. . . Maize is so abundant, that I have seen forty-five loads, each about sixty lbs., given for a single goat. The 'Maize-dura,' or Sorghum, sweet potatoes, and yams, flourished in no stinted measure, the farinaceous ingredient of diet; the palm-oil, the ground nuts, and a forest tree, afford the fatty materials of food; bananas and plantains, in great profusion, and the sugar-cane, yield a substitute for sugar; the palm toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco, and bange, form the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to me why they should be cannibals. New Zealanders, we are told, were cannibals because they had killed all the gigantic birds, and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs. But the Manyema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributable to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain. . . .

"The Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far in order to have something to sell. Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain, and sweet potatoes, exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish, and other relishes; fowls, also pigs, goats, grass cloth, mats, and other utensils, change hands. All are dressed in their best—gaudy-coloured, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee." As Livingstone already told us, they all unite to enforce honest trading. He says that they are such eager traders, "They set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other. The Bayenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish for farinaceous food with the women on the east of the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishery. The Manyema have told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities, the women passed through from one market to another unarmed; to take their goods even in war was a thing not to be done.

"But at these market women the half-castes directed their guns. Two cases that came under my own observation were so sickening, I cannot allow the mind to dwell upon or write about them. Many of both sexes were killed, but the women and children chiefly were made captives. No matter how much ivory they obtained, these 'Nigger Moslems' must have slaves;

and they assaulted the markets and villages, and made captives, chiefly, as it appeared to me, because, as the men ran off at the report of the guns, they could do it without danger. I had no idea before how bloodthirsty men can be when they can pour out the blood of their fellow men in safety. And all this carnage is going on in Manyema at the very time I write. It is the Banyans, our protected Indian fellow subjects, that indirectly do it all. We have conceded to the sultan of Zanzibar the right, which it was not ours to give, of a certain amount of slave-trading, and that amount has been from twelve to twenty thousand a-year. As we have seen, these are not traded for but murdered. They are not for slaves, but free people made captive.

"A Sultan with a sense of justice would, instead of taking head-money, declare that all were free as soon as they reached his territory. But the Banyans have the custom-house, and all the Sultan's revenue, entirely in their hands. He cannot trust his Mahometan subjects, even of the better class, to farm his income, because, as they themselves say, he would get nothing in return but a crop of lies. The Banyans naturally work the custom-house so as to screen their own slaving agents; and so long as they have the power to promote it, their atrocious system of slaving will never cease. For the sake of lawful commerce, it would be politic to insist that the Sultan's revenue, by the custom-house, should be placed in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. By this arrangement the Sultan would be largely benefited, legal commerce would be exalted to a position it has never held since Banyans and Moslems emigrated into Eastern Africa, and Christianity, to which the slave trade is an insurmountable barrier, would find an open door."

Sometimes the great traveller met with a cold reception, from his supposed connection with Arab slavers and robbers. "In going west of Bambarre," he says, "in order to embark on the Lualaba, I went down the Luamo, a river of from one to two hundred yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend of the Lualaba. When near its confluence I found myself among people who had been lately maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your back up. The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head traitor's name, to look at my colour, and see if it were the same as his, she replied with a bitter little laugh, 'Then you must be his father!' The worst the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and show us out of their district."

At Bambarre Dr. Livingstone was laid up with ulcers on his feet for over

six months. He says:—"I found continual wading in mud grievous; for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. If the foot is placed on the ground, blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied tc fever. The people were invariably civil, and even kind; for curiously enough, the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally, because they never made slaves." Once Livingstone had a narrow escape with his life, from being found in company with traders who had ill used the Manyema. On his way to Bambarre, he says, "We passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema, who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birth-place. As all the Arabs have been enjoined by Seyed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough; but there were no Europeans to see it. 'The maltreated men' (Manyema who had been wronged by the traders), now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest with vegetation so dense, that by stooping down and peering towards the sun, we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the rank vegetation was a spear thrown from the shadow of an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it. This detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an ant-hill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down towards me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming, 'Peace, peace! you will finish your work in spite of all these people, and in spite of everybody!' I, too, took it as an omen of good, that I had three narrow escapes from death in

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

The real slave dealers are thus exposed by Dr. Livingstone :—"The Banyan subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave trade: their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slaving, of the nature of which every Banyan is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called 'butchee.' Banyan trading is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow subjects. The cunning Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on their Arab agents. . . . It is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji slave 'trade' at all—the captives are not traded for, but murdered for; and the gangs that are dragged eastwards to enrich the Banyans are usually not slaves, but captive free people. A Sultan anxious to do justly rather than pocket head-money, would proclaim them all free as soon as they reached his territory. . . .

"I cannot say that I am altogether free from chagrin in view of the worry, thwarting, and baffling, which the Banyans and their slaves have inflicted. Common traders procure supplies of merchandise from the coast, and send loads of ivory down by the same pagazi or carriers we employ, without any loss. But the Banyans and their agents are not their enemies. I have lost more than two years in time, have been burdened with one thousand eight hundred miles of tramping, and how much waste of money I cannot say, through my affairs having been committed to the Banyans and slaves, who are not men. I have adhered, in spite of losses, with a sort of John Bullish tenacity to my task; and while bearing misfortune in as manly a way as possible, it strikes me that it is well that I have been brought face to face with the Banyan system, that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India, who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banyans does not allow them to harm a fly or mosquito, would scarcely believe that they are the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocence compared

with our protected Banyan fellow-subjects. . . . The Banyans, having complete possession of the custom-house and revenue of Zanzibar, enjoy ample opportunity to aid and conceal the slave trade, and all fraudulent transactions committed by their agents. . . . Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Sambetti; thence resuming the south-west course to cross Chambezi, and proceed along the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude twelve degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From these it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. . . . About ten days north-east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days N.N.W., will take to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomame, aud into Webb's Lualaba, and home."

How much of this programme he had successfully carried out up to the time of his death, we are not at present in a position to state. Of the work of exploration still to be done he spoke cheerfully and hopefully. He says: "I know about six hundred miles of the watershed pretty fairly; I turn to the seventh hundred miles with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may have only dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on the division of labour in dreaming, and each discovered one or two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far, I went two years and six months without once tasting tea, coffee, or sugar; and except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort; and have come to believe that English roast-beef and plum-pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beef-steaks and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation, on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy!"

A brief outline of Dr. Livingstone's journeyings, and their results, up to this period, will enable the reader to understand a little more clearly what he has been about since he entered Africa for the third time in 1866. From

the Lake Nyassa district until he left Cazembe's country, he was travelling in regions to some extent known to us through his own previous explorations, and those of Portuguese travellers. Beyond Cazembe's country, either to the north or the west, lay a vast extent of country totally unknown to Europeans, and of which even the most intelligent native knew only, and that imperfectly, a narrow hem of from fifty to a hundred miles in extent. Cazembe was first made known to us by Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Livingstone found the present rulcr of Cazembe to be a kingly savage. He describes him as a tall, stalwart man, wearing a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print, and worn in many folds in the form of a prodigious kilt, the upper part of his body being bare. The statement of the traveller, that he was going north in search of lakes and rivers, filled him with astonishment. "What can you want to go there for?" he said. "The water is close here! There is plenty of large water in this neighbourhood!" Cazembe had never seen an Englishman before; and notwithstanding that he could not understand this water-seeker, and very possibly thought him wrong in the head, or, as Livingstone puts it, that "he had water on the brain," he gave orders to his chiefs and people that the traveller was to be allowed to go wherever he had a mind, and treated him with much consideration.

Cazembe's queen, described as a fine tall woman, paid the traveller a visit, and evidently intended to give him a striking idea of the honour done him. She was decked out in all the finery her wardrobe could muster, and was armed with a ponderous spear. Following her was a body-guard of Amazons, also armed with spears. His royal visitor and her retinue, and their dress and accoutrements, did astonish the stranger, but not in the way intended. He burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which disconcerted the royal lady for a moment; but recovering herself, she joined heartily in the laugh—which was re-echoed by her attendants—and then fled from his presence until she had recovered the dignity and gravity becoming so great a queen. The Portuguese assertion, that the river he found running to the north, and named the Chambezi, was one of the main branches of the Zambesi, cost him many a month of tedious and unprofitable wandering. Although he was not long in forming doubts as to the truth of this conclusion, the similarity in name made him cautious in accepting his own notions regarding it. Up and down and across its course he wandered like an uneasy spirit, until at last the conclusion was forced upon him, that it flowed to the north, and could be none other than the head waters of the Nile.

Striking away to the north-east of Cazembe's country, he came to a large lake called by the natives Liemba, from the country of that name which borders it. Following its winding shore to the northwards, he found it to be a continuation of Lake Tanganyika. Returning to the southern end

of the lake, he crossed the Marungu country, and reached Lake Moero; and finding its chief influent the Luapula, he ascended its course to the point where it flows out of Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, a lake nearly as large as Tanganyika itself. The most important feeder of this lake he found to be the Chambezi, so that all doubts as to the course of that river were set at rest. In the hitherto untrodden land to the north, this great and constantly increasing volume of water pursued its winding course; and he braced himself up to the effort of tracing it to a point where, under some other name, it was already well known to geographers. From this lake, Livingstone, in the first place, went to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find stores awaiting him, and where he could recruit himself for the accomplishment of the arduous task he had set himself to accomplish. From his letters we already know how sadly he was disappointed in his hopes of material help from Zanzibar. While waiting there among rascally Arab traders and their slaves, and equally rascally natives, corrupted by their association with those worthless representatives of the civilisation he had been cut off from for nearly three years, he longed to explore the shores of Tanganyika, and settle the question of its effluent; but Arabs and natives alike were so bent on plundering him for every service rendered, he was compelled to abandon his design. Although worn in body, and scantily provided with stores and followers, he determined, in June 1869, to march across country until he should strike the great river which he knew flowed northwards out of Lake Moero. At Bambarre in Manyema land, as we know, he was laid up for six weary months with ulcerated feet. So soon as he had recovered he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days' journey struck the main artery of his line of drainage—the Lualaba, a magnificent lacustrine stream, with a width of from one to three miles. This great stream pursues so erratic a course, flowing northward, westward, and even southwards, in wide loops, that he was frequently fairly at fault as to its ultimate course. Sometimes he thought he was working away at the Congo, but at last he was completely satisfied that its course was northward. After following it up to its outlet from Lake Moero, and confirming its consequent identity with the Luapula and the Chambezi, he retraced his steps, and saw it lose itself in Lake Kamalondo. As many of the great streams on the watershed were named Lualaba by the natives he christened the stream which flows from Lake Moero to Lake Kamalondo "Webb's Lualaba," to distinguish it, and also to do honour to one of his oldest friends, Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

Several days south-west from Kamalondo, he discovered another lake called by the natives Chebungo. This he named "Lake Lincoln," in honour of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United states during the war of secession. Its principal effluent he named "Young's Lualaba," in honour of another fast friend, Mr. Young, of Paraffin oil celebrity; "Sir Paraffin," as

Dr. Livingstone humorously designates him. The waters of Lake Lincoln pass into the Lualaba by the river Loeki or Lomame

The river which, issuing out of Lake Kamalonda and flowing to the north,was, he now found, the central or main line of drainage, and he named it the Lualaba proper. Although sick and worn, he followed its course as far as four degrees south latitude, and found that it flowed into another large lake. From his letters we know how the brave and dauntless traveller was compelled to turn back when so near to the termination of the quest he had suffered so much in following up thus far, and fell back to Ujiji, with but little hope of succour arriving there from the coast. But help was at hand. He had barely settled down to what he feared must be a weary waiting for succour when Mr Stanley made his appearance, and so unexpectedly, that he was all but face to face with his deliverer before he even knew that any traveller with a white skin was in search of him.

What the result of his exploration after parting with Mr Stanley at Unyanyembe may be, we do not at present know. At that time, the great traveller appeared to have no doubt that the Chambezi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba, were none other than the Nile; and that these were connected by a series of lakes and shallow lakelets with Petherick's White Nile, which issues out of the Bahr-Ghazal. The great lake in four degrees south latitude into which Dr. Livingstone found that the Lualaba flowed, Mr. Stanley conjectures may be the lake discovered by the Italian traveller Piaggia. If Dr. Livingstone be correct in his conclusions—and we know that he is not a rash theorizer—the Nile is the second longest river in the world, and flows two thousand six hundred miles in a straight line, or seven hundred miles farther than we had previously supposed.

