the blisters broken. Our good strong boots were quite worn through; a pair of 'powries' (none-such) went as the others, though in ordinary travelling there was no wearing them down. On still urging the Makololo to another effort, they said that 'they always believed I had a heart till then; I had surely become insane, and they were sorry Kirk could not understand them, for if he could he would go back with them.' A fortnight and thirty miles made us all lean and haggard, as if recovering from severe illness. Had I come by this way in 1856, I should never have reached Tete. I do not attempt to describe the rocks, broken, twisted, huddled about in the wildest manner and confusion, over which we struggled: it is impossible. But this region, with its lofty healthy mountains, will yet become famous for tourists. We climbed over mountains 2,000 or 2,300 feet high, and cut our way through the tangled forest that covers them. I once thought highly of field geography, and despised that of the easy chair; but I gave in now. Commend me to travelling with a pair of compasses or seven-league boots, without any regard to the slight obstacles which Nature has interposed. Easy-chair geography will do for all the easy-going people, and is often believed in by even the public; but you need not supppose I have been going the length of making no observations, though I cannot send you any on this occasion; no time to transcribe."

"The people inhabiting the valley of the Zambesi above the confluence of the Kafue are chiefly Baleuje and Bawe; but they are much mixed with other tribes. They all cultivate the soil and raise large quantities of grain. A considerable amount of remarkably fine cotton is also planted, yet a large number of the men go stark naked. They are not inferior in any respect to the natives who clothe themselves—the women are all decently covered; but these Baenda-pezi, or go-nakeds as they are called, are absolutely devoid of shame. Their tobacco-pipes are elaborately ornamented with iron and copper, and they are sufficiently conceited in the fashion of their hair and the colour of the beads around their necks; but though they deny the existence of any law on the subject except custom, neither laughing nor joking could arouse the sense of decency. What was of more importance, they were very hospitable, and accompanied us for days together, carrying the burdens of our men for very small payments."

CHAPTER XIV.

Start for Linyanti.—Cutting up an Elephant.—The "go-naked" Tribe.—The Victoria Falls.—They find Sekeletu Ill.—Leave Sesheke.—Arrive at Kongone.

AS Livingstone felt bound in honour to revisit Sekeletu and take back the men who had accompanied him from that chief in his wanderings, together with the merchandise he had purchased for his use with the tusks entrusted to him, the party started from Tete for Linyanti, on the 15th of May, leaving ten English sailors in charge of the ship until their return. As many of the men had taken up with slave women they did not leave with much good will, and before the party had reached Kebrabasa Rapids, thirty of them had deserted. Before starting, Livingstone had paid them in cloth, &c., for their services in the expedition, being anxious that they should make as good an appearance as possible when they reached Linyanti. Many of them had earned a good deal during their stay at Tete, while Dr. Livingstone was absent in England; but as they unfortunately picked up a good many of the evil habits of the natives round Tete, they had squandered all they possessed. It is painful to think that these unsophisticated sons of nature should have come so far to see and meet civilized people with such results. Not only were the slave and half-caste population drunken and immoral, but the Portuguese merchants with few exceptions were no better.

A merchant at Tete sent three of his men with the party to convey a present for Sekeletu, two other merchants sent him a couple of donkeys, and Major Sicard sent them men to assist them on their return, when, of course, their attendants would be reduced, should the Makololo men elect to remain, and no one volunteer to accompany them on their return down the river. In order to escape the exactions of the Banyai tribes, the party proceeded up the left bank of the river. At several of the villages, on their way up the Zambesi valley, they saw and conversed with *pondoros*, as men are called who pretend to be able to change themselves into a lion or other animal. Strangely enough, this power appeared to be believed in by the people; even the wife of the *pondoro*, during the period when he retires into the forests to change his shape, leaving food for him in a hut in the forest prepared for him, the change to the brute form apparently not destroying or altering the human appetite. These excursions usually last until the *pondoro* has discovered some animal just slain by a lion, when he returns to his village and

leads them to the carcase, taking credit to himself, of course, for having killed it during his transformation.

"It is believed also," says Dr. Livingstone, "that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions, rendering them sacred. On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kafue, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring." One of their native followers, imbued with the popular belief that the brute was a chief in disguise, took him to task in his intervals of silence for his meanness in wanting to plunder the camp.

"You a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief do you? What kind a chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief truly; you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief; why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all indeed!"

Near the village of a chief called Sandia, six of the Makololo shot a cow elephant. In this district, the chief claims one half of any game killed on his ground. This right was to some extent waived, the headman of the hunting party superintended the cutting up of the brute and apportioned the pieces—"the head and right hind leg belong to him who killed the beast, that is to him who inflicted the first wound; the left leg to him who delivered the second, or first touched the animal after it fell; the meat around the eye to the English, or chief of the travellers; and different parts to the headmen of the different fires, or groups, of which the camp is composed; not forgetting to enjoin the preservation of the fat and bowels for a second distribution." The cutting up of the carcase is a scene of wild excitement. "Some jump inside, and roll about there in their eagerness to seize the precious fat, while others run off screaming, with pieces of the bloody meat, throw it on the grass, and run back for more; all kept talking and shouting at the utmost pitch of their voices. Sometimes two or three, regardless of all law, seize the same piece of meat, and have a brief fight of words over it. . . . In an incredibly short time tons of meat are cut up, and placed in separate heaps around." The following is the method of cooking the elephant's forefoot, which the white members of the party had for breakfast on the following morning. "A large hole was dug in the ground in which a fire was made, and when the inside was thoroughly heated, the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with the hot ashes and soil. Another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night. . . . It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow. . . . Elephants' trunks and tongues are also good, and, after long simmering, much resemble the hump of a buffalo, and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough, and, from its peculiar flavour, only to be eaten by a hungry man." The natives eat enormous quantities of meat when they have the opportunity.

"They boil as much as their pots will hold, and eat until it becomes physically impossible for them to stow away any more. An uproarious dance follows, accompanied with stentorian song; and as soon as they have shaken their first course down, and washed off the sweat and dust of the after performance, they go to work to roast more; a short snatch of sleep succeeds, and they are up and at it again; all night long it is boil and eat, roast and devour, with a few brief interludes of sleep. Like other carnivora, these men can endure hunger for a much longer period than the mere porridge-eating tribes." As game was abundant, the weather excellent for camping, and the route known, travelling was not an unpleasant task. Flocks of guinea fowl and other birds, were met with daily; and, as they were in good condition, and their flesh excellent, the party enjoyed a variety of flesh meat.

In camping the men by turns cut grass for the beds of the three Englishmen,—Dr. Livingstone being placed in the middle, Dr. Kirk on the right, and Charles Livingstone on the left. Their bags, rifles, and revolvers were placed near their beds, and a fire was kindled near their feet. A dozen fires were kindled in the camp nightly, and replenished from time to time by the men who were awakened by the cold. On these grass beds, with their rugs drawn over them, the three Englishmen slept soundly under some giant tree, through whose branches when awake they could look up to the clear star-spangled moonlit sky. Their attendants slept between mats of palm leaves, which were sewn together round three sides of the square, one being left open to enable the man to crawl in between the two. These sleeping bags are called *fumbas*, and when they were all at rest within the encampment, they had the appearance of sacks strewn round about the camp fires.

In camp, when food was plenty, there was no lack of amusement. After the camp fires were lighted and the important labours consequent on cooking and eating were over, the party sat round the fires talking and singing.

"Every evening one of the Batoka played his sansa, and continued at it until far into the night; he accompanied it with an extempore song, in which he rehearsed their deeds ever since they left their own country." Political discussions frequently arose, in which radical and revolutionary theorists combated loyal and constitutional orators, after the manner of political clubs at home. On these occasions "the whole camp was aroused, and the men shouted to one another from the different fires; whilst some whose tongues were never heard on any other subject, now burst forth into impassioned speech. The misgovernment of chiefs formed an inexhaustible theme.

"'We could govern ourselves better,' they cry, 'so what is the use of chiefs at all? they do not work. The chief is fat, and has plenty of wives: whilst we, who do the hard work, have hunger, only one wife, or more likely

none; now this must be bad, unjust, and wrong.' All shouted to this a loud 'ehe,' equivalent to our 'hear, hear.'

"Next the headmen, Kanyata, and Tuba, with his loud voice, are heard taking up the subject on the loyal side."

"'The chief is the father of the people; can there be people without a father, eh? God made the chief. Who says that the chief is not wise? He is wise, but his children are fools.' 'Tuba goes on generally till he has silenced all opposition; and if his arguments are not always sound, his voice is the loudest, and he is sure to have the last word."

About five o'clock in the morning the camp was astir; the blankets were folded and stowed away in bags; the *fumbas* and cooking pots were fixed on the end of the carrying sticks, which were borne on the shoulders. The cook carried the cooking utensils used for the Englishmen; and after a cup of tea or coffee, the whole party were on the march before sunrise.

At nine, breakfast was prepared at a convenient spot. In the middle of the day there was a short rest, and early in the afternoon they pitched their camp—the white men going a-hunting if food was required, and examining the neighbourhood. Their rate of progress was about two and a half miles an hour as the crow flies, and their daily march lasted about six hours. After several days of this, the natives complained of being fatigued, even when well fed with fresh meat. They lacked the stamina and endurance of the Europeans, although travelling in their own country.

In the Chicova plains, a chief named Chitora brought the party a present of food and drink, because, he said, "He did not wish us to sleep hungry: he had heard of Dr. Livingstone when he passed down, and had a great desire to see and converse with him; but he was a child then, and could not speak in the presence of great men. He was glad that he had seen the English now, and was sorry that his people were away, or he should have made them cook for us." Here and at other places they noticed that the natives filtered their water through sand, even although at the time the water of the river was clear and limpid. During the flood as the water is polluted with all sorts of filth collected near the native villages, the filtering process is very necessary.

Of the effect the white men have upon the native population on a first encounter, Dr. Livingstone says:—

"There must be something in the appearance of white men frighfully repulsive to the unsophisticated natives of Africa; for, on entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if we met a child coming quietly and unsuspectingly towards us, the moment he raised his eyes, and saw the men in 'bags' (trousers), he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British Museum. Alarmed by the child's wild outcries, the mother rushes out of her

hut, but darts back again at the first glimpse of the same fearful apparition. Dogs turn tail and scour off in dismay, and hens abandoning their chickens fly screaming to the tops of the houses. The so-lately peaceful village becomes a scene of confusion and hubbub, until calmed by the laughing assurance of our men, that white people do not eat black folks; a joke having oftentimes greater influence in Africa than solemn assertions. Some of our young swells, on entering an African village, might experience a collapse of self-inflation, at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them, as from hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into public hobgoblins; the mammas holding naughty children away from them, and saying, 'Be good, or I shall call the white men to bite you.'"

