wish to go near it, either now or at any

future time. In performing my one work I desire to do it well, and I think I may lay claim to some perseverance. Yet if ordered to go anywhere else, I should certainly plead 'severe indisposition' or 'urgent private affairs.' I have been reported as living among the Arabs as one of themselves; that only means that I am on good terms with them all. They often call me the 'Christian,' and I never swerved from that character in any one respect."

These hints fill up what is now a blank in the maps of Africa of the country east of the Victoria Nyanza, and it is indeed greatly to be regretted that Mr. New could not have led the expedition, prepared with so much expense, in that direction.

XVII.

Livingstone's Revelations regarding the Slave Traffic—Horrors of the Trade in Human Flesh—The Races of Central Africa—Their High Order and Marked Superiority—Black Nimrods and Sable Venuses—The Manyemas a light-colored race—Who are the Authors of the Slave Trade?

THE horrors of the slave trade in Central Africa have received a new and lurid exposition at the hands of Dr. Livingstone, whose revelations regarding the monstrous traffic have awakened a painfully keen interest in the subject, and must arouse the English Government to vigorous action. Almost even before the old observer could tell of his own great discoveries, his pen had to portray the story of "man's inhumanity to man," as he had witnessed it in the remote regions over which no white man's foot ever before had trodden. Writing to the *New York Herald* the *avant* letter which was to tell the world the tale of his six years' wanderings, he devoted a considerable portion of that deeply interesting and characteristic communication to the slave commerce and its attendant miseries,

so impressed was he with the importance of the subject. That letter forms one of the most remarkable of the numerous communications from him, official and private, of the people among whom the slave traders obtain their victims, and of the man-commerce. He says:—

“The slave trade in Eastern Africa is not a very inviting subject, and to some I may appear very much akin to the old lady who relished her paper for neither births, deaths, nor marriages, but for good, racy bloody murder. I am, however, far from fond of the horrible. I often wish I could forget scenes I have seen, and will certainly never try to inflict on others the sorrow which being witness of ‘man’s inhumanity to man’ has often entailed on myself. . . . The whole traffic, whether by land or ocean, is a gross outrage on the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the untold evils it inflicts, presents almost insurmountable obstacles to intercourse between different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, partly to the ignorance of the more civilized of mankind of the blight which lights chiefly on more degraded piracy on the high

seas. It was once as common as slave trading is now, but as it became thoroughly known the whole civilized world rose against it.

"In now trying to make Eastern African slave trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the 'good time coming' yet when slavery as well as piracy will be chased from the world. Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and authors of its atrocities. Most people imagine that negroes, after being brutalized by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate the more favored races, are fair average specimens of the African man. Our ideas are derived from slaves of the west coast, who have for ages been subject to domestic bondage, and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and the rum trade have ruined their moral natures so as not to discriminate the difference of the monstrous injustice.

"The main body of the population is living free in the interior, under their own chiefs and laws, cultivating their own farms, catching fish

in their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forests, which, in more recent continents, can only be reached in rocky strata or under perennial ice. Winwood Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large, round, black eyes, full, luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the west coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in. The slaves generally, and especially those on the west coast, and those at Zanzibar and elsewhere, are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their color; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets they are black, and feels they are just fellow-men; but the low, retreating forehead, prognathous jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West African negroes, always awaken some feelings of aversion akin to 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 it is already sunk, but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that

the natives on nearly all the high lands of the interior Continent are, as a rule, fair average specimens of humanity.

“I happened to be present when all the head men of the great Chief Msama—who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika—had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded finely with the shaped heads. Msama himself had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days.

“He was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others, and he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called pombe, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called ‘bulbous below the ribs.’ I do not know where the phrase ‘bloated aristocracy’ arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good many English noblemen, and Msama was the only specimen of a ‘bloated aristocrat’ on whom I ever set eyes.

"Now, these people, so like ourselves internally, have brave, genuine human souls. Rua, large sections of country north-west of Cazembe, but still in same inland region, is peopled with men very like those of Wsama and Cazembe. An Arab, Syed Ben Habib, was sent to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as Arabs usually do where natives have no guns, Syed Ben Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed the elder brother slept in a white tent, and, pitching spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive blood, the younger brother forthwith 'ran a muck' on all indiscriminately in a large district.

"Let it not be supposed any of these people are, like American Indians, insatiable, blood-thirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed or entertain terms of lasting friendship with fair dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ba 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 they would have stipulated no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator, the domestic slave acting under his orders being considered free of blame.