Speaking at a meeting of the Geographical Society, on 26th January, 1874, Sir Samuel Baker said "it would be quite an impossibility to say, for certain, whether or not the Tanganyika Lake was connected with the Albert Nyanza, but during his recent expedition he had heard accounts from native merchants which had shaken his faith in the opinion he had formerly expressed that there was no connection between the two lakes. Two merchants told him that they had formerly travelled from one lake to the other by boats, but had ceased to perform the journey in that way, because the canoes were too small to carry ivory. These men had no object in telling a lie—no interest in deceiving him. Some months after this, the envoys whom the Sultan of Uganda sent to Fatiko, gave him a detailed explanation of the geographical features of the country. They said that the Lake Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Speke and Grant, bore the name of Sessi. The natives had formerly stated to Speke and Grant, that Sessi was the name of an island in the lake; but these envoys said not that there was an island in the lake, but that if a person wanted to inquire for the Victoria Nyanza, he must ask for

Sessi. The lake," they added, "was divided into two parts, with a connection between them, which a canoe required a day to pass through. Both of the lakes bore the name Sessi, but they drew a distinction between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza. This latter lake," they said, "was a continuation of the Tanganyika—the whole bearing the name of Mwootanzige. He did not state this as his own theory, but as what he had himself heard."

If these statements are true, Sir Samuel Baker accounted for a connection between the lakes, even if the Tanganyika was on a lower level than the Albert Nyanza at certain seasons:—"When it is remembered that the Tanganyika received its rainfall at the season of the rainfall south of the Equator, while the Albert Nyanza received its rainfall at the season of the rains north of the Equator, it was easy to imagine, that to keep up the equilibrium between the two lakes, there must be a constant flux and reflux. In 1869, Livingstone addressed a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, in which he said—'Baker's Lake and Tanganyika are all one water.' That was what Livingstone heard at Ujiji, and he had heard exactly the same account at the north end of the Albert Nyanza." Our readers will remember that, on the occasion of Livingstone's first visit to Lake Ngami, he imagined that the River Zouga was the outlet of the lake which Mr. Chapman, several years afterwards, when the lake was very low, found the Zouga flowing into. In vast districts, where there is little difference in level for many miles, it is easy to understand how the streams may flow in one direction during the rainy season, and fill up a lake at the end of the watershed, and that, when the lower lakes fall at the end of the rainy season, the accumulated waters will flow in the opposite direction. If these two great lakes are connected, this would account for the steady flow to the north of the waters of Tanganyika, which Livingstone observed at Ujiji. As it was during the rainy season that Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone examined the Rusizi, they may have witnessed the commencement of the influx of water from the Albert Nyanza. If this be so the Rusizi is both an influent and an effluent of the Tanganyika, which would account for the conflicting accounts received of it from the natives.

Even should there be a connection between the Tanganyika and the Nile, it does not necessarily follow that Livingstone's Lualaba is not the head waters of the Nile. Geographers at home have not hesitated to theorize, and have almost unanimously gone counter to Dr Livingstone's declared impression as to the further course of the Lualaba. With wonderful unanimity, they throw aside the belief of the man who has suffered so much in acquiring it and insist that the Lualaba must be the Congo. We shall be curious to hear what they will say for themselves if it should turn out, as we believe it will, that he who had the best of means of coming to a conclusion was right, and that they who could only theorize were wrong.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sir Bartle Frere's Expedition, and its results—Abolition of Slavery on the Gold Coast—Expeditions sent to assist Dr. Livingstone—His Death—Some Account of his Family, etc.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S letters, received through Mr. Stanley, drew such a frightful picture of the horrors of the East African slave-trade, that our Government determined to use its powerful influence with the Sultan of Zanzibar for its suppression.

It will be as well that we should here give a brief account of how it came about that the English Government recognised Stanley in any form on the East Coast of Africa up to the date of which we are now treating.

In 1822 the attention of the British Government was called to the extensive traffic in slaves then being carried on by the subjects of the Imaun of Muscat. Instead of insisting upon the complete suppression of the traffic, the British Government, by a treaty with the Imaun, dated September 10th, 1822, recognised slavery as a domestic institution within his dominions, but declared that the traffic in slaves between the ports in his dominions and foreign countries should no longer be permitted. At that time the dominions of the Imaun of Muscat, in addition to the petty state of Muscat, comprised that portion of the East African Coast, extending from Cape Delgado, 11° south latitude, to the port of Jubb, about 1° south of the Equator, and included the large islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Monfia. By this treaty the Imaun was strictly prohibited from importing slaves from his African to his Asiatic dominions. When the Imaun, who was a party to this treaty, died, his dominions were divided between his two sons, the one succeeding to the Persian and the old title, and the other to the African territory under the title of the Sultan of Zanzibar. As the African dominions were more extensive and wealthy than the Asiatic, the Sultan of Zanzibar agreed to pay to the Imaun of Muscat an annual subsidy of £8,000 sterling. We now know that this subsidy was derived from the royalty exacted from the slave-traders.

The slave-trade within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar is carried on by the Arabs, although the Banyans, who are British subjects, furnish the money for it, and receive the largest share of the profits. For every slave landed at Zanzibar the Sultan received a royalty of two dollars. Writing of

the Zanzibar slave market, in June, 1866, when on his way to enter upon his last journey, Dr. Livingstone says:—This is now almost the only spot in the world where one hundred to three hundred slaves are daily exposed for sale in the open market. This disgraceful scene I have several times personally witnessed, and the purchasers were Arabians or Persians, whose dhows lay anchored in the harbour; and these men were daily at their occupation, examining the teeth, gait, and limbs of the slaves, as openly as horse-dealers engage in their business in England."

According to Mr. Churchill, Consul at Zanzibar, the number of slaves who passed through Zanzibar during the five years preceding September, 1867, would not be less than one hundred-and-fifteen thousand. Nor do these figures represent the full extent of the horrible traffic. Dr. Livingstone said—"Besides those actually captured, thousands are killed and die of their wounds and famine, driven from the villages by the slave trade; thousands in internicene war, waged for slaves, with their own clansmen and neighbours, slain by the lust for gain, which is stimulated by the slave purchasers. The many skeletons we have seen amongst rocks and woods, by the little pools, and along the paths of the wilderness, attest the awful sacrifice of human life, which must be attributed, directly or indirectly, to this trade of hell." Over and over again, Dr. Livingstone has told us, that more than five times the number of human beings who reach the slave markets are sacrificed. The indignant cry of Livingstone opened the eyes of our Government to the fact that, in spite of the treaty of 1822, the great majority of the slaves who passed through Zanzibar were sent to foreign parts.

With the view of putting a stop to this terrible state of matters, Sir Bartle Frere was sent by the English Government to Zanzibar, with ample powers accorded to him for bringing strong pressure to bear on the Sultan, in enforcing and carrying out the wishes of the English Government. The Envoy of England was well qualified for the duty entrusted to him.

At an early age he entered the Civil Service of India, in a humble position, and at the end of thirty years he was President of Bombay. Mr. A. G. Forster, in a recent work on Africa, says:—"His government has been most successful; and he was a man of vigorous understanding, strong tenacity of purpose, a kindly disposition, a genial manner, and sympathy with suffering." He was, as we have seen, a friend and correspondent of Dr. Livingstone, and had heard the story of the wrongs and sufferings of the African people from the great traveller himself.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, very soon, was at first very unwilling to come to terms, but as the Banyan traders, saw that the English Government were in earnest, and immediately stopped sending slaves to Zanzibar, his eyes were opened, and he submitted to the inevitable. During the negotiations an English squadron, under the command of Admiral Cummings,

anchored off the island. This vigorous and unmistakable support of their Envoy, on the part of the British Government, settled the question, and a treaty was signed, by which the slave-trade, both foreign and domestic, ceased to be recognised or supported by any of the three contracting parties. The Ruler of Muscat did not even contest the question, but submitted to the proposal of Sir Bartle Frere at once. The treaty took effect on the 5th of June, 1873. The English cruisers have succeeded in capturing several dhows laden with slaves since that date; and there can be no doubt that the traffic in slaves on the East Coast of Africa is for ever at an end. How Livingstone would have rejoiced if he had lived to know of the mission of his old friend Sir Bartle Frere and its result. But this was not to be: he died exactly one month before the treaty took effect.

Not less important in its results—and no less gratifying would it have been to him, who was emphatically the Friend of Africa, to have known—was the consummation of the abolition of slavery on the Gold Coast, on November 3, 1874. The "Newcastle Daily Chronicle" says:—

"For a long time now the British Government has been endeavouring, in one way or another, to suppress the crying barbarities of the African slave-trade. Various influences have been brought to bear on African chiefs, threats and expostulations have been used, and repeated promises of amendment have been given; but the trade in human flesh has continued briskly and to as large an extent as ever. But one, and not the least, of the advantages connected with a powerful Government like that of England, is that princes, more or less barbarous, who are within reach of its influence, must, sooner or later, succumb to its wishes, even when they are not more forcibly expressed than by means of moral suasion.

"Up to the present time the abominable traffic in slaves has flourished within the British Protectorate, in spite of the efforts which have been made for its suppression, and the native chiefs have clung to it as one of their dearest privileges. The recent conquest of Ashantee, however, has put a new face upon affairs, and has established a nearer claim over the slave-dealing African potentates.

"The necessary trouble and expense of a difficult and dangerous war, undertaken in the interests of the natives of the British Protectorate, have given the Government the right to ask, and even to demand, the immediate suppression of the trade in human flesh. It is gratifying to observe that the desired opportunity has not been lost. The Queen, through her official representative, has spoken out her mind, and the slave trade on the Gold Coast is practically at an end.

"In a speech distinguished for excellent common sense and for that simplicity of language which was rendered necessary by the occasion, Governor Strahan has explained to the native chiefs the trouble which the English

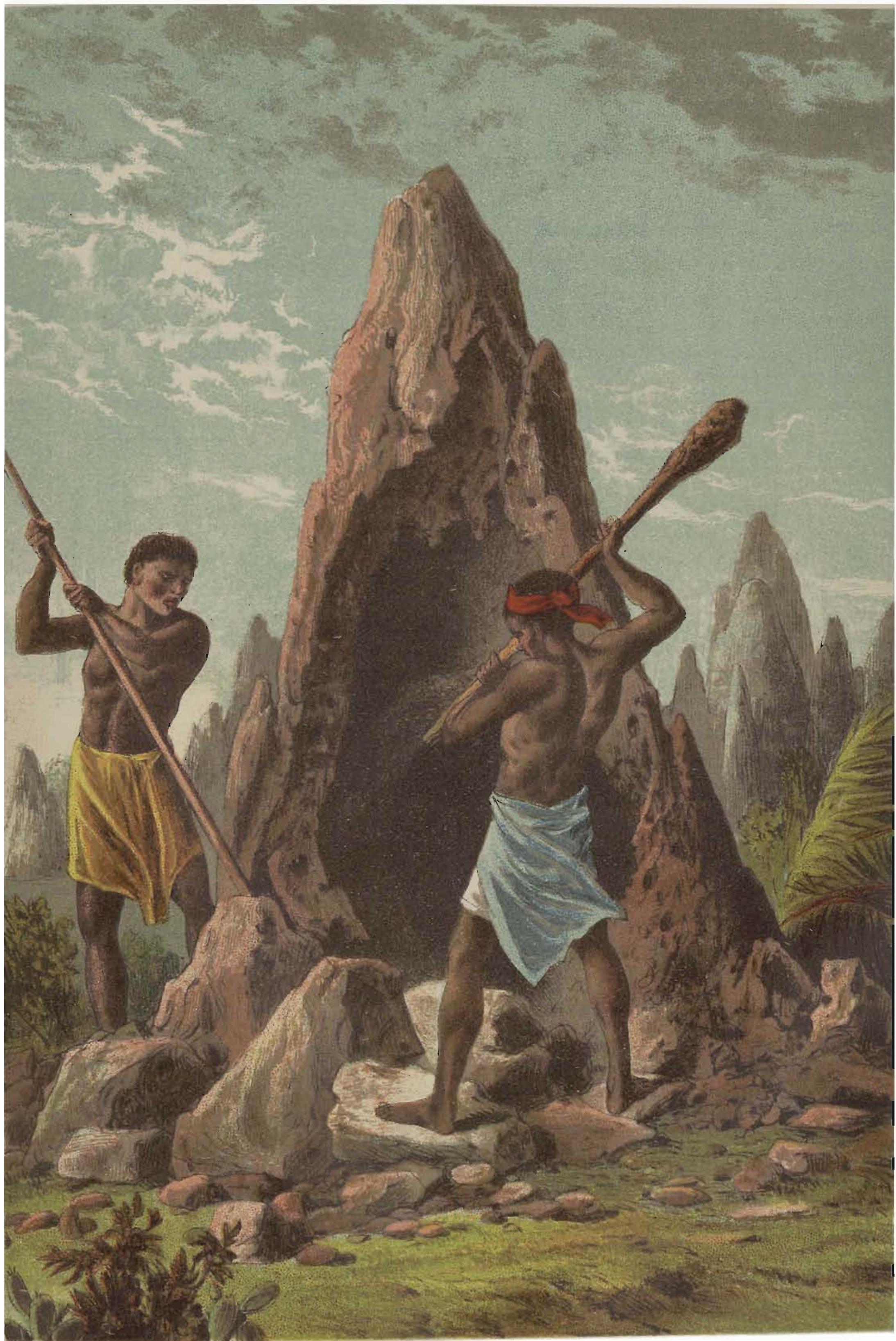
Government has undertaken on their behalf, and has pointed out the salutary fact that England is determined to put an end to the buying, selling, and pawning of slaves.

