

steamer, but with this comes the idea of abandoning Africa before accomplishing something against the slave-trade; the thought of it makes me feel as though I could not lie in peace in my grave, with all the evils I know so well going on unchecked. What makes it doubly galling is, that while the policy of our Government has, to a very gratifying extent, been successful on the West coast, all efforts on the East coast have been rendered ineffectual by a scanty Portuguese convict population. The same measures have been in operation here, the same expense and the same dangers, the same heroic services have been performed by Her Majesty's cruisers, and yet all in vain. The Zambesi country is to be shut up now more closely than ever, and, unless we have an English settlement somewhere on the mainland, beyond the so-called dominions of the Portuguese, all repressive measures will continue fruitless. I would willingly have gone up some of the other rivers with my steamer, instead of coming here, but I had only three white men with me—a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter—and seven natives of the Zambesi. The stoker and the sailor had both severe attacks of illness on the way, and it would have been imprudent to have ascended an unexplored river so short-handed. Could I have entered the Juba, it would have been not so much to explore the river, as to set in train operations by merchants and others which should eventually work out the destruction of the slave-trade."

Dr. Livingstone arrived in England in July, 1864, and busied himself with the preparation of his narrative for the press, and thinking over further efforts to be made for the amelioration of the condition of the natives of Central Africa. It was quite clear to him that no help in this direction must be looked for from the Portuguese government, which, in spite of the utter valuelessness of its possessions on the east coast of Africa, seemed to wink at the devastation and depopulation of the country by slave dealers, and threw every obstacle in the way of any one anxious to acquire information regarding the tribes bordering on their territory, and the possible introduction of legitimate commerce amongst them. The horrors Dr. Livingstone had to make us acquainted with then, and those which he was only telling us so recently, after having been lost to his country and friends for years, have raised such a storm of indignation throughout the civilized world, as cannot fail to hasten the end of the frightful traffic in human beings, which is carried on under the protection of the Portuguese flag.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Starts a Third Time for Africa.—Re-ascends the Rovuma.—His Reported Murder.—Expedition sent in Search of him Hears of his Safety.*

WHEN Dr. Livingstone arrived in England, the discoveries of Captain Speke and Major Grant were the subject of almost universal interest among the intelligent public; and he had not been long amongst us, when the enthusiasm those had excited, and the cravings for further knowledge of the regions about the head waters of the Nile, were further indulged by the discoveries of Sir Samuel Baker. Lakes, hill ranges, and populous native settlements, were slowly filling up the great blank patch in the centre of the vast continent of Africa, which for centuries had been assumed to be a vast sandy desert, a second and greater Sahara. From the known regions of Southern Africa Livingstone had, from his several expeditions prior to 1852, when he marched across the Kalahari desert and discovered Lake Ngami, down to his leaving the Zambesi, on the conclusion of his last series of explorations, laid down rivers, lakes, mountain ranges, and native settlements, over a tract of country vastly more extensive than was ever explored by a single individual in the history of discovery and adventure. His discoveries in the south, and those of his contemporary explorers farther to the north, had settled the fact beyond dispute, that the centre of Africa was peopled by tribes mentally and industrially capable of elevation, if the iniquitous slave-trade was suppressed, and legitimate commerce with civilized nations introduced amongst them; and that they inhabited regions rich in vegetable and animal life, and watered by magnificent rivers and streams, which filled the minds of thoughtful men with the hope of seeing opened, within a reasonable time, new corn, cattle, cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, coal, and iron-producing regions of so vast an extent, as to render the European continent independent in the future of the exhaustion of her present stores, through the demands of a population daily increasing in number and in wealth.

Between Speke and Grant's and Baker's discoveries, and Livingstone's in the south, there was still a vast tract of country of which little or nothing reliable was known. Further investigation, and a due consideration of the character of the newly-explored regions, led thinking men to doubt and question the fact that Captain Speke had traced the Nile to its head quarters, when he watched it flow a noble stream from the Victoria Nyanza Lake. These

doubts and questions soon resolved themselves into actual belief that the head waters of the river of Egypt must be carried as far south, and farther south, as some thought, than Lake Tanganyika.

Dr. Livingstone had not unnaturally looked forward to a considerable period of rest in the bosom of his family after his laborious exertions during the preceding six years; but there was to be henceforward for him no rest on this side of the grave. The minds of men were drawn towards the unknown country between lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, and there was one man on whom the eyes of all men were turned as its explorer. The great traveller himself, after he had seen his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, through the press, had not made up his mind as to his future operations, when he was waited upon by Sir Roderick Murchison. That gentleman, with all the astuteness of a Scotch diplomatist, did not at once ask Dr. Livingstone to go himself—on a new mission.

“My dear Livingstone,” he said, “your disclosures respecting the interior of Africa have created a profound excitement in the geographical world. We (the Geographical Society) are of opinion that we ought to send another expedition into the heart of Africa to solve the problem of the water shed between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika lakes; for when that is settled, all questions about Central Africa will be definitively resolved. Whom could you recommend to take charge of it as a proper man?”

After some reflection, Dr. Livingstone recommended a gentleman well known to them both. This gentleman, on being spoken to, would only consent to go on the understanding that he would be sufficiently remunerated for his services. There can be only one opinion as to the propriety of the conditions on which this gentleman was willing to act; as it would hardly be fair to expect a man advanced in years to undertake a mission of such privation and difficulty without ample compensation. As the Geographical Society could not guarantee any pecuniary reward, that gentleman declined to proceed to Africa.

Sir Roderick was much distressed at this refusal, and calling on Dr. Livingstone to announce the non-success of his efforts, he said—“Why cannot you go? Come, let me persuade you. I am sure you will not refuse an old friend.” “I had flattered myself,” said Dr. Livingstone, “that I had much prospective comfort in store for me in my old days. And pecuniary matters require looking after for the sake of my family; but since you ask me in that way, I cannot refuse you.”

“Never mind about the pecuniary matters,” said Sir Roderick. “It shall be my task to look after that; you may rest assured your interests shall not be forgotten.”

At this time Dr. Livingstone's circumstances were of such a nature, as but for this generous offer, to give him considerable anxiety. His first book,

*The Missionary Travels*, sold to the extent of 30,000 copies, and in consequence returned him a large sum of money. While on the Zambesi, and when the second steamer, the *Pioneer*, sent out to him proved a failure, he ordered the *Lady Nyassa* at his own expense, her cost being £6,000. She was lying at Bombay, and would be of no use in the contemplated journey at all. The sale of his second book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, up to the time of which we are writing, had not much exceeded 3,000 copies, so that if he left for Africa and was lost to sight for several years, the future of his motherless children could not fail to be a source of anxiety to him.

The generous offer of Sir Roderick Murchison, his old and tried friend, put him at his ease as to the future welfare of his family, and he began at once, with his usual promptitude and energy, to prepare for his departure upon what was to be his last expedition. Lord John Russell (now Earl Russell) and then Prime Minister, sent Mr. Hayward, Q.C., to him, to sound him as to what he would like the Government to do for him. No doubt his lordship wished to know what honour or reward he wished for himself. Livingstone, quite unmindful of himself, said, "If you stop the Portuguese Slave Trade, you will gratify me beyond measure." A second time Mr. Hayward asked him if anything could be done for himself, and his answer was, "No, he could not think of anything." Many times when he was waiting in the heart of Africa for succour from the coast, the thought came into his mind that he had then lost an opportunity of providing for his children.

Two thousand pounds were subscribed for the expedition. Mr. James Young, the well-known paraffin oil manufacturer, and a friend of Livingstone's at College, furnished £1,000, and promised that whenever he lacked funds he would supply him to any amount. The Government gave £500, and the Royal Geographical Society subscribed a like sum. As Dr. Livingstone, when he reached Bombay, sold the *Lady Nyassa* steamer, and placed the sum received for her (£2,000) in bank, to be drawn upon by him for the expenses of the expedition, he actually subscribed one-half the entire sum he believed he had at his disposal at starting. Months after he had passed into the interior of Africa, the banker with whom he had deposited the money became bankrupt, and the whole sum was totally lost.

Lord John Russell happily connected the expedition with the public service by renewing Dr. Livingstone's appointment as H.M. Consul to the tribes in the interior of Africa, thus giving to his mission a semi-official character.

Dr. Livingstone left England to set out on his last expedition on the 14th of August, and was accompanied to Paris by his eldest daughter, Agnes. From Paris he went to Bombay, where, having completed his arrangements, he proceeded to Zanzibar, accompanied by the two African boys (Chumah and Wekotani) he had left with Dr. Wilson, a number of men from the Johanna

Islands, a Sepoy Havildar, a few enlisted Sepoys, and some Wasawahili. Thus accompanied, he sailed in an Arab dhow from Zanzibar on the 28th March, 1864, and landed at the mouth of the Rovuma, after a voyage of several days.

Before leaving Bombay, Wekotani wrote the following letter to a gentleman in England (Mr. Horace Waller, we believe.) We give a literal translation of it here, as it cannot fail to interest our readers.

“I, Wekotani, and I, Chumah, send a letter to give to you, W——. The Doctor has said all is well, and has given to me the money which you gave to him, the Doctor; this is done of the good heart.

“As for us, Chumah and Wekotani, the Doctor said to us, ‘Farewell; remain yet at Bombay; cause to be learned reading and the art of writing.’ I said, even I, Wekotani, ‘It is good, my chief.’ ‘Farewell,’ said he.

“I have answered to the voice of the Doctor, and I now write to you this letter; and when it is finished I shall like to write to you yet another.

“The Doctor has arrived; he said, ‘Come here, Wekotani and Chumah, and take that money which W—— has given out of a good heart.

“I, Wekotani, learn that one of the boys is dead. I know Kaminyapongwi is dead; God has taken him. I learn my kinsman Chinsoro has married a wife; I learn that there is a child born to Uriah. If it be a boy, I know not; if a girl, I know not.

“Now I, Wekotani, speak to Uriah and Chinsoro, my kinsmen. He, even he, the Doctor, has said: ‘Wekotani and Chumah,’ said he, ‘let us go to the Rovuma.’ The chief W—— has spoken; he says—‘You, Wekotani, go with the Doctor before him on the path, and see other large waters, and speak with and see the Waiou (Ajawa), and speak the Waiou language.’ I said, ‘This is good, and I travel once more, and travelling there will be no sitting down when the great water is reached. I, I return with the Doctor.’

“Now I am informed of Adams, and Chumala, and Blair. W—— says Blair and Adams are at Natal, a country belonging to the English, says he.

“I speak to you, W——; you who used to live with Chinsoro—and to A——; he lived with Sumbani, I and you, W——, I, Wekotani; there is no forgetting W—— with me.

“Now I have written my letter, telling W—— I am at Bombay. Of Chiku and his companions, the traders, four are dead. Chiku is present. I have finished writing.

“I remain, Sir,

“Yours mostly obediently,

“WEKOTANI.

“You, W——, made pictures (photographs), portraying Chinsoro; and I have seen his countenance and that of his wife, of Uriah and of his wife, and I see Daoma and those women Ochuomvala and her mother; Jamhani, I do not see his face. Chiku says, may it be well with you, W——.”

Early in November, the following letter was received from Dr. Livingstone. It was dated from Ngomano, 18th May, 1866, and was the first communication of any importance received from him since he had passed into the interior :—

“When we could not discover a path for camels through the Mangrove swamps of the mouth of the Rovuma, we proceeded about twenty-five miles to the north of that river, and at the bottom of Mikindany bay entered a beautiful land-locked harbour, called Kinday or Pemba. The entrance seems not more than three hundred yards wide; the reef on each side of the channel showing so plainly of a light colour that no ships ought to touch. The harbour is somewhat the shape of the spade on cards, the entrance being like the short handle. There is nearly a mile of space for anchorage, the southern part being from ten to fourteen fathoms, while the north-west portion is shallow and rocky. It is a first-rate harbour for Arab dhows, the land rising nearly all round from two to three hundred feet. The water is so calm, Arabs can draw their craft to the shore to discharge and take in cargo. They are also completely screened by the masses of trees growing all round it from seaward observation.

“The population consists of coast Arabs and their slaves. The six villages in which they live are dotted round the shore, and may contain three hundred souls in all. They seemed to be suspicious, and but for our having been accompanied by H.M.S. *Penguin*, would have given trouble. The ordinary precaution of placing a sentry over our goods caused a panic, and the Sirkar or head man thought that he gave a crushing reply to my explanations when he blubbered out, ‘But we have no thieves here.’

“Our route hence was S.S.N. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the *Pioneer* turned in 1861. We travelled over the same *plateau* that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain of hills from four to six hundred feet high. Except where the natives who are called Makonde have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees in general are not large, but they grow so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be said to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing-plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates.

“Trade paths have already been made, but we had both to heighten and widen them for camels and buffaloes. The people at the sea-coast had declared that no aid could be got from the natives. When we were seven miles off, we were agreeably surprised to find that for reasonable wages we could employ any number of carriers and wood-cutters we desired. As they were accustomed to clear away the gigantic climbers for their garden ground,

they whittled away with their tomahawks with remarkable speed and skill. But two days continuous hard labour was as much as they could stand. It is questionable whether any people (except possibly the Chinese) who are not meat-eaters can endure continuous labour of a kind that brings so many muscles into violent action as this work did. French navvies could not compete with the English until they were fed exactly like the latter. The Makonde have only fowls, a few goats, and the chance of an occasional gorge on the wild hog of the country.

“ . . . Such rocks as we could see were undisturbed grey sandstone, capped by ferruginous conglomerate. Upon this we often stumbled against blocks of silicified wood, so like recent wood that any one would be unwilling to believe at first sight they were stones. This is a sure indication of coal being underneath, and pieces of it were met in the sands of the river.