The two donkeys rivalled them in the interest they excited. "Great was the astonishment when one of the donkeys began to bray. The timid jumped more than if a lion had roared beside them. All were startled, and stood in mute amazement at the harsh-voiced one, till the last broken note was uttered; then, on being assured that nothing in particular was meant, they looked at each other, and burst into a loud laugh at their common surprise. When one donkey stimulated the other to try his vocal powers, the interest felt by the startled natives must have equalled that of the Londoners, when they first crowded to see the famous hippopotamus."

Here, they examined seams of excellent coal, and found lumps of it which had been brought down from the near hill ranges by the brooks, and astonished the natives by showing them that the black stones would burn. They stated that there was plenty of it among the hills. Some of the chiefs wore wigs made of the fibrous leaves of a plant called *ife*, allied to the aloes; when properly dyed these wigs have a fine glossy appearance. Mpende and his people, who were objects of some dread to Livingstone and his companions in their journey to the coast from Linyanti were now most friendly: the chief apologising for his want of attention to the traveller and his party as they passed on their way to the coast. Several Banyai chiefs sent their headmen across the stream to demand tribute, but the travellers were glad to be in a position to resist such exactions. Halting near the village of a chief named Pangola, he demanded a rifle in exchange for the food they needed, and refused to trade on any other terms; fortunately, a member of the party managed to shoot a water-bok, which rendered them independent of the greedy savage, who was intensely mortified at seeing them depart without his having traded with them in any way. He cried after them as they passed on their way, "You are passing Pangola. Do not you see Pangola?" But the whole party were so disgusted with him that they would have no dealings with him on any terms.

Passing the ruins of the once flourishing Portuguese settlement of Zumbo,

which is beautifully situated in the midst of fertile plains watered by two splendid rivers, the travellers moralised on the worse than utter failure attending the establishment of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa. "Not a single art (says Dr. Livingstone) save that of distilling spirits by means of a gun-barrel, has ever been learnt from the strangers; and if all the progeny of the whites were at once to leave the country, their only memorial would be the ruins of a few stone and mud-built walls, and that blighting relic of the slave-trade, the belief that man may sell his brother man; a belief which is not of native origin, for it is not found except in the track of the Portuguese." Beyond the ruins of their churches at Zumbo, there is nothing in the habits and beliefs of the people to tell that Christianity was once taught there. At Tete, Senna, and Kilimane, where the Jesuits have still establishments, although shorn of their original splendour, their want of success is in deep contrast to the good done among the people of Ambaca, which is still perceptible after several generations. Maintaining a footing in the country only on the sufferance of the Zulus and other native tribes, it is a matter of deep regret that the Portuguese government should be permitted to stand in the way of the elevation of a people, and the civilization of a vast territory.

Between Zumbo and the falls, game of all kinds was so abundant that their native attendants got fat, and became fastidious in their eating, declining antelope and preferring buffalo flesh and guinea fowl. The natives were curious and hospitable at all the villages they passed, and their bold and fearless bearing told that they were now beyond the range of the operations of the slave-traders. Families were frequently met marching in single file—the man at the head, carrying nothing save his weapons of defence, his wives and sons and daughters following with their scanty household utensils and comforts. These parties always came in for a share of the white men's abundance of flesh meat. Around the foot of the great tree of audience at every village, or suspended from its branches, were collections of buffalo and antelope horns and skulls, the trophies of the chase. The travellers remarked, that "at these spots were some of the most splendid buffalo heads we have ever seen; the horns after making a complete circle had commenced a second turn. This would be a rich country for a horn-fancier."

The only thing edible they wanted in the central plains was vegetables; now and again they got a supply of sweet potatoes, which allayed the disagreeable craving which a continuous diet of meat and meal had induced. After crossing the Kafue, the party got amongst a people of Batoka origin, and belonging to the same tribe as several of the attendants who had left Linyanti with Livingstone. Here they were told that Moselekatse's (Sebituane's great enemy) chief town was above three hundred miles distant, and that the English had come to him and taught him that it was wrong to kill people, and that now he sent out his men to collect and sell ivory. It was

refreshing to find that news of this description had travelled so far. The Bawee, a people who go entirely nude, or clothed only in a coat of red ochre (of whom we shall hear more from Mr. C. Livingstone), were very friendly. The party tried to discover the reason for their going naked, but could only learn that it was the custom; the habit was only confined to the males, the women being always more or less clothed. They felt no shame, nor could any feeling be aroused by laughing and jocking at their appearance. They "evidently felt no less decent than we did with our clothes on; but whatever may be said in favour of nude statues, it struck us that man in a state of nature is a most ungainly animal. Could we see a number of the degraded of our own lower classes in like guise, it is probable, that, without the black colour which acts somehow as a dress they would look worse still."

Leaving the bank of the Zambesi for a time, the party travelled through the Batoka highlands, where the free air of the hill side was most invigorating and beneficial, especially to Dr. Kirk, who had suffered from fever. The country, although very fertile, is thinly populated, Sebituane and Moselekatse having ravaged it in their numerous forays The Batoka are a peace-loving and industrious people; they were so hospitable that it would have pained them if the party had passed without receiving something. Very frequently they prepared their camp for them,—smoothing the ground with their hoes for their beds, collecting grass and firewood, erecting a bush fence to protect them from the wind, and carrying water from the distant well or stream.

Once they were visited by a noble specimen of the Go-nakeds, clothed only in a tobacco pipe, with a stem two feet long wound round with polished ivory. "God made him naked," he said, "and he had therefore never worn any clothing."

Great quantities of tobacco are grown in the Batoka country, which is famed for its quality; they are inveterate smokers, but always had the politeness to ask the white men's permission before smoking in their presence. Above Kariba the people had never before been visited by white men. The chief of Koba, on being asked if any tradition existed among his people of strangers having visited the country, answered "Not at all; our fathers all died without telling us that they had seen men like you. To-day I am exalted in seeing what they never saw"; while others, in a spirit worthy of Charles Lamb, who threatened to write for the ancients, because the moderns did not appreciate him properly, said, "We are the true ancients; we have seen stranger things than any of our ancestors, in seeing you."

The following admirable account of the Batoka country and its people is from the pen of Mr. Charles Livingstone:—

"The country of the Batoka, in Central Africa, lies between the 25th and 29th degrees of East longitude and the 16th and 18th of South latitude.

It has the river Kafue on the North, the Zambesi on the East and South, and extends West till it touches the low fever-plains of the river Majeela, near Sesheke.

"But a few years since these extensive, healthy highlands were well peopled by the Batoka; numerous herds of cattle furnished abundance of milk, and the rich soil largely repaid the labour of the husbandman. Now enormous herds of buffaloes, elephants, antelopes, zebras, &c., fatten on the excellent pasture which formerly supported multitudes of cattle, and not a human being is to be seen. We travelled from Monday morning till late in the Saturday afternoon (from Thabacheu to within 20 miles of Victoria Falls) without meeting a single person, though constantly passing the ruined sites of Batoka villages. These people were driven out of this, the choicest portion of their noble country, by the invasion of Sebituane. Many were killed, and the survivors, except those around the Falls, plundered of their cattle, fled to the banks of the Zambesi and to the rugged hills of Mataba. Scarcely, however, had the conquerors settled down to enjoy their ill-gotten riches when they themselves were attacked by small-pox; and, as soon as its ravages had ceased, the fighting Matabele compelled them to abandon the country, and seek refuge amidst the fever-swamps of Linyanti.

"The Batoka have a mild and pleasant expression of countenance, and are easily distinguished from the other Africans by the singular fashion of wearing no upper front teeth, all persons of both sexes having them knocked out in early life. They seem never to have been a fighting race, but to have lived at peace among themselves, and on good terms with their neighbours. While passing through their country we observed one day a large cairn. Our guide favoured us with the following account of it:—'Once on a time the ancients were going to fight another tribe; they halted here and sat down. After a long consultation they came to the unanimous conclusion that, instead of proceeding to fight and kill their neighbours, and perchance getting themselves killed, it would be more like men to raise this heap of stones as their earnest protest against what the other tribe had done, which they accordingly did, and then returned quietly home again.'

"But, although the Batoka appear never to have had much stomach for fighting with men, they are remarkably brave hunters of buffaloes and elephants. They rush fearlessly close up to these formidable animals, and kill them with their heavy spears. The Banyai, who have long levied black-mail from all Portuguese traders, were amazed at the daring bravery of the Batoka in coming at once to close quarters with the elephant and despatching him. They had never seen the like before. Does it require one kind of bravery to fight with men, and another and different sort to fight with the fiercest animals? It seems that men may have the one kind in an eminent degree, and yet be without the other.

"The Batoka having lived at peace for ages, had evidently attained to a degree of civilization very much in advance of any other tribe we have yet discovered. They *planted* and *cultivated fruit-trees.* Nowhere else has this been the case, not even among the tribes which have been in contact with the Portuguese for two hundred years, and have seen and tasted mangoes, oranges, &c., &c. The natives round Senna and Tete will on no account plant the stone of a mango. They are firm believers in a superstition that 'if any one plants a mango, he will die soon afterwards.'

"In and around the Batoka villages some of the most valuable timber-trees have been allowed to stand, but every worthless tree has been cut down and rooted out, and the best of the various fruit-trees of the country have been carefully planted and preserved, and also a few trees from whose seeds they extracted oil. We saw fruit-trees which had been planted in regular rows, the trunks being about three feet in diameter, and also grand old Motsakiri fruit-trees still bearing abundantly, which had certainly seen a hundred summers.

"Two of the ancient Batoka once travelled as far as the river Loangwa. There they saw the massan-tree in fruit, carried some all the way back to the Great Falls, and planted them. Two of the trees are still standing, the only ones of the kind in all that region.

"They made a near approach to the custom of even the most refined nations in having permanent graveyards, either on the sides of sacred hills, or under the shady fig-trees near the villages. They reverenced the tombs of their ancestors, and erected monuments of the costliest ivory at the head of the grave, and often even entirely enclosed it with the choicest ivory. Other tribes on the Zambesi throw the body into the river, to be devoured by alligators; or, sewing it in a mat, place it on the branches of the baobab, or cast it into some gloomy, solitary spot overgrown with thorns and noxious weeds, to be devoured by the foul hyena. But the Batoka reverently buried their dead, and regarded the ground as sacred to their memories. Near the confluence of the Kafue, the chief, accompanied by some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present; their foreheads were marked with white flour, and there was an unusual seriousness in their demeanour.

"We were informed that shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft. Conscious of innocence they accepted the terrible ordeal, or offered to drink the poisoned muavi. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill where reposed the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirits of their fathers to judge of the innocence of these their children, drank the muavi, vomited, and were therefore declared to be 'Not guilty.' They believed in the immortality of the soul, and that the souls of their ancestors knew what they were doing, and were

pleased or not accordingly. The owners of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirits of their fathers, who helped them in killing the hippopotamus.