"England, as Governor Strahan explained, has prosecuted the war against the Ashantees at a cost ten times greater than all the gold there is in Ashantee, Akim, or Wassaw. She had done this not because any compensating advantages were to be obtained, but simply because she desired to protect her African subjects from wrong and oppression. Of all the money which England has expended in this war nothing is to be asked back. What the British Government has done, it has done for its own honour, and from its sense of duty to those tribes which it had undertaken to protect. But whilst it may not demand any pecuniary recompense, it did demand a variety of concessions as the price of its future protection, and the first of these is the suppression of the slave-trade.

"It was in this intelligible light that Governor Strahan placed the matter before the African chiefs in the Hall of Palaver. 'All that the Queen requires and expects from you,' he said, 'is obedience to her wishes and those of her people in England. The foremost of those wishes, and the one which required immediate and distinct expression, was that an end should be put to a trade which English people abhor.' Governor Strahan left the assembled chiefs no choice. 'It is right that I should tell you distinctly,' he said 'that if you require the Queen's protection you must do as she wishes—as she orders. When the Queen speaks in this way, it is not a matter for palaver, question, hesitation, or doubt, but she expects obedience and assent.'

"Speeches of this kind will teach the African slave-sellers how white people govern; and its effect was to be seen in the readiness with which the assembled chiefs appreciated the matter as it was put before them. They had small time allowed them for decision, but they soon arrived at the conclusion that the profit accruing from the slave-trade was not to be weighed against the advantages of British protection. In future there is to be no traffic in slaves. The slaves which are already the property of their owners will remain in their possession as long as they are treated with humane consideration, but no slave can be retained who is subjected either to hardship or cruelty. We may congratulate ourselves that the trade has been suppressed with so little demonstration on either side, and that the chiefs of the Gold Coast have seen the wisdom of acquiescing without compelling a resort to force. The circumstance will be a serious blow to the slave-trade over the whole of Africa, and we may hope not only that before long it will become a thing of the past, but that the mere holding of slaves will be suppressed also."

The following is the text of the speech delivered by His Excellency Governor Strahan at a meeting of all the kings and chiefs of the Western



NATIVES BREAKING UP A WHITE ANT HILL

and Central positions of the Gold Coast, in the Palaver Hall, on November 3, 1874:—

"KINGS AND CHIEFS—I am pleased to meet you. Most of you present have been old allies of the Queen, and some were allies of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. In times past there were disputes between you. If I speak of those it is to tell you that all these disputes must cease for ever and be at an end. Now all of you are under one flag—the flag of England. The Queen desires me to inform you of her wishes and those of her people in England; but before doing so I will first speak of what has transpired in your history, and which has brought about the relations at present existing between you and her Government.

"Few of you probably can remember how your country was disturbed by Ashantee before Sir Charles M'Carthy's time. King Osai Totoo Quamina made war on you, your armies were defeated, your women and children taken captive to Ashantee, and you had to pay much gold as tribute. You know that then Sir Charles M'Carthy was sent from England, you also know how he pitied your condition, and gave you arms and ammunition, and supported you in every conceivable manner. Yet though he lost his life in the end the Ashantees were defeated, and were forced to retire from your country, and Osai Totoo Quamina was forced to make peace, and you had peace in the remaining years of his reign. I will not say much of what occurred during Quacoe Duali's reign, though you still stood in fear of Ashantee and its might.

"At the beginning of last year an army of forty thousand Ashantees invaded your country under a general who was a member of the royal family. This army defeated and scattered your forces, and devastated the country around with fire and with sword. This army attempted to attack the English forts on the coast. Of course it would have been easy for her Majesty's land and sea forces here to have driven back the enemy, but your country would have still been at their mercy. As your forefathers were scattered and troubled by the Ashantees, so were you by Coffee Kalcalli.

"Then the Queen sent out a general with officers, and an army composed of some of her land and sea forces to deliver you from ruin. The general attacked Ashantee on one side, and another captain on the other. The Queen's general and army fought your battles for you. This force drove the enemy out of your country, followed them into theirs, beat them in three large battles, took Coomassie, and burnt it, and forced the King to sign a treaty. In this way you were relieved from defeat and misery.

"The Queen accomplished all this without your assistance. Her Majesty sent out these men in ships from England at a cost ten times greater than all the gold there is in Ashantee, Akim, and Wassaw. Some of these officers and men died in battle, and others from disease. Now, why do I tell you all this? Is it to tell you that the Queen wants you to pay back any portion

of the money she has expended for you? Is it to tell you that you must pay for your freedom from Ashantee? Is it to tell you that as she has done so much for you, you must do what you can for yourselves, as she can do no more? Is it to tell you that as she has saved you from your late danger you are to expect no further protection from her? No. All she requires and expects from you is obedience to her wishes, and those of her people in England.

"In return for those benefits the Queen requests your aid in putting an end to a thing she and her people abhor. This thing is against a law which no King or Queen of England can ever change. I have pointed out to some of you that the English people buy sheep, fowls, and other live stock, but not men, women, and children.

"The Queen is determined to put a stop at once to the buying and selling of slaves, either within or without the Protectorate, in any shape, degree, or form; and she will allow no person to be taken as a pawn for debt. The Queen desires to make you as happy as her own people. This buying, selling, and pawning of men and women and children, is wrong, and no country where it exists can be happy.

"The Queen does not desire to take any of your people from you; those of them who like to work for, and with, and to assist you, can remain with you. If they are happy and continue to live with you on the same terms as now no change will be forced upon you; but any person who does not desire to live with you on those terms can leave, and will not be compelled by any court, British or native, to return to you. The Queen hopes to make you happy in many ways—as happy as those in her other dominions. It is right that I should tell you distinctly that, if you desire her protection, you must do as she wishes—do as she orders.

"This is the Queen's message. When the Queen speaks in this way it is not a matter for palaver, question, hesitation, or doubt, but she expects obedience and assent. I will only say, that without the Queen's money and troops you would have been slaves of a bloodthirsty people. The Queen has paid a great price for your freedom. You and those near and dear to you would have been dragged hence to form a portion of the thousands who are decapitated and sacrificed by this savage race for their customs. Your homes would have been homes full of misery. I see you to-day enjoying peace, and I call on you all to join with me in the prayer, 'God save the Queen.' My message is delivered."

About November 1872, two Central African expeditions, for the relief and assistance of Dr. Livingstone, were fitted out in this country, and sent, the one to the East and the other to the West Coast, with orders to converge, by way of the Congo and Zanzibar, on the scene of the traveller's last labours. Lieutenant Cameron, R. N., took the command of the East Coast expedition

and Lieutenant Grandy, R. N., took command of that of the West Coast. Lieutenant Cameron's expedition very unfortunately got into difficulties, through the accidental shooting of a native by one of his followers. He was detained at and near Unyanyembe on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the bad health of the European members of the party. All of them had suffered from repeated attacks of fever, and were much debilitated in consequence. A grandson of Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, Dr Moffat, the well-known missionary, a very promising young man, fell a victim to fever at an early stage of the journey; and, recently, Lieutenant Cameron had to report the melancholy intelligence of the suicide of Dr. Dillon—another valued coadjutor—while in the delirium of fever.

Towards the end of January, 1874, a telegram from Zanzibar reported the currency of a rumour there, that Dr. Livingstone had died near Lake Bangweolo. On the 11th of February, a despatch to the Foreign Office from H. M. Acting Consul at Zanzibar, stated that letters received from Lieutenant Cameron, dated October 22, 1873, confirmed the report. "It appears," writes the Acting Consul, "from the information given to Lieutenant Cameron by the Doctor's servant, Elvant Chumah, that Livingstone proceeded from Ujiji to the middle of the northern shore of Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), and that, being unable to cross it, he retraced his steps, and rounded it to the southwards, crossing, besides the Chambese, three others rivers which flowed into the lake. He then went (so far as Lieutenant Cameron is able to make out) in search of the ancient fountains of Herodotus, eventually turned to the eastward, and crossed the Luapula. After marching for some days through an extremely marshy country, in which, sometimes for three hours at a time, the water stood above the waists of the traveller, the Doctor succumbed to an attack of dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten or fifteen days. During this trying journey, two of his men died, and several deserted. The remainder, seventy-nine in number, disembowelled the corpse, and embalmed it as well as they were able with salt and brandy. On nearing Unyanyembe, Chumah, with others, started ahead in order to procure supplies, as the party was nearly starving, and the remainder, with the body, were reported to be distant from ten to twenty days' march from Unyanyembe at the date of Lieutenant Cameron's letter. It will be seen, on reference to Dr. Livingstone's last communication to your Lordships, dated 1st July, 1872, that the account given by the Doctor's servants of his latest movements, agrees in the main with the route sketched out by the traveller himself before leaving Unyanyembe. His intention was to go southwards to Ujiji, then round the south end of Tanganyika, and crossing the Chambese, to proceed west along the shore of Lake Bangweolo. Being then in latitude 12 degrees south, his wish was to go straight west to the ancient fountains reported at the end of the watershed, then to turn north to the copper mines of Katanga, and, after

visiting the underground excavations, to proceed to the head of Lake Lincoln, whence he would retire along Lake Kamolando towards Ujiji and home. He distinctly stated that it was not his intention to return northward through the Manyueme (Manyema) country; and as he estimated the duration of the journey from Ujiji and back again at eight months, it is not unreasonable to infer that the design had been completely carried out, and that Livingstone was on his homeward journey when attacked by the disease to which he fell a victim. This supposition is rendered more probable by the fact, that when the Doctor left Unyanyembe he was well supplied with stores and provisions, and that he is reported by his servants to have been nearly destitute at the time of his death. . . . . As a mark of respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone, the flag-staff of this agency was kept at half-mast from sunrise to sunset on the 5th of January. This example was followed by His Highness the Sultan, by Her Majesty's ships of war then in harbour, the *Briton* and the *Daphne*, and by the consular representatives of other foreign powers in Zanzibar, from all of whom I received letters of condolence on the death of this eminent explorer and distinguished servant of the Queen."

Many people were unwilling to believe the story of Dr. Livingstone's death, even when told so circumstantially, and so implicitly credited by Lieutenant Cameron and the European officials at Zanzibar. He had been so often reported as dead, and he had turned up again, patiently and devoutly carrying out his self-imposed task, that it was difficult to believe that the great traveller and distinguished Christian missionary had perished when his work was all but concluded, and the civilised world was waiting eagerly for the opportunity of showing him how high was the respect and admiration which his life of heroic self-sacrifice had evoked.

We have reason to believe that the members of his own family in Scotland, hoping against hope, had refused to accept the report of his death as final. The brief letter addressed by Lieutenant Murphy to Dr. Kirk, and dated the 20th of January, 1874, from Mpuapwa, ten days' journey from the coast, in which he states that he was bringing the body of Dr. Livingstone to Zanzibar, extinguished the last ray of hope which had hitherto afforded some comfort to those near and dear to him.

When Lieutenant Murphy left him, Lieutenant Cameron, although suffering from long-protracted illness, and deserted by many of his followers, was preparing to start for Ujiji for the papers left there by Dr. Livingstone.

No higher encomium on the character of Dr. Livingstone and the genuine value of his achievements can be passed now, or in after-time, than the devotion of his native followers. In circumstances of no common trial and difficulty, they have borne the body of their loved leader across more than a thousand miles of all but pathless country. No doubt Livingstone himself would give the directions which have resulted in the preservation of his body,

with a view to satisfying his family and the world as to the fate which had befallen him; but the carrying out of his last instructions in the face of hunger and fatigue for many months, is a striking instance of love and fidelity on the part of these ignorant men, which it is to be hoped will not be allowed to pass without substantial reward.

To his infinite honour, Mr. Gladstone, within a couple of days of his resigning the highest office under the Crown—in circumstances when he might have been supposed to be thinking of nothing save the inconstancy of the party he had so earnestly served for five years—recommended Her Majesty to grant a pension of £2000 per annum to the family of Dr. Livingstone. We need hardly say that the recommendation was immediately acted upon.

The following account of the surviving members of Dr. Livingstone's family will not be without interest to the reader:—

His mother died in 1865. Dr. Livingstone took frequent opportunity of acknowledging the debt he owed to the Christian example set him by his parents. Speaking at a banquet held in his honour in Hamilton in January 1857, he said: "A great benefit which his parents had conferred on him and their other children was religious instruction and a pious example; and he was more grateful for that than though he had been born to riches and worldly honours." Although a strict disciplinarian, and somewhat stern in his manner towards his children, Dr. Livingstone's father earned the respect and affection of his family in no common degree. He was proud of his sons, and the positions they attained; and more especially was he proud of his son David, as a great missionary and successful explorer of hitherto unknown regions. The regret felt by Dr. Livingstone on his return to this country, that his father was not alive to hear the stirring story of his adventures, was reciprocated by the longing which filled the mind of the old man on his death-bed to see once more his distinguished son. The "Hamilton Advertiser," of January 10th, 1857, speaking of Mr. Neil Livingstone, says:—

"Among his last words were, 'O Dauvit, come awa, man, that I may see ye before I dee.' The old man's favourite walk in the latter years of his life was to the woods near the ancient Roman bridge near Bothwell, also a frequent resort of the Doctor's youth, and where he had carved his name, and the polemical war-cry of the day, 'No State Church,'* on the bark of a tree—wood-cuts which it was his father's delight to decipher. The letters 'D. L.'