“When about ninety miles from the mouth of the Rovuma, the geological structure changes, and with this change we have more open forest, thinner vegetation, and grasses of more reasonable size. The chief rock is now syenite, and patches of fine white dolomite lie upon it in spots. Granitic masses have been shot up over the plain, which extends in front all the way to Ngomano, the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi. In the drier country we found that one of these inexplicable droughts had happened over the north bank of the Rovuma, and a tribe of Mazitu, probably Zulus, had come down like a swarm of locusts, and carried away all the food above ground, as well as what was growing. I had now to make forced marches with the Makonde in quest of provisions for my party, and am now with Machumora, the chief at Ngomano, and by sending some twenty miles to the south-west, I shall obtain succour for them. This is the point of confluence, as the name Ngomano implies, of the Rovuma and the Loendi. The latter is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the south-west, where, in addition to some bold granitic peaks, dim outlines of distant highlands appear. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact that we are now about thirty miles beyond our former turning-point, and on the threshold of the unknown.

“I propose to make this my head-quarters till I have felt my way round the north end of Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to another quarter for fresh supplies, but it is best to say little about the future. Machumora is an intelligent man, and one well-known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his personal character gives him.

“The Makonde are all independent of each other, but they are not devoid of a natural sense of justice. A carrier stole a shirt from one of my men; our guide pursued him at night, seized him in his own house, and the elders of his village made him pay about four times the value of the article

stolen. No other case of theft has occurred. No dues were demanded, and only one fine—a very just one—was levied.”

Here, as elsewhere in Central Africa, the Arabs had not been successful in imposing the Moslem creed upon the natives. The Arabs believed it to be useless to persevere in any attempt to teach them, as the Makonde had no idea of a Deity. The fatal *tsetse* fly engages Livingstone's attention here, as in so many districts of Central Africa. He had selected buffaloes and camels, thinking that they would brave the fatal effects of its bite. He says:—“The experiment with the buffaloes has not been satisfactory; one buffalo and two camels died. Had we not been in a *tsetse* country, I should have ascribed this to over-work and bruises received on board the dhow which brought them from Zanzibar. These broke out into large ulcers. When stung by gad-flies blood of the arterial colour flows from the punctures. This may be the effect of the *tsetse*, for when an ox known to be bitten was killed, its blood was all of the arterial hue. I had but four buffaloes for the experiment, and as three yet remain, I am at present in doubt.”

In March, 1867, the whole civilized world was startled by the receipt of intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had been slain in an encounter with a party of Mafite or Mazitu on the western side of Lake Nyassa, at a place called Kampunda or Mapunda. The intelligence came in the shape of a dispatch from Dr. G. E. Seward, Acting Consul at Zanzibar to Lord Stanley (now Earl Derby), then Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

“Zanzibar, December 10th, 1866.

“MY LORD—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his dispatch from Ngomano, informed your lordships that he stood ‘on the threshold of the unexplored.’ Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow, he added, ‘it is best to say little of the future.’

“My Lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has ‘crossed the threshold of the unexplored;’ he has confronted the future, and will never return. He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus, of whom he says, in his dispatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him, and had ‘swept away the food from above and in the ground.’ With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loanda and Rovuma rivers at Ngomano, and the eastern or north-eastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point, as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kampunda, on its western shore; and was pushing west or north-west into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Maklisoor a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mazitu, and Nyassa folk.

“The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and arrow, the Zulus with the



traditional shield, broad-bladed spears and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear. The Mazitu instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat; they came on with a rush and with war-cries, and rattling on their shields with their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces, their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment.

“Livingstone fired, and two Zulus were shot dead (his boys fired too, but their fire was harmless); he was in the act of reloading, when three Mazitu leaped upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance, there could be none, and one cruel axe-cut from behind put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mazitu. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

“The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kampunda, on the lake’s borders (they left the Havildar of Sepoys there dying of dysentery, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys of the Bombay 21st at Mataka), and had rested at Marengo, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Maklisoorā; they were traversing a flat country broken by small hills, and abundantly wooded. Indeed, the scene of the tragedy so soon to be consummated would appear to have been an open forest-glade.

“Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mazitu were coming; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there among the trees, and he had just gained the party, and had sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell (by an axe-cut from behind). Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed into the deeper forest. . . . If the Mazitu really passed Moosa, his escape and that of his people verges on the marvellous.

“However, at sunset, they in great fear left their forest refuge, and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveller lay. Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus, who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay some four fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright; he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone, from their description, though the neck and spine, up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was ‘ever ready.’ They found

him stripped only of his upper clothing, for the Mazitu had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave, and hid from the starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit—the body of an apostle of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labours made known to us, and which, now baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as 'Lake Livingstone.' . . . The Johanna men made the best of their way back to Kampunda, not venturing near any village or station; they lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on the way.

“At Kampunda they witnessed the end of the Havildar of Sepoys. He alone of all the Indians was faithful; on the threshold of this Consulate of Zanzibar, he pledged himself at the moment of starting never to forsake his leader—nor did he; to the last he struggled on, worn with dysentery, but broke down hopelessly on the road to Marenga. A day or two later, and he would have shared his leader's fate. Insubordinate, lazy, impracticable, and useless, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys at Mataka. Had they been faithful like the Havildar, I should not have had to inscribe a record of this sad happening. Their unfitness for African travel might have been predicted. At Kampunda the Johanna men were deprived of their weapons by the chief, who also kept the Havildar's. Here they joined an Arab slave-caravan, recrossed the Nyassa and made for Kilwa, the great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast.

“But here again, and where least expected, they encountered the Mazitu. They had reached a place within eight days south-west of Kilwa, when the appearance of a band of these savages scattered the caravan. Abandoning ivory, slaves—their all—the Arab leaders thought best of saving their lives. The Johanna men again made their escape, and reached Kilwa, whence by the kindness of the customs people they were at once sent to Zanzibar. They arrived here on the 6th December

“I must reserve other details for a subsequent letter; but I may state that no papers, effects, or relics of Livingstone, are likely to be recovered.

“G. EDWIN SEWARD.”

With the same mail Sir Roderick Murchison received several letters from Dr. Kirk, then Assistant Consul at Zanzibar—and as he was a prominent member of Dr. Livingstone's expedition to the Zambesi and its tributaries, his impressions regarding Dr. Livingstone's route and the importance to be attached to the report of his murder are of interest and importance:—

“MY DEAR SIR RODERICK—Although the evidence is, in many points, contradictory in detail, and the survivors can give no clear account of their route, I find no cause to doubt their veracity in the main points of the narrative, and allow for much from the fact that an early flight alone saved them—an act of cowardice which would lead them in a measure to exaggerate

some of the circumstances. One great difficulty is, that they speak the language of Johanna only, for this necessitates the use of unskilled interpreters.

“Our last communication from Dr. Livingstone was written by him on the 18th May. He was then at Ngomano, where he remained fifteen days, and probably his letter was written about the beginning of that time, or soon after his arrival. We know that he started from Mikindany, struck the Rovuma about thirty miles from its mouth, and proceeded to Ngomano, without encountering any obstacle; so far the natives were friendly, but the path was most difficult, owing to the dense forest and tangled vegetation. I need not recount what he has narrated, and what has, no doubt, been communicated to you through Her Majesty’s Secretary of State; but shall briefly state, so far as I have learned, the condition of the party when at Ngomano. They mustered in all thirty-six, viz.:—Dr. Livingstone, twelve Bombay Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine boys (African) educated, and four Africans, who had gone with him from the Zambesi to Bombay, where they awaited his return. Ngomano, on the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi, is the country between these streams, so that he had crossed the Rovuma before reaching the village of the chief. The Loendi was seen to be the main stream, the Rovuma being secondary to it. From previous expeditions we know that the Rovuma below the confluence is very subject to sudden rises and falls. In May it would be a considerable stream, but in October and November a dry bed with hardly a boat passage, and fordable every mile. Above the confluence of the Loendi, therefore, it must have become a series of almost isolated pools, if the Loendi was the main source. On Dr. Livingstone’s arrival, the district was in a disordered state; a drought had injured the crop, and the little left had been carried off to the north of the Rovuma by a marauding tribe of Mazitu. Dr. Livingstone seems to have obtained provisions from the Mabiha of the south-east, and fifteen days after his arrival to have proceeded westward. The first day’s march was over desert country, but the following day they again met the Rovuma, but did not cross it. They had taken a path which proved a chord to one of the river-bends. Passing small villages of the Walolo, a tribe speaking the Makua language, and differing in little but the mark in the forehead from the main tribe to the south, they reached hills towards the end of the third day’s march; these were clothed with bamboo jungles, but little water was found. Here one of the Africans, educated at Bombay, died. On the fourth and fifth days they seem to have crossed open grazing plains with trees; they were steadily making an ascent, as indicated by the coldness of the mornings.

“On the seventh day they were at Makarika, where they rested two days, and after eleven marches came to Mataka, a town of considerable size, the residence of a chief, who has power over a large district and many people;

these are of the Waiao tribe, the same whom we call Ajawa on the Zambesi. This is a high mountainous country, with fine scenery and abundant water. The streams passed had a south-east direction, or seemed to flow from the Loendi, and one crossed on the ninth day's march from Ngomano was of considerable size.

“ This region is well peopled, and has abundance of cattle, besides goats and fowls. While here Dr. Livingstone was well received by the chief, presents were exchanged, and provisions obtained. In the short journey already accomplished, the Bombay Sepoys had proved unequal to the fatigues and irregular supply of food; the cattle and camels employed to carry loads had died, seemingly from the *tsetse* fly, and drilled Sepoys were of no use to take their place; they were easily fatigued and useless. Here Dr. Livingstone discarded all, except the Havildar, who bravely stuck by him, and advanced while his men returned towards the coast, in company with a slave caravan which passed that way, soon after Dr. Livingstone had left Malaka. An estimate of Dr. Livingstone's confidence in these men may be proved from the fact that his letters and despatches were entrusted to the Chief Malaka to be given to the first caravan: these important documents have not yet been received, although six of the Sepoys have come in, and Arab caravans have arrived at Kilwa. Great interest will attach to the recovery of those papers, as in them Dr. Livingstone would probably state whether he purposed again returning to Ngomano (where he had left some stores on advancing), after having settled the end of the Nyassa and its northern limits towards Lake Tanganyika. I have little doubt myself that any idea he may have had of returning had, by this time, been abandoned; indeed, it seemed contrary to Dr. Livingstone's nature to retrace his steps, nor could he have done so without disorganising his now enfeebled expedition. His only chance of keeping the remainder seems to have been to advance beyond the regions in which desertion was easy. Having been fifteen days at Malaka, his party advanced, still in a westerly course: the first day's march one of the Bombay educated negroes ran back, and returned to Zanzibar eventually with the Sepoys.

“ . . . Reaching the Lake after eight days' march, they obtained four canoes, and, embarking in the morning, were all landed on the opposite shore by mid-day. Comparing the water with parts of the Zanzibar harbour, my informants, the Johanna men, estimate the width as nearly six miles, which, from the time taken to cross, seems under the truth; but, it is to be remembered, that they are not explicit as to where they embarked. On this, however, they are decided, that water extended to the north as far as they could see, and they heard of no end in that direction. To the south it seemed still wider. They also stated that the canoes were propelled by means of poles, and paddles were seldom used. The water was not deep; the opposite

shore was of white sand, with plains to the west, but no hills visible, although high mountains appeared to the south.

“That night they slept at a small village on the western shore, and, leaving the water behind, marched west to Kampunda. The people of this place possess only a few cattle, but they gave a goat to Dr. Livingstone, and he remained one day. One of the Zambesi boys, Wekotani by name, deserted him; and the Havildar, worn out by disease, which attacked him in crossing the Nyassa, lagged behind and was left. Dr. Livingstone’s party was thus reduced to twenty men, all told; of these, however, very few knew how to handle fire-arms, and could be of no service in case of a determined attack by natives. They left Kampunda, and arrived at Marenga after two days’ march over level land, journeying west. After remaining a day at Marenga, they again followed a westerly course over smooth ground. Marenga, who was civil to the party, ferried them in canoes over a muddy channel or swamp, rather than a river. Soon after this they passed Maksura, still keeping west, and slept one night in the jungle. They had been told that the Mazitu were fighting in this part, but they had been so long near them that Dr. Livingstone seemed not to regard it. This was to the men, but no doubt he was aware that suddenly he might find himself face to face with them, as had happened to us on a former occasion on Lake Nyassa, not far south of this very place.

“The fatal attack occurred at 9 a.m. on the morning march. As to the date it is doubtful. If the data such as I have been able to elicit, from a mass of contradictory evidence, is to be relied on, it would be about the 15th of July; not before then, but possibly, if there had been stoppages, of which no account has been taken, as late as the end of that month. A great difficulty here occurs; for, on reckoning back on the date of arrival of the Johanna men at Zanzibar, we find a discrepancy of nearly a month unaccounted for. And whether this is to be intercalated before or after the fight, I am as yet unable to determine; but if the meeting with the Mazitu and Dr. Livingstone’s death did not happen in July, it must have been in the following month. As I was saying, about 9 a.m. on the morning’s march, they found themselves traversing a plain country, covered with grass as high as a man’s waist, and abounding in low bushes, with forest trees and dense wood at intervals, such, indeed, as is seen a little further south, where the country is known. Livingstone led the way, having next to him, as usual, the Zambesi boys and the Bombay educated Africans, while Moosa, the head of the Johanna men, drew up the rear. As Moosa is our only authority for what happened at this time, I may state that he was about fifty yards behind Dr. Livingstone, when the boys passed the word for the Doctor in front that the Mazitu were seen a little distance off. On this he ran a little forward, having with him his loaded rifle. When he had reached within ten paces of Dr. Livingstone, the Mazitu were near and

charging, their heads dressed with feathers visible above the large Kaffre shields of ox-hide. Their arms were spears and battle-axes.