"Some of the Batoka chiefs must have had a good deal of enterprise. The lands of one in the western part of the country lay on the Zambesi, which protected him on the South; on the East and North was an impassable reedy marsh, filled with water all the year round, leaving only his West border unprotected and open to invasion. He conceived the bold project of digging a broad and deep canal, nearly a mile in length, from the West end of the reedy river to the Zambesi, and actually carried it into execution; thus forming a large island, on which his cattle grazed in safety, and his corn ripened from year to year secure from all marauders.

"Another chief, who died a number of years ago, believed that he had discovered a remedy for tsetse-bitten cattle. His son showed us the plant, which was new to our botanist, and likewise told us how the medicine was prepared. The bark of the root is dried, and—what will be specially palatable to our homœopathist friends—a dozen tsetse are caught, dried, and ground with the bark to a fine powder. The mixture is administered internally, and the cattle are also smoked, by burning the rest of the plant under them. The treatment is continued some weeks, as often as symptoms of the poison show themselves. This, he frankly said, will not cure all the bitten cattle, for cattle, and men too, die in spite of medicine; but should a herd by accident stray into a tsetse district and get bitten, by this medicine of Kampakampa, his father, some of them could be saved, while without it all would be sure to die.

"A remarkably prominent feature in the Batoka character is their enlarged hospitality. No stranger is ever allowed to suffer hunger. They invariably sent to our sleeping-places large presents of the finest white meal, with fat capons "to give it a relish," and great pots of beer to comfort our hearts, with pumpkins, beans, and tobacco; so that, as they said, we 'should not sleep hungry or thirsty.'

"In travelling from the Kafue to Sinamanes, we often passed several villages in the course of a day's march. In the evening, deputations arrived from those villages at which we could not sleep, with liberal presents of food. It evidently pained them to have strangers pass them without partaking of their hospitality. Repeatedly were we hailed from huts, asked to wait a moment and drink a little beer, which they brought with alacrity.

"When we halted for the night, it was no uncommon thing for these people to prepare our camp. Entirely of their own accord, some with their hoes quickly smoothed the ground for our beds; others brought bundles of grass and spread it carefully over the spot; some with their small axes speedily made a brush-fence round to shield us from the wind; and if, as

occasionally happened, the water was a little distant, others hastened and brought a pot or two of water to cook our food with, and also firewood. They are an industrious people, and very fond of agriculture. For hours at a time have we marched through unbroken corn-fields of nearly a mile in width. They erect numerous granaries for the reception of the grain, which give their villages the appearance of being unusually large; and when the water of the Zambesi has subsided they place the grain, tied up in bundles of grass, well plastered over with clay, on low sand islands, as a protection against the attacks of marauding mice and men.

"Owing to the ravages of the weevil, the native corn can hardly be preserved until the following crop comes in. However largely they may cultivate, and abundant the harvest, it must all be consumed the same year in which it is grown. This may account for their making so much of it into beer. The beer they brew is not the sour and intoxicating kind found among other tribes, but sweet, and highly nutritious, with only a slight degree of acidity to render it a pleasant drink. We never saw a single case of intoxication among them, though all drank great quantities of beer. They were all plump, and in good condition.

"Both men and boys were eager to work for very small pay. Our men could hire any number of them to carry their burdens for a few beads a-day or a bit of cloth. The miserly and extra-dirty cook had an old pair of trousers some of us had given him, and which he had long worn himself: with one of the decayed legs of his trousers he hired a man to carry his heavy load a whole day; a second man carried it the next day for the other leg; and what remained of the old trousers, minus the buttons, procured the labour of another man for the third day.

"A peculiar order of men is established among them, the order of the Endah Pezes (Go-Nakeds). The badge of this order, as the name suggests, consists in the entire absence of the slightest shred of clothing. They are in the state in which Adam is reported to have been before his invention of the fig-leaf apparel. We began to see members of this order about two days above the junction of the Kafue; two or three might be seen in a village. The numbers steadily increased, until in a short time every man and boy wore a badge of the Endah Pezes. The chief of one of the first villages, a noble, generous fellow, was one, as were likewise two or three of his men. In the afternoon he visited us in the full dress of his order, viz., a tobacco-pipe, nothing else whatever, the stem about two feet long, wound round with polished iron. He gave us a liberal present. Early next morning he came, accompanied by his wife and daughter, with two large pots of beer, in order that we might refresh ourselves before starting. Both the women, as comely and modest-looking as we have seen in Africa, were well clothed and adorned.

"The women, in fact, are all well clothed, and have many ornaments.

Some wear tin ear-rings all round the ear, no fewer than nine often in each ear. There was nothing to indicate that they had the slightest idea of there being anything peculiar in the no-dress-at-all style of their order. They rub their bodies with red ochre. Some plait a fillet two inches wide, of the inner bark of trees, shave the wool off the lower part of the head to an inch above the ear, tie this fillet on, having rubbed it and the wool which is left with the red ochre mixed in oil. It gives them the appearance of having on a neat forage-cap. This, with some strings of beads, a little polished iron wire round the arms, the never-failing pipe, and a small pair of tongs to lift up a coal to light it with, constitute all the clothing the most dandyfied Endah Peze ever wears.

"They raise immense quantities of tobacco on the banks of the Zambesi in the winter months, and are, perhaps, the most inveterate smokers in the world. The pipe is seldom out of their hands. They are as polite smokers as any ever found in a railway carriage. When they came with a present, although it was their own country, before lighting their pipes they asked if we had any objections to their smoking beside us, which of course, contrary to railway travellers, we never had. They have invented a novel mode of smoking, which may interest those who are fond of the weed at home. They take a whiff, puff out the grosser smoke, then by a sudden inhalation before all is out contrive to catch, as they say, and swallow the pure spirit of the tobacco, its real essence, which common smokers lose entirely. Their tobacco is said to be very strong; it is certainly very cheap; a few strings of beads will purchase as much as will last any reasonable smoker half a year. Their government, whatever it may have been formerly, is now that of separate and independent chiefs."

At Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages which owed allegiance to Sekeletu, the party distinctly saw the smoke of the Victoria Falls, twenty miles distant. Here their native attendants heard news from home. Takelang's wife had been killed by Sekeletu's headman at the Falls, on a charge of witchcraft; Inchikola's two wives, believing him to be dead, had married again; and Masakasa was intensely disquieted to hear that two years before his friends, giving him up for dead, had held a kind of Irish wake in his honour, slaughtered all his oxen, and thrown his shield over the Falls. He declared he would devour them, and when they came to salute him would say, "I am dead; I am not here; I belong to another world, and should stink if I came among you." The Batoka wife of Sima, who had remained faithful to him during his absence, came to welcome him back, and took the young wife he had brought with him from Tete away with her without a murmur of disapproval. At night, when the camp was quiet, Takelang fired his musket and cried out, "I am weeping for my wife; my court is desolate; I have no home!" ending with a loud wail of anguish.

Dr. Livingstone and his English friends had news also to receive of a painful character. An attempt to establish a mission at Linyanti under the Rev. F. C. Helmore had failed. The mission originally consisted of nine Europeans and thirteen coloured people from the neighbourhood of Kuruman. Of these, five Europeans, including Mr. Helmore and his wife, and four natives, died within three months, and the survivors retreated disheartened from the region which had been so deadly to their devoted companions. Sekeletu had behaved very badly to the members of the mission, and got into trouble on account of his conduct with Sechele, who considered himself the guardian and protector of the white men in these parts.

The various headmen of Sekeletu having been holding forays among the Batoka, had to be lectured by Dr. Livingstone—a discipline which they took in good part, excusing themselves by endeavouring to prove that they were in the right, and could not avoid fighting.

On the 9th of August, 1860, the party reached the Victoria Falls, and Dr. Livingstone and his two companions were rowed through the rapids to Garden Island, to obtain a view of the falls. The canoe in which they sat was owned by Tuba Mokoro, which means "Smasher of canoes," a somewhat ominous title, which his success and skill on the present occasion belied. The party had to embark several miles above the falls, and were strictly enjoined to maintain silence. For a considerable distance the river was smooth and tranquil, the beautiful islands, densely covered with tropical vegetation, adding to the pleasure felt in the rapid and easy movement of the craft. Near the falls the surface of the river is broken by rocks, which, as the water was then low, protruded their heads above the stream, breaking the current into boiling and foaming eddies, which required all the skill of the boatmen to pilot their way through. "There were places"—Livingstone says—"where the utmost exertion of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapids, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided smoothly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. . . . We were driving swiftly down. A black rock, over which the foam flew, lay directly in our path. The pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place, to bale out the water."

At the falls they met an Englishman, a Mr. Baldwin, from Natal, who had reached them, his only guide for the greater part of the way being his pocket compass. He had anticipated the arrival of his waggon by two days. Mashotlam had ferried him across the stream, and when nearly over he had jumped out and swam ashore. "If" said the chief, "he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound there, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us, therefore, we said, he must pay us a fine." Mr. Baldwin was, when Dr. Livingstone and his friends met him, contentedly waiting the arrival of his waggon, so that he might pay the fine.

On reaching Sesheke, where Sekeletu was, Dr. Livingstone found matters in a bad way with the Makololo. Sekeletu was suffering from leprosy, and had withdrawn himself from the sight of his people. A long-continued drought had almost destroyed the crops, and the country was suffering from a partial famine. The illness and inactivity of Sekeletu had induced chiefs and headmen at a distance to do as they pleased; which meant too often the ill-usage of their immediate dependants, and the plundering of neighbouring and friendly tribes.

On the arrival of the party an unbroken stream of visitors poured in upon them, all desirous of paying their respects to Dr. Livingstone, and to tell him the haps and mishaps which had befallen them during his absence. All were in low spirits. Sekeletu, believing himself bewitched, had slain a number of his chief men, together with their families; distant friendly tribes were revolting; famine was upon them, and the power of the Makololo was passing away. These forebodings were only too soon realised. In 1864 Sekeletu died; and in the struggle which ensued for the succession, the wide kingdom his father had conquered and ruled over, with a wisdom unexampled among his peers, was broken up.

They found Sekeletu sitting in a covered waggon, which was enclosed in a high wall of reeds. His face was slightly disfigured by the thickening and discolouration of the skin where the leprosy had passed over it. He had a firm belief that he had been bewitched. As the doctors of his own tribe could do nothing for him, a female doctor of the Manyeti tribe was endeavouring to cure him at the time of Dr. Livingstone's arrival. After some difficulty she allowed the white men to take her patient in charge, and under their treatment he all but recovered.

