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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Robus Hae will convey her to you. "I am, SECHELE, The son of Mochoasele."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Our company, which consisted of 160 men, our fleet of 33 canoes, proceeded rapidly up the river towards the Barotse. I had the choice of all the canoes, and the best was 34 feet long and 20 inches wide. With six paddlers we passed through 44 miles of latitude, by one day's pull of $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours: if we add the longitude to this, it must have been upwards of 50 miles' actual distance. The river is indeed a magnificent one. It is often more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from 3 to 5 miles in length. These and the banks, too, are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands at a little distance seem rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* A Portuguese traveller.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

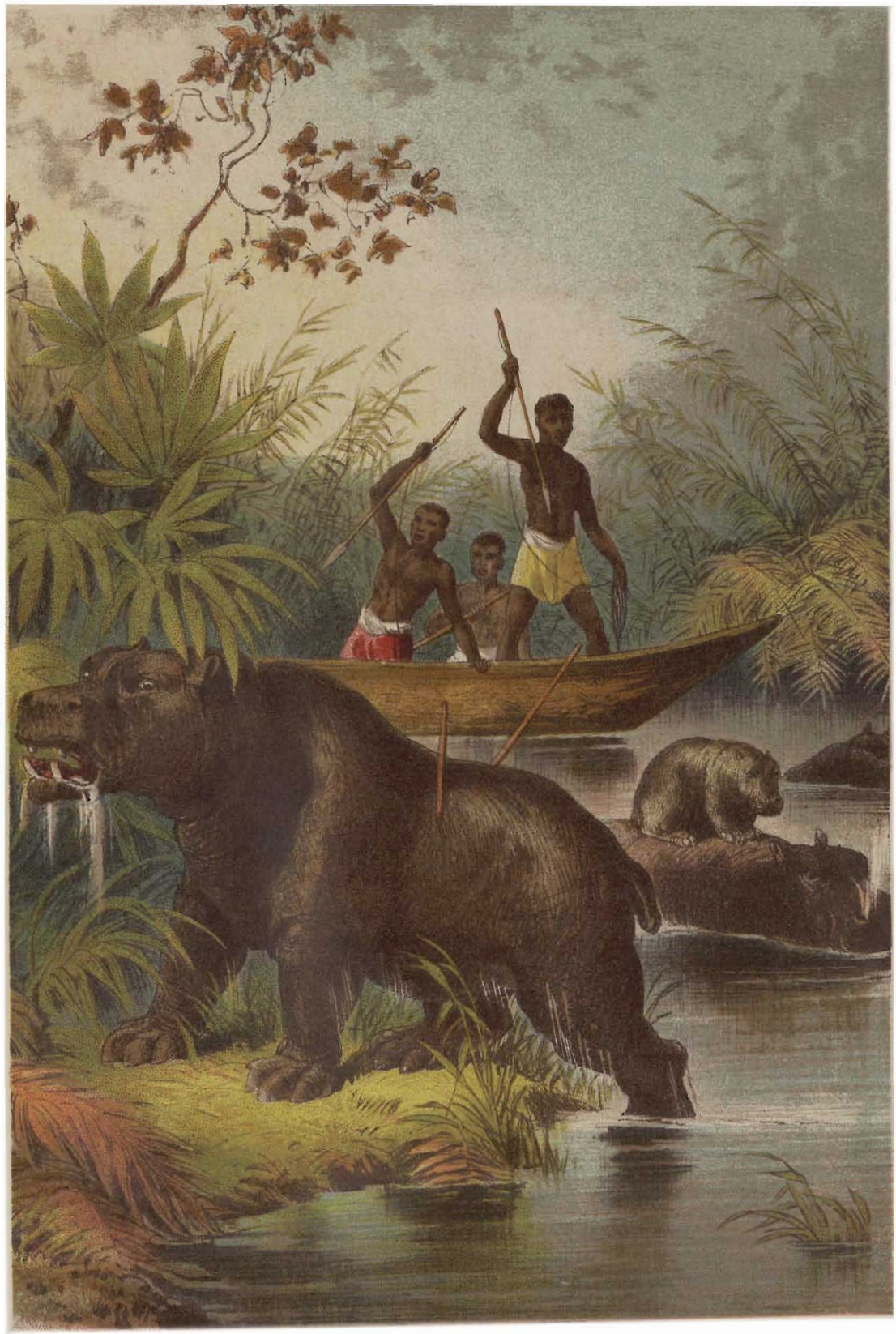
In their passage up the river abundance of food and fruit was provided, and several varieties of the latter are worthy of notice. A fruit about the size of an orange contains a number of seeds or pips imbedded in layers of a pleasant juicy pulp. From the pips and bark are derived a variety of nux vomica,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

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

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

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

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



SPEARING HIPPOPOTAMI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Among other articles of commerce the Mambari bring Manchester goods

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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