“On seeing Dr. Livingstone and his boys with levelled muskets, they checked their charge for a moment, and came on with a hissing sound when they found they were not fired on. Dr. Livingstone then shot the foremost man: he dropped dead. The others fired, and, as the smoke cleared away, Moosa saw three men facing Dr. Livingstone. Moosa was at this time standing behind a tree, in order to fire. Seeing the Mazitu suddenly so close, he appears to have been panic-stricken. Dr. Livingstone had emptied his gun, and was endeavouring to re-load, when faced by these three Mazitu, who cut him down with a blow from a battle-axe, which severed the neck-bone, so that the head dropped forward, and he fell instantly. What happened in the field after this is unknown. Moosa ran off, and, having been behind, probably was unseen, while the Mazitu attacked those who were with the Doctor and had fired.

“Moosa in his flight met his men; they had already heard the firing a little way in front, and were prepared to throw down their loads and make off. This they now did, and ran to a distance, where they hid themselves in the bush. Near sunset they came out; and, desirous of seeing if any of the loads still remained, they stealthily approached the place. Finding nothing where they had thrown them down, and seeing no one, they became bolder and cautiously advanced, when they saw Dr. Livingstone's body stripped of all but the trousers, and presenting one wound in the back of the neck. They scraped a hole in the soil, and placed the body there, covering it over with the earth. They did not stay longer; near Livingstone's corpse were the bodies of two of the boys, which they recognised in the dim light by the unragged trousers still on them. The corpses of two Mazitu lay near—it might be twenty yards off—their shields by their sides, but their spears and axes had been carried off. Nothing remained to bring away; the Mazitu had taken all. The nine Johanna men who had come back saw two boys dead. One Johanna man, and all the Bombay and Zanzibar boys, are missing; and there is little chance that any one of them ever returns, taking as truth the statements solemnly made by the Johanna man and his eight companions, who all declare that, although, with the exception of Moosa, none saw Dr. Livingstone fall, yet they assisted afterwards in depositing the body in a shallow grave.

“I shall not now follow in detail the narrative of the return journey. Dr. Livingstone was gone; it has, therefore, little interest. It was only a gang of ignorant negroes, destitute of everything, and fearing every man they saw, endeavouring first to avoid habitations, then joining a coast caravan, which they met after crossing the lake at Kampunda. On the way to the coast at Kilwa, the party was suddenly attacked by a band of Mazitu and dispersed. Every one fled, the Johanna men now for the second time; ivory and slaves were abandoned, and left to the will of the dreaded marauders. No account

is given by the Johanna men of their having crossed the Rovuma on the return journey; but they crossed some river beds, at that time dry, with pools of water in them. No doubt one of them was the Rovuma, which could be little more than as described, in the dry season, before the junction of the Loendi, its chief supply.

“Thus has ended what at one time promised to be an expedition rich in results, and we must pause again in the march of discovery, leaving the map of Africa a disconnected string of lakes, every one of which is incompletely surveyed. Beginning at the north, the Victoria Nyanza is known only at its north and south ends; the intermediate coast on the west side has not been seen, and the east is entirely hypothetical, beyond the simple fact that it must have limits in that direction. As to the Albert, but a small part is known; and, like the Tanganyika, its north and south ends are as yet a blank. The southern end, however, is now the only one of interest, on account of the possibility of its uniting with the Tanganyika, and thus moving the Nile sources far to the south, and proving the Portuguese who visited the Cazembe to have been the first to reach them. I do not say that such a thing is probable; I believe it is not. I suspect, however, that Dr. Livingstone was satisfied the Nyassa did not extend far beyond where he crossed it, if indeed it was the Nyassa that he passed over. His first object, and one of his chief aims, was to determine the extent of the Nyassa westwards, and it is very improbable that he would push on into an unknown and decidedly dangerous land beyond it, leaving this important point unaccomplished. That it was the northern prolongation of the Nyassa I am decidedly inclined to believe; for, firstly, the general direction from Ngomana—which was west—would lead him there. It could be none of the southern crossings by which he traversed the lake, for indeed no part of the lake south of latitude 11° S. is shallow. Certainly nowhere could it be crossed in canoes propelled by long bamboos. On the western side, also, there are hills at all the crossings, except at Kota Kota, and there the lake is wide. I believe that Dr. Livingstone first came upon the lake near latitude 10° W., where the lofty mountains which were seen by us further south, on both sides, have subsided. The precipitous rocky borders of the Nyassa, in latitude 11°, are too marked a feature to escape the observations of the most obtuse; and the Johanna men all spoke of the land on both sides as flat, the shores sandy, and the water shallow.

“Let me close this very hurried letter, impressing once more on you that the information it contains is the result of an imperfect investigation; much has still to be elicited, much never will be known. If I disbelieved the story, you know I would be the last to repeat it; but I do think that substantially, although not in detail, it is correct. “JOHN KIRK.”

On the 26th of January, 1867, Mr. Seward sent a despatch to the Foreign Office, which greatly tended to the fostering of a hope that the great traveller was not murdered, as had been so circumstantially asserted.

“I have the honour,” he says, “to inform you that, in pursuance of an intention expressed in my last despatch, concerning the asserted death of Dr. Livingstone, I have personally made inquiries amongst the traders at Kilwa and Kiringi, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead.

“The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazitu-haunted district, and, for ought they knew to the contrary, Dr. Livingston may yet be alive.”

The foregoing are the most important of the many communications regarding the reported death of Dr. Livingstone, read to the fellows of the Royal Geographical Society at their meeting on the 25th of March, 1867, and they have been selected for insertion here, because they give the best *resume* of the tale told by Moosa and the other Johanna men.

That Livingstone should fall by the hand of violence in his efforts to penetrate the interior of Africa was no unlikely circumstance, and the story we have rehearsed above was so circumstantial in all its details that it was a matter of no surprise that many should sorrowfully accept it as true. But there were a good many of Dr. Livingstone's friends who declined to believe that the great traveller was yet dead—chief of whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, Messrs. E. D. Young, and Horace Waller.

After the letters from Mr. Seward and Dr. Kirk had been read, Sir Roderick Murchison said that—

“He could not, as an old and dear friend of Livingstone, avoid clinging to the hope that he was still alive; and that he might be at that very moment on that Lake Tanganyika, which he had gone out to explore. If he only succeeded in passing the narrow tract inhabited by the warlike Mazitu, he would be comparatively safe, and so far from the lines of communication that it would be impossible to hear of him for many months, except by the accident of some Arab trader bringing down the intelligence to the coast. It was on this account, and trusting to the last despatch from our Consul, officially reporting what he had heard from Arab traders as to the untruthfulness of the Johanna men, that he thought there might still be some hopes—he would not say very sanguine hopes—that their illustrious friend was not dead. At all events, they ought, before they decided, to have better evidence than that of these men, all belonging to one tribe, and not, like the negro Africans, attached to Livingstone, but only his baggage-bearers, and in the rear, and who were described as a cowardly race. If any of these negroes, several of whom were said to have escaped, had returned and told the story, they might then believe it. And why should they not have returned, if their leader was dead, as well as the Johanna men? He thought it was their duty to



cling to the hope as long as they could, until some decisive evidence was obtained."

Sir Samuel Baker, the great Nile traveller and discoverer of the Albert Nyanza lake, and recently the leader of an expedition sent by the Viceroy of Egypt into the interior of Africa to put down the Slave trade, said—

"The news of Livingstone's death lay so heavily upon his mind that he could not speak of the lake system of Africa without first expressing his opinion respecting the fate of the great traveller. From his personal experience in Africa of nearly five years, he was compelled to differ in opinion from Sir Roderick Murchison. For his part he felt perfectly certain, from the evidence that had been laid before them, that they should see Livingstone's face no more. To him, who knew the native character, which was the same—exceedingly brutal and savage—throughout Africa, it was no wonder Livingstone was killed: it was only a wonder that one man out of a hundred ever returned from that abominable country. The death of Livingstone had given a check to African exploration, and he felt perfectly convinced that for a long time to come the centre of Africa would be closed to us. . . . He felt certain that no individual enterprise would ever open Africa, except to this extent—that an unfortunate traveller, weary and toilworn, might return to the Geographical Society, and state with all humility the little that he had done. With regard to Livingstone, he was perfectly convinced that, as Baron Von der Decken and Dr. Roscher had been killed, and Mrs. Livingstone had left her bones in Africa, so Livingstone had fallen a sacrifice; and although they could not erect a monument to his memory on the place where he fell, yet his name would live in their hearts as that of a man who had nobly done his duty."

Mr. Horace Waller said "he was with Dr. Livingstone many months in Africa on the Shire river, and knew many of these people whose names had been mentioned to the meeting. He had met men of the Mazitu tribe. They are a terror to the Portuguese; and although Dr. Kirk imagined that they crossed to the northward of the Zambesi forty years ago, he was led to believe that the particular band, who were killing everybody right and left throughout the country, only crossed in 1856. It had been stated in the public papers that Dr Livingstone, before he struck the lake, had been in collision with the slave-dealers. He had the pleasure of telling them, from letters he had received within the last few days from Zanzibar, that Livingstone had not been in collision at all with the slave-dealers. 'As to Ali Moosa, he knew him very well; he was the head of these twelve Johanna men; but he was thoroughly untruthful, and would lie through thick and thin whenever it answered his purpose. Moosa was a man he would not put confidence in at all. But Dr. Kirk had been there: he knew Moosa, and he knew all the men, and he was the most likely man of all who had been upon that coast to come to a sound conclusion. He may say he placed faith in the sagacity of Dr. Kirk, and whatever

opinion Dr. Kirk entertained with regard to the fate of Livingstone he must entertain."

Captain Sherard Osborne said that—

"The fate of Livingstone at this moment was remarkably analagous to that of Franklin in 1848. Franklin was missing, and there were plenty of people ready to come forward and produce indubitable proofs that Franklin had perished close to the threshold of his work. He and others doubted it strongly; but so fiercely was the question agitated that some of the best and soundest authorities in this country were disposed to relinquish the idea of Franklin's pushing forward then, as he believed poor Livingstone might be pushing forward now. He held that they, as members of the Geographical Society, should act upon the broad principle that, until they had positive proof of the death of Livingstone, or any other explorer, it was their duty not to cease their efforts to rescue them. If it were easy for the slave-trader and the missionary to traverse Africa, he maintained that other men could penetrate to Luenda and see if Livingstone had left that place in safety, and bring back any papers he might have left there. If Livingstone had fallen, he believed the efforts made to solve the mystery of his death would lead, in all probability, to the clearing up of the mystery of the African lake regions, just as the problem of the northern polar regions had been solved in the search for Franklin."

Mr. Baines said, "as one who had been with Livingstone eighteen months in Africa, he wished to bear testimony to his perseverance and ability as an explorer. With regard to his reported death, he himself had been reported dead, and in 1860 or 1861 it was stated that Dr. Livingstone had been killed; but the editor of the Cape paper added very sensibly, that Dr. Miller, who brought down the letters, had previously been reported dead, and had come out alive." Mr. Baines said he did not give up hope; at the same time he had very great fear, founded on the conclusions Dr. Kirk had come to, who would not be easily deceived by the natives."

The President, Sir Roderick Murchison, in concluding the discussion, said he was glad to find that gentlemen well acquainted with parts of the region recently explored, had, as well as himself, a hope that Livingstone might be still alive. Although it was a ray of hope only, they would, he was sure, agree with him that an expedition should be sent out to clear up this painful question. Until that was done he should remain in doubt as to the death of the great explorer.

Mr. E. D. Young, afterwards the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition, gave an equally indifferent account of the truth and honesty of Moosa. He says:—

"I had previously a good experience of the salient points in the character of the Mohammedans. It had fallen to my bad lot on a former

occasion to be brought into contact with just such practices in Moosa, headman for the nonce, as would stand him in good stead, supposing desertion, pillage, and a plausible tale should ever suggest themselves to him as a way out of a difficulty. He had served under me for a year on the river Shire, and the tropical growth of rascality during an idle six months there (as witnessed in him and his followers) was marked, but certainly not amusing. The first canon in their creed was to lie; the second made stealing an honest transaction towards their Christian neighbours. With consciences thus pretty well fortified, these two laws were rigorously exercised amongst bead sacks, calico bales, bundles of brass wire, rice bags, and beef casks, on every available opportunity when my back was turned. It was no use stopping their grog—that stern preventative measure with the ordinary Jack-tar—for they drank none. A religion which winks at the above practices, sneezes if the air brings upon it a whiff of anything so unlawful and unclean as rum! At my wits' end, I hit upon two expedients. Distance from their home lent no aid to disenchant the visions of spotless purity in which the faithful must indulge. If rum were loss of houris, pork was simply destruction to all ideas of peace of mind. Now it so happened a pig was brought to us one day at Ma Titti, where the *Pioneer* and her motley crew were lying for six months. A fathom or two of cloth transferred to my possession a nondescript beast, with bristles like cocoa-nut fibre brushed different ways, and with teeth, legs, tail, and ears, tending to defy ought but the merest semblance of things swine-like.

“Great was the dismay of Moosa and his companions when they saw a small cabin fitted up in the bows, with a packing case or two, and some handy spars, for our new acquisition. To stay in the same ship was simply impossible to the followers of the Prophet. However, a compromise, with a view to further business, was eventually come to. Piggy was on no account to be suffered out of his sty, except at such times as the faithful were safely on shore; as long as they worked well so did the arrangement. But things soon lapsed. Less work and more lying and stealing took the place of the wholesome dread of being run up against by the unclean.