The two horses left by Dr. Livingstone in 1853 were still alive, notwithstanding the severe discipline to which they had been subjected. Sekeletu had a great passion for horses, and about a year before the arrival of Livingstone and his friends from Tete, a party of Makololo were sent to Benguela on the west coast, who had purchased five horses, but they had all died on the journey, through being bewitched as they believed, and they arrived with

nothing to show for them save their tails. The merchants at Benguela had treated them kindly, and made them presents of clothing and other articles. As they had only recently arrived, and their clothes were comparatively unworn, they proved, when arrayed in their best, to be as well if not better dressed than Livingstone and his white friends. "They wore shirts well washed and starched, coats and trousers, white socks, and patent leather boots, a red Kilmarnock cowl on the head, and a brown wide-awake on the top of that." They and the travelled natives who had come from Tete fraternised, and held themselves to be something superior on account of what they had seen; but, as in more enlightened regions, there was not wanting a party who believed in ignorance. "They had seen the sea, had they?" these would say, "and what is that? nothing but water. They could see plenty of water at home—ay, more than they wanted to see; and white people came to their town—why then travel to the coast to look at them?"

Sekeletu was well pleased with the articles brought for him. The sugar mill had been left at Tete, being too bulky to be carried with them. On the arrival of a proper steamer for the navigation of the Zambesi, he was informed it would be sent up as far as the falls. In his ignorance as regarded the power of artillery, he asked if cannon could not blow away the falls, and allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke.

Two packages containing letters and newspapers from Kuruman were lying at Linyanti, and a messenger was sent for them, who returned with only one (the other being too heavy for him), within seven days, during which time he had travelled 240 miles.

As Dr. Livingstone wished to get some more medicine and papers out of the waggon he had left at Linyanti in 1853, he determined to proceed there himself. On his arrival he found the waggon and its contents untouched from the time of his departure in 1853, and everything in its place. This illustrates the trustworthy character of the Makololo, which was still further exemplified by the discovery of one of the books of notes he had left with Sekeletu on his departure for the west coast in 1853. It will be remembered, that fearing he was dead Sekeletu had given two books, together with a letter addressed to Mr. Moffat, to a native trader, and that nothing further had been heard of them. On being told that the trader, to whom they had said they had given the books and letters, had denied having received them, Seipone, one of Sekeletu's wives, said "He lies; I gave them to him myself." The trader afterwards went to Moselekatse's country, and his conscience having bothered him, it is presumed, "one of the volumes was put into the mail-bag coming from the south, which came to hand with the lock taken off in quite a scientific manner."

In the waggon Livingstone found the supply of medicine he had left there untouched, and it was a melancholy reflection that Mr. Helmore and

the other members of his mission should have died there, with the medicines they needed lying within a hundred yards of their encampment. In returning to Sesheske he heard of a lion being killed by the bite of a serpent. Animals were frequently the victims of poisonous snakes, but he seldom heard of their attacking human beings. While the Makololo generally accepted the leading truths of Christianity, there were some habits and superstitions which it was found difficult to shake. The belief in witchcraft and sorcery was deeply rooted. They said, "They needed the book of God; but the hearts of black men are not the same as those of the whites. They had real sorcerers among them. If that was guilt which custom led them to do, it lay between the white man and Jesus, who had not given them the book, nor favoured them as He had the whites." As to cattle-lifting from their weaker neighbours, they said, "Why should these Makalaka (a term of contempt for the blacker tribes) possess cattle if they cannot fight for them?" The pithy border creed—

> "... the good old rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

—was universally understood in its naked simplicity; and despite their general ignorance, they could reason very ingeniously. The cattle they took from neighbouring tribes were in all likelihood the descendants of cattle which at an earlier period had belonged to themselves; how, therefore, could it be a sin, they argued, to take back what was their own? We question whether any border cattle-lifter of the 17th century could have given a better reason for his cattle stealing proclivities than this!

To those who knew the history of the Makololo tribe and its great chief Sebituane, the prospect of its passing away as a power in Central Africa was sad indeed. Indolence—the Makalaka did all their hard work—and the pestilent country on the Chobe and Zambesi induced a rapid deterioration of the manly qualities which had made them predominant over the tribes of the interior. Livingstone says:—

"None but brave and daring men remained long with Sebituane: his stern discipline soon eradicated cowardice from his army. If the chief saw a man running away from the fight, he rushed after him with amazing speed, and cut him down; or waited till he returned to the town, and then summoned the deserter into his presence.' 'You did not wish to die in the field, you wished to die at home, did you? You shall have your wish! and he was instantly led off and executed.'"

The Makololo made use of the spoons given them to convey their food to the palm of their hand which conveyed it to the mouth. They were horrified at seeing Dr. Livingstone and his friends put butter on their bread, as they only eat it when melted. "Look at them look at them," they said,

"they are actually eating raw butter." The principal use they made of butter was to anoint the body.

"The Makololo women have soft, small delicate hands and feet; their foreheads are well shaped, and of good size; the nose not disagreeably flat; the mouth, chin, teeth, eyes, and general form, are beautiful, and contrasted with the west coast negro, quite lady-like. Having maid-servants (children of the Barotse and Makalaka) to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, abundance of time is left them, and they are sometimes at a loss to know what to do with it."

The party "met a venerable warrior, sole survivor, save one, probably, of the Mantatee host which threatened to invade the colony in 1824. He retained a vivid recollection of their encounter with the Griquas. 'As we looked at the men and horses, puffs of smoke arose, and some of us dropped down dead! Never saw anything like it in all my life, a man's brains lying in one place and his body in another!' They could not understand what was killing them; a ball struck a man's shield at an angle; knocked his arm out of joint at the shoulder; and leaving a mark or burn, as he said, on the shield, killed another man close by. We saw the man with his shoulder still dislocated. Sebituane was present at the fighting, and had an exalted opinion of the power of white people ever afterwards."

The natives of Central Africa smoke Barig or native hemp, under the name of Matokwane. Dr. Livingstone says:—

"We had ample opportunity for observing the effect of this Matokwane smoking on our men. It makes them feel very strong in body, but it produces exactly the opposite effect upon the mind. Two of our finest young men became inveterate smokers, and partially idiotic. The performances of a group of Matokwane smokers are somewhat grotesque; they are provided with a calabash of pure water, a split bamboo, five feet long, and the great pipe, which has a large calabash or antelope's horn chamber to contain the water, through which the smoke is drawn, on its way to the mouth. Each smoker takes a few whiffs, the last being an extra long one, and hands the pipe to his neighbour. He seems to swallow the fumes; for, striving against the convulsive action of the muscles of the chest and throat, he takes a mouthful of water from the calabash, waits a few seconds, and then pours water and smoke from his mouth down the groove of the bamboo. The smoke causes violent coughing in all, and in some a species of frenzy, which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as 'the green grass grows,' 'the fat cattle thrive,' 'the fish swim.' No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquences, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks rather foolish."

The party left Seshesko on the 17th of September, 1860. Leshore and

Pitsane (the latter the factotum of Dr. Livingstone in his journey to and from Loanda), and several Batoka men being sent with them to aid them in their journey, and bring the merchandise left at Tete, and a supply of medicine for Sekeletu, who was then nearly cured of his loathsome complaint. Although he and his people were suffering from famine, Sekeletu had been generous in his treatment of Dr. Livingstone and his companions; and when they left he gave them six oxen for their support until they reached the country below the falls, where food was more abundant. The party passed down the valley of the Zambesi, sometimes by land and sometimes in canoes—the latter being either bought or borrowed, or freely loaned for their use without reward, according to the friendly or unfriendly character of the proprietors. Below the junction of the Kafue with the Zambesi, they met a half-caste ivory hunter named Sequasha, who, along with a large number of armed slaves, had been hunting elephants since they passed up the river. He told them that his men had killed 210 elephants during the trip. This Sequasha was an unscrupulous villain. Shortly before this he had entered into a league with the headman of a chief called Mpangwe, near Zumbo, to kill the chief. With a picked party of slaves, armed with loaded muskets, he visited the unsuspecting chief, who received him kindly; and while he was ministering to their wants, the chief and twenty of his people were shot in cold blood. For this diabolical service he received ten tusks, and the headman usurped the place of his murdered master. Sequasha carried a plentiful supply of wares with him to purchase tusks and food, and among other articles he had a quantity of American clocks, which got him into trouble with a tribe of Banvai. He set them all a-going in the presence of the chief, who was greatly frightened at the strange noise they made, and imagining that they were intended to bewitch himself and his people, it was decided that Sequahas should pay a heavy fine of cloth and beads for his imprudence.

They again met Sequasha at Senna, when he confessed to having brought down 25,800 lbs. of ivory. At Tete he was afterwards cast into prison, the reason given being his disorderly conduct in the interior—the true reason being the desire to share a part of his wealth. He was soon after set at liberty, no doubt after he had compounded with the authorities.

At the Mburuma Rapids the party had a striking instance of the presence of mind and devotion of the Makololo. While passing the most dangerous of the rapids, the two canoes filled with water, and were in danger of being swamped, when of course the whole party must have perished. Two men without a moment's hesitation leaped out of each of the canoes, and ordered a Batoka man to do the same, as "the white men must be saved." "I cannot swim," said the Batoka. "Jump out then, and hold on to the canoe?" Swimming alongside, they guided the canoes down the swift current, to the foot of the rapid, and then ran them ashore to bale them out.

In one of the Kebrabasa Rapids, Dr. Kirk's canoe was swamped, the occupants scrambling ashore with difficulty; but unfortunately a chronometer, a barometer, his notes of the journey, and botanical drawings of the fruit trees in the interior, were lost. The river was very low and crocodiles were numerous. On one occasion, as they were dragging the dead body of a hippopotamus behind one of the canoes, these reptiles rose in such numbers and tugged so hard at the huge carcase that they had to cut it adrift to save the canoe from being swamped. On another occasion, one of these monsters seized a water-bok, which had been wounded by a shot, and dragged it into the river. The poor animal made a desperate resistance and succeeded in freeing itself, when another crocodile gave chase, but a ball aimed at it drove it to the bottom. At many places in the interior stockades were erected to preserve the women from the attacks of crocodiles while taking water from the river. At Tete and Senna, where many slave women were seized by crocodiles, no such precautions were taken (even although Livingstone offered a subscription towards the expense). The lives of slaves were too valueless to occasion either thought or trouble for their preservation to men otherwise humane.

After the accident to Dr. Kirk's canoe, the party passed the remainder of the rapids on foot, through a rough and trying country, which greatly fatigued the whole party; one of the two donkeys they had with them died from sheer exhaustion. Although the natives are very partial to the flesh of the zebra and the quagga, which are a sort of second cousins to the donkey, they would not eat its flesh. They said, "It would be like eating man himself, because the donkey lives with man, and is his bosom companion."