“ I know nothing distinguishes the uncontaminated African from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relatives kidnapped, but that is more than human nature, civilized or savage, can bear. In the chase 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 Syed Ben Habib, close to a point where a huge rent in the mountain of Rua allows the escape of the great river Lualaba out of Lake Moera, and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the difference between slaves and free men made captive. When fairly across the Lualaba, Syed Ben Habib thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watch-

ing the chained gangs by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared joy and a perfect willingness to follow Syed to the end of the world or elsewhere, but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains.

"Many more, 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 the heart situated underneath the top of the sternum, or breast bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently die of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat.

"I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy 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 are not unusually cruel. They were callous. Slaving hardened their hearts.

"When Syed, an old friend of mine, crossed Lualaba, he heard I was in the village, where

a company of slave traders were furiously assaulted for three days by justly incensed Bobemba. I would not fight nor allow my people to fire if I saw them, because Bobemba had been especially kind to me. Syed sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted ; but slavery hardens within, petrifies the feelings, is bad for the victims and ill for the victimizers. Once, it is said, a party of twelve, who had been slaves in their own country—Cunda or Conda, of which Cazembe is chief or general—were loaded with large, heavy yokes, which were forked trees, about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long, the neck inserted in the fork and an iron bar driven across one end of the fork to the other and riveted to the other end, tied at night to the tree or ceiling of the hut, and the neck being firm in the fork and the slave held off from unloosing it, was excessively troublesome to the wearer, and, when marching, two yokes were tied together by tree ends and loads put on the slaves' heads beside.

“ A woman, having an additional yoke and

load, and a child on her back, said to me on passing, 'They are killing me. If they would take off the yoke I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with three loads.' The one who spoke this did die. 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 in presence of the owners of the property.

"After the day's march, under a broiling, vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest were exhausted. The party of twelve, above mentioned, were sitting down 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 them the cause of their mirth.

"I had asked aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word 'Rukha,' which usually means fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, inflicting disease or death, and the song was: 'Yes, me going away to Manga, abroad, or white man's land, with yoke on our necks: but

we shall have no yokes in death, and shall return and haunt and kill you.' Chorus then struck in, which was 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. Tarembe, an old man, at least one hundred and four years, being 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 was as if:—'Oh! oh! oh! bird of freedom, you sold me! Oh! oh! oh! I shall haunt you! Oh! oh! oh!' Laughter told not of mirth, but of tears, such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

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"I come back to the slavery question, and if I am permitted in any way to promote its suppression I shall not grudge the toil and time I have spent. It would be better to lessen human woe than discover the sources of the Nile. When parties leave Ujiji to go westward into Manyema, the question asked is not what goods they take, but how many guns and kegs of

powder. If they have 200 or 300 muskets, and ammunition in proportion, they think success is certain. No traders having ever before entered Manyema, the value of ivory was quite unknown; indeed, the tusks were left in the forest with the other bones, where the animals had been slain. Many were rotten; others were gnawed by a rodent animal to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. If civilly treated, the people went into the forest to spots where they knew elephants had been killed, either by traps or spears, and bought the tusks for a few copper bracelets. I have seen parties return with so much ivory that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves, but even this did not satisfy human greed.

“The Manyema were found to be terrified by the report of guns. Some, I know, believe them to be supernatural, for when the effects of a musket-ball were shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was brought from the skies. When a village was assaulted the men fled in terror, and the women and children were captured.

“Many of the Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty, light-colored and lovely. It was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resemble the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious iron-founder thought were like those of lions—say to each other:—‘Oh, if we had Manyema wives, what pretty children we should get!’ Manyema men and women were all vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired by wallowing in the mire of bondage.

“Many of the men were tall strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the 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 in kilts or grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters.

“ Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale can only be attributed to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ‘ ologies ’ cannot explain. The religion of Christ is unquestionably the best for man. I refer to it not as the Protestant, the Catholic, the Greek, or any other, but to the comprehensive faith which has spread more widely over the world than most people imagine, and whose votaries, of whatever name, are better men than any outside the pale. We have, no doubt, grievous faults, but these are in part owing to want of religion. Christians generally are better than the heathen, but often don’t know it, and they are immeasurably better than they believe each other to be.

“ The Manyema woman, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious.