“Necessity is the mother of invention. So after the unusually successful result in seeing how not to do things, one day I had eight bells struck, and, as usual, the Johanna men got ready to dine on shore. What was their dismay to hear the clatter of trotters, and in a moment the ‘defiled’ was amongst the faithful! *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day. Piteous appeals, to which hunger lent its zest at the accustomed dinner hour, was showered down upon me from the rigging. ‘Ah Misser Young, ’spose you catch ’em porco, ’spose we work plenty.’

“On these conditions at last I relented, and for a time a mere glance of my eye towards ‘porco’s’ sty was enough to get quite a paroxysm of work

out of them. Then this failed, and I had to resort to a still more persuasive argument. The stealing was becoming past endurance. A culprit was caught, and a long threatened operation (which for brevity's sake we will call 'two dozen') was to be his lot, as soon as he was tied up and a proper person found to administer the corrective. That a follower of the Prophet should be struck by the 'Kaffre' was out of the question, and a loud protest, founded on this theory, at last had its hearing. I relented, but a second impossibility took its place. Still more unheard of was it that 'dog should cat dog,' or Moslem thrash Mussulman! However, of these two evils, the faithful decided it was the least, not without a bias, as I discovered very soon. The reason became apparent as the brotherly consideration which came to the front in the attempt to mitigate, if not prevent, the flagellation. Moosa himself consented to wield an impromptu and very mild sort of 'cat.' I had the culprit properly fastened to the rigging to receive his whipping, and took my station to see it justly administered. All was ready; Moosa, with a stern sense of justice and self-sacrifice for principle's sake manifested on his countenance, handled the 'cat' in the most approved fashion. Great was the preparation for the blow, and Ali Baba must evidently be cut in twain at the first go off! Not so: the well feigned uplifted vengeance in the lash came down to a modification in the fall, which left the tawny skin of the marauder merely tickled. This would not do; defeat was ruin, or at least plunder more pertinacious than ever.

"Coming up behind M. Moosa with a rope's end, I told him that it was evident he was at a loss to know exactly how hard he was to hit—an excusable failing considering his scanty knowledge of plain English—and I could furnish him with a simple but sure guidance. So it was 'Now Moosa' (thwack) pass that on to Ali Baba! The result was marvellous, and although Moosa never could exactly see why he could not pass on just what he received, I broke up a cabal which made detection and punishment alike a burden to our otherwise sorely tried life with these Johanna men."

The Johanna men, like all Mohammedans, showed themselves careless of life and selfish to a degree. Mr. Charles Livingstone relates an incident which occurred in the Zambesi illustrative of this:—

"Once, when they were all coming to the ship after sleeping ashore, one of them walked into the water with the intention of swimming off to the boat, and while yet hardly up to his knees, was seized by a horrid crocodile, and dragged under; the poor fellow gave a shriek, and held up his hand for aid, but none of his countrymen stirred to his assistance, and he was never seen again. On asking his brother-in-law why he did not help him, he replied, 'Well, no one told him to go into the water. It was his own fault that he was killed.'"

The grave doubts as to the truth of the Johanna men, expressed by

men so competent to judge as to the value of their evidence, communicated itself to the public, and within a very short space of time the hope was generally current that their statements were unworthy of credence. On the 8th of April Sir Roderick Murchison intimated to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society that the Council had drawn up the following resolution with regard to Dr. Livingstone:—

“The Council are of opinion that it is highly desirable that a tentative expedition or expeditions should proceed, whether from Zanzibar to the head of Lake Nyassa, or from the Zambesi to that point, with a view to ascertain the fate of Dr. Livingstone; and that the expedition committee be requested to report upon the measures advisable to be adopted.”

It was then resolved —

“That the President be requested to communicate this resolution to Lord Stanley (then Minister for Foreign Affairs), with the expression of a hope that Her Majesty’s Government will see fit to adopt such measures as may appear to them most conducive to the end in view, in which not only geographers, but the public at large, take so deep an interest.”

On the 27th of May Sir Roderick Murchison was in a position to intimate that Her Majesty’s Government had agreed to co-operate with the Royal Geographical Society, and that an expedition was about to start for the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, by way of the Zambesi, which would set at rest all doubts as to the truth or falsehood of the Johanna men.

“In the meantime,” he said, “not believing in the death of Livingstone, on the sole testimony of one of the baggage-bearers who fled, and who has already given different versions of the catastrophe, I am sure the Society and the public will approve of the course I recommended, and in which I was cordially supported by the Council, and, to their great credit, by Her Majesty’s Government—viz., to send out a boat expedition to the head of Lake Nyassa, and thus ascertain the truth. If by this exhaustive search we ascertain that, sceptical as we are, the noble fellow did fall at that spot where the Johanna men said he was killed, why, then, alas! at our next anniversary it will be the sad duty of your President, in mourning for his loss, to dwell upon the wondrous achievements of his life. If, on the contrary, we should learn from our own envoys, and not merely from Arab traders, that he has passed on into the interior (and this we shall ascertain in six or seven months), why then, trusting to the skill and undaunted pluck of Livingstone, we may feel assured that, among friendly negro tribes, who know that he is their steadfast friend, he may still realise one of the grandest geographic triumphs of our era, the connection of the great Tanganyika with the Nile system.

“But even here I would have my countrymen, who are accustomed to obtain rapid intelligence of distant travellers, not to despair, if they should

be a year or more without any news of our undaunted friend. For, if he be alive, they must recollect that he has with him a small band of youthful negroes, none of whom could be spared to traverse the wide regions between Tanganyika and the coast. Until he himself reappears—and how long was he unheard of in his first great traverse of southern Africa—we have, therefore, little chance of knowing the true result of his mission. But if, as I fervently pray, he should return to us, with what open arms will the country receive him! and how rejoiced will your President be if he lives to preside over as grand a Livingstone festival as he did when the noble and lion-hearted traveller was about to depart on his second great expedition.

“The party which I have announced as about to proceed to Africa, to procure accurate information concerning Livingstone, will be commanded by Mr. E. D. Young, who did excellent service in the former Zambesi expedition in the management of the Nyassa river-boat. With him will be associated Mr. Henry Faulkner, formerly a Captain of H.M.’s. 17th Lancers, a young volunteer of great promise,\* and three acclimatised men, Mr. J. Buckley, an old shipmate of Mr. Young’s, and Mr. John Reed, a mechanic, and the other a seaman. The expedition, I am happy to say, is warmly supported by Her Majesty’s Government, and the building of the boat is rapidly progressing under the order of the Board of Admiralty.

“The boat will be a sailing one; made of steel, and built in pieces, no one of which will weigh more than forty pounds, so that the portage of the whole by natives past the cataracts of the Shire will be much facilitated. The Government have arranged for the transport of the party to the Cape, with the boat and stores, by the African Mail Steamer, on the 9th of next month (June). Arrived there, one of the cruisers will take them to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, where the boat will be put together, and the party, having engaged a crew of negroes, will be left to pursue their noble and adventurous errand by the Zambesi and the Shire, to the head of Lake Nyassa. On account of the heavy seas which prevail on the western or leeward side of that lake, the expedition will keep close to its eastward shore, hitherto unexplored, and it is expected it will reach Kampupda, at the northern extremity, by the end of October, and there ascertain whether our great traveller has perished as reported, or has passed forward in safety through Cazembe to the Lake Tanganyika.”

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 3rd of June, Sir Roderick Murchison introduced Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner to the meeting. In the course of some remarks concerning the expedition of which he had taken the command, Mr. Young said, that “he did not believe the report of Moosa, the Johanna man, who had been under him nearly two years on the Zambesi, and had shown himself to be totally untruthful.”

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\* Mr. Faulkner went out at his own cost.

Mr. Petherick, the great Nile traveller, in the course of some remarks on the expedition, said, "He entirely coincided with Sir Roderick Murchison in disbelieving the report of Dr. Livingstone's death. Any man who had had a long experience of the negroes of those districts would detect a falsehood on the very face of the story that Moosa had told. It was too circumstantial for a true account. His statement, that after the fight he returned with his companions several hours afterwards, and found the bodies of Livingstone and three or four of his companions on the ground unmolested, was so unlike the usual mode of proceeding of these people, that it could not be correct. Every African traveller knew that the trophy most prized by savages such as the Mazitu, would be a portion of the body of the enemy they had slain; and if the poor Doctor had fallen, his body would have been cut up into as many pieces as there were savages to be gratified. It was, he thought, to be deeply regretted that the object of the expedition, now about to leave England, was merely to ascertain the certainty of the fate of Dr. Livingstone, and was on so small a scale as to preclude it from the possibility of affording the illustrious traveller, should he be in life, that relief of which he might be in need. He, himself had been in his late journey in a similar strait, and had he not most fortunately obtained supplies from one of the trading stations, he and his party must have succumbed."

On the 25th of November letters were read from H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, H. A. Churchill, and Dr. Kirk, that they had heard from a native trader just returned from Central Africa, that a white man had been seen in the country of Marungo, near the town of the head chief Katumba,\* and that they had hopes that this white man was none other than Dr. Livingstone. Early in December a letter was received by Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey from Dr. Kirk, which may be said to have satisfied the public that Dr. Livingstone was alive and pushing on towards the north. Dr. Kirk says:—

"The interesting discovery that a white man had been seen seven months ago to the south of Lake Tanganyika, induced Mr. Churchill, the Consul, and myself, to go to Bagamoyo, a place on the coast, the point of arrival and departure of the Ujiji caravans. The result of our visit has been to find two other men who also saw the wanderer in the interior at Marunga, and to place his existence beyond a doubt. We have also learned something about his personal appearance, his escort, and the route he was taking; and have been told that letters were given to one of the headmen of another caravan that was at Marunga. This man, we have since been told, is a well-known man; so that on his arrival from the interior, expected in the course of a month, we may not only have our curiosity satisfied, but I sincerely hope our best wishes

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\*It was in this district, and near Katumba's town, that the great traveller died, about six years after his first appearance there.

for our dear friend Livingstone realized. I hope we shall find that he has been successful, and is pushing his way to the Albert Nyanza, thence to emerge *via* the Nile, on the Mediterranean. He will have been the first man who has not only crossed the continent, but has passed through the whole length of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile. But the essential part of his work will have been done before he reaches the Nile, and he may safely return towards Zanzibar, if so minded, with laurels sufficient to constitute him the greatest of all explorers, and the African traveller *par excellence*. You see I am very sanguine that our friend is still alive. The manner in which we obtained the testimony was very satisfactory. In the first place, I picked up the news amongst the native traders. I then addressed the caravan people, and drew out their story while they were unsuspecting of its interest, so that neither Hindee traders nor Suaheli men had an object to tell lies, nor any idea how to act if they wished merely to please. Besides, our conversation was carried on without an interpreter, and, although making no pretence to a full knowledge of the language, I knew quite sufficient to be able to express myself, and dispense with that feeble source of conference, an interpreter. With the prospect of letters from Livingstone so near, we may well refrain from all speculation on the subject of his geographical discoveries."

The reports recorded by Dr. Kirk in the above were further confirmed from other sources, and by the time that the Search Expedition under the command of Mr. E. D. Young returned with the intimation that the story of Ali Moosa was a fabrication, concocted by him to screen the desertion of himself and the other Johanna men, the public were in the daily expectation of hearing from Dr. Livingstone himself. Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner made their report to the Royal Geographical Society on the 27th of January, 1868. Unfortunately Sir Roderick Murchison was not present at the meeting on account of illness. He addressed a letter to the Members of the Society, in which he said, with justifiable pride, that his "friends of the Geographical Society will recollect that, from the first, I expressed my belief that the Johanna men had deserted Livingstone, and had concocted a false and wholly incredible account of his death. I subsequently gave as an hypothesis of their reasons for deserting that they were coast-men, and acquainted only with the Zambesi and its tributaries; and that when their chief decided upon plunging into the heart of Africa, they fled from him; and, indeed, they assigned as their motive to the native chief, to whom they told the truth, that it was fear which prevailed on them. Had they only re-told this story to the Consul at Zanzibar, what sufferings of the friends of Livingstone would they not have averted, instead of bringing on themselves the execrations of every one! I hope some measures will be taken to make these wretches feel that, in reporting to British authorities, they must speak the truth."

The public waited with impatience for news from the great traveller



himself. He had been so long lost in unknown and untrodden regions, that they looked forward to a stirring narrative of new countries, new peoples, and strange adventures, equal to that with which he had treated them after his famous march across Africa in company with the Makololo men. A higher feeling than mere curiosity was at work in the public mind. The series of remarkable explorations in Africa, commencing with that of Livingstone in the south, in 1849, and ending with the discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake by Samuel Baker, had kept that vast continent constantly in the foreground as a scene of discovery, and the great explorer was known to be approaching the ground so recently travelled by Speke, Grant, Burton, and Baker, the great explorers of the north and east. The mysterious heart of Africa was fast giving up its secrets, and few doubted but that the indefatigable Livingstone would pass through the as yet unknown lands that lay between the country of Cazembe, and the great lake region of Speke and Baker. The Nile, which had been a mystery since the earliest dawn of civilization, had been traced further and further to the south, and Livingstone, who had passed far to the north of the watershed of the Zambesi, was in the line of march which, if successfully prosecuted, must solve the mystery of its source and its annual floods. How he was to be thwarted and turned aside through the bungling carelessness of those responsible for the sending of his supplies, and how death at last was to intervene between him and the full accomplishment of his work, were unthought of possibilities in the joy at finding that he was alive and well; but they were doomed within a few short years to be the subject of bitter reflection to millions throughout the globe.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*The Livingstone Search Expedition under Mr. E. D. Young.—Departs for South Africa.—Ascends the Zambesi and the Shire.—Hears of the Safety of Livingstone.—Returns to England.—Letters from Dr. Livingstone.—Death of Dr. Livingstone again reported, etc., etc.*

WE proceed to give a brief account of the "Livingstone Expedition and its results." Mr. Young and his companions reached Table Bay on the 12th of July, 1867. The Rev. Mr. Lightfoot, who had taken charge of the forty-two natives brought from the Shire valley by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Waller in 1864, recommended two of their number to act as interpreters to the expedition, and make themselves otherwise useful. The names of the two were Chinsoro (the friend of Wekotani) and Sinjeri. The former had been befriended by Dr. Dickinson, of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission; and the latter had been at the same time a servant to Mr. Horace Waller. Both of them had been rescued from slavery.