The party arrived safely at Tete on the 23rd of November, after an absence of a little over six months. The two English sailors had enjoyed excellent health, and behaved themselves admirably during the absence of the party. Their gardening operations turned out a failure. A hippopotamus had paid the garden a visit and eaten up all the vegetables, and the sheep they had ate up the cotton when it was in flower, the crocodiles devoured the sheep left with them, and two monkeys they purchased ate the eggs of the fowls, and in turn the natives relieved them of all care of the latter by landing on the island during the night and stealing them. They were more successful in bargaining with the natives for food; their purchases were all made on board the steamer, and when more was demanded than the market price, they brought a chameleon out of the cabin, an animal of which the natives have a mortal dread, and thus settled the matter at once, by clearing the deck of the exorbitant traders.

One night they were roused by hearing shrieks of distress, and on rowing to the spot found a woman in the jaws of a crocodile. Rescuing her with the loss of a leg below the knee, they took her on board, gave her a bottle of rum,

bandaged the leg, and carried her to her hut in the village. Next morning they found the bandages torn off and the unfortunate creature left to die. "I believe," remarked one of the sailors, "her master was angry with us for saving her life, seeing as how she had lost her leg."

Starting for the mouth of the Kongone, where they expected to meet some English cruisers with supplies and the new steamer they had ordered, they were compelled to abandon the *Ma-Robert*, as she would keep afloat no longer. They reached the mouth of the Kongone on the 4th of January, 1861, and found that the Portuguese had erected a custom-house there, and also a hut for a black lance-corporal and three men. The party took up their quarters in the custom-house. The soldiers were suffering from hunger. The provisions of Dr. Livingstone's party were also becoming exhausted, but as large herds of water-boks were found in a creek between the Kongone and East Luabo, they were not put to any serious strait during the month they waited for the arrival of a ship. From drinking the brackish water, and eating the fresh pasturage, which is saline near the coast, the flesh of the antelopes was much sweeter and more tender than in the interior, where it is so dry and tough that the natives, who are not over-fastidious, refuse to eat it for any length of time. The eggs of the pelican and the turtle were found in abundance, and together with several varieties of fish assisted in giving variety to their limited *cuisine*.

They found some natives pounding the woody stems of a poisonous climbing plant, and hanging it up in bundles. Having staked off a portion of the stream with bushes to prevent the exit of the fish, the poisonous plants were placed in the water and either killed the fish or stupified them, so that they were easily secured.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival of a New Steamer.—Arrival of Bishop Mackenzie and Party.—Liberation of a Band of Slaves on the Shire.—Disastrous ending to the Mission.—Arrival and Death of Mrs. Livingstone.—Dr. Livingstone returns to England.

ON the 31st of January, their new ship the *Pioneer* anchored outside the bar, but owing to the state of the weather she did not venture in until the 4th of February. Shortly after two of H.M.S. cruisers arrived, bringing with them Bishop Mackenzie, and the Oxford and Cambridge Missions, to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. The mission consisted of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape; and as Dr. Livingstone and his party were under orders to explore the Rovuma, about 700 miles to the north of the Zambesi, and beyond Portuguese territory, they were somewhat at a loss what to do with them. If they acceded to Bishop Mackenzie's wishes and conveyed them at once to Chibisa's village on the Shire, and left them there, they dreaded that, as they had no medical attendant, they might meet the fate of Mr. Helmore and his party at Linyanti. It was at last arranged that the bishop should, after accompanying his companions to Johanna, where they would await his return with H.M. Consul, Mr. Lumley, go with the expedition on board the *Pioneer* to the Rovuma, in the hope that by this route access might be found to Lake Nyassa and the valley of the Shire.

The *Pioneer* anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February, which they found to have a magnificent natural harbour and bay. They sailed up the river for thirty miles, through a hilly and magnificently wooded country, but were compelled to return as the river was rapidly falling in volume, and they were afraid that the ship might ground altogether, and have to lie there until the next rainy season.

In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone gives a graphic account of the Rovuma River and the difficulties attending the navigation:—

"The bed of the river is about three-quarters of a mile wide. It is flanked by a well-wooded table-land, which looks like ranges of hills, 500 feet high. Sometimes the spurs of the high land come close to the water, but generally there is a mile of level alluvial soil between them and the bank. So few people appeared at first, it looked like a 'land to let;' but, having walked up to the edge of the plateau, considerable cultivation was met with, though to make a garden a great mass of brushwood must be cleared away. The women

and children fled; but calling to a man not to be afraid, he asked if I had any objection to 'liquor with him,' and brought a cup of native beer. There are many new trees on the slopes, plenty of ebony in some places, and thickets of brushwood. The whole scenery had a light-gray appearance, dotted over with masses of green trees, which precede the others in putting on new foliage, for this may be called our winter. Other trees showed their young leaves brownish-red, but soon all will be gloriously green. Further up we came to numerous villages, perched on sandbanks in the river. They had villages on shore, too, and plenty of grain stowed away in the woods. They did not fear for their victuals, but were afraid of being stolen themselves. We passed through them all right, civilly declining an invitation to land at a village where two human heads had been cut off. A lot of these river-pilots then followed us till there was only a narrow passage under a high bank, and there let drive their arrows at us. We stopped and expostulated with them for a long time; then got them to one of the boats, and explained to them how easily we could drive them off with our rifles and revolvers, but we wished to be friends, and gave about 30 yards of calico in presents, in proof of friendship. All this time we were within 40 yards of a lot of them, armed with muskets and bows, on the high bank. On parting, as we thought, on friendly terms, and moving on, we received a volley of musket-balls and arrows, four bullet-holes being made in my sail; but finding that we, instead of running away, returned the fire, they took to their heels, and left the conviction that these are the Border ruffians who at various points present obstacles to African exploration—men-stealers in fact, who care no more for human life than that respectable party in London who stuffed the 'Pioneer's' life-buoys with old straw instead of cork. It was sore against the grain to pay away that calico; it was submitting to be robbed for the sake of peace. It cannot be called 'black mail,' for that implies the rendering of important services by Arabs; nor is it 'custom dues.' It is robbery perpetrated by any one who has a traveller or trader in his power, and, when tamely submitted to, increases in amount till wood, water, grass, and every conceivable subject of offence is made occasion for a fine. On our return we passed quietly through them all, and probably the next English boat will be respected. Beyond these Makonde all were friendly and civil, laying down their arms before they came near us. Much trade is carried on by means of canoes, and we had the company of seven of these small craft for three days. They bring rice and grain down to purchase salt. When about 60 miles up, the table-land mentioned above retires, and we have an immense plain, with detached granite rocks and hills dotted over. Some rocks then appear in the river, and at last, at our turning point, the bed is all rocky masses, four or five feet high, with the water rushing through by numerous channels. The canoes go through with ease, and we might have taken the boats up also, but we were told that further up the

channels were much narrower, and there was a high degree of probability that we should get them smashed in coming down.

"We were on part of the slave-route from the Lake Nyassa to Quiloa (Kilwa) about 30 miles below the station of Ndonde, where that route crosses the Rovuma, and a little further from the confluence of the Liende, which, arising from the hills on the east of the Lake Nyassa, flows into the Rovuma. It is said to be very large, with reeds and aquatic plants growing in it, but at this time only ankle-deep. It contains no rocks till near its sources on the mountains, and between it and the lake the distance is reported to require between two and three days. At the cataracts where we turned there is no rock on the shore, as on the Zambesi, at Kebra-basa, and Murchison's cataracts. The land is perfectly smooth, and, as far as we could see, the country presented the same flat appearance, with only a few detached hills. The tsetse is met with all along the Rovuma, and the people have no cattle in consequence. They produce large quantities of oil-yielding seeds, as the sesame, or gerzelin, and have hives placed on the trees every few miles. We never saw ebony of equal size to what we met on this river; and as to its navigability, as the mark at which water stands for many months is three feet above what it is now, and it is now said to be a cubit lower than usual, I have no doubt that a vessel drawing when loaded about 18 inches would run with ease during many months of the year. Should English trade be established on the Lake Nyassa, Englishmen will make this their outlet rather than pay dues to the Portuguese.

"We return to put our ship on Nyassa. by the Shire, because there we have the friendship of all the people, except that of the slave-hunters. Formerly we found the Shire people far more hostile than are the Makonde of Rovuma, but now they have confidence in us, and we in them. To leave them now would be to open the country for the slave-hunters to pursue their calling therein, and we should be obliged to go through the whole process of gaining a people's confidence again.

"It may seem to some persons weak to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi, and thinking that the path thereby is consecrated by her remains. We go back to Johanna and Zambesi in a few days. Kind regards to Lady Murchison, and believe me ever affectionately yours."

On the Rovuma they found that hunting the senze, "an animal the size of a large cat, but in shape more like a pig, was the chief business of men and boys, as we passed the reedy banks and low islands. They set fire to a mass of reeds, and, armed with sticks, spears, bows and arrows, stand in groups guarding the outlets through which the scared senze may run from the approaching flames. Dark dense volumes of impenetrable smoke now roll over the lee-side of the islet, and showed the hunters. At times vast sheets of lurid flames bursting forth, roaring, crackling and exploding, leap wildly

far above the tall reeds. Out rush the terrified animals, and amid the smoke are seen the excited hunters dancing about with frantic gesticulations, and hurling stick, spear, and arrow, at their burned-out victims. Kites hover over the smoke, ready to pounce on the mantes and locusts as they spring from the fire. Small crows and hundreds of swallows are on eager wing, darting into the smoke and out again, seizing fugitive flies. Scores of insects, in their haste to escape from the fire, jump into the river, and the active fish enjoy a rare feast."

Soon after reaching the sea, fever prostrated the bulk of the crew, and the command and navigation of the ship devolved upon Dr. Livingstone, who was quite equal to the occasion. He drily remarks, "That the habit of finding the geographical positions on land, renders it an easy task to steer a steamer, with only three or four sails set, at sea; when, if one does not run ashore, no one follows to find out an error, and where a current affords a ready excuse for every blunder." After calling at Johanna for the bishop's friends, they sailed for the mouth of the Zambesi, and steamed up that river to the Shire, up which they ascended as far as Chibisa's village, the ship being dragged over the shallows with extreme difficulty. She drew five feet of water, which rendered her quite useless for the navigation during the dry season of either of the three great rivers which flowed through the tract of country they were accredited to.

On arriving at Chibisa's, they learned that war was raging in the Manganja country; and that on the following day a slave party, on its way to Tete, would pass through the village. "Shall we interfere?" was the question asked of each other. On the one hand, there was the risk to be run, if they did, of irritating the authorities at Tete, where the principal portion of the private baggage of the party was stored, and which might be confiscated in retaliation. On the other hand, Dr. Livingstone and the whole party were indignant that his steps should be followed by slave parties, who had never entered the country before, and called themselves his children and followers, while they extended the range of the accursed traffic, which he had gone through so much privations to put down. The decision, as might have been expected, was, that they should run all risks, and do what they could to stop the traffic. This is Dr. Livingstone's account of what followed:—

"A long line of manacled men and women made their appearance; the black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exulting notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest; so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps, and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party

alone remained; and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late commandant at Tete, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied, he had bought them; but on our inquiring of the people themselves, all save four said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely in our hands, and knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true; but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere children, about four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, 'The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat; what sort of people are you? where do you come from?' Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. . . . One woman had her infant's brains knocked out, because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was despatched with an axe, because he had broken down with fatigue."