* At that time the Voluntary Controversy was agitating the Churches in Scotland, and the "Ten Years' Conflict," which ended in the disruption of the Church of Scotland, was at its height. In his manhood, no man was more tolerant as to the question of "Creed" than Dr. Livingstone. To him all men were truly "brethren" who honestly and uprightly followed after Christ and His com-

have grown with the growth of the tree, and broadened by the lapse of time, as has the fame of their owner."

The family of Neil Livingstone erected a tombstone to the memory of their parents in the Hamilton Cemetery. The inscription on it is one of the most touching we remember ever to have seen. We cannot resist giving a copy of it:—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE

OF NEIL LIVINGSTONE

AND AGNES HUNTER;

AND TO EXPRESS

THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD

OF THEIR CHILDREN,

JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES,

AND AGNES,

FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

Of this family, the best known to the general public are dead.

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

Charles, Dr. Livingstone's younger brother, and his loved companion in the brief holiday hours of his boyhood, was educated for the ministry, and was for a good many years pastor of one of the New England Presbyterian churches. He shared the adventurous spirit of his brother, Dr. Livingstone, and, as we have seen, accompanied him on his second expedition to the Zambesi. Returning to England, he was appointed one of H. M. Consuls to the

West Coast of Africa—a position which gave him much opportunity for doing good to the heathen, which he embraced with great zeal and success. Last year, his health having broken down, he started on his return to England, but died on the passage home. Dr. Livingstone's sisters, Janet and Agnes, removed with their parents to Hamilton in 1841, where they still reside. They are both unmarried, and are held in much respect by their neighbours for their Christian character and genial worth.

Dr. Livingstone's family have resided principally in Hamilton since his departure on his last expedition in 1866. His eldest son, to use his father's words in a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, written in 1868, "wandered into the American war," and must have been killed, as he has never been heard of since the close of one of the early battles before Richmond. His second son, Mr. Thomas E. Livingstone, represents a large commercial house in Alexandria. His third son, Mr. W. Oswell Livingstone, is at present completing his medical education at the Glasgow University. His eldest daughter, who was a great favourite of her father, and to whom he entrusted the custody of his papers sent home by Mr. Stanley, resides in Hamilton, where her younger sister is at present receiving her education.

Up to the present time, the Livingstone family have done honour to the injunction of their progenitor recorded at page 2. At a time when the morals of his neighbours where of a somewhat loose description, he did not on his death-bed tell his children to strive to be distinguished, or to become rich, but *to be honest*, as all their forefathers had been. The generations of his successors, with whom the achievements of Dr. Livingstone have made us acquainted, have more than obeyed the dying counsel of their highland ancestor. To honesty they have added godliness, and from among them has come the man of all others in this nineteenth century who will stand highest with his countrymen for the noblest human characteristics—self-denial, intrepidity, and love to God and his fellow-men. His life from early manhood has been a continual sacrifice offered up for the material and spiritual welfare of a vast people, of whose existence in the mysterious heart of the African continent modern commerce and Christian missions were previously unaware.

That he should have died on his homeward journey, after nearly a quarter of a century of successful exploration in hitherto unknown countries, is a dispensation of Providence to which we must reverently bow. His fate forms one more instance in the annals of heroic effort and self-sacrifice, where the human instrument of God's great purpose has been removed in the very hour of success, when rest and peace, and human rewards and acknowledgments, were awaiting him at the close of his stirring conflict. Though weary, worn, and broken in body, we may readily believe that his undaunted spirit remained to him at the last; and he would be thankful to

God, that to him had been given a rare opportunity of preaching the gospel of his Master to thousands of benighted heathens, who had never heard of their Redeemer. This, and the certainty that, as a result of his labours, the introduction of Christianity and peaceful commerce, and the suppression of slavery among the millions of Central Africa, would be only a question of time, would reconcile him to the laying down the burden of his life far from home and kindred, among the people he had striven so nobly to serve. Of late years, the magnitude of his contributions to our geographical knowledge has all but made us forget that he was *a Christian missionary to the heathen.* From early boyhood this was his cherished ambition, and from his own published accounts, and through Mr. Stanley, we know that he never lost an opportunity of going about his Master's work.

CHAPTER XXII.

Account of the last Illness and Death of Dr. Livingstone—Funeral Procession—Burial Service in Westminster Abbey, etc.—Letter to Mr. Gordon Bennett—An Arab Prince's Opinion of Women—Domestic Life of a Central African Harem—Polygamy and Monogamy—Tendency of Slavery—Christian Missions, etc.

THE following brief account of the last moments of Dr. Livingstone, which reached England on the 29th March, 1874, was sent by the correspondent of the "New York Herald" at Suez:—

"The Malwa (Peninsular and Oriental steamer) arrived off Suez at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, having Mr. Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright on board, with the body of Livingstone.

"The great traveller had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past, although well supplied with stores and medicines, and he seems to have had a presentiment that this attack would prove fatal.

"He rode on a donkey at first, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), in Bisa Country, when he said to his followers, 'Build me a hut to die in.' The hut was built by his men, who first of all made him a bed. It is stated that he suffered greatly, groaning night and day, On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'

"His followers did not speak to or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, however, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majwara, his servant, was present. His last entry in the diary was on April 27. He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized, he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his death these men consulted what to do, and the Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were, however, afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death; and the secretary therefore removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence to ensure privacy. Here they opened the body, and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried

inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on the tree as follows:—

'DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED ON MAY 4TH, 1873,'

and superscribed the name of the head man. The body was then preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for twelve days. Kitumbo was then informed of Livingstone's death, upon which he beat drums, fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. The Nassick boys then journeyed to Unyanyembe in about six months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone's son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a few bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon, were together there. The latter was very ill, blind, and his mind was affected. He committed suicide at Kasakera, and was buried there.

"Here Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone's clothing, papers, and instruments, accompanied the body. It may be mentioned that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala he said, 'I am going home.'

"Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, is on his way home, and has letters handed to him by Murphy from Livingstone for Stanley, which he will deliver personally only. Chumah remains at Zanzibar.

"Geographical news follow. After Stanley's departure the Doctor left Unyanyembe, rounded the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and travelled south of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, crossed it south to north, then along the east side, returning north through marshes to Ilala. All papers are sealed and addressed to the Secretary of State, in charge of Arthur Laing, a British merchant from Zanzibar. Murphy and Cameron remain behind."

Surely this is one of the most affecting stories ever told! Feeling that the marvellous physical power which had hitherto sustained him had at last given way, he turned his face homeward with feverish eagerness. But the end had come, and he knew it, and set himself to die among his followers as became a hero and a Christian. We are indebted to a daily newspaper* for suggesting how like a passage of Scripture the narrative of Jacob Wainwright, his negro follower, reads: "He rode a donkey, but subsequently was carried, and thus arrived at Ilala beyond Lake Bembe, in Bisa Country, when he said, 'Build me a hut to die in.'" The melancholy order was

* "Newcastle Daily Chronicle," March 31st.

obeyed. "The hut was built by his men, who first made him a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning day and night. On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'" And then we are told of the silent behaviour of his followers in the face of the grim enemy of man. They "did not speak to or go near him."

The language of savage tribes, when speaking under strong feeling, is frequently characterised by remarkable force and beauty; and here was a tragedy which had so moved his humble and ignorant follower, that in narrating its incidents he rises to a height of graphic simplicity.

The "Times of India" (received March 30th) publishes the following, in despatch from its correspondent at Zanzibar, dated February 11:—

"Dr Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy proceeded to Zanzibar with the remains of Dr. Livingstone, but a most melancholy misfortune happened on the way. Dr. Dillon, nearly blind and worn out with fever, commited suicide on the way down. He shot himself through the head, pulling the trigger with his toe. I reiterate my former statement, that in regard to the expedition, it is simply a march to death. They had, at the very least, a six or seven years' march before them. All the funds at their command were expended, and before six months they were short of supplies. The expedition is virtually broken up, unless Lieutenant Cameron is possessed of superhuman endurance."

There is little to add to what is already told of the last hours of the great traveller. For the last few days of his life he wished to be alone, and conversed with none but his two head men; but all his followers came to the door of his hut every morning to greet him. More than once they had to fight before they could pass on their way with the body. The donkey on which he rode at the last was killed by a lion on the way to the coast.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Malwa*, having the body, arrived in the Solent between six and seven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th April. Dr. Moffat, the famous African missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone; W. Oswell Livingstone, the second surviving son of the great traveller; Henry M. Stanley; the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and fellow-traveller of Dr. Livingstone; Mr. A. Laing, of Zanzibar; Mr. W. F. Webb of Newstead Abbey, and Mr. James Young, had been in Southampton since the preceding Saturday, for the purpose of receiving the body. Messrs. Webb and Young are the gentlemen whose names have been so happily associated with the great river the Lualaba by Dr. Livingstone, in gratitude for the many friendly services they had rendered to him, and to the great work to which he dedicated his life.

Several of the above gentlemen, accompanied by Admiral Hall, entered a tug-boat belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and steamed down the Solent to meet the *Malwa*. Getting on board, they were received

by the officers of the ship, and the eldest son of the late traveller, Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who had joined the *Malwa* at Alexandria. Jacob Wainwright, a negro follower of Dr. Livingstone, a squat little fellow, barely over five feet in height, was warmly greeted by all. He remembered Mr. Stanley, although the change in his dress and appearance puzzled him for a moment. He was rescued from slavery by Dr. Livingstone, in the valley of the Shire, on the occasion of his second visit to the countries of the Zambesi and the Shire, when a mere boy, and was left, along with several other African natives, at the Nassick School near Bombay, where he was carefully educated. When the Livingstone Search Expedition under Lieutenant Dawson was projected, towards the end of 1871, Jacob Wainwright offered to accompany it, and was at Zanzibar when the arrival of Mr. Stanley, who had successfully relieved the great traveller, rendered the expedition unnecessary. Mr. Stanley engaged him and sent him on to Dr. Livingstone along with the men and stores for which the latter was waiting at Unyanyembe. The friends of the deceased were conducted to the room where the body had lain during the voyage. "This apartment," says the correspondent of a London paper "had been draped round with Union Jacks, and the coffin covered with the Company's flag. With bared heads the deputation stood round as the chief officer unlocked the door, and then, as each peeped into what really looked like a neat little mortuary chapel, it was impossible not to feel that the gallant sailor could not have done better with the means at his disposal. . . . The short, bulky external coffin was found to be roughly made of some native wood, stained black, with a few uncouth attempts at ornamentation, though, no doubt, the best that could be done at Zanzibar. There was an inner coffin, it was said, of soldered zinc."

In the streets a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation, the friends of the deceased, the deputation of the Geographical Society, and the various public bodies in the town, accompanied the hearse containing the remains to the railway station, where a special train was waiting to convey it to London. While the procession was in progress, the church bells rang a muffled peal, and the Hants Artillery Volunteers fired minute guns from the platform battery. At Waterloo Station a hearse and three mourning carriages were waiting to convey the body and the friends of the deceased to the Geographical Society's rooms in Savile Row.

In the course of the evening the body was examined by Sir William Fergusson, who identified it as that of Dr. Livingstone from the ununited fracture on the left arm, caused by the bite of a lion thirty years ago, an account of which will be found at page 39.

On Saturday, the 18th of April, the remains of Dr. Livingstone found a resting place in Westminster Abbey—in that Valhalla of the greatest and best of England's sons, in which there is no name more worthy of the

nation's honour than that of David Livingstone—the procession and entombment of the body being witnessed by thousands of spectators.

The ceremony within the Abbey was witnessed by a vast number of people, many of whom are the leaders in science, literature, art, politics, etc. Representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, and many other parts of Scotland, were present.

The grave is situated about the centre of the west part of the nave. Through the cloisters the coffin was reverently borne at a very slow pace,

Mr. Thomas Livingstone and Mr. Oswell Livingstone bearing the foremost ends of the pall.

Dr. Moffat, Mr. Webb, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Mr. H. Waller, and the Rev. Mr. Price, and Jacob Wainwright, brought up the rear.

Following behind all was Kalulu, Mr. Stanley's boy.

The funeral service was read by Dean Stanley. The pealing of the organ, and the beautiful rendering of the musical portion of the service by the choir, added greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the service.

On the pall were placed wreaths and *immortelles*, one of which was sent by Her Majesty.

When the body was lowered into the grave, those present were permitted to see the coffin as it lay in its narrow bed. It bears the following modest inscription:—

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

19TH MARCH, 1813;

DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,

1ST MAY, 1873."

On the Sunday following the funeral, the lesson of Dr. Livingstone's life was enforced from thousands of pulpits throughout the country.

In Westminster Abbey special services were held. In the afternoon Dean Stanley preached to a crowded congregation, and alluded at some length, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to the services rendered to humanity by the great deceased.