H.M.S. *Petrel*, Captain Gordon, conveyed the expedition to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, which they reached on the 25th of July. Speaking of the scene presented to their gaze, Mr. Young says:—

"There is something very singular about the *embouchures* of African rivers. At first sight the long dark avenues of mangrove trees, through which the channels discharge their waters, do away with the idea of solitude. It seems as if the hand of man had been at work. The trees appear to have been trimmed to a level at the top, and they overhang the rivers far too methodically to impress the mind with the utter loneliness that really haunts such localities. The first impression is anything but disagreeable, and not a fair introduction to the vastness and grandeur of the interior country. The Zambesi, it must be remembered, enters the sea by a great variety of channels. It has ceased to exist as a river some forty miles above the sea. The waters of one of the grandest streams imaginable find their way as best they can to the ocean, where they become entangled in the swampy delta which lies between its broad channel and the sea.

"The full desolation of the scene is withheld till one sees a canoe stealing along under the shadow of the overhanging trees. Black in colour, manned

by two or even one dark crouching form, frightened at the appearance of the stranger, it seems as if the denizens of such a wilderness were ashamed to be found there—as if it were an intrusion on a solitude which is too real. To confirm this the traveller has but to set foot amongst the mangroves; all the outward trim order vanishes in an instant. It is a deceitful garb of green, hung over a tangle of poles—living, dying, and dead—which stick out of a sickening, filthy mud bed, defying the searcher to venture many yards.

Passing up the river deserted houses on every side told that the hold of the Portuguese in the country had become most precarious. At Shupanga they picked up a native who had been one of the crew of the *Pioneer*. His English name was John Gaitty. His delight at seeing Mr. Young was most unbounded, and he very willingly agreed to join the party. Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Young visited Mrs. Livingstone's grave under the large Baobab tree at Shupanga, and several of Mr. Young's old comrades on the Shire "fetched their hoes and cleared all the grass away from it for us." The greatest respect seemed to be shown for the memory of one so dear to a man whose fame is fair and clear both to friend and former foe wherever our steps lead us. . . . Before starting I saw to the plastering and white-washing of the tomb, and having paid the men who performed this duty, we started up the river."

At Senna the ruin which had befallen the Portuguese settlements afforded Mr. Young the subject for wise reflections. He says:—

"In former times it was tenanted by a little group of slave and ivory dealers, Senhor Ferrao standing out in bold relief for his well-known hospitality to all comers, and his universal goodness to his slaves. We were grieved to hear he was no more, but his son received us most hospitably. From him we gathered that the Landbeen Kaffres had not only destroyed the once important town of Tete on the right bank of the river above us, but that they had also killed one hundred and thirty of the European convict troops and three officers, taking the Governor prisoner into the bargain. Sorry as we naturally felt for the loss of life, it was a source of gratification to learn that this nucleus of infamy had at last been done away with.

"Tete had hitherto been the great head-quarters of a slave traffic which had brought desolation into the country in which we were about to travel. From this land, to the north of Tete, women and children were collected, no matter at what cost of life and bloodshed, to be transported to the tribes on the south of the Zambesi, in exchange for ivory. These tribes to whom they were thus sold as slaves, had been so long at war that hardly any but the fighting men remained. The traders' ready sagacity saw that, instead of paying enormous import duties on calico, beads, muskets, etc., if they could only collect these poor things instead, and make barter goods of them, all such drawbacks would be avoided. Livingstone's discoveries, his free roamings through the Shire uplands, his reports of a teeming population, industrious and peaceable,

first furnished the desired hunting ground for the Tete men. . . . The whole country was laid waste, tribe was set against tribe, the strong sided with the strong against the weak, the captives were bought at a price varying from two to five yards of calico a-piece, and the population had thus become exterminated in the hills."

Two years previous to the visit of Mr. Young's party, the Zambesi and its tributaries had come down in unusual flood—the former river forcing a passage for the bulk of its waters across country to the Shire, which they reached twenty miles from its mouth. Two guides having been procured who were acquainted with the new channel, Mr. Young determined to pass through it to the Shire. Once fairly into the channel the perils of its navigation presented themselves when it was too late to turn back. "Our boats," Mr. Young says, "were hurried along like leaves in a mill race, and to stop was impossible. The first part lay through trees, and the danger of being dashed against 'snags' was every moment recurring. There was nothing to do but 'carry on,' although it felt more like being in a railway train than a boat: once only did we receive a bad bump, and most fortunately it neither capsized nor stove us. This headlong career kept on till we made a large open space, and we were very glad to cast anchor on a sandbank for the night."

The channel widened into a marsh, through which the navigation was most intricate and difficult. The abundance of animal and plant life in this marsh called forth his admiration and wonder:—

"The plentiful supply of water, the rank vegetation for cover and food, and the patches of forest, afford all that the antelope tribe and the large game of Africa require. Elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo, are very plentiful, whilst water-buck, zebra, and numerous other animals, stray about in mixed herds. . . . Acres of azure-blue lilies hide the water in places, and for the moment deceive the eye which has acknowledged, day by day, the similar hue above. Hollyhocks and convulvi are amongst the reeds; the palm tree's stateliness, and the acacia's blossom, are things that fix themselves in the mind; the mists are whiter, the cries of the birds wilder, the largeness larger, and the stillness of the dawn more still upon these lagoons than anywhere else. All nature by concert seems to acknowledge the reign of stillness, knowing that sound travels so easily and swiftly over water and through white fog. Rarely is silence broken, and then only by sounds which utter allegiance to the scene. It is the lion's roar before the dawn, the hippopotamus' trumpet vibrating over the glassy expanse of water as day breaks, and the shriek as from another world of the fish-hawk—these sounds are allowable and allowed in the Shire marshes. The report of a gun is sacrilege; a bird's song would be destruction. By the pools stand white ghostly-looking bitterns, bleached for night, whose very lustreless eyes seem swollen to perpetual silence: they rise from the sedge in flakes; they slide a few boat-lengths over the water,

and then settle down again, lifeless and alone. Myriad strings of geese move twice a-day, when the scene-shifting must be done—that is, when sun rises and sun sets—but they do it as noiselessly as they can. Troops of pelicans pass here and there, quartering the heavens into long lines with the geese, but no noise comes from them—they never move again when once they alight unless disturbed, for all and everything must help to keep all still.”

The fish-hawk of these regions attracts the attention and admiration of all travellers. Dr. Livingstone perpetually alludes to it in his writings. Mr. Young speaks of it as the presiding genius of the water-courses. “It is impossible,” he says, “ever to forget his weird, impressive cry as he flies on and on ahead. . . . Nothing catches the eye so quickly as his large, snow-white head and beautiful chocolate-coloured wings, which at their full expanse measure between six and seven feet. He may be seen soaring over the water, now throwing back his head to give his wild laugh, which rings from rock to rock, and anon dashing down into the water to seize a fish. When this is secured with his talons, he either flies off with it to a sand-bank, or if, as sometimes happens, it becomes a question of mere strength which shall conquer, he will consent to be dragged along the surface till he can at last make sail again, and lead his tired captive to a shoal place.”

On the Shire Mr. Young met with a singular superstition. On the extreme peak of the Kolubvi hills a woman is incarcerated in a hut, and the natives resort to her to listen to her ravings, which they believe to have a divine origin. The original occupant of the hut was the wife of a distinguished Manganja chief, who was supposed by his followers to be a spirit. After his death he spoke to them through a prophetess, who is constantly being renewed, as the solitary vigil on the hill-top generally renders the post vacant every year or two. As any female member of the tribe is eligible for the office of “prophetess,” great is the consternation “when it is known that ‘Zarima’s’ life has fled from the hill-top.”

Near the junction of the Ruo and the Shire, and close by the last scene in the life of Bishop Mackenzie, the party encountered a large body of natives, who loudly expressed their delight at once more meeting with the “English.” “Nearing Chibisa’s, every yard renewed old recollections, and a little further on we encountered a well-known face—there stood one of our old comrades, the Makololo! The news spread from village to village like wildfire: ‘The English! the English!’”

“We found a very large population where we had left a scanty one. The whole place was in an uproar. Crowd after crowd came to the bank of the river, and the shouting, dancing, and clapping of hands, told its own tale. It was a welcome although a deeply thoughtful moment. What had been done—what might still be done with such good feeling as a groundwork? Arrived at Chibisa’s it seemed as if all the surrounding country had

gathered together to greet us. The people rushed into the river to drag our boats to shore, calling out continually, 'Our fathers, the English, are come again! Here is Mr. Young! Mr. Young! Mr. Young!' They were wild with delight."

When the Makololo were all assembled together, Mr. Young explained to them the purpose of their journey, and asked them if they would join him.

"They answered me," says Mr. Young, "through their chief Malako, in the quaint and perfect form with which a savage addresses his hearers in council assembled. 'Mr. Young, Narki (the name by which Dr. Livingstone goes among the Makololo) was our father; and you who were out here with him, behaved well to us during your former stay. You are as our father now, and we will go anywhere with you, and do anything you wish us to do.' I stated my conditions in plain terms to them.. They replied: 'You may give us what you please; only tell us what to do.'"

At Ma-Titi, the commencement of the Murchison cataracts, the party built a hut to contain their stores, and, taking the steel boat to pieces, made arrangements for the tedious land journey of sixty miles to the clear water beyond. The engaging of native bearers to carry the pieces of their steel boat and other *impedimenta* was a work to try the patience of the calmest-tempered mortal.

"Any one," says Mr. Young, "who has had to do with the natives, can picture to himself some portion of the task that met me next morning. It would be an interesting problem to solve, whether an African really ever did think he had justice shown him when it came to carrying a certain burden for a certain wage. There lies the load, and up stands the stalwart form by its side. Then comes the question, 'Two yards of calico?' Impossible! Why nothing would justify him in shouldering it, or rather heading it for that. A long haggle succeeds, for it is the prominent feature throughout the length and breadth of the land to lose no opportunity of indulging in this insatiable habit; finally, a few more inches concludes a bargain which seems irrevocable.

"But it now occurs to our worthy, for the first time, that he will raise the load at his feet, and feel its weight: what contortions! what squeaks of surprise! 'Why one would think the M'Sungi (white man) wished to kill him.' 'No, never! he is dead already if he has to convey such a load as that the length of his nose.' Another wrangle succeeds, and another three or four inches of calico makes the package appear full of corks, whereas it might have been supposed to contain cannon-balls ten minutes before. This sort of work does not grow on one by repetition: multiply it by, say, a round hundred, and then a tolerable notion may be conceived of what it is to get all in order for the march."

Two Krumen were left in charge of the hut and the other boats until the

return of the party, and these were strengthened by the addition of Buckley, the seaman, after the party had passed the cataracts, and put the *Search* together, and launched her on the Shire once more. The passage of the cataracts was accomplished in four days, during which time they came in contact with very few natives. They had nearly all been swept away—killed or dispersed by the slave parties. Nothing was left to show where a teeming and happy population had existed only a few years before save the ruins of their huts, and the skeletons of the slain bleaching in the sun and rain.

The natives they encountered were in dread of an attack from the Mazitu or the Ajawa. The former were ravaging the country to the eastward of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, and the latter were devastating the country to the west. The toil of the journey was very severe on account of the heat, and nothing but the abundance of animal food provided by Mr. Faulkner's gun could have induced the natives to maintain the rate of travel they accomplished. The country they passed through, if difficult of travel, was magnificent. On the second day they passed a waterfall known as Tenzani, which Mr. Young says, as a waterfall, "is worth going from England to see. Of great height, even at this time of the year, the volume of water which pours through its zig-zag channel, and then over a sheer cliff, is magnificent. What a spectacle it must be in the rainy season, when the flood rises certainly a hundred feet in the gorge at Patamanga, and pours through a narrow cleft! It must be one of the sights of the world. We were able to notice that there is this extraordinary increase in the flood when the rains come, by roots and *debris* left fully the height I have named above the ordinary level. Most singularly we discovered, perched up at a great elevation, an English oar, rotten and worm-eaten. The readers of the 'Zambesi and its Tributaries' will recollect the occasion of Dr. Livingstone losing his boat, oars, and gear in 1863, amongst these cataracts. This was a relic of the accident which the flood had placed in its own niche to commemorate some of the difficulties of the explorer's life."

While putting the boat together, on the 29th of August, the party were informed by some natives that a white man had been seen some time ago in Pamalombi, a small lake on the Shire, not far below its outlet from Nyassa. This traveller had a dog with him, and he had left there to go further in a westerly direction! What could this mean? Launching the *Search* on the Shire, they started for Lake Nyassa, the natives coming to the shore in hundreds to gaze upon them, and warn them of the bloodthirsty Mazitu who, they said, were in front. These reports being reiterated at every stopping place, even the courage of the Makololo failed, and it was with great difficulty they could be got to go forward. On one occasion an immense concourse of spectators stood waiting their approach upon the right bank of the river. Most of them were armed with spears and bow and arrows, and seemed deter-

mined on hostilities. They had taken the Search party for a band of Mazitu, and when they learned that there were English on board, they became most friendly.