The number liberated was eighty-four in all; and on being told that they were at liberty to go where they pleased, or remain with the mission, they chose the latter. During several days following many more captives were liberated, their drivers running from before the faces of the white men. Months afterwards at Tete, several merchants, all of whom were engaged in the slave trade, remarked to Dr. Livingstone that he had released some of the governor's slaves, to which he replied that he had liberated several groups of slaves in the Manganja country; and this was all that passed in regard to the transaction.

Leaving the rescued slaves, the party started to visit the Ajawa people, who were carrying war and slavery among the Manganja, and came upon them in the act of sacking and burning a village, where Dr. Livingstone and his friends had been previously entertained by the peaceful inhabitants, so many of whom were then engaged in weaving cotton, that they had jestingly called it "the Paisley of the hills." After engaging with the bishop in fervent prayer, the party advanced to demand a parley. The poor Manganja seeing them shouted out, "Our Chibisa is come;" Chibisa being well known as a great general and conjurer. The Ajawa ran off yelling, War! war! and refused to listen

to them; but, rallying and forming themselves into a body, they began to shoot at them with their poisoned arrows, until the party were reluctantly compelled in self-defence to fire upon their assailants, who fled, shouting back that they would follow and kill them while they slept. This was the first occasion on which, in all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone had felt compelled to use force; and it was with sad hearts that he and his companions returned to the village they had left in the morning, having failed in their attempt at conciliation, and having been compelled reluctantly to take a step which might subject them to much blame and misconstruction at the hands of lukewarm friends, and the secret enemies of the cause they had at heart.

As the bishop had made up his mind to settle among the Manganja at Magomero, he felt naturally indignant at the idea of the people in his charge being swept away into slavery in hordes, and proposed that they should at once follow the triumphant Ajawa, and drive them out of the country, and liberate the captives they might have in their possession. All were in favour of this course save Dr. Livingstone, who saw clearly what would be the result if a Christian missionary took such a step as this, and he cautioned them not in any circumstances to interfere by force in any of these wars, even although called upon by the Manganja to go to their assistance in their extremity. It is necessary to mention this, because, many people ignorantly blamed Dr. Livingstone for having given him different counsel. The site chosen for the mission settlement was on a small promontory, formed by the windings of the little clear stream called the Magomero. It was completely surrounded by stately trees. The weather was delightful, and provisions were cheap and abundant; and when Dr. Livingstone and his friends left them to proceed to Lake Nyassa, the bishop had commenced to learn the languages, Mr. Waller was busy superintending the building operations, and Mr. Scudamore was getting together the members of an infant school. They were full of hope and ardour, and saw nothing before them but success in the noble work they had sacrificed home and comfort to carry out.

The disastrous end of the mission may as well be told here. After labouring for some time with much acceptation among the neighbouring tribes, and being anxious to discover a nearer route to the Shire, Messrs. Proctor and Scudamore, with a number of Manganja carriers, left in December to explore the country for a new route. Their guides misled them, and they found themselves in a slave-trading village, where the threatening aspect of the people boded mischief. Warned by a woman that if they slept there they would be all killed, they prepared to leave, when the Anguro followed, shooting their arrows at the retreating party. Two of the carriers were taken prisoners, and the two missionaries, barely escaping with their lives, swam a deep river, and made their way with great difficulty to Magomero, where they arrived exhausted with their exertions.

The wives of the two carriers pleaded with the bishop that, as their husbands had been made captive in his service, he should rescue them from slavery. It appeared to him to be his duty to do this; and on asking the Makololo who had remained with him to assist in the expedition, they joyfully assented, as they held the prowess of the natives of the district in contempt, and knew of no better way of settling a difference with them than by a resort to force. There can be no doubt that had the bishop given them leave to do as they pleased, they would have cleared the country of the offenders; but he restrained them, which gave the delinquents an opportunity of escaping. The offending village was burned, and a few sheep and goats taken. The headman being afraid to retain the captives any longer liberated them, and they returned to their homes. As this expedition was undertaken during the rainy season, and the missionaries got frequently wet, their health was seriously affected.

The *Cape Argus* gives a summary of the fate of the leaders of the mission and the proceedings of Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk in taking Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, and the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, to the Mission Station on the Shire:—

"At Shupanga, about ten miles from Mozzaro, the *Pioneer*, it was found, could proceed no further. There was, therefore, no alternative but to prosecute the remainder of the journey in the two boats, which were provisioned for ten days; and as it was supposed that their destination might be reached in four the prospect did not look very formidable. When we say that, instead of four, twelve days elapsed ere the boats made the junction of the Rua river, 60 miles from their journey's end, and that during this period the ladies were in open boats, exposed to all the extremes of a fearfully unwholesome atmosphere, to the thousand insect-plagues which literally render existence almost unbearable, and that the crews were, man after man, struck down by insidious disease, it will be readily understood how wretched was their situation, and how heavily those in charge felt their responsibility.

"At this part of the river it was that the bishop and Mr. Burrup were expected to be in readiness to receive them. But the natives would not give any information. No one appeared, and Captain Wilson, knowing that provisions would be needed by the *Gorgon*, sent one of the two boats back down the river on a foraging expedition, while he pushed up with the other to leave the ladies at Chibisa. The crew of the former suffered terribly from fever on their way, and indeed, from all accounts, were most miraculously preserved, especially as provisions and medicine were all used up; and of stimulants there were none.

"Captain Wilson in his boat went on safely enough to Chibisa, the nearest spot to the mission station: there he left the ladies in charge of the doctor, and tried to get overland with Dr. Kirk, of the *Pioneer*, and four men; but when within two days' march of the place he was attacked by fever, which

had nearly proved fatal. Dr. Kirk even had looked out for a place in which to bury him. Dr. Kirk, too, was struck down, but most providentially a messenger, who had been dispatched forward, returned with some of the mission party. This may be said to have saved them from death.

"Then it was that Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk first learned the disastrous news which has shocked and saddened so many. The natives at Rua had known of it, but had kept silence, fearing lest they should be suspected of having caused the deaths of the bishop and Mr. Burrup, by witchcraft. One night, indeed, the boat in which were Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup had anchored within 100 yards of the bishop's grave.

"On the 14th of February, it was first known at the station, by the arrival there of one of the Makololo, who reported the bishop's death, and intimated the approach of the Rev. Mr. Burrup, who was carried on some rough branches of trees by two Makololo, but so shrunk and ill as to be scarcely recognisable. From Mr. Burrup it was gathered, that, after leaving the station on January 3, the bishop and he had slept five nights on the road; that at Chibisa they obtained a small canoe (the only one) with some men, who paddled them down to the island (Malo). Unfortunately they were upset, got wet through, and, worst of all, lost a case in the water, containing clothes, powder, and medicine. At first they were well received by Chief Chikangi. The bishop had an attack of low fever, which soon gained ground on a constitution which, though naturally strong, had been weakened by exposure and suffering. It soon became evident that he was sinking fast, as his speech was wandering, and he was perfectly helpless. The same afternoon, on the other side of the river, in a secluded spot under a large tree, the Rev. Mr. Burrup was reverently reading the burial service in the dim twilight over his lost leader, with no one near to share his affliction save the Makololo who had dug the grave.

"On the next day, Mr. Burrup prepared to return to the station. Nothing but death was before him. Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone, he journeyed on to Chibisa. Thence to the station he was carried, being too weak to walk. From the 14th February, the day of his arrival, hopes of his recovery were entertained for a short time; but ere long diarrhœa added to his weakness, and the fever was aggravated by the want of proper nourishing food. On the morning of the 22nd he breathed his last; and on Sunday, the following day, he was buried near the station. Neither Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, nor the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, ever reached the station: they returned to the Cape in H.M.'s ship *Gorgon*."

After the deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, "it appears that several applications were made for assistance against the Ajawa, which, however, were resolutely declined. A constant succession of claims, nevertheless, ultimately decided Mr. Procter, who on Bishop Mackenzie's death had been

left in charge of the mission, to visit Urbona, the chief of the Mingazi, in order to get his sanction to reside in his district, the country being hilly, particularly fine, and pleasant. Mr. Procter and Mr. Dickenson undertook this journey, and started off early on the morning of March 20; and on reaching their destination obtained permission to have a tour of exploration through the district governed by Urbono, in order to select a site which would not only be healthy, but also be appropriate for the carrying out of their mission. Accordingly, they proceeded towards a fine long spur of the western extremity of the Chiradzu Mountain, as the place looked promising. After crossing a valley which lay between them and the ridge which they wanted to reach, and ascending the ridge a considerable distance, Mr. Procter found the country favourable to their purpose. The want, however, of a stream, compelled them to abandon the thought of residing there. After making further explorations, the party returned to their mission station, where they continued until April 15, a period of nearly a month, educating the natives, &c., without being molested. On that day, however, news reached them of a series of incursions of the Ajawa, which rendered it imperative to change their station. This was accordingly done, about 70 men being engaged to assist in carrying their luggage. It was decided that they should proceed to Chibisa's village, on the Shire, for the present. The journey, which occupied ten days, was accomplished safely, almost all the people—in number about 60—freed through the exertions of the mission party, accompanied them. Mr. Procter's communication concludes: 'We are situated on a bank about 100 feet high, and for nearly a month have not felt any ill effects worse than those which came upon us in our former place. We hope we shall be able to remain here for a few months, and go on with our previous work, acquiring the language and teaching our own people.' "

About December it was apparent that yet other victims had to suffer from the malaria of these regions. The Rev. H. C. Scudamore expired on the morning of 1st January, 1863. The following letter from the Rev. L. J. Procter gives an account of the state of affairs prior to Mr. Scudamore's death:—

" Signor Vianna's, on the Zambesi, 27th Dec., 1862.

" The wretched state of the country on the hills and along the Shire has compelled us again to have recourse to the Portuguese for a further supply of the food merely absolutely necessary, and I have come down with one of our native people to purchase rice for ourselves and mapira for our dependents. On reaching this place, the residence of Signor Vianna, on the 16th, I fell in with Dr. Livingstone, who had just returned from the Rovuma, which he had been exploring in boats, and where he tells me he had been partially successful in his search for a river-route to Lake Nyassa; but that he and his party had been in considerable danger from a number of river-pirates who

had attacked them with guns: they had come upon rapids in the river, but the country around was favourable for land carriage. All were well on the *Pioneer*, and they were going on to Shupanga, whence they would start up the Shire for Chibisa's, as soon as the rise in the water should be sufficient. As regards ourselves, he told me that there was a great quantity of stores for us at Killimane, which had been brought from the Cape by H.M.S. *Rapid*, in November, and which he had assisted in landing with considerable trouble and difficulty—another kindness for which we are indebted to the good Doctor.