Subsequently there was laid over the grave of Dr. Livingstone a large black marble tombstone, bearing the following inscription, in gold letters:—

Brought by faithful hands,

Over land and sea,

Here rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,

Born March 19, 1813,

At Blantyre, Lanarkshire,

Died May 1, 1873,

At Chittambo's Valley, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelise the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade

Of Central Africa,

Where, with his last words, he wrote,

"All I can do in my solitude is, May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

On the right hand edge of the stone were the two following lines:—

"Tantus amor veri—Nihil est quod moscere maum,
Quam Fluvii causas per sœcula tanta latentes."

And on the left hand edge the following text:—

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold,
They also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

The letters received from Dr. Livingstone, and published up to the time of his death, were all written in a cheerful spirit. As yet, no letter written after the shadow of death had begun to fall upon him has been given to the public. The most interesting letter is that addressed to Mr. Gordon Bennett, giving as it does so graphic an account of the daily life of a Central African family; we reproduce the bulk of it:—

"I feel that a portion at least of the sympathy in England for what simple folks called the 'Southern cause,' during the American civil war, was a lurking liking to be slaveholders themselves. One Englishman at least tried to put his theory of getting the inferior race to work for nothing into practice. He was brother to a member of Parliament for a large and rich constituency, and when his mother died she left him £2000. With this he bought a waggon and oxen at the Cape of Good Hope, and an outfit composed chiefly of papier mache snuff-boxes, each of which had a looking-glass outside and another inside the lid. These, he concluded, were the 'sinews of war.' He made his way to my mission-station, more than a thousand miles inland, and then he found that his snuff-boxes would not even buy food. On asking the reason for investing in that trash, he replied that, in reading a book of travels, he saw that the natives were fond of peering into looking-glasses, and liked snuff, and he thought that he might obtain ivory in abundance for these luxuries. I gathered from his conversation that he had even speculated on being made a chief. He said that he knew a young man who had so speculated; and I took it to be himself. We supported him for about a couple of months, but our stores were fast drawing to a close. We were then recently married, and the young housekeeper could not bear to appear inhospitable to a fellow-countryman. I relieved her by feeling an inward call to visit another tribe. 'Oh,' said our dependant, 'I shall go too.' 'You had better not,' was the reply, and no reason assigned. He civilly left some scores of his snuff-boxes, but I could never use them either. He frequently reiterated, 'People think these blacks stupid and ignorant; but, by George, they would sell any Englishman.'

"I may now give an idea of the state of supreme bliss, for the attainment of which all the atrocities of the so-called Arabs are committed in Central Africa. In conversing with a half-caste Arab prince, he advanced the opinion, which I believe is general among them, that all women were utterly and irretrievably bad. I admitted that some were no better than they should be, but the majority were unmistakably good and trustworthy. He insisted that the reason why we English allowed our wives so much liberty, was because we did not know them as Arabs did. 'No, no,' he added, 'no woman can be good—no Arab woman—no English woman can be good; all must be bad;' and then he praised his own and countrymen's wisdom and cunning in keeping their wives from ever seeing other men. A rough joke

as to making themselves turnkeys, or, like the inferior animals, bulls over herds, turned the edge of his invectives, and he ended by an invitation to his harem to show that he could be as liberal as the English. Captain S——, of H. M. S. *Corvette*, accepted the invitation also to be made everlasting friends by eating bread with the prince's imprisoned wives. The prince's mother, a stout lady of about forty-five, came first into the room where we sat with her son. When young she must have been very pretty, and she still retained many of her former good looks. She shook hands, inquired for our welfare, and to please us sat on a chair, though it would have been more agreeable for her to squat on a mat. She afterwards inquired of the captain if he knew Admiral Wyvil, who formerely, as Commodore, commanded at the Cape Station.

"It turned out that, many years before, an English ship was wrecked at the island on which she lived, and this good lady had received all the lady passengers into her house, and lodged them courteously. The Admiral had called to thank her, and gave her a written testimonial acknowledging her kindness. She now wished to write to him for old acquaintance sake, and the Captain promised to convey the letter. She did not seem to confirm her son's low opinion of women. A red cloth screen was lifted from a door in front of where we sat, and the prince's chief wife entered in gorgeous apparel. She came forward with a pretty, jaunty step, and with a pleasant smile held out a neat little sweet cake, off which we each broke a morsel and ate it. She had a fine frank address, and talked and looked just as fair as an English lady does who wishes her husband's friends to feel themselves perfectly at home. Her large, beautiful jet-black eyes, riveted the attention for some time before we could notice the adornments, on which great care had evidently been bestowed. Her head was crowned with a tall scarlet hat of nearly the same shape as that of a Jewish high-priest, or that of some of the lower ranks of Catholic clergymen. A tight-fitting red jacket, profusely decked with gold lace, reached to the waist, and allowed about a finger's breadth of the skin to appear between it and the upper edge of the skirt, which was of white Indian muslin, dotted over with tambourine spots of crimson silk. The drawers came nearly to the ankles, on which were thick silver bangles, and the feet were shod with greenish-yellow slippers, turned up at the toes, and roomy enough to make it probable she had neither corns nor bunions. Around her neck were many gold and silver chains; and she had ear-rings not only in the lobes of her ears, but others in holes made all around the rims. Gold and silver bracelets of pretty Indian workmanship decked the arms, and rings of the same material, set with precious stones, graced every finger and each thumb. A lady alone could describe the rich and rare attire, so I leave it. The only flaw in the get-up was short hair. It is so kept for the convenience of drying soon after the bath. To our northern eyes, it had

a tinge too much of the masculine. While talking with this chief lady of the harem, a second entered and performed the ceremony of breaking bread too. She was quite as gaily dressed, about eighteen years of age, of perfect form, and taller than the chief lady. Her short hair was oiled and smoothed down, and a little curl cultivated in front of each. This was pleasantly feminine. She spoke little, but her really resplendent eyes did all save talk. They were of a brownish shade, and lustrous, like the 'een o' Jeanie Deans filled wi' tears; they glanced like lamour beads'—'lamour,' *Scottice* for amber. The lectures of Mr. Hancock at Charing Cross Hospital, London, long ago, have made me look critically on eyes ever since. A third lady entered, and broke bread also. She was plain as compared with her sister houris, but the child of the chief man of those parts. Their complexion was fair brunette. The prince remarked that he had only three wives, though his rank entitled him to twelve.

"A dark slave-woman, dressed like, but less gaudily than her superior, now entered with a tray and tumblers of sweet sherbet. Having drunk thereof, flowers were presented, and then betel-nut for chewing. The head lady wrapped up enough for a quid in a leaf, and handed it to each of us, and to please her we chewed a little. It is slightly bitter and astringent, and like a kola-nut of West Africa, and was probably introduced as a tonic and preventative of fever. The lady superior mixed lime with her own and sister's—good large quids. This made the saliva flow freely, and it being of a brick red colour, stained their pretty teeth and lips, and by no means improved their looks. It was the fashion, and to them nothing uncomely, when they squirted the red saliva quite artistically all over the floor. On asking the reason why the mother took no lime in her quid, and kept her teeth quite clean, she replied that the reason was, she had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca and was a Hajee. The whole scene of the visit was like a gorgeous picture. The ladies had tried to please us, and were thoroughly successful. We were delighted with a sight of the life in a harem; but whether from want of wit, wisdom, or something else, I should still vote for the one-wife system, having tried it for some eighteen years. I would not exchange a monogamic harem, with some merry, laughing, noisy children, for any polygamous gathering in Africa or the world. It scarcely belongs to the picture, which I have attempted to draw as favourably as possible, in order to show the supreme good for the sake of the possible attainment of which the half-caste Arabs perpetrate all the atrocities of the slave-trade; but a short time after this visit, the prince fled on board our steamer for protection from creditors. He was misled by one calling himself Colonel Aboo, who went about the world saying he was a persecuted Christian. He had no more Christianity in him than a door nail. At a spot some eighty miles south-west of the south end of Tanganyika, stands the stockaded village of the chief Chitimbwa. A war had

commenced between a party of Arabs numbering six hundred guns and the chief of the district situated west of Chitimbwa, while I was at the south end of the lake.

"The Arabs hearing that an Englishman was in the country, naturally inquired were he was, and the natives, fearing that mischief was intended, denied positively that they had ever seen him. They then strongly advised me to take refuge on an inhabited island; but, not explaining their reasons, I am sorry to think that I suspected them of a design to make me a prisoner, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes, the island being a mile from the land. They afterwards told me how nicely they had cheated the Arabs, and saved me from harm. The end of the lake is in a deep cup-shaped cavity, with sides running sheer down at some parts two thousand feet into the water. The rocks, of red clay schist, crop out among the sylvan vegetation, and here and there pretty cascades leap down the precipices, forming a landscape of surpassing beauty. Herds of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, enliven the scene, and with the stockaded villages embowered in palms along the shores of the peaceful water, realize the idea of Xenophon's Paradise. When about to leave the village of Mbette, or Pambette, down there, and climb up the steep path by which we had descended, the wife of the chief came forward, and said to her husband and the crowd looking at us packing up our things, 'Why do you allow this man to go away? He will certainly fall into the hands of the Mazitu [here called Batuba], and you know it, and are silent.' On inquiry, it appeared certain these marauders were then actually plundering the villages up above the precipices at the foot of which we sat. We waited six days, and the villagers kept watch on an ant-hill outside the stockade, all the time looking up for the enemy. When we did at last ascend, we saw the well-known lines of march of the Mazitu—straight as arrows through the country, without any regard to the native paths; their object was simply plunder, for in this case there was no bloodshed. We found that the really benevolent lady had possessed accurate information. On going thence round the end of the lake, we came to the village of Karambo, at the confluence of a large river, and the head man refused us a passage across; 'because,' said he, 'the Arabs have been fighting with the people west of us; and two of their people have since been killed, though only in search of ivory. You wish to go round by the west of the lake, and the people may suppose that you are Arabs; and I dare not allow you to run the risk of being killed by mistake.' On seeming to disbelieve, Karamba drew his finger across his throat, and said, 'If at any time you discover that I have spoken falsely, I give you leave to cut my throat.' That same afternoon two Arab slaves came to the village in search of ivory, and confirmed every word Karamba had spoken.

"Having previously been much plagued by fever, and without a particle

of medicine, it may have been the irritability produced by that disease that made me so absurdly pig-headed in doubting the intentions of my really kind benefactors three several times. The same cause may be in operation, when modern travellers are unable to say a civil word about the natives; or if it must be admitted, for instance, that savages will seldom deceive you if placed on their honour, why must we turn up the whites of our eyes, and say it is an instance of the anomalous character of the Africans? Being heaps of anomalies ourselves, it would be just as easy to say that it is interesting to find other people like us. The tone which we modern travellers use is that of infinite superiority, and it is utterly nauseous to see at every step our great and noble elevation cropping out in low cunning. Unable to go north-west, we turned off to go due south one hundred and fifty miles or so; then proceeded west till past the disturbed district, and again resumed our northing. But on going some sixty miles we heard that the Arab camp was twenty miles farther south, and we went to hear the news. The reception was extremely kind, for the party consisted of gentlemen from Zanzibar, and of a very different stamp from the murderers we afterwards saw at Manyema. They were afraid that the chief with whom they had been fighting might flee southwards, and that in going that way I might fall into his hands. Being now recovered, I could readily believe them; and they, being eager ivory traders, as readily believed me when I asserted that a continuance of hostilities meant shutting up the ivory market. No one would like to sell if he stood a chance of being shot. Peace, therefore, was to be made; but the process of 'mixing blood,' forming a matrimonial alliance with the chief's daughter, etc., required three and a half months, and during long intervals of that time I remained at Chitimbwa's. The stockade was situated by a rivulet, and had a dense grove of high, damp-loving trees round a spring on one side, and open country, pretty well cultivated, on the other. It was cold, and over four thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, with a good deal of forest land and ranges of hills in the distance. The Arabs were on the west side of the stockade, and one of Chitimbwa's wives at once vacated her house on the east side for my convenience.

"Chitimbwa was an elderly man, with grey hair and beard, of quiet self-possessed manners. He had five wives; and my hut being one of the circle which their houses formed, I often sat reading or writing outside, and had a good opportunity of seeing the domestic life in this Central African harem, without appearing to be prying. The chief wife, the mother of Chitimbwa's son and heir, was somewhat aged, but exercised her matronly authority over the whole of the establishment. The rest were young, with fine shapes, pleasant countenances, and nothing of the West Coast African about them. Three of them had each a child, making, with the eldest son, a family of four children to Chitimbwa. The matron seemed to reverence her

husband; for when she saw him approaching, she invariably went out of the way, and knelt down till he had passed. It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows:—Between three and four o'clock in the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Some Psange smoker lights his pipe and makes the place ring with his nasty screaming, stridulous coughing. Then the cock begins to crow (about 4 A. M.), and the women call to each other to make ready to march.