On the shores of Lake Nyassa they heard of Dr. Livingstone having been seen, and the party had to come to the conclusion that "all previous calculations, all those shrewd ponderings and siftings of evidence at the Geographical Society were put an end to by the simple narrative that fell from the lips of a poor native." Landing in a small bay on the east shore of Nyassa, they were hospitably received by a party of natives. The headman advanced and asked them if they had seen the Englishman who had been there some time previous. In reply to the questions of Mr. Young, they got a most accurate description of Dr. Livingstone, his apparel, etc.; the well-known naval cap which he wore being graphically described. In describing the boxes the Englishman had with him, the headman said—

"There was one, a little one; in it there was water which was white; when you touched it by placing your finger in it, ah! behold it would not wet you, this same white water: I lie not."

Q. "What was it for—what did the Englishman do with it?"

A. "He used to put it down upon the ground, and then he took a thing in his hand to look on the sun with."

Q. "Now show me what you mean; how did he do this?"

This brought out all the singular capability of the savage for pantomimic illustration. The old chief gravely took up a piece of stick, and his actions, as he imitated a person taking observations with the sextant's artificial horizon (which I may explain to my less experienced readers, is a small square trough of mercury—the white water), could not have been surpassed. The gravity with which he stretched his feet apart and swayed himself backwards to look up at the sun along his piece of stick, and then brought it down to a certain point, was a masterpiece of mimicry. It is a quality among all savages, and a most amusing half-hour can at any time be got out of them by exercising it. To ask them to describe a hunting scene was a favourite plan; they will imitate the gait of every animal in a manner which would convince a European he had everything to learn in the way of catching salient points and representing them truthfully."

As the natives here remembered the names of Chumah, Wekatoni, and Moosa, and gave an accurate account of the other members of Livingstone's party, there could be no doubt that they had only to follow up his line of march to learn the truth or falsehood of Moosa's story. At another native settlement a chief appeared, holding in his hand a small English Prayer Book. Striking the trail of Dr. Livingstone on the western shore of the lake, they found that, at a place called Paca homa, Moosa and his companions had not been of the party. The work they had come so far to accomplish was all



but completed. Here they were informed that he had gone into the Babisa, or Bisa country. At Marenga's village, "a black mass of heads stood far and wide on the shore to witness our approach. I stood up in the bow of the boat, and, taking off my cap to show them that I was not an Arab, I called out that we were English, who were about to visit the chief. This caused the most friendly demonstration of hand-clapping and gesticulating, and our reception was as warm as if we had landed at Plymouth, instead of at a village on this far lone lake in Africa, all but unknown even in name. We landed, and on making our request to see Marenga, we were conducted by one of his wives to the old chief's hut."

"I found myself in the presence of a fat, jovial-looking old fellow, the very picture of good living and good humour. Without further to do he seized me by the hand, and shook it most violently, clearly demonstrating, not only his respect for my countrymen, but also for their mode of salutation. This ended, he asked me at once if I had brought his old friend, the other Englishman, with me. On hearing that he was not with us, and that, on the contrary, our object was to learn what had become of him, the old fellow very frankly volunteered all the information in his power."

The information Mr. Young received from Marenga was to the effect that Dr. Livingstone had stayed a day in his village, and that two days after his departure Moosa and his companions had returned to his village, giving the following as their reasons for having deserted him:—

"They were merely Arabs," said they, "who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be a limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested natures in assisting a traveller, and having, as it were, torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must get back to the coast."

Further, Marenga informed him that if anything had happened to Dr. Livingstone, even at a long distance to the north, he would have heard of it, as he had tidings of his well-being for a month's journey from his village.

This Marenga was a character, and he and his surroundings were a subject of interest and amusement to Mr. Young. He was originally from the Babisa country, and had travelled a great deal in his youth. Gathering around him a band of experienced natives, he settled on the coast of the lake, and did a large trade in slaves and ivory with Kilwa, Ibo, and Mozambique.

"With great satisfaction," says Mr. Young, "he introduced me to forty of his young wives, who, although not fair, and far under forty in years in any case, were as sleek as good living and *pombi* drinking could make them. Their reverence for their liege lord was excessive, and he could not stir without his least want or wish being anticipated by one or other of them. Marenga had led a hard life in his younger days, and had travelled far and wide; now

he was determined to take it easily, and drink *pombi* to his heart's content. This latter determination engrossed the whole attention of more than one dusky Hebe, and the quantity the attractive damsels succeeded in getting their spouse to imbibe was astonishing. One device certainly never struck me before, and it is, I am afraid, too late to put it on record, now that the good old days are gone. It consists in tickling the patient when he has had quite enough to be good for him. In Marenga's case the operation seemed to answer the purpose of getting far more into him than was possible by other means, and his sober moments were anxiously looked for by us during our stay; the tickling was anything but to our fancy. However, in his better moods, he was confidential to a degree."

Marenga consulted Mr. Young about a gun he had which was clothed with charms outwardly, and stuffed with them inwardly to a degree which would have made it a serious matter for the person who might attempt to fire it off. Mr. Young proceeded to unload the weapon, and drew out of it a most heterogeneous collection of materials.

"First and foremost out came about three or four inches of stringy bark, very much like oakum, then a plug of iron, then a conglomeration which I was gravely told was powerful medicine, but which required a pharmacopœia the most uncanny to elucidate. At a venture, I should say it consisted of brains (most likely human), snakes' skins, and castor oil made into a kind of ointment, and, for effect's sake coloured with red ochre. Then came another layer of bark oakum, and, astern of all, about a handful of coarse blasting powder; a doze, in fact, that was more fitted for a cannon than a musket. 'It's sure to kill some one,' said Marenga, looking gravely at me, and I quite concurred in the notion. Natives, as a rule, have no idea of the strength of powder, and it is very common to see the protuberance of a badly united fracture of the collar-bone, where a load of this kind has upset the unfortunate artillery-man head over heels, shattering at times his hands and the heads of the bystanders."

" . . . Surely if there be a representative still living of old King Cole, he exists in our worthy host! Such a place for drumming and singing I never heard of. The first law of his court was, that the sound of singing should never be out of his ears, wherever he happened to be, and there seemed no chance of a repeal the whole time we were there. On the 20th of September, after getting the latitude of Marenga's village, we bade adieu to the old fellow and his forty wives. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, he happened to be very drunk at the time. In one way we were lucky, for no delay took place for either parting cup or parting present. During his more sober moments in the morning, he gave us a very nice ox, which came in most acceptably."

As they had satisfactorily established the falsehood of Moosa's story, the

object of the expedition was accomplished. In sailing down the lake the party encountered several of the tremendous storms for which it is famous. They landed at Mapunda, which is the village in which, according to Moosa, he and his followers were robbed and ill-treated. The chief was unfortunately from home, but the party were hospitably entertained by his mother. Here they learned that Wekatoni, who found some of his relatives in the village, elected to remain in spite of the persuasions of Dr. Livingstone. Unfortunately the lad was not then at the village, but the natives brought Mr. Young "a small book Wekatoni had left at his hut, called 'The First Footsteps in the way of Knowledge.' The lad's name is written in it: 'This book belongs to Wekatoni, Bombay, 15 December, 1864,' and there are other schoolboy-scribblings also. I had it replaced by my Bible, and it was with pleasure I gave it, on my return to England, to one who had stood by when Wekatoni saw the white man for the first time, and gave his footsteps freedom by cutting the slave's thongs from the lad's limbs in years gone past, upon the Manganja hills."

Mr. Young left a letter for Wekatoni, telling him the reports which had been circulated as to the death of Dr. Livingstone, and the reason for his journey, and pleaded with him to make his way to Kilwa or Mozambique, and place himself once more within the pale of civilization. As yet there has been no response to this appeal, and no European has been in the lake region who could bring any tidings as to his future fate. The mother of Mapunda treated the party with great hospitality, and solemnly denied that Moosa and his companions had either been robbed or ill-treated in the village. Her manner of doing this is worthy of note:—

"Standing erect in the middle of her assembled people, she stooped and picked up a handful of sand, and then, looking up to the sky, and again down to the ground, she slowly let it trickle from her hand, and with all the solemnity of a heavy oath, declared that every word was utterly false; and I believed her. She was certainly the most remarkable native woman I had ever come across, and the respect shown for her by all her people was profound."

But for the dread of the Mazitu Mr. Young would have thoroughly examined the north end of Lake Nyassa, but the Makololo were in terror of their cutting them off from their settlement near Chibisa's, and he was reluctantly compelled to start at once on his homeward voyage. On the return their boat nearly came to grief from a hippopotamus. "We had struck him on the head with a rifle ball, and his struggles were tremendous. All we could do to keep him from getting under the boat seemed useless, and the blows dealt to our steel vessel shook her from stem to stern. Had it been a smaller boat, or one less strongly built, we should have been upset and smashed to pieces."

At Ma Titi they remained for a short time to recover from the fatigues of the land journey, and here one of the party had a narrow escape from a crocodile. Mr. Young says, "I have alluded before to the extreme audacity of the crocodiles. As our men were standing on the shore, a few yards from the river, to their dismay a huge crocodile rushed from the water open-mouthed at them. Most fortunately, the man at whom he darted had his rifle in his hand, and literally drove a ball through its head at his very feet." The same man, John Gaitty, was tossed and terribly mauled by an elephant further down the Shire, and notwithstanding that several of his ribs were broken and he was otherwise dreadfully bruised, he recovered. Near Malo they came upon a party of hippopotami hunters called Akombwi, and arrived just in time to see a most exciting display of their courage and skill in capturing these denizens of the Shire marshes. "There were not less than twenty harpoons sticking into a half-grown hippopotamus, and his exertions to tear himself away from the men who were hauling him bodily ashore was truly frightful. To add to the effect, another huge animal, exasperated at his sufferings, dashed boldly in and crushed up one of the canoes as if it had been a bundle of matches."

"I do not know that there is anything in the way of sport that requires such consummate courage and coolness as their mode of hunting. The hunter has to trust entirely to his activity with the paddle to escape the claws of the animal, and a touch from the monster upsets the frail canoes as easily as a skiff would be capsized by a touch from a steamer. It requires, in fact, that the harpooner should keep his balance exactly as he stands in the bow of his long slim canoe, and that during the utmost excitement. The moment the weapon is lodged in the hippopotamus, he has to sit down, seize his paddle, and escape, or he is instantly attacked; nor is the next stage of proceedings less fraught with danger.

"It now becomes necessary to get hold of the pole, which floats on the water; the iron head of the harpoon, which has come out of its socket, remains attached to this pole by a long and very strong rope. The hunter hauls upon this till he knows that the hippopotamus is under water, just 'up-and-down' beneath his canoe. To feel for the moment when the line suddenly slackens—a sure sign he is rising to the surface—and to prepare to deliver another harpoon the instant his enormous jaws appear with a terrible roar above water within a few feet of him, is about as great a trial of nerve as can very well be imagined. Constantly are the canoes crushed to atoms. The only escape then is to dive instantly, and gain the shore by swimming under water, for the infuriated animal swims about looking on the surface for his enemies, and one bite is quite enough to cut a man in two. When I add, where the presence of blood in the water is the sign for every crocodile within hail to lick his lips and make up stream to the spot, I am sure it re-

commends itself as a sport to the most enthusiastic canoer in England, or the most *blase* sportsman, who had 'done all that sort of thing and got sick of it,' in the common routine of English sports. The Akombwi will show him more pluck in half-an-hour, and more exercise of muscle, brain, and nerve, than in any sport I ever saw.

"As a race the men are magnificent. To watch the evolutions of their canoes, as they pass and repass over the deep pools in which hippopotami lie, is a very beautiful sight. Each canoe is manned by two men, and the harpooner's attitude, as he stands, erect and motionless, with the long weapon poised at arm's length above his head, would make the painter or sculptor envious of a study. Hard exercise and activity develop every muscle, and the men, as a rule, have the most magnificent figures. They are as generous as they are brave. They lead a wonderful life, living mostly on the rivers, establishing villages for a year or two in one place or another, where families build huts and cultivate a patch of ground. The flesh of the hippopotami they kill is always eagerly exchanged for grain by the natives along the river, and the curved teeth, the hardest of all ivory, find a ready market with the Portuguese."

Before leaving the Shire, Mr. Young visited the graves of Bishop Mackenzie and his brave companions, and reverently renewed them. They found that the natives had treated them as sacred. Arrived at Shupanga, he paid off his native crew who had been with him three months. Early in November the party dropped down to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, where H.M.S. *Racoon* called for them according to arrangement on the 1st of December. In every respect the search expedition under Mr. Young's command was the most successful on record. Not only did they completely succeed in the object of their quest, but there had been no case of fever during the entire journey, and no accident to life or limb to record save the attack on John Gaitty by the elephant in the Shire. Well might Sir Roderick Murchison say of it:—

"To put together a boat constructed in sections, to find a negro crew for the navigation of the Zambesi, to take the boat to pieces, and have it carried up thirty-six miles along the sides of the cataracts to the river Shire—then, after navigating the waters of the lake until the fate of Livingstone was clearly ascertained, to convey her back to the Zambesi, and finally bring her and the party safe back to England without the loss of a single man—this, indeed, is a real triumph."