"As I came down the Shire I found the people in considerable affright on account of Mariano in the higher parts of the surrounding country, where an immense number of fugitives had also gathered together: the lower parts were ravaged and almost deserted, burnt villages being the signs of what had been going on, and a number of guns fired only three or four miles distant from an island on which we one night slept, the tokens of what is still going on. Mariano has about 2,000 men, armed with guns for the most part, in his service, and is leagued now with the Portuguese at Killimane for slaving purposes.

"We have had the greatest difficulty in getting even a very small quantity of seed-corn from the natives. A short time before my departure we sent Charles Thomas, one of the Cape men, up the hills south of our last station to try if he could buy any; but he had very small success. He went towards the Milanje, and got very near the very place where I and Scudamore were attacked: the people there pleaded famine, not it appears from real want, against which there was abundant external evidence, but because they were evidently unwilling to encourage any traffic or even communication with the English. Charles gave a miserable account of the country in the neighbourhood of our late district, and the route to it from the Shire: it is at least decimated on account of the famine; he passed through many villages where all the inhabitants, he was told, had died of hunger. Mbami's village itself, with which I presume you are by this time familiar as the first stopping-place on our route to Magomero, is destitute of people; all have perished except the chief himself and a few of his family. He paid us a visit a short time ago and was then looking himself in a half-starved condition, very different from the stout and hearty personage who greeted us there on our first journey up. With regard to Satchi, and the country between it and Magomero, I think I have informed you in my previous letter.

"I took a journey with some of our own people down the Shire a short time before I left Mikarango, to try if anything was to be bought in the way of seed or corn, but I could get nothing: there were large crops coming on, but at present the complaint is famine. The people on the right bank, our side of the river, were also in great fear of another Portuguese rebel, of whom I made mention in one of my last letters as staying with Chibisa."

The following postscript (dated 27th February) to a letter dated 10th February, 1863, from the Rev. J. L. Procter, already mentioned, narrates the state of matters up to date :—

Having alluded to the departure of Mr. Rowley, one of the mission to Tete for food (the expected supplies not having arrived), Mr. Procter says :— "This is our last resource; animal food is failing us, and even before Rowley can return we shall be reduced to simply vegetable diet. Of course, therefore, much depends upon this difficult and trying journey to Tete, which will occupy at least a month. If food can be had, all will be well: if not, our case is desperate, and but one resource will be left for us. I have accordingly written thus to Mr. Woodcock, our hon. secretary :—'Under the circumstances I feel it my duty to state that, if animal food cannot be insured, and if help in men and some additional provisions do not arrive from home, we shall be compelled to quit our present abode for the sea-coast, whence we shall try to make our way to either Johanna, Natal, or the Cape; and, not to leave any indefiniteness in this sad statement, I will add that, if we receive no addition to our numbers, or see no better hopes for the future before the 15th June next, we shall then proceed to make our way down the river in the best way we can. Grievous as this resolve is, I fear we cannot do otherwise. The whole country is in a state of utter ruin and destitution, and the drought still continues. Our surgeon, Mr. Dickinson, assures us that we have only this alternative unless we choose to stay and die for want of proper sustenance.'"

A few weeks afterwards, Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, together with Dr. Kirk and a large party, including Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup, went up the Shire, to join the mission as they hoped; and, although they were close by the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, they could hear nothing from the chief of Malo of the mission. He was in all likelihood afraid that he might be blamed for his death. At Chibisa's, the faithful Makololo told them the sad news they had come so far to hear. This information awakened fresh anxiety as to the fate of the others; so, leaving the ladies with Dr. Ramsay and the Makololo, Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk pushed up into the hill country, where they met the survivors of the mission party at a chief's called Soche. Captain Wilson was suffering from a severe attack of fever, and the whole party were so exhausted that there was nothing for it but to return to the boat, and sail sadly down the river to the *Pioneer*. On the 4th of April, the *Gorgon* sailed for the Cape, taking with her all the surviving members of the mission save one.

On the 6th of August, 1861, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and Mr. Charles Livingstone, started for Nyassa, with a light four-oared gig, attended by a white sailor and a score of natives. They found no difficulty in hiring people to carry the boat from village to village, and as they had the means of crossing the streams they met with, were quite independent of the humours of

the various chiefs and headmen, with whom, on previous occasions, they had had to bargain for being transferred across the streams. The course of the river was followed closely so as to avail themselves of the still reaches between the rapids for sailing, and when they had passed the last of them, they launched their boat for good on the Shire. The upper portion of the river is so broad and deep that it is roughly spoken of by the natives as a portion of the lake. At one point in the upper reaches of the river Lake Shirwa is only a day's journey distant; and within a recent period they must have been connected. The native land party which they had sent forward to join them above the rapids, passed thousands of Manganja living in temporary huts, who had been compelled to fly before the bloodthirsty Ajawa.

The following is a singular instance of tenacity of life in a native woman on the Shire, who had been wounded in an attack by the Ajawa:—

"In the afternoon a canoe came floating down empty, and shortly after a woman was seen swimming near the other side, which was about two hundred yards distant from us. Our native crew manned the boat and rescued her; when brought on board, she was found to have an arrow-head, eight or ten inches long in her back, below the ribs, and slanting up through the diaphragm and left lung towards the heart—she had been shot from behind when stooping. Air was coming out of the wound, and, there being but an inch of the barbed arrow-head visible, it was thought better not to run the risk of her dying under the operation necessary for its removal; so we carried her up to her own hut. One of her relatives was less scrupulous, for he cut the arrow and part of the lung. Mr. Young sent her occasionally portions of native corn, and strange to say, found that she not only became well, but stout."

The cooler temperature on the broad and deep waters of the lake was very enjoyable after the stifling heat on the river, which in its upper reaches is enclosed in an almost impenetrable belt of papyrus and other water plants; but they were very nearly shipwrecked in a tremendous storm which burst upon them almost without warning. "The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests driven into spray, streaming behind them. . . Had one of these white-named seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us, for they came on with resistless fury; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. . . . We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, we would call Nyassa the Lake of Storms."

At no place in Africa had Dr. Livingstone found the population so dense as on the shores of Nyassa. In some parts there was almost one unbroken succession of villages, and the inhabitants lined the shores of every bay, looking in wonder on a boat when propelled by sails. Whenever they landed

they were the objects of untiring curiosity. The people are industrious agriculturists and fishers, and appeared to enjoy plenty of everything. No fines or dues were exacted from the explorers, nor presents demanded. The northern dwellers on the lake during a portion of the year reap a singular harvest. At the proper season clouds as of smoke from burning grass hang over the lake and the adjacent country. These clouds are formed of countless myriads of minute midges or gnats, and are called by the natives *kungo*, which means a cloud or fog. The natives gather these insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, which they eat as a relish to their vegetable food. "A *kungo* cake, an inch thick, and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts."

The lake swarmed with fish, which the native fishermen catch in nets and basket traps, with hook and line. The principal fish, called the *sanjika*, a kind of carp, grows to a length of two feet. Its flesh was delicious, better than that of any fish the party had tasted in Africa. Fine watermen as the Makololo were, they frankly confessed that the lake fishermen were their superiors in daring and skill.

Their fishing nets were formed from the fibres of the *buaze*, and their clothes were manufactured from cotton grown by themselves, or from the fibres of the bark of a tree which is abundant in the district. The fishermen presented the party with fish, while the agricultural members of the community gave food freely. The chief of the northern parts, a tall, handsome man named Marenga, gave them largely of food and beer. "Do they wear such things in your country?" he asked, pointing to his iron bracelet, which was studded with copper and highly prized. The doctor said he had never seen such in his country, whereupon Marenga instantly took it off and presented it to him, and his wife also did the same with hers. On the return of the party he tried to induce them to spend a day with him drinking beer, and when they declined he loaded them with provisions.

The following account of Lake Nyassa and the people on its shores and their habits is extracted from a letter addressed by Mr. Charles Livingstone to Sir Roderick Murchison in January, 1862:—

"The depth of the lake," he says, "is indicated by the different colour of its waters. Near the land, and varying in width from a few yards to several miles according to the nature of the coast, is a belt of light green, and to this joined in a well-defined line the blue or indigo of the ocean, which is the colour of the great body of Nyassa.

"Not far from where we turned back, and about a mile from shore, we could find no bottom with over a hundred fathoms of line out. The temperature of this mass of water, near the end of September, was 72°, and the air was always cooler on the beach than farther inland. We visited the lake in

perhaps the stormiest season of the year (September and October), and were repeatedly detained by severe gales. At times, while sailing pleasantly over the blue water, with a gentle breeze and under a cloudless sky, suddenly and without any warning, would be heard the sound of the pursuing gale, as it came roaring on, dragging myriads of white-crested waves in its excited wake. We got caught, one morning in a heavy gale. As a sort of forlorn hope the anchor was let go in seven fathoms, a mile from the land, with the sea breaking, even far out beyond us. The waves we dreaded most rushed upon us in squadrons of threes, with a few minutes of comparative quiet between the successive charges. Had one of these almost perpendicular-sided masses broken on our frail bark nothing could have saved us, but, to our heartfelt relief, as on they came with resistless force they broke before reaching us, or on one side, or behind. For six mortal hours we faced the fierce charges of those terrible trios, not knowing but some one of their waves might be carrying our fate on its hoary and uplifted head. A low, dark cloud came slowly from the mountains, and for hours hung directly over our heads. Our black crew became so sea-sick as to be unable to sit up, and the bow-oar had to be constantly at work to keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives, with our land party, stood on the high cliffs, commiserating the unhappy fate of the poor white men, and exclaiming, as the boat was hid by the waves, 'Ah! they're lost! they're dead!' In the afternoon the gale moderated, the anchor was soon up, the glad boat ran for the land, dashed through the boiling surf, and in a few seconds was safe on the beach.

"The west side of Nyassa is a succession of bays of similar form, as though produced by a common cause, such as the prevalence of north-easterly winds; and each is separated from its neighbour by a rocky headland, with detached rocks extending some distance out to sea. In general these bays have a sandy beach or pebbly shore. The great south-westerly bay has a safe and commodious harbour. A good deal of the land adjacent to the lake is low, sometimes marshy, with numerous waterfowl and some elephants. Eight or ten miles back of the plain are ranges of high and well-wooded granite hills, running nearly parallel with the lake, and presenting in several places magnificent views of range towering behind range, until the distant blue mountains bound the prospect by rearing their lofty summits to the skies. Towards the north the plain becomes narrower, and near where we turned disappears altogether. The mountains then rise abruptly out of the lake, and form the north-east boundary of a high and extensive table-land, resembling the Batoka country, healthy, and well-suited for pasturage and agriculture.