"They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be efficacious. The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black loamy soil near the banks of rivulets. This they prefer for maize and dura (*holcus sorghum*), while for a small species of millet, called mileza, they select a patch in the forest, which they manure by burning the branches of trees. The distance which the good wives willingly go to get the soil best adapted for different plants makes their arrival just about dawn. Fire has been brought home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground. All the bushes also fall to his share, and all the branches of tall trees too hard to be cut down are filed round the root, to be fired when dry. He must also cut branches to make a low fence round the plantation, for few wild beasts like to cross over anything having the appearance of human workmanship. The wart hog having a great weakness for ground-nuts, otherwise called pig-nuts (*Arachis hypogœa*), must be circumvented by a series of pitfalls, or a deep ditch, and earthen dyke all round the nut plot. The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seemed to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land he may cultivate; the more they plant, the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost exclusively on the women, and the males are represented as atrociously cruel to them. It was not so here; nor is it

so in Central Africa generally. Indeed, the women have often decidedly the upper hand. The clearances by law and custom were the work of the men; the weeding was the work of the whole family, and so was the reaping. The little girls were nursing baby under the shade of a watch-house perched on the tops of a number of stakes about twelve feet or fourteen feet high; and to this the family adjourn when the dura is in ear, to scare away birds by day, and antelopes by night.

"About 11 A.M. the sun becomes too hot for comfortable work, and all come under the shade of the lofty watch-tower, or a tree left for the purpose. Mamma serves out the pottage, now thoroughly cooked, by placing a portion in each pair of hands. It is bad manners here to receive any gift with but one hand. They eat it with keen appetites, and with so much relish, that for ever afterwards they think that to eat with the hand is far nicer than with a spoon. Mamma takes and nurses baby while she eats her own share. Baby seems a general favourite, and is not exhibited till he is quite a ball of fat. Every one then takes off beads to ornament him. He is not born with a spoon in his mouth, and one may see poor mothers who have no milk mix a little flour and water in the palm of the hand, and the sisters look on with intense interest to see the little stranger making a milk-bottle of the side of the mother's hand, the crease therein just allowing enough to pass down. They are wide-awake little creatures, and I thought that my own little ones imbibed a good deal of this quality. I never saw such unwearied energy as they display the live-long day, and that, too, in the hot season. The meal over, the wife, and perhaps daughter, goes a little way into the forest and collects a bundle of dry wood, and with the baby slung on her back in a way that suggests the flattening of the noses of many Africans. Placing the wood on her head, and the boy carrying her hoe, the party wends home. Each wife has her own granary in which the produce of the garden is stowed. It is of the beehive shape of the huts; the walls are about twelve feet high, and it is built on a stage about eighteen inches from the ground. It is about five feet in diameter, and roofed with wood and grass. The door is near the roof; and a ladder, made by notches cut in a tree, enables the owner to climb into it. The first thing the good wife does on coming home is to get the ladder, climb up, and bring down millet or dura grain sufficient for her family. She spreads it in the sun; and while this is drying or made crisp, occurs the only idle time I have seen in the day's employment. Some rested, others dressed their husband's or neighbour's hair, others strung beads. I should have liked to see them take life more easily, for it is as pleasant to see the negro reclining under his palm as it is to look at the white man lolling on his ottoman. But the great matter is, they enjoy their labour, and the children enjoy life as human beings ought, and have not the sap of life squeezed out of them by their parents, as is the case with nailers, glass-

blowers, stockingers, fustian-cutters, brick-makers, etc., in England. At other periods of the year, when harvest is home, they enjoy more leisure and jollification with their native beer called 'pombe.' But in no case of free people, living in their own free land under their own free laws, are they like what slaves become.

"When the grain is dry, it is pounded in a large wooden mortar. To separate the scales from the seed, a dexterous toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted out, and then the dust is tossed out by another peculiar up-and-down half-horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied, and at each stroke the flour is shoved off the farther end of the nether millstone, and the flour is finished. They have meat but seldom, and make relishes from the porridge into which the flour is cooked, of the leaves of certain wild and cultivated plants; or they roast some ground nuts, grind them fine, and make a curry. They seem to know that oily matter, such as the nuts contain, is requisite to modify their otherwise farinaceous food, and some even grind a handful of castor-oil nuts with the grain for the same purpose. The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep. They have considerable skill in agriculture, and great shrewdness in selecting the sorts proper for different kinds of produce. When Bishop Mackenzie witnessed their operations in the field, he said to me,'When I was in England and spoke in public meetings about our mission, I mentioned that I meant to teach them agriculture; but now I see that the Africans know a great deal more than I do.' One of his associates, desiring to benefit the people to whom he was going, took lessons in basket-making before he left England; but the specimens of native workmanship he met with everywhere led him to conclude that he had better say nothing about his acquisition—in fact, he could 'not hold a candle to them.' The foregoing is a fair example of the every-day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa . It as truly represents surface life in African villages as the other case does the surface condition in an Arab harem. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more towards the east coast, who have been much visited by Arab slaves, are said to be in a state of chronic warfare, the men always ready to rob and plunder, and the women scarcely ever cultivating enough of food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slavery tends. Captain Speke revealed a state of savagism and brutality in Uganda of which I have no experience. The murdering by wholesale of the chief Mteza, or Mtesa, would not be tolerated among the tribes I have visited. The slaughter of headmen's daughters would elsewhere than in Uganda

ensure speedy assassination. I have no reason to suppose that Speke was mistaken in his statements as to the numbers of women led away to execution —two hundred Baganda. People now here assert that many were led away to become field labourers; and one seen by Grant with her hoe on her head seems to countenance the idea. But their statements are of small account as compared with these of Speke and Grant, for they now all know that cold-blooded murder, like that of Mteza, is detested by all the civilised world, and they naturally wish to smooth the matter over.

"The remedy open to all other tribes in Central Africa is desertion. The tyrant soon finds himself powerless. His people have quietly removed to other chiefs, and never return. The tribes subjected by the Makololo had hard times of it, but nothing like the butchery of Mteza. A large body went off to the north. Another sent to Tete refused to return; and seventeen, sent with me to the Shire for medicine for the chief, did the same thing. When the chief died, the tribes broke up and scattered. Mteza seems to be an un-whipped fool. We all know rich men who would have been much better fellows if they had ever got bloody noses and sound thrashings at school The two hundred of his people here have been detained many months, and have become thoroughly used to the country, but none of them wish to remain. The apparent willingness to be trampled in the dust by Mteza is surprising. The whole of my experience in Central Africa says that the negroes not yet spoiled by contact with the slave-trade are distinguished for friendliness and good sound sense. Some can be guilty of great wickedness and seem to think little about it. Others perform actions as unmistakably good with no self-complacency; and if one catalogued all the other good deeds or all the bad ones he came across, he might think the men extremely good or extremely bad, instead of calling them, like ourselves, curious compounds of good and evil. In one point they are remarkable—they are honest, even among the cannibal Manyema. A slave-trader at Bambarre and I had to send our goats and fowls up to the Manyema villages, to prevent their being all stolen by my friend's own slaves. Another wide-spread trait of character is a trusting disposition. The Central African tribes are the antipodes of some of the North American Indians, and very unlike many of their own countrymen, who have come into contact with Mahomedans and Portuguese and Dutch Christians. They at once perceive the superiority of the strangers in power of mischief and readily listen to and ponder over friendly advice.

"After the cruel massacre of Nyangwe, which I unfortunately witnessed, the fourteen chiefs whose villages had been destroyed, and many of their people killed, fled to my house, and begged me to make peace for them. The Arabs then came over to their side of the great river Lualaba, dividing their country anew, and pointing out where each should build a new village and other plantations. The peace was easily made, for the Arabs had no excuse

for their senseless murders, and each blamed the other for the guilt. Both parties pressed me to remain at the peacemaking ceremonies; and had I not known the African trusting disposition, I might have set down the native appeal to great personal influence. All I had in my favour was common decency and fairness of behaviour, and perhaps a little credit for goodness awarded by the Zanzibar slaves. The Manyema could easily see the Arab religion was disjoined from morality. Their immorality, in fact, has always proved an effectual barrier to the spread of Islamism in Eastern Africa. It is a sad pity that our good 'Bishop of Central Africa,' albeit ordained in Westminster Abbey, preferred the advice of a colonel in the army to remain at Zanzibar, rather than proceed into his diocese and take advantage of the friendliness of the still unspoiled interior tribes to spread our faith. The Catholic missionaries lately sent from England to Maryland to convert the negroes might have obtained the advice of half a dozen army colonels to remain at New York, or even at London; but the answer, if they have any Irish blood in them, might have been, 'Take your advice and yourselves off to the battle of Dorking; we will fight our own fight.' The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore told these brethren that they would get 'chills and fever;' but he did not add, 'When you do get the shivers, then take to your heels, my hearties.' When any of the missionaries at Zanzibar get 'chills and fever,' they have a nice pleasure trip in a man-of-war to the Seychelles Islands. The good men deserve it of course, and no one grudges to save their precious lives. But human nature is frail! Zanzibar is much more unhealthy than the mainland; and the Government, by placing men-of-war at the disposal of these brethren, though meaning to help them in their work, virtually aids them to keep out of it.

"Some eight years have rolled on, and good Christian people have contributed the money annually for Central Africa, and the 'Central African Diocese' is occupied only by the lord of all evil. It is with a sore heart I say it, but recent events have shown to those who have so long been playing at being missionaries, and peeping across from the sickly Island to their diocese on the mainland with telescopes, that their time might have been turned to far better account. About 1868 there were twelve congregation of natives Christians at the capital of Madagascar. These were the results of the labours of independent missionaries. For some fifty years, the Malagasy Christians showed their faith to be genuine by enduring the most bitter persecutions; and scores, if not hundreds, submitted to cruel public executions rather than deny the blessed Saviour. The first missionaries had to leave the island; but the converts, having the Bible in their own tongue, continued to meet and worship and increase in secret, though certain death was the penalty on discovery. A change in the Government allowed the return of the missionaries, and a personal entreaty of Queen Victoria to the successor of the

old persecuting Queen of Madagascar obtained freedom of worship for the Christians, and peace and joy prevailed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts thereafter sent some missionaries to Tamatave, which may be called the chief seaport for the capital, where many heathen lived, and the energetic Cape Bishop slyly said that they were not to interfere with churches already formed; but the good pious man at once sent the touching cry back to London, 'Let us go up to the capital.' Sheer want of charity makes me conjecture, that if we had twelve native churches at Unyanyembe, or Ujiji, or the Tanganyika, the 'Bishop of Central Africa' would eight years ago have been in here like a shot, and no colonel's advice, however foolish, would have prevented him. It is not to be supposed that the managers of the Society named felt that they were guilty of unchristian meanness in introducing themselves into other men's labours, while tens of millions of wholly untaught heathen were usually within their reach. A similar instance occurred at Honolulu a few years ago. Mr. Ellis, the venerable apostle of the Malagasy, was working at Honolulu towards the beginning of this century, when some American Presbyterian missionaries appeared searching for a sphere of labour. Mr. Ellis at once gave up his dwelling, church, school, and printing press to them, and went to work elsewhere. Americans have laboured most devotedly and successfully in Owyhee, as Captain Cook called it, and by them education and Christianity were diffused over the whole Sandwich group; but it lately appeared that the converted islanders wanted an Episcopalian bishop, and a bishop they got, who, in sheer lack of good breeding, went about Honolulu with a great paper cap on his head, ignoring his American brethren, whose success showed them to be of the true apostolic stamp, and declaring that he was the only true bishop.

"Of all mortal men, missionaries and missionary bishops ought manifestly to be true gentlemen; and it does feel uncomfortably strange to see our dearly-beloved brethren entering into their neighbours' folds, built up by the toil of half a century, and being guilty of conduct through mere non-consideration that has an affinity to sheep-stealing. It may seem harsh to say so; but sitting up here in Unyanyembe in wearisome waiting for Mr. Stanley to send men from the coast, two full months' march or five hundred miles distant, and all Central Africa behind me, the thought will rise up that the Church of England and Universities have, in intention at least, provided the gospel for the perishing population, and why does it not come? Then, again, the scene rises up of undoubtedly good men descending to draw away stray sheep from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, at Tananorivo, the capital of Madagascar, rather than preach to the Bamabake heathen, or to the thousands of Malagasy in Bembatook Bay, who, though Sakalavas, are quite as friendly and politically one with Thovas at the seat of Government. And then the unseemly spectacle at Honolulu. It is a pro-

ceeding of the same nature as that in Madagascar, but each process has something in its favour. 'The native Christians wanted a bishop.' Well, all who know natives understand exactly what that means, if we want to cavil. 'An intelligent Zulu' soon comes to the front. I overheard an intelligent, educated negro aver that the Bible was wrong, because an elephant was stronger than a lion, and the Bible says, 'What is sweeter than honey? what is stronger than a lion?' But I did not wish to attack the precious old documents, the 'Scriptures of truth,' and his intelligence, such as it was, shall remain unsung. The excellent bishops of the Church of England, who all take an interest in the 'Central African Mission,' will, in their kind and gracious way, make every possible allowance for the degeneracy of the noble effort of the Universities into a mere chaplaincy of the Zanzibar Consulate. One of them even defended a *lapsus* which no one else dared to face; but whatever in their kindheartedness they may say, every man of them would rejoice to hear that the Central African had gone into Central Africa. If I must address those who hold back, I should say: Come on, brethren; you have no idea how brave you are till you try. The real brethren who are waiting for you have many faults, but also much that you can esteem and love. The Arabs never saw mothers selling their offspring, nor have I, though one author made a broad statement to that effect, as a nice setting to a nice little story about 'A Mother Bear.' He may have seen an infant sold who had the misfortune to cut its upper teeth before the lower, because it was called unlucky, and likely to bring death into the family. We have had foundlings among us, but that does not mean that English mothers are no better than she-bears. If you go into other men's labours, you need not tell at home who reared the converts you have secured; but you will feel awfully uncomfortable, even in heaven, till you have made abject apologies to your brethren who, like yourselves, are heavenward bound.