“ The market with them is a great institution, and they work hard, and carry far, in order to have something to sell. Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain and sweet potatoes exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish and

other relishes. Fowls, also pigs, goats, grass cloth, mats, and other articles change hands. All dressed in their best candy-colored, many-folded kilts, that reach from waist to knee, when two or three thousand are together they form an interesting sight. They enforce justice, though chiefly women, and they are so eager traders that 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 seem the dearest enjoyments of life. They confer great benefit on each other. The Manyema women are expert divers for oysters, and they sell them and fish in exchange for farinaceous food from the women in the east, the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishing.

“The Manyema have always told us that women going to market are never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual open hostilities the women passed through from one market to another unharmed. To take away her 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 obser-

vation were so sickening that I cannot allow my 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 obtain, these nigger Moslems must have slaves, and they assaulted market people and villages and made captives, chiefly of women and children, as it appeared to me, and because, as men ran off at the report of guns, they could do it without danger."

The Doctor then recites the particulars of the massacre at Nyamwe, as detailed on page 116. The horror of that unprovoked act drove him back to Ujiji heart-sick.

Now, the question naturally arises, who are the authors and prosecutors of this brutal and unchristian traffic? In the north, along the sources of the Nile—in Darpur, Nubia, Galla, and Abyssinia, it is the Egyptian Moslem. In Equatorial Africa, among the people whom Livingstone has just described, it is the Banians of Bombay. On the west coast it is the Portuguese. These three are wholly responsible for the evil; but if the revelations which Livingstone has made, and the additional testimony which well-informed parties have recently given

in regard to Egypt's share in the atrocious commerce, do not effect a reform, then the "signs of the times" greatly deceive. As to the share which the Banians sustain, the statements of Livingstone are conclusive. He penetrated to the very seat of their operations (among the Manyemas, Baleggas, etc.), and became a witness to their operations, fully confirming what before had been only surmised, and it was in his aspect of witness that the Arabs, employed by the rich Banians of the coast, dreaded his presence and wished him ill.

These Banians really being British subjects from the "Presidency" of Bombay, in India, renders their complicity in the traffic all the more heinous; and in placing the evidence of their crime before the Ministry, the Doctor deprives the authorities at home of all excuse for any further apathy or neglect; and, excited as both England and America now are on the subject, it is impossible for the British Government to refuse to take action.

Livingstone, in his presentment of the matter to Granville, says:—

"It is not to be overlooked that most other trades as well as slaving is carried

on by Banians; the custom-house and revenue are entirely in their hands; the so-called governors are their trade agents; Syed bin Salem Buraschid, the thievish Governor here (Unyenymbe), is merely a trade agent of Ludha, and honesty having been no part of his qualifications for the office, the most shameless transactions of other Banian agents are all smoothed over by him. A common way he has of concealing crimes is to place delinquents in villages adjacent to this, and when they are inquired for by the Sultan he reports that they are sick. It was no secret that all the Banians looked with disfavor on my explorations and disclosures, as likely to injure one great source of their wealth. Knowing this, it almost took away my breath when I heard that the great but covert slave-trader Ludha Damji had been requested to forward supplies and men to me. This and similar applications must have appeared to Ludha so ludicrous that he probably answered with his tongue in his cheek. His help was all faithfully directed towards securing my failure."

That Ludha and his agents have been the chief source of all Livingstone's serious losses

and troubles, this narrative gives ample testimony; and if, after this *expose*, Ludha and his minions from Zanzibar to Bambarre are not suppressed, it will be because the petty Sultan of Zanzibar, Said-Burghash, is more potent than the British Government.

When Said-Majid, the father of the present ruler of Zanzibar, died, a humane and generous prince was removed from the throne. He was not, perhaps, a prudent or a far-seeing sovereign; but he was a genial, kind-hearted man, whose gravest error was in trusting too implicitly in those who had the management of his purse. He was not, in fact—what no oriental potentate is—a man of business, deeming it as beneath his notice to inquire into the details of his outlay and revenue. And the result of this indifference was, that he was plundered on the one hand, and on the other his poorer subjects were taxed and ground down to an extent which caused the greatest suffering throughout his dominions.

At Said-Majid's death, the Mohammedans tried to oust the Banians, and lay their own hands on the good things of the island; but all their efforts were in vain. The new sovereign,

Said-Burghash, knew that the Banians did contribute something to his revenues, while he also knew that his Mohammedan subjects would contribute nothing, once they were in possession of the money-making channels. He therefore turned a deaf ear to the entreaties and lies of the latter, and allowed the former to remain his factors. Zanzibar has, in consequence, gone from bad to worse; and unless, as our great traveller has pointed out, the Sultan wakes up, and places his finances in English or American hands, its condition must become very bad indeed.