The first accounts of his movements from Dr. Livingstone himself, reached this country in the shape of a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, about the 20th of April, from which we make the following extracts. It is dated the country of the Chipeta, which is far to the north-west of the point to which the search expedition traced him, and was written on the 10th of November,

1866. "It has been quite impossible to send a letter coastwise ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave-traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bugbear to them. Eight parties thus skedaddled, and last of all my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them by a member of a ninth party who had been plundered of his slaves, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nassick boys. The fear which the English name has struck into the slave-traders has thus been an inconvenience. I could not go round the north end of the lake for fear that my Johanna men, at sight of danger, would do then what they actually did at the southern end; and the owner of two dhows now on the lake kept them out of sight, lest I should burn them as slavers, and I could not cross in the middle." Rounding the southern end he got up to Kirk's range, and among Manganja not yet made slave-sellers. "This was a great treat, for, like all who have not been contaminated by that blight, they were very kind; and, having been worried enough by unwilling sepoy and cowardly Johanna men, I followed my bent by easy marches, among friendly, generous people, to whom I tried to impart some new ideas in return for their hospitality. The country is elevated and the climate cool. One of the wonders told of us in successive villages was that we slept without fires. The boys having blankets did not need fire, while the inhabitants being scantily clad, have their huts plastered inside and out, and even use moss to make them comfortable. Our progress since has been slow from other and less agreeable causes. Some parts have been denuded of food by marauding Mazitu or Zulus; we have been fain to avoid them, and gone zigzag. Once we nearly walked into the hands of a party, and several times we have been detained by rumours of the enemy in front.

"*January*, 1867.—I mention several causes of delay; I must add the rainy season is more potent than all, except hunger. In passing through the Babisa country we found that food was not to be had. The Babisa are great slave-traders, and have in consequence little industry. This seems to be the chief cause of their having no food to spare. The rains, too, are more copious than I ever saw them anywhere in Africa; but we shall get on in time. *February* 1.—I am in Bemba or Loemba, and at the chief man's place, which has three stockades around it, and a deep dry ditch round the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast of it to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard lines; and I would not complain if it had not been for gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded, I filled the pot with a first-rate rifle given me by Captain Warter, but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called *macre*, which

passes the stomach almost unchanged. The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine box which your friends at Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up." Several of his attendants acting as carriers had made off with the box, his plates and dishes, and most of his powder and two guns. "This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie; but I shall try native remedies, trusting Him who has led me hitherto to lead me still. We have been mostly on elevated land, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea. I think we are now in the watershed for which I was to seek. We are 4,500 feet above the sea level, and will begin to descend when we go. This may be put down as 10° 50' 2". We found a party of black half-caste armed slaves here, and one promised to take a letter to Zanzibar, but they give me only half a day to write. I shall send what I can, and hope they will be as good as their word. We have not had a single difficulty with the people, but we have been very slow. Eight miles a day is a good march for us, loaded as the boys are; and we have often been obliged to go zigzag, as I mentioned. Blessings on you all."

The next communication from Livingstone was addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison, and was read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 29th of April, 1868. It is dated February 2nd, 1867. We give extracts from it, cutting out parts referring to matters dealt with in the preceding letter. From the end of July to the middle of September, Livingstone remained at Mataka, about fifty miles from Nyassa on the Rovuma side. He says, "There are at least a thousand houses in the town, and Mataka is the most powerful chief in the country. . . . He was anxious that some of the boys (Nassick boys) should remain with him, and I tried my best to induce them, but in vain. He wished to be shown how to make use of his cattle in agriculture; I promised to try and get some other boys, acquainted with Indian agriculture, for him. This is the best point I have seen for an influential station, and Mataka showed some sense of right. When his people went, without his knowledge, to plunder at a part of the lake, he ordered the captives and cattle to be sent back. This was his own spontaneous act, and it took place before our arrival; but I accidentally saw the strangers. They consisted of fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and thirty head of cattle and calves. I gave him a trinket in memory of his good conduct, at which he was delighted, for it had not been without opposition that he carried out his orders, and he showed the token of my approbation in triumph."

Leaving the shores of the lake he endeavoured to ascend Kirk's range; "but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads, that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau peopled by various tribes of

Manganja, who had never been engaged in slaving; in fact they had driven away a lot of Arab slavers a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi, but Katosia is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau; the Chipeta live more on the plains there; the Echewa still further north. We went among a very hospitable people, until we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north, and all but fell into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zigzag course, we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 21' west of Chimanga's, crossed the Loangwa, in 12° 45' south, as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa, at the southern limit of 11° south. The hills on one part of it rise to a height of 6,600 feet above the sea. . . . We had now (on the plains) a good deal of gnawing hunger, as day after day we trod the sloppy dripping forests, which yield some wretched wild fruit and lots of mushrooms. A woman collected a load of half a hundred weight; after cooking they pound them into what they call porridge; but woe is me! they are only good for producing dreams of the roast beef of by-gone days. . . . When we got to the Chambeze, which is true to the character of the Zambesi, in having abundant animal life in its waters, we soon got an antelope on its banks. We crossed it in 10° 24'; it was flooded with clear water, but the lines of bushy trees which showed its actual banks were not more than forty yards apart.

"We arrived here (at Bemba) on the 1st day of January; it is a stockaded village, with three lines of defence, the inner one having a deep dry ditch round it. I think, if I am not mistaken, we are on the watershed between the Chambeze and Luapula. I have not had any time to take observations, as it is the rainy season, and almost always cloudy; but we shall rest a little here and get some flesh on our bones. Altitude about 4,500 feet above the sea. The Luapula is said to be a very large river, but I hope to send fuller information from Tanganyika. I have done all the hunting myself, have enjoyed good health, and no touch of fever; but we lost all our medicines—the severest loss of goods I ever sustained; so I am hoping, if fever comes, to tend it off by native remedies, and trust in the watchful care of a Higher Power. . . . The chief here seems a jolly, frank person; but unless the country is insecure, I don't see the use of his lines of circumvallation. He presented a cow on our arrival, and an elephant's tusk, because I had sat upon it.

"I have had no news whatever from the coast since we left it, but hope for letters and our second stock of goods (a small one) at Ujiji. I have been unable to send anything either; some letters I have written in hopes of meeting an Arab slave-trader, but they all skedaddled as soon as they heard the English were coming."



In a letter to Dr. Seward he gives an account of the cowardly behaviour and desertion of the Sepoys. "The Sepoys," he says, "seem to have planned my compulsory return as soon as they had killed all the beasts of burden; one camel they beat with the butts of their guns till he expired on the spot, and a mule was killed; certain sores were cruelly probed and lacerated when I was not in sight, and I came upon them one day when one was mauling a fine camel with a stick, thicker than his arm; next day he had to leave it with inflammation of the hip-joint, the point where I saw the blow struck. They gave or paid eight rupees into the hands of our Arab guide, to feed and take them down to the coast when the animals were all nearly done for, so sure were they of returning with their scheme triumphant. The Havildar was seen paying the money by one of the Nassick boys. Then, when we came to a part where provisions were scanty, they refused to obey orders to come up to me, whither I had gone to secure provisions; and they would not rise in the morning, though called by the Havildar, but I saw reason afterwards to believe that the Havildar and Naik were art and part in the plot. A great deal of blubbering took place when I hauled them up, to send them back as prisoners. I sentenced the Naik to disratment, and all to carry small loads as punishment, but they were such a disgraceful-looking lot, and by disobedience had prevented my carrying out the plan of getting provisions—namely, by going forward and sending in all directions to purchase them, that they had to suffer hunger. They sold their cartridges, gave their muskets and belts to people to carry for them, telling them that I would pay for carriage, lay down perpetually in the march, and went to sleep. This was the custom all the way from the coast, and they were so filthy in their habits—when we had plenty of food gorging themselves, then putting the finger down the throat to relieve their stomachs, and, lastly, they threatened to shoot the Nassick boys when away from English power in some quiet place, because, as they supposed, the boys were informants.

"I sent them back from Mataka's, leaving seventy yards of cloth with that chief to give to the trader Suleiman, who was expected, and came a few days afterwards, to convey them to the coast. This cloth was amply sufficient for all their expenses. But I heard that the seven Mohammedans did not go with Suleiman, but remained at Mataka's, where food was abundant, and where their pay would be running on. They had their belts and ammunition-pouches, and muskets and bayonets, all complete then. The Havildar still pretended that he wanted to go on with us; he thought I did not understand the part he had played. 'They won't obey me, and what am I to do?' was his way of speaking. 'Bring the first man to me who refuses a lawful order, and I shall make him obey.' None was ever brought. When he talked of going to die with us I said nothing. He soon got sulky and was a useless drag. I had to pay two yards of calico per day for carriage of his bed and

cooking things, and could make no use of him. He could not divide provisions even with partiality, nor measure off cloth to the natives without cheating them. He complained at last of unaccountable pains in his feet, ate a whole fowl for supper, slept soundly till daylight, and then commenced furious groaning. He carried his bed one mile the night before without orders, then gave his belt and musket to a native, to blind me as to his having sold and stolen the cartridges. The native carriers would not follow us through a portion of jungle, and when I sent back for the loads, the gallant Havildar was found sitting by his own baggage, and looking on while the carriers paid themselves by opening one of the bales. He then turned back to join his fellows at Mataka's; the country abounded in provisions, and the people were very liberal."

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he describes the country about Bemba as "chiefly forest and exceedingly leafy: one can see but a little way from an elevation. The gum-copal and another tree abound, with rhododendrons and various evergreen trees—the two first furnish the black-cloth which is the principal clothing of the people. . . . We could not for some time find out where the Portuguese route to Cazembe lay, but it has been placed by the map-makers too far east. There they had no mountain chains such as we have met with. . . .

"Mataka's town and country (to the east of the north end of Lake Nyassa) are the most likely for a permanent settlement to be made. It is elevated and cool. English pears were in full bearing, and bloom in July; the altitude is over 3,000 feet, and this country is mountainous and abounds in running streams, the sources of the Rovuma. Dr. Norman Macleod promised to try and get me some German Missionaries from Harmsburgh, in Hanover, and salaries for them, if I could indicate a locality. These same men go without salaries, and are artificers of different kinds; but this is a mistake: they ought to have a little, for some of them have, in sheer want, taken to selling brandy even, but at Mataka's they could easily raise wheat, by sowing it at the proper time, and native products, when the rains come, but it would require a leader of some energy, and not a fellow who would wring his hands if he had no sugar to his tea. I have almost forgotten the taste of sugar, and tea is made by roasting a little Joare, and calling the decoction either tea or coffee. I have written to the Doctor, and given some account of the difficulties to be overcome; three hundred miles is a long way to go, but I feel more and more convinced that Africa must be Christianised from within."

After the reading of Dr. Livingstone's letters to the members of the Royal Geographical Society at a meeting held on the 27th of April, 1868, Sir Roderick Murchison said—"That the question on which Europeans and the British public at large were now interested, was the future course of Living-

stone, and at what time he might be expected to return. In the journey from the place at which he disembarked, Mikindany Bay, to the south end of the Lake Nyassa, he occupied seven months; but for three weeks or more of that time he remained at Mataka. The distance traversed from the coast was only five hundred miles. During these months people often asked in England, 'Why does Livingstone not send us some account of his proceedings? The Sepoys have returned, but they have brought no despatches.' He was sorry to say that the Sepoys had behaved extremely ill. We had now, in Livingstone's handwriting, the statement that they were the worst of companions, inferior even to the Johanna men. He entrusted to the Sepoys a despatch which they never delivered. The next part of Livingstone's journey, after crossing the Shire, was to the west and northwards, taking a circuitous course, in order to avoid the Mazitu (called the Mavite to the east of Lake Nyassa.) It occupied five months, the date of the despatches being the 1st of February, when he was at Bemba. The progress made at this point would enable us to judge of the time he was likely to take in accomplishing the remainder of his journey. We now know that he had arrived at Ujiji, on the eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika, by about the middle of October last. The distance between Bemba and Ujiji was only 500 miles; but he was delighted to hear that the traveller had been so long on this part of his route, because it implied that he had devoted himself to examining Lake Tanganyika, which had never yet been explored.

"When Burton and Speke crossed the Lake in the northern part at Ujiji, they knew nothing of the southern part, except from information furnished by Arabs. If Livingstone found the waters flowing northwards from the neighbourhood of Bemba, whence he wrote, and into Lake Tanganyika, he would continue his journey to the northern end. There would then be before him another great problem, the solution of which would be the settlement of the geography of the whole interior of Africa. If, according to the theory of Mr. Findlay, which had been read before the Society, the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowed into the Albert Nyanza, the geographical object of Livingstone's expedition would be accomplished. He would be upon the waters of the Nile, and having determined that great physical problem, he would probably turn to the eastward, and reach the coast at Zanzibar. If, on the contrary, it proved, as shown in the original map of Burton and Speke, that a mountain range separated Tanganyika from Albert Nyanza, the outflow of the waters of Tanganyika must be sought for on its western side; for being fresh, these waters must have a free outlet in some direction. In this case, Livingstone might be induced to follow that river wherever he found it. It was known that there was no outflow to the east, because the country on that side had been explored, and no great stream found. To follow such a western outlet would lead him far across the great unknown western interior of Africa.

“Such was Livingstone’s great vigour and audacity in meeting every difficulty, that he had not the slightest doubt that he would pursue such a river, if found, and come out on the west coast, where his first expedition terminated, before he recrossed to the Zambesi. In this case, we must not expect to hear from him for twelve or eighteen months. But if, under the hypothesis, which he rather held to, Livingstone found the waters of the Tanganyika flowing into Baker’s Lake (the Albert Nyanza), and turned back towards Zanzibar, as most probably he would do, he might be expected in England in the month of September next. A third hypothesis was, that having since arrived at the Lake of Sir Samuel Baker, he would follow its waters, and come out by the Nile. He had dismissed that hypothesis from his own mind, in consequence of the small force which Livingstone had at his disposal, and the diminished store of goods for presents to give to the Equatorial Kings. Knowing the difficulties which Speke, and Grant, and Baker, had in those countries, he would pause before concluding that he had taken that route, particularly after he had geographically solved the problem. Another reason which operated in his mind against the third hypothesis was, that Livingstone would have to go through the whole of the White Nile region, where the slave trade was carried on to an abominable extent.”