"Having now been some six years out of the world, and most of my friends having apparently determined by their silence to impress me with the truth of the adage, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' the dark scenes of the slave-trade had a most distressing and depressing influence. The power of the Prince of Darkness seemed enormous. It was only with a heavy heart I said, 'Thy kingdom come!' In one point of view, the evils that brood over this beautiful country are insuperable. When I dropped among the Makololo and others in the central region, I saw a fair prospect of the regeneration of Africa. More could have been done in the Makololo country than was done by St. Patrick in Ireland; but I did not know that I was surrounded by the Portuguese slave-trade, a blight like a curse from heaven, that proved a barrier to all improvement. Now I am not so hopeful. I don't know how the wrong will become right, but the great and loving Father of all knows, and He will do it according to His infinite wisdom."

No better illustration of how the great and loving Father rectifies all that is wrong, and satisfies the yearning desires of His people, as from many a heart, and from many a home, as well as from the Church militant, there goes forth the cry, "Thy kingdom come!" than that which is afforded in the results of the Madagascar Mission, to which Dr. Livingstone refers—results which have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the followers of Christ throughout the world, and given an impetus to the work of the Christian Church, which is bearing blessed fruit, not only in the widespread revival of religion, but more especially in the voluntary consecration of many hundreds of the most promising young men of our Churches to the work of Christian Missions among the heathen. A recent writer gives the following account of the Church in Madagascar, showing very clearly that not only does God make "the wrath of men to praise him," but that however intense the moral darkness which may prevail in any land, the light of the Gospel of the grace of God is sufficient to dispel it:—

"Upwards of half a century ago Christianity was introduced into Madagascar by the London Missionary Society. The missionaries found the people sunk in idolatry, without a written language, and without a literature. They taught the Malagasy men and women the truths of the Gospel, reduced their language to writing, instructed some thousands of their children to read, and gave them the Scriptures in their own tongue. A few consistent converts to the Christian faith were formed into little churches; and in addition to the Word of God, they were provided with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"In these circumstances a frightful persecution, instigated by a fanatical and wolfish Queen, was directed against the poor Christian people. The missionaries were expelled. Persecution raged from 1835 to 1857. The profession of Christianity was treated as a capital offence, and a multitude which no man has ever yet numbered were put to death in the most cruel manner for their adherence to the truth. The Church of Madagascar seemed to those at a distance to disappear from the earth; but not a few succeeded in concealing themselves and their Bibles from their cruel foes. It is now ascertained that about seventy copies of the Scriptures were preserved; and these sacred deposits, carefully guarded, became fountains of comfort and life to the persecuted but faithful remnant. In this way the Church of Madagascar not only survived the persecution, which lasted about a quarter of a century, but, in spite of persecution, gained in numbers and in spiritual strength.

"The figures which represented roughly the supposed state of matters about eighteen months ago were such as the following:—

European missionaries	30	Adherents	28,000
Ordained native missionaries	50	Schools	570
Christian workers	3,000	Scholars	25,000
Church members	67,000	Contributions	£2,000

"The Rev. Dr. Joseph Mullens has just returned from an official visit to Madagascar. In company with the Rev. J. Pillans, he went forth in name of the London Missionary Society, of which he is the Secretary, to explore the island, and to return with such an account of the state of the people as his observation would enable him to give. The deputies explored the island, went to its capital, visited its villages, crossed some of its solitudes, sailed down some of its rivers, penetrated where no European was residing, and into some places where a European face has scarcely ever been seen; and everywhere they found little churches and Christian pastors, the most of whom are natives. They found Bible-reading as well as preaching; they found psalm and hymn singing; they found children learning to read and learning to sing. In some cases they penetrated into remote regions, where native churches, under the pastorate of native teachers, had never been visited by an English missionary. They visited, for example, Mojanga, a place on the coast where Sir Bartle Frere, when passing through those seas on his noble anti-slavery cruise, landed and found (where but a little time before only savage islanders could have been seen) Christian society, a Christian church, and Christian worship. He found them observing the Sabbath and public Christian worship, and partaking of the Lord's supper, with a decorum and propriety like what might have been seen in an evangelical church in London or in Edinburgh.

"Mr. Pillans says: Sir Bartle Frere has told you something of the two churches in Mojanga, and of their young pastor. He fully deserves the honourable mention Sir Bartle makes of him. He is a true man, a diligent teacher, and most careful of the purity of the churches. The attendance—the *ordinary* attendance—in one of the churches is about three hundred, in the other two hundred and thirty. There are fifty-six members in the two. They unite in the communion. They have six preachers and six deacons. There are sixty children in the school, of whom thirty can read well. About thirty adults can read. Six or seven Sakalavas attend worship: one was a member for a time, but went astray. In receiving members they follow the rule at the capital, of two months' probation; then the case comes before the whole church. In a similar way, if a member goes astray, he is visited and counsel given him; if unrepentant, he is dealt with by the whole church. Rakotovao, the pastor at Mojanga, told us that he had occasion to visit all the twelve churches in the district in 1871, and he found schools in them all.

"Speaking of another district, Mr. Pillans observes: We came to a line of country near the coast, where there were large towns and some exceedingly interesting churches. One of these towns, Trabonjy, is about five or six miles from the junction of the Ikiopa and the Betsiboka rivers. We went in the evening to the chapel—a large building, capable of holding one thousand two hundred or one thousand five hundred persons. The people began to flock in, and a short time afterwards the governor came in. After

shaking hands with myself and Dr. Mullens, he said, 'Let us pray,' and offered thanksgiving to God for having brought us there, saying that it was not by our guidance we came, but by God's good guidance. Next morning the governor, the pastor, and a great many elderly matrons, came and asked some of us to stay, as they wanted to hear a missionary. The governor said that every evening he had worship in his house, and the people outside were invited to come in. Here there is no Christian missionary. All this is the outcome of the spontaneous action of the people, who are constantly pleading for some one to guide them.

"Mangasoavina is the name of a town which is situated in a district separated from any other dense population by a desert region, which it took two days to cross. It is situated in a thickly-peopled 'basin,' with a terraced amphitheatre all around, along whose sides irrigating streams are conducted, which render the scene populous, rich, and verdant. In this town (says Mr. Pillans), they told us that twenty could read, and many more knew their letters. Sixteen were baptized, and formed the church in the place. There were two pastors. They have one service on the Sabbath, at which about one hundred and fifty attend. They have three Bibles, many testaments and lessons-books, slates, etc. We wanted to learn what kind of teaching the people received, and inquired what the pastors taught.

" 'To do no evil,' they said, 'and to love one another.'

" 'But what did they teach about Christ?'

" 'To observe his laws.'

" 'But what did they teach about Christ Himself?'

" 'That he was a substitute for the guilty.'

"Inquired what they taught about the Holy Spirit, but did not get any answer; one said it was a difficult subject.

"They had many questions to ask about the Bible and particular texts, some of which reminded us of questions which have largely exercised both the learned and the unlearned at home. Who was Melchizedek? Who wrote the Epistle of the Hebrews? Why did Christ call Himself 'the Son of man?'

"The wife of one of the pastors, a daughter of the governor, took a leading part in this conversation. She seemed a very intelligent woman, and an eager inquirer.

"These facts give a wonderful evidence that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. It is very true that there have been very remarkable circumstances connected with the recent expansion of the Church in Madagascar. The supreme power in the State, the Queen and her husband, the prime minister, have been on the side of Christianity; but if this circumstance be cited as largely accounting for the multitude of adherents, we have two

answers for those who put it forth, if they do so in the spirit in which Gibbon set in array his list of secondary causes, as if to exclude the great First Cause.

"In the first place, the Christianity of Madagascar stood the test of persecution to the death, and came out of the ordeal more than a conqueror; and having asserted its spiritual power under a Queen who was a fanatical persecutor, it is the less likely to sink into weakness under a Queen that is acting as the mother of her people, and whose personal example is tender and womanly as well as Christian.

"But, secondly, there is no proof that any undue interference with the freedom of the Church has been attempted by the Queen in her official or in her private character. She attended large assemblies when the deputation was in the island—as, for example, on the 9th of October last year, when she appeared on the platform at a meeting, where, after a good hour's singing of psalms and hymns, the assemblage of men on the one side and women on the other, amounting in number to fifteen thousand, were addressed by different native ministers.

"The Church has thus been spreading *spontaneously*. In the district of Sihanaka, for example, where five years ago an English missionary had gone, but was not able to continue, a church had been formed, and a large place of worship was filled from Sabbath to Sabbath; the native minister had, as a young man, learned by stealth the proscribed art of reading, by scanning the backs and the contents of letters sent to his master, a military commander. This lad afterwards became a Christian. By his force of character he was promoted to be a judge, and when a church was formed, within the last five years, he was appointed as its pastor. Since that time this church has sent out several teachers to the neighbouring villages, and many of the grown-up people have learned to read. The Word has thus grown mightily and prevailed, in a district where it was unknown a few years ago, and where there is a population of forty thousand souls.

"Thus over Madagascar the word of God is quickly spreading; soon it will be said of the island, as it now can be said of the larger portion of it, that 'the idols are utterly abolished.' There is a growing multitude of devout worshippers. The people are willing to help each other in spiritual things. Workers *there* are volunteers—some of the best preachers being of this class—men in the civil and military service of the Government; the Government itself keeping clear of the snare of mixing up things civil and sacred.

"It is calculated that a quarter of a million of people have already been outwardly gathered under the Christian standard. But as Dr. Mullens, who tells the story of Madagascar with thrilling effect, has said, reduce this number as you please, bring down the sixty thousand nominal members to twenty or twenty-five thousand men and women who know Christ—these scattered

through a thousand congregations spread over the land, present a result unexampled in modern times, perhaps unprecedented in the history of the Church."

The following is the reply sent by the Queen and Prime Minister of Madagascar to the address from the Directors of the London Missionary Society, presented by the Revs. Dr. Mullens and J. Pillans:—

"TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"GENTLEMEN—Our good friends, the Rev. Dr. Mullens, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. J. Pillans, one of the Directors, and his lady, have reached Madagascar in safety; and whilst we were in Fianarantsoa, had an opportunity of joining with Her Majesty and myself in public worship at the camp.

"On our return to the capital, they had again an audience of Her Majesty and myself in the palace, and on that occasion they presented your address, dated London, June 30, 1873, together with the various presents sent by your Society to Her Majesty and myself.

"The address has been carefully perused, and its contents duly noted by Her Majesty, and I am authorised by her to answer it.

"I have to inform you that, through the blessing of the Divine Being, Her Majesty the Queen, myself, and all the members of the Government, are well. The kingdom enjoys peace; but more than that, Her Majesty is happy to tell you, that, by the power of the Most High and the mercy of Jesus Christ our Saviour, according to the saying, 'The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord,' God has shown mercy to our Sovereign, and has enlightened her to know Jesus Christ, and has endowed her with strength, so that from the time when she began to receive the Gospel, she has led and encouraged her subjects to serve God and pray to Him through Jesus Christ, and to be dilligent in using all opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge. She has also done her best to help the missionaries of your Society, so that, during the reign of Her Majesty Ranavalomanjaka, the kingdom of Christ has made great progress in Madagascar, and the number of believers has increased more than during any period, notwithstanding the way in which the missionaries for many years contended with difficulties, and exerted themselves to the utmost. But still the Queen continues to pray God that His kingdom may advance until the joyful words shall be fulfilled which say, 'They shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

"Her Majesty the Queen thanks you, the Directors, and all the constituents of the Society, because she knows your ardent desire to benefit her kingdom by your sending missionaries and teachers to preach and teach the gospel and other useful knowledge, from the reign of His Majesty Radama I.

to the present time. Her Majesty therefore wishes me to assure you that the missionaries and teachers sent by you to labour in Madagascar shall continue to enjoy her protection, and be allowed full liberty to preach the Gospel, and to impart useful knowledge, in accordance with the laws of the kingdom.