For such a state of things to exist is a source of regret, not solely because it is a pity that the resources of the island should be drained by a community of greedy adventurers, but because Zanzibar, as a base of missionary operations, should be purged free from the unholy traffic which western countries now regard with such horror. Much has been done by the French and English towards improving matters on the island; but until Said-Burghash is taught the duties of a sovereign, progress must necessarily be very slow.

The French have been doing good work there, and have, in consequence, acquired con-

siderable influence both at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo, on the mainland opposite to the island. At the former they have established a large hospital, which is under the superintendence of a clever physician and nine sisters of charity from Bourbon. There are three priests attached to the establishment, who have not hitherto made any direct attempts to spread the Roman Catholic religion. "They have," says Dr. Krape, "besides preaching or saying mass in their chapel on Sundays, limited themselves to teaching children matters of general knowledge, to instructing them in various kinds of handicraft, to manifesting towards the natives benevolent feelings, and by physicking the sick gratuitously." A similar institution has been established at Bagamoyo, the chief object in view being to spread mission stations along the caravan road leading to the central country of Miamesi. The funds required to support the mission have been, it appears, nearly all raised in Bourbon, the residents there being notably liberal in furthering the efforts of the priests.

Livingstone's own countrymen have not been backward, either at home or abroad, in also encouraging and aiding missionary enterprise in

this quarter of the world ; and, from all accounts, Paganism is receiving severe blows every year from one or other of the missions sent out from England and Scotland. At Zanzibar, and on the coast of Mombas, the English are preaching the Gospel and making converts. A few years ago, the United Methodist Free Church despatched two German and two English missionaries to the Pangany River, in the kingdom of Ussambara, and to Kaumar—the former to teach the Waneka and Galla tribes, and endeavor to bring those hardened and apparently incorrigible races to a sense of their shocking “ inhumanity to man.” And when one considers the nature of this task, it is marvellous that the missionaries succeed at all, for these tribes are savages in every sense of the word. They inhabit cocoa-nut groves, in the midst of a well-nigh impenetrable forest, and sally out upon their neighbors on the slightest pretence, and destroy and burn whoever and whatever fall into their hands. The ornaments strung round their huts are human heads—black, dripping, horrible heads, terrible to behold, and under which the natives squat and converse, proud of the fringe above them. Among characters of

this kind the missionaries have to go and spend the best years of their existence—a weary, desolate life, which no merely pecuniary consideration could make bearable. The reader has but to imagine an educated gentleman buried in a hot and foul jungle, among a barbarous race, and distant from protection, to realize the situation in which many of Livingstone's countrymen and other Europeans are placed on the east coast of Africa.

The two English missionaries sent out by the Methodist body had in view the establishment of a mission station in Usambarra; but, on account of the great disturbances in that country, the idea was abandoned. Society there is in such an unwholesome state, that, at the death of the king, which happens painfully often, his subjects throughout his dominions indulge themselves in a sort of carnival of theft and murder, and at these times look upon the white man as a demon, and accordingly destroy him. It is only when his successor has ascended the throne that the people curb their passions, and sink down into an ordinarily quiet life, the monotony of which is broken by the recital of yarns referring to the last riots; and,

just as the story-teller has been able to score in the slaughter, so are his tales and himself appreciated. It is no wonder, therefore, that the idea of establishing a mission station at Usambara had to be abandoned while the disturbances lasted.

But, both in that country and all along the northern coast, stations will in a little time be established, as the desire and intention to aid this work are increasing rapidly among the influential and the wealthy in Great Britain. And when it becomes known that the tribes north and south of Zanzibar are not all alike cruel and ready to oppose the progress of the European in Africa, but that there are races, on the contrary, wishful to conciliate the stranger, and anxious to profit by his teachings, support will not be lacking for East African Missions. But the progress must be slow so long as the present ruler of Zanzibar permits the Banians and others to pollute his dominions by engaging in the slave trade.

In view of the splendid field here opened to the philanthropist and missionary, we can well understand Livingstone's indignation over the present condition of things, and can truly sym-

pathize with the spirit which prompted him to write to the New York editor :—

“ If my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian 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 slavery privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and 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 traders.”

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