We give Sir Roderick Murchison’s remarks in full, because in them we have the different theories as to the course of the waters, whose northward flow Livingstone had struck when he had passed the hill region to the north and west of Nyassa. We shall see, further on, that all these theories were at variance with the conclusions which Dr. Livingstone ultimately arrived at when he found that the main drainage of the vast central valley did not fall into the Tanganyika at all, but passed it many miles to the west of its shores, and flowed northward into unknown regions.

News reached England early in October that Livingstone was on his way to the coast, and was, at the time of its transmission, within a few miles of Zanzibar, but on the 20th and 23rd, word reached London from Dr. Kirk, that he had letters from him dated from Marenga, a district south, and in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika, in latitude 7° 55′ south, and longitude 30° east, near Ujiji, a district and an Arab station on Lake Tanganyika. This letter was very brief, and had been written in the months of October and December, and gave a satisfactory account for the delay in his progress to the north. He had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, and waiting for the close of a native war before proceeding to Ujiji, and he told the Arab messenger, that after exploring Tanganyika, he meant to return to Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk reported, when sending this information, that provisions, medicines, letters, etc., etc., had been sent to Ujiji to meet him, some time previous to the receipt of his letters.

On the 9th of November, 1868, a short letter from Dr. Livingstone to Dr.

Seward, dated "Town of Cazembe," 14th December, 1867, was read. In this letter he said—

"One of Seyd Ben Ali's men leaves this to-morrow to join his master in Buirra. He and Hamees have letters from me to you. One of them, in the hands of Hamees, repeats an order for goods, which I sent by Magera Mafupi in February last. If Magera Mafupi's letter came to hand, then the goods would be sent before the present letter can reach you. I have more fear of the want of shoes than anything else. If you have any tracing paper, I should like some; I lost a good deal in fording a river; some pencils and ink powder, if you can spare them, and an awl, and stick of sealing wax. I am going to Ujiji in two days, and think that I shall be able to send letters thence to Zanzibar sooner than my friends can reach it by Bagamoyo.

"Moero is one chain of lakes, connected by a river, having different names. When we got there, I thought it well to look at Cazembe, of which the Portuguese have written much; but all the geographical information is contained in letters I have written, which I mean to send to Ujiji, and have no heart to repeat myself."

In the letters to Dr. Seward and Dr. Kirk, which were of a private character, Livingstone writes in a most hopeful spirit as to the accomplishment of the work before him, and gave a most gratifying account of the state of his health.

On the 18th of January, 1869, a letter appeared in the *Times* from Horace Waller, one of Livingstone's old comrades during a part of the Zambesi expedition, that from letters received from Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar, nothing had been heard of Livingstone for a long time. After cautioning the public to be in no anxiety on that account, he says, "Dr. Kirk informs me that Moosa, (the chief of the Johanna men who deserted him) has been handed over to him at Zanzibar from Johanna. Finding that he had already passed eight months in heavy irons, the authorities very humanely considered this time sufficient for the reflective powers of the mischievous scamp to reconsider the merits of truth and falsehood; so Dr. Kirk set him free."

On the 19th of April, news arrived in England that Livingstone had reached Zanzibar, and was on his way to England. His old friend Sir Roderick Murchison published his doubts of the truth of this, and as in many other cases where the great traveller was concerned, the veteran geologist was correct. A report of Dr. Livingstone having been murdered, and another of his being in captivity, having got into circulation, were causing much anxiety in the public mind. Sir Roderick Murchison wrote to the *London Scotsman* on the 6th of September, as follows:—After explaining that a long time must elapse, in consequence of the district into which he had entered, before we could expect to hear from him, he says, "It is, therefore, I think, unnecessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of his captivity. But, whatever may be the

speculations entered into during his absence, I have such implicit confidence in the tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and Herculean power of Livingstone, that however he may be delayed, I hold stoutly to the opinion that he will overcome every obstacle, and will, as I have suggested, emerge from South Africa on the same western shore on which he appeared after his first great march across that region, and long after his life had been despaired of."

Sir Rodenck Murchison was partly right once more. Livingstone was not on his way home, nor thinking of it; for on the 24th of October, 1869, a telegram was received in this country, to the effect that Dr. Kirk had received a letter from him, dated July 8th, 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, in which he said, "I have found the source of the Nile between 10° and 12° south." The great traveller wrote in good health and spirits, and it was cheering at the same time to be told that a caravan which had recently arrived at Zanzibar, reported him at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, and that the road between Zanzibar and Ujiji was open.

The letter was addressed to Lord Clarendon, and was dated from Near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July, 1868. We give the following extracts:—"When I had the honour of writing to you in February, 1867, I had the impression that I was then on the watershed of the Zambesi, and either the Congo or the Nile. More extended observation has since convinced me of the essential correctness of that impression; and from what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Raptita is probably the Rovuma. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and north-west of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation; but if your lordship will read the following short sketch of my discoveries, you will perceive that the springs of the Nile have hitherto been searched for very much too far north. They rise about 400 miles south of the most southerly portion of Victoria Nyanza, and, indeed, south of all the lakes except Bangweolo. Leaving the valley of the Loangwa, which enters the Zambesi at Zumbo, we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. This upland may roughly be said to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 square miles. It is generally covered with dense or open forest; has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface; a rich soil; is well-watered by numerous rivulets; and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west; but I have found no part of it under 300 feet of altitude. The country of Usango, situated east of the space indicated, is also an upland, and affords

pasturage for the immense herds of the cattle of the Basango, a remarkably light-coloured race, very friendly to strangers. Usango forms the eastern side of a great but still elevated valley. The other or western arch is formed by what are called the Kone mountains, beyond the copper mines of Katanga. Still farther west, and beyond the Kone range or plateau, our old acquaintance the Zambesi, under the name of Jambasi, is said to rise. The southern end of the great valley between Usango and the Kone range is between 11° and 12° south. It was rarely possible then to see a star, but accidentally awakening one morning between two and three o'clock, I found one which showed latitude 11° 56" south, and we then were fairly on the upland. Next day we passed two rivulets, running north. As we advanced, brooks, evidently perennial, became numerous. Some went eastwards, to fall into the Loangwa; others went north-west, to join the river Chambeze. Misled by a map calling this river, in an off-hand manner, 'Zambezi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile. It is an interesting river as helping to form these lakes, and changing its name three times in the 500 or 600 miles of its course. It was first crossed by the Portuguese, who always inquired for ivory and slaves, and heard of nothing else. A person who collected all, even the hearsay geography of the Portuguese, knew so little actually of the country, that he put a large river here, running 3,000 feet up-hill, and called it New Zambesi.

"I crossed the Chambeze in 10° 34" south latitude, and several of its confluents, south and north, quite as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster, and having hippopotami in them. I mention these animals, because in navigating the Zambezi I could always steer the steamer boldly to where they lay, sure of finding not less than eight feet of water.

"The Chambeze runs into Lake Bangweolo, and in coming out of it assumes the name Luapula, and flows north, past the town of Cazembe, and twelve miles below it enters Lake Moero. On leaving Moero at its northern end by a rent in the mountains of Rua, it takes the name Lualaba, and passing on N.N.W. forms Lake Ulenge, in the country west of Tanganyika.

"I have seen it only when it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua, but am quite satisfied that even before it receives the river Sofunso from Marunga, and the Soburi from the Baloba country, it is quite sufficient to form Ulenge, whether that is a lake with many islands, as some assert, or a sort of Punjaub—a division into several branches, as is maintained by others. These branches are all gathered up by the Lufira—a large river, which, by many confluents, drains the western side of the great valley. I have not seen the Lufira, but pointed out west of 11° south, it is asserted, always to require canoes. This is purely native information. Some intelligent

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men assert that when the Lufira takes up the water of Ulenge, it flows N.N.W into Lake Chowambe, which I conjecture to be that discovered by Mr. Baker. Others think that it goes into Lake Tanganyika, at Uvira, and still passes northward into Chowambe, by a river named Loando. These are the parts, regarding which, I suspend my judgment. If I am in error there, and live through it, I shall correct myself."

Here follow a number of surmises as to the course of the river running out of Ulenge which were exceedingly interesting at the time, but are now forestalled by information derived from personal observation, with which we will deal further on. "My opinion at present is, if the large amount of water I have seen going north, does not flow past Tanganyika on the west, it must have an exit from the lake, and in all likelihood by the Loanda. . . . On the northern slope of the upland, and on the 2nd of April, 1867, I discovered Lake Liemba. It lies in a hollow with precipitous sides, 2,000 feet down. It is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish, swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. . . . It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands, men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, from 12 to 15 feet broad, leap down the steep bright clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams fifty miles from its confluence, and found it, at a ford, 294 feet, say 100 yards broad, . . . thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hardened sandstone flag, in September. The last rain had fallen on the 12th of May. . . . The Louzua drives a large body of smooth water into Liemba; this body of water was ten fathoms deep. Another of the four streams is said to be larger than the Lofu; but an over-officious headman prevented me from seeing more of it and another than three mouths. The lake is not large—from 18 to 20 miles broad, and from 30 to 40 long; it goes off N.N.W. in a river-like prolongation, two miles wide, it is said, to Tanganyika.\* . . . I tried to follow the river-like portion, but was prevented by a war which had broken out between the chief of Itawa and a party of ivory traders from Zanzibar. I then set off to go 150 miles south, then west, till past the disturbed district, and explore the west of Tanganyika; but on going 80 miles, I found the Arab party, showed them a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, which I owe to the kind offices of his Excellency, Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, and was at once supplied

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\* This Dr. Livingstone afterwards found to be correct



with provisions, cloth, and beads; they showed the greatest kindness and anxiety for my safety and success. The leader of the party readily perceived that a continuance of hostility meant shutting up the ivory trade, but the peace-making was a tedious process, requiring three and a-half months; I was glad to see the mode of ivory and slave-trading of these men, it formed such a perfect contrast to that of the ruffians from Kilwa, and to the ways of the atrocious Portuguese from Tete, who were connived at in their murders by the Governor, De Almeida."

After peace was declared, he visited Masama, the chief of Itawa, and examined Lake Moero, which he found to be 60 miles long, and from 20 to 50 miles broad. From thence he visited Cazembe, and was very hospitably treated by the chief of that name, with whom he staid forty days, on account of the rains having flooded the country and made progress impossible. Cazembe's town, which has been three times visited by Portuguese, "stands on the north-east bank of the lakelet Mofwe; this is from two to three miles broad, and nearly four long. It has several low reedy islets, and yields plenty of fish, a species of perch. It is not connected with either the Luapula or the Moero. I was forty days at Cazembe, and might then have gone on to Bangweolo, which is larger than either of the other lakes; but the rains had set in, and this lake was reported to be very unhealthy. Not having a grain of any kind of medicine, and as fever without treatment produced very disagreeable symptoms, I thought it would be unwise to venture where swelled thyroid glands, known among us as Derbyshire neck and elephantiasis (seroli) prevail." Getting tired of his inactivity, he went northwards towards Ujiji, "where," he says, "I have goods, and, I hope, letters, for I have heard nothing from the world for more than two years; but when I got within 13 days of Tanganyika, I was brought to a standstill by the superabundance of water in the country in front. A native party came through and described the country as inundated so as often to be thigh and waist deep, with dry stepping places difficult to find. This flood lasts till May or June. At last I become so tired of my inactivity, that I doubled back on my course to Cazembe." His description of wading across swollen rivulets, flooded plains and morasses, gives a vivid idea of the courage and resolution of the man. The paths among the long grass were even more trying than these. He says:—"The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path, which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged, and fell over the ancles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and, bursting, emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging; the last mile was the worst, and right glad we were to get out of it, and bathe in the clear tepid waters and sandy beach of the Moero. In going up the bank of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents thigh deep; then a river 80 yards

wide, with 300 yards of flood on its west bank, so deep, we had to keep to the canoes, till within fifty yards of the higher ground, then four brooks from five to fifteen yards broad. One of them, the Chungu, possesses a somewhat melancholy interest, as that on which poor Dr. Lacerda died. . . He was the only Portuguese visitor who had any scientific education, and his latitude of Cazembe's town on the Chungu being 50 miles wrong, probably reveals that his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed; and any one who knows what that implies, will look upon his error with compassion. . . The Chungu went high on the chest, and we had to walk on tiptoe to avoid swimming. As I crossed all these brooks at both high and low water, I observed the difference to be from fifteen to eighteen inches, and from all the perennial streams, the flood is a clear water. The state of the rivers and the country made me go in the lightest marching order. I took nothing but the most necessary instruments, and no paper except a couple of note-books and the Bible. On unexpectedly finding a party going to the coast, I borrowed a piece of paper from an Arab, and the effects, unavoidable in the circumstances, you will kindly excuse. Only four of my attendants would come here; the others, on various pretences, absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope that by making the country and the people better known, I am doing good; and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally, I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence, which now forms part of the belief of all the more intelligent of our race: my efforts may be appreciated in good times coming yet."

After speaking of the care which he had always taken to give the position of places with the utmost accuracy, and the compliments paid to the success with which he had done this on the Zambesi and the Shire by scientific men, he says:—"Well, it is not very comforting, after all my care and risk of health, and even of life, it is not very inspiring to find 200 miles of lake tacked on to the north-west end of Nyassa; and then 200 miles perched up on the upland region, and passed over some 3,000 feet higher than the rest of the lake! We shall probably hear that the author of this feat in fancyography claims therefrom to be considered a theoretical discoverer of the sources of the Nile." After stating several instances in which his positions had been unwarrantably changed, he says, "The desecration my positions have suffered, is probably unknown to the Council; but that is all the more reason why I should adhere to my resolution to be the guardian of my own observations until publication. I regret this, because the upsetting of a canoe, or any accident happening to me, might lead to the entire loss of the discoveries. My borrowed paper is done, or I should have given a summary of