"Our friends, the Rev. Dr. Mullens, and the Rev. J. Pillans, have been allowed perfect liberty to travel wherever they have pleased to visit the churches of Madagascar; they have had full opportunities of making their own observations, and will be able to bring you a reliable report of the state of things here. May God protect them to reach you in safety! What they have done here has been good, and has given us much pleasure. They are worthy men, and well fitted to act as the representatives of you, our friends, across the seas. We are especially pleased with their words, saying—'We do not trade nor desire to gain anything for ourselves, but only that the people may know Jesus Christ.' These are indeed very good words, for they show both the excellence of your views, and also what will be sought by your good brethren the missionaries in Madagascar.

"Her Majesty thanks you very much for you kind message, and the good wishes for the prosperity of her kingdom; and she prays God that they may be fulfilled. She also thanks you for the presents you sent her, and accepts them as a mark of your friendly feeling towards her.

"And I, too, thank you very much for the nice presents you sent to me.

"Her Majesty also desires me to thank you for the very kind care you have taken of Rapenoelina, for he was sent by her Government that he might obtain a good English education. What you have done for him has given Her Majesty great satisfaction, as his progress is already manifest from his letters to me. Her Majesty will be pleased if you convey to Rapenoelina's teacher the thanks of herself and her Government, for his instruction and kind care has given her very much pleasure.

"May the Almighty God bless you in your useful labours for the evangelising of mankind, and may He give to the people earnest hearts to help you to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ among all nations.

"That, dear friends, is the wish of Her Majesty, the Queen of Madagascar, and myself for you all.

"I am, Gentlemen,
"In the name of Her Majesty the Queen of Madagascar,
"Your Sincere Friend,
"RAINILAIARIVONY,
"Prime Minister.

"Given at the Court of Her Majesty, the Queen of Madagascar, at Antananarivo, this 18th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1874."

The Rev. Hugh Goldie, in a series of interesting papers which have appeared in the "Missionary Record" of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, very graphically describes the Calabar of the Past and the Calabar of the Present. It is impossible to peruse the following narration of the circumstances under which a few devoted men consecrated themselves to the work of an African mission, without being solemnly impressed with the wonderful overruling Providence of God in making the very curse of Africa—the slave-trade—to operate in its redemption from a worse than Egyptian bondage. That the fatherland of those emancipated slaves whom the missionaries had gathered into their congregations, should have engaged the attention of themselves and their people, is creditable alike to the men and to the cause which they had espoused. The success which has attended their efforts, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, is full of encouragement as to the future of the whole Continent of Africa. Mr. Goldie says:—

"In entering upon the consideration of the Calabar of the Present, my thoughts naturally go back to Jamaica, the gem of the Caribbean Sea, where I commenced my work in the mission field, and where memory delights to dwell amongst the scenes and people, then all so novel to me and full of interest. From our Jamaica mission, the most successful of our foreign enterprises, the Calabar mission sprang, and its offshoot showed its vitality. Buxton's book on the African slave-trade, and the Great Niger expedition, created much interest amongst the religious community of Britian on behalf of the intertropical negro tribes, which had for ages been the victims of this traffic. The Act of Emancipation having by this time set free the slaves of our West Indian colonies, the brethren who then occupied our Jamaica mission took earnest counsel together, consulting whether something might be attempted by them on behalf of the fatherland of those whom they had gathered into their congregations, and who might, to a considerable extent, supply an agency for any such enterprise. All devoted themselves before God to an African mission, should it be undertaken; and it being resolved on, Mr. H. M. Waddell was appointed by his brethren to lead the enterprise. He set sail for Scotland, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley, sen., and three natives of Jamaica, to lay the cause before the Church at home, and solicit its support. The mission was warmly taken up in Scotland, and a great interest excited even beyond our denominational connection. All were ready to bid it God speed.

"In seeking a location on the African coast, through the agency of the late Dr. Fergusson, Liverpool, who, so long as he was able, freely spent himself in its service, it was guided into the region watered by the Calabar river. The chiefs of that part of the continent had then entered into treaty with our Government to abandon the slave-trade, and, through the hands of a countryman trading to their river, they sent us an invitation to go amongst

them. We thus entered as friends; no such calamity as that of the late Ashantee war opened the way for us; and, going on their own invitation, we could ask them to give ear to the message of divine truth which we brought to them.

"The mission embarked in a small vessel, the *Warree*, kindly supplied by a Liverpool merchant, and, after a tedious and stormy voyage, entered the Calabar river in the beginning of 1846. Mr. Jameson followed a few months after, and Mr. Waddell, after locating Mr. Edgerley and the native agents, having come across in the *Warree* to Jamaica, to give an account to his constituents of his procedure and how he had sped, I accompanied him on his return, to take part in the work of the African mission.

"On entering into the African wilderness, it was found necessary to clear the bush and build houses; for though our countrymen had been trading with the natives for centuries, the traffic had hitherto been the slave-trade, which, so far from doing anything to elevate them, was a terrible power, necessarily sinking them into utter barbarism. Land was given us at our choice on which to build, to be ours so long as we occupied it, but they declined to give us absolute property in it. They could not sell their country, they said; nor amongst themselves do they know anything of absolute individual property in the soil. It belongs to the community; each town has its part of it, and each family has its share of that which belongs to their town, which the members of the family hold so long as they occupy it. By this tenure all land is held.

"In clearing the bush off the site chosen, it was found to be a receptacle of dead bodies, thrown out unburried, as the custom was; so that an application had to be made to King Eyamba, who then held power, to prohibit the practice so far as the mission ground was concerned. Ere long, houses were erected at Duke Town and Creek Town, the principal seats of population, and, through course of time, at Old Town, Ikunetu, and Ikorofiong, thus forming five principal stations. With these are now associated a number of out-stations, supplied by native agents, the two last formed of which have been thrown into tribes beyond Calabar. From a lack of European agency, we are still unable to proceed much into the interior from Calabar, as our base of operations—a purpose we are anxious to carry out.

"As a few of the natives, in trafficking with English ships, had picked up our tongue so far, they use English words, according to their own idiom, which seemed at first most barbarous, and hard to be understood. Meetings were from the beginning held on Sabbath, for the preaching of the Gospel through interpreters. The people, of course, knew not the seventh-day rest, nor the mode of observance. They had, we found, an eight-day week, one day of which was held in special honour by them as a sort of holiday—a traditional remnant, no doubt, of the primeval Sabbath; and they could not

at once get out of their own reckoning into ours, nor, when they knew the day of divine appointment, were they ready to give it the observance required.

"At Duke Town there was special difficulty in getting public meetings for divine worship and interpreters to be our mouths to the people. King Eyamba sometimes undertook the duty, not very willingly, and was apt to fall asleep during the discourse, so that, on awakening when the time came for his interpretation of what had been said, he was utterly nonplussed. His brother Ekpenyong—Mr Young, as he was called by our countrymen—was a much more intelligent man, and after the king's death acted for some time as interpreter; but he could not be implicitly trusted to render faithfully what he heard, nor to abstain from giving his own comment, which might do away with the effect of the declaration of divine truth. For instance, on one occasion, when Mr. Anderson thought he was faithfully giving to the audience in Efik what he had just spoken in English, he learned by subsequent information that Mr. Young was giving directions about some work he wished the people to set about. On another occasion, Mr. Anderson had as his subject the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and in interpreting what was said of the condition of the former in the present life, Mr. Young added, 'I wish I were like that man.'

"At Creek Town we had in King Eyo one who was far in advance of his fellow-countrymen, and who was really desirous of promoting our object, so far as instruction in the common duties and moralities of life was concerned. He was careful to give us a meeting in his yard regularly on Sabbath, and even proposed to call in the people of his town by tuck of Egbo drum, so as to secure a large audience. Him we could trust faithfully to interpret what was said, whatever his own view of the truth might be; frequently, after doing so, propounding his own objection or difficulty with all frankness, or putting his question for further elucidation of the statements made. One difficulty was constantly coming up—a difficulty as obvious to the savage on attaining a right view of the divine character as to the sage, and as great to the latter as to the former—the existence of evil in the universe of a God infinite in goodness and infinite in power. But these difficulties and questions we were glad to hear, indicating, as they did, how the truth struck the native mind, and the line of instruction to be taken in order to convey the one to the other.

"It was felt, however, that the method of teaching through interpreters, however good they might be, was unsatisfactory, and that, to get close to the people and effectually to reach their minds, it was necessary to acquire their tongue, the Efik. To this all the agents have addressed themselves as a first duty, and all, male and female, have made the acquisition who have been long enough in the country to do so. A few notes respecting the Efik may be interesting to those who incline to the study of languages. It is a dialect

of the language spoken in Ibibio, a country which stretches between the Calabar river and Ibo, on the Niger, and from which, as formerly stated, the Calabar people have come. All the Negro tongues are divided in the gross into two great families, though all are in idiom very much one. Our language, and all to the north of us, form the one family; all south of our river form the other. Very much one in idiom, as I have said, they are in this closely allied to the Semitic tongues. Indeed, not only in the idiom of their languages, but in manners and customs, the children of Ham are much more closely allied to those of Shem than we of Japhet are to either. In the formation of most other parts of speech from the verb as a root, our language resembles the Hebrew and its allied tongues. The root with us is mostly monosyllabic, and our nouns and adjectives are commonly formed by prefixing a vowel. Thus, *bok*, to feed; *ubok*, the hand, the feeder: *no*, to give; *eno*, a gift: *bat*, to count; *ibat*, a reckoning: *sanga*, to walk; *esang*, a staff; *isang*, a journey. A participial noun may also be formed from any verb by prefixing *eri*, as, *nam*, to do; *erinam*, the making or doing; and by prefixing *andi*, a performative noun is formed, as, *andinam*, the maker or doer. In a similar manner adjectives and adverbs are formed from the verb. Very few nouns undergo inflexion to indicate number or gender; case is indicated, except in the personal pronoun, only by position. In that important part of speech, the verb, the Efik does not form its moods and tenses exactly coincident with those of the English, and it has as a peculiarity a regular negative form. Thus, *anam*, he does; *inamke*, he does not; *edep*, he buys; *idepke*, he does not buy; and so throughout.

"Finding the Calabar people without an alphabet, we of course gave them our own, so far as it was required. *l* we rejected as redundant; and the sounds represented by *j*, *l*, *v*, *x*, *z*, are not found in their language. The omission of *l* is remarkable, and a serious defect so far as euphony is concerned; yet the language does not sound unpleasantly. The collection of a stock of words was the first thing to be seen to. Mr. Waddell, with characteristic energy, set himself to do so while he and Mr. Edgerley were clearing the bush and getting a house built; and by the time he left for Jamaica he had a small vocabulary lithographed, which formed our study in our tedious voyage from thence to Calabar, on reaching which we found Mr. Edgerley had got it printed. This task of word-collecting, simple as it may appear, and especially that of acquiring the native idiom, so different from our own, we found to be of considerable difficulty. No books existing to help us in the work, we were also destitute of the professional teacher, of whose aid our brethren in Eastern missions can avail themselves. Moreover, in seeking amongst the natives the information we wished, never having had their minds turned to such inquiries, even when endeavouring to give what we desired, they frequently gave erroneous responses; and possibly, after having their

attention taxed for ten or fifteen minutes, they got tired, and answered at random, so as to get quit of the annoyance, as they deemed it, to which we were subjecting them. However, this tedious preliminary work of acquiring the language and giving it a written form, was eventually accomplished—a work which is done to the hands of those who may come after us, enabling them to attain free intercourse with the people in their own tongue at much less expense of time and labour.

"Having done this, we set ourselves to compose books, catechisms, reading-books, hymns, for use in school and church; and when we had collected the bulk of the language into a dictionary, we commenced the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Should God spare us to accomplish this, we conceived that we should have done that which would justify all the expense of the mission, and would give to Calabar a gift which would secure that, whatever became of us, divine truth would live and grow in the land. By the good hand of God upon us, our prayers have been answered, our purpose accomplished, and by the kind aid of the Scottish National Bible Society, for several years the people have been in the possession of the whole of the Scriptures in their own tongue. The Efik translation is one of the three complete translations of the Bible in the languages of the Negro race, and I believe it was the first.

"In accomplishing such work, Missionary and Bible Societies manifest themselves to be the great literary societies of the world. No literary or scientific society has ever given to any people an alphabet. This work, of importance above all others, has been taken up by the former class of societies. By them the rude speech of the savage is formed into a written medium of communication, and made to utter those sacred oracles which 'bring life and immortality to light,' by revealing Christ and salvation through Him. And it is well that the work is left to such agency, as thereby the foundations of the literature of so many nations are laid in Christian truth.

"Thus, then, was this preparatory work accomplished—stations formed, as we had agents to occupy them, with their regular means of instruction in church and school; the language acquired and written, and the Scriptures translated into it. What good can now be reported as the result of all this? Much, in many respects, to the whole of the tribe, by which it is raised from that utter state of barbarism in which we found it; though but a small part of it is yet intelligently acquainted with the gospel, and a part still smaller has received it to the saving of the soul. In evidence of this, the following beneficial changes, which have passed over the community as a whole, may be named.

"The slave-trade was abolished, as I have stated, before we entered the country, but domestic slavery still prevails, as throughout Africa, with the