"Never before, in Africa, have we seen anything like the dense population of Lake Nyassa, especially in the south. In some parts there seemed to be an unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every little

sandy bay, black crowds were standing gazing at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail; and whenever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children, who had hastened to stare at the 'chiromba,' or wild animals. To see the animals feed was the great attraction. Never did Zoological Society's lions draw a tithe of such multitudes. They crowded round us at meal times, a wilderness, an impenetrable thicket of negroes, looking on with the deepest apparent interest. The zeal they manifested in order to witness the whole procedure was more amusing than agreeable. The smell of black humanity, in a state of perspiration, is not pleasant while one is eating.

"They cultivate the soil pretty extensively, and grow large quantities of sweet potatoes, as well as rice, maize, native corn, &c.; but in the north manioc was the staple product, and, with fish kept till they attain a high flavour, constituted the principal food of the inhabitants. During a certain portion of the year, however, they have a curious harvest, which furnishes a singular sort of food. The cakes are dark in colour, and tasted not unlike decayed red-herring. Plenty of excellent fish are found in the lake; some of the kinds were new to us. One, called sanjika, somewhat resembles trout, and runs up the rivers to spawn as salmon do at home. The largest were above two feet in length; splendid fish, the best we have ever eaten in Africa. They were running up the rivers in August and September, and numbers of fishermen were actively employed in catching them. Dams were constructed, full of sluices, in each of which was set the fatal trap fish-basket, over whose single entrance might have been written 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.' A short distance below, nets were stretched across from bank to bank, so that it seemed a marvel how even the most sagacious sanjika could get up without being taken, unless a free passage is left at night.

"In the lake the fish are caught chiefly with nets, but in deep water, some kinds are taken in fish-baskets, lowered to a great depth, and attached by a long line to a float, around which is often fastened a mass of grass or weeds, to serve, perhaps, as an alluring shade for the fish. Fleets of fine canoes are engaged in the lake fisheries; the men have long paddles, and stand while using them. They sometimes venture out when there is a considerable sea on.

"Perhaps the first impression one receives of the men is that they are far from being industrious—in fact, are downright lazy. During the day, groups are seen lying asleep under the shady trees, and appearing to take life remarkably easy. But a little further acquaintance modifies first impressions, as it leads to the discovery that many of the sleepers work hard by night. In the afternoon they examine and mend their nets, place them in the canoes, and paddle off, frequently to distant islands, or other good fishing-grounds, and during a large portion of the night the poor fellows are toiling, passing much

of the time in the water dragging their nets. Many men and boys are employed in gathering the buaze, preparing the fibre, and making it into long nets. When they come for the first time to gaze at suspicious-looking strangers, they may, with true African caution, leave their working materials at home. From the number of native cotton cloths worn in many villages at the south end of the lake, it is evident that a goodly number of busy hands must be constantly at work. An extensive manufacture of bark-cloth also is ever going on from one end of the lake probably to the other, and much toil and time are required before the bark becomes soft and fit to wear. A prodigious amount of this bark-cloth is worn, indicating the destruction of an immense number of trees every year.

"The lake people are by no means handsome. The women are frightfully ugly, and really make themselves hideous by the very means they adopt with the laudable view of rendering their persons beautiful and attractive. The pelele, or upper-lip ornament, is as fashionable as crinoline in other countries. Some are made of tin in the shape of a small dish, and they sometimes actually carry things in them. Others are of white quartz, and give the wearer the appearance of having an inch or two of one of Price's patent candles thrust through the lip and projecting beyond the point of the nose. A few are of a blood-red colour, and at a little distance the lady looks as if she had come off only second best in a recent domestic squabble. All are tattooed, the figures varying with the tribes. Some tattoo their faces, after a fashion so execrable, that they seem to be covered all over with great ugly warts or pimples. The young boys and girls, however, are reasonably good-looking. In regard to their character they are pretty much like other people. There are decent ones among them, and a good many are, as they say in Scotland, 'nae better than they suld be.' If one of us happened to be at hand when a net was hauled, a fish was usually offered. Sailing one day past a number of men who had just dragged their net ashore, we were hailed, and asked to come and get a fish, and received a generous present. The northerly chief, Marenga, was remarkably generous, giving us large presents of food and beer, both going and returning. Others also made us presents of food.

"In some things the people of Nyassa are as far advanced as the most highly civilised communities. They have expert thieves among them. On our way up we had a disagreeable visit from some of this light-fingered class. They called one morning when two of us were down with fever, between the rather early hours of three and five, and, notwithstanding a formidable array of revolvers and rifles, quietly relieved us of a considerable amount, while we all slept ingloriously throughout the whole performance. We awoke, as honest men do, at the usual hour, and the fact of our loss soon burst upon us. 'My bag's *gone!*' cried one of the victims, 'and all my clothes! and my *boots*, too!' '*Both* of mine are off!' responded another. 'And so is mine!'

chimed in a third: 'and the bag of *beads!* and the *rice!*' 'Is the *cloth* gone too?' 'No; it's all safe: I used it for a pillow.'

"'There is honour among thieves,' it is said. These Nyassa scoundrels left on the beach our aneroid barometer and a new pair of boots, thinking, perhaps, that they might be of use to us though of none to them. It was rather humiliating to be so completely done for by a few black thieves.

"A few of the best fisheries seem to be the private property of individuals. We found shelter from a storm one morning in a spacious lagoon which communicated with the lake by a narrow passage. Across this strait stakes were driven in, leaving spaces for the fish-baskets. About a score of men were busily engaged in taking out the fish. We tried to purchase some, but they refused to sell. 'The fish were not theirs, they belonged to a man in a neighbouring village: they would send for the owner.' In a short time the gentleman made his appearance, and sold us some. He did not appear to be the chief, but one who owned, or had farmed out, this very productive fishery.

"Some of their burying-grounds are wonderfully well arranged and cared for. One of these was on the southern shore of the fine harbour in the great bay. A neat and wide path was made on its east and south sides. A grand, old, sacred fig-tree stood on the north-east corner, and its wide-spreading branches threw their kindly shade over this last resting-place of the dead. Other splendid trees grew around the hallowed spot. The graves were raised exactly as they are at home, but lay north and south, the heads being at the north. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the implements which the buried dead had been accustomed to use in their respective occupations, while amidst the joys of life. The heavy stick used in pounding corn, one end in the grave and the other thrust through the basket in which the meal is sifted, showed that a woman slept beneath the sod; a piece of fishing-net and a broken paddle were over the grave of a fisherman, and all the graves had numerous broken pots arranged around them. At the head of some a banana-tree had been carefully planted. The people of the neighbouring village were friendly, and readily brought us food for sale."

On the northern shore of the lake the Mazitu had settled, and were carrying on the slave trade with terrible rigour, sweeping away the helpless people like sheep. They had frequently attacked Marenga and his people; but the thickets and stockades around their villages enabled the bowmen to pick off the Mazitu in security, and they were driven off. Many of the Mazitu were settled on islands in the lake, from which they emerged to plunder and make captive the peaceable inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Long tracts of country were passed through where "the population had all been swept away; ruined villages, broken utensils, and human skeletons, met with at every turn, told a sad tale of 'man's inhumanity to man.' The extent of the trade done in slaves

in the Nyassa district may be gathered from the fact that 19,000 slaves alone pass through the custom-house of the island of Zanzibar; and those taken out of the country form only a small section of the sufferers, as many thousands more are slain in the slave raids, and die of famine after having to fly from their homes." The exploration of the lake extended from the 2nd of September to the 26th of October, 1861, and was abandoned for a time because they had expended or lost the most of their goods. The party frequently suffered from the want of flesh meat, although from the great size of the game, they frequently had much more than they could use, in which case the natives gladly accepted the surplus. On one occasion they killed two hippopotami and an elephant, "perhaps in all some eight or ten tons of meat, and two days after they ate the last of a few sardines for dinner." The wretched and ruined Manganja, although all their sufferings were caused by the demand for human flesh, sold each other into slavery when they had a chance. In speaking of a native of this tribe who sold a boy he had made captive in a hostile raid, Dr. Livingstone notes his "having seen a man who was reputed humane, and in whose veins no *black* blood flowed, parting for the sum of £4 with a good-looking girl, who stood in a closer relationship to him than the boy to the man who excited our ire; and she being the nurse of his son besides, both son and nurse made such a pitiable wail for an entire day, that even the half-caste who had bought her relented, and offered to return her to the white man, but in vain." It is so long since our Government washed its hands, at an immense cost, of this iniquitous traffic, and it expends so much annually to put it down on the coast of Africa, that the knowledge that such things can be done by civilized men comes with a shock upon us. Surely the wonderful trials Dr. Livingstone has come through in his campaign against this detestable traffic will not have been suffered in vain; and the knowledge of such crimes against humanity will be the prelude to their extinction!

Arriving at the village at the foot of the cataracts, the party found it in a much more flourishing condition than when they passed up. A number of large huts had been built, and the people had a plentiful stock of cloth and beads. The sight of several fine large canoes, instead of the old leaky ones which lay there before, explained the mystery—the place had become a crossing place for the slaves on their way to Tete. Well might the indignant members of the expedition say that "nothing was more disheartening than the conduct of the Manganja, in profiting by the entire breaking up of their nation."

The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, and on the 14th Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, who had only just joined him, visited them; as they started on their downward voyage, they "gave and received three hearty English cheers, as they went to the shore and we steamed off." This was the last they saw of these devoted men, as they soon after perished in the

manner already related. The ship having run aground about twenty miles below Chibisa's, they were detained five weeks, until the river rose sufficiently to float her off; and during their detention, the carpenter's mate, a fine healthy young Englishman, died of fever, being the first death of a member of the expedition, although they had been three years and a half in the country.

At Mboma's village they heard that the notorious Mariano had been allowed to leave Mozambique in order to collect a heavy fine which had been imposed upon him after trial for his crimes. He had immediately taken to his old trade, slavery, and had depopulated a large tract of country on the right bank of the river. While expressing indignation at his conduct, and sending an expedition against him, which he was supposed to have defeated, the leader of it being sent back loaded with presents, the party had no doubt that the Portuguese officials at Mozambique were quite aware of his intentions before he started, and were in all likelihood sharing in his ill-gotten gains. The sending a force against him was merely a ruse to save appearances.

Sailing down the Zambesi, they anchored in the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi; and on the 30th of December H.M.S. *Gorgon* arrived, towing the brig which brought Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, and Mrs. Burrup; the former had come out to join her husband, while the latter were on their way to join their friends at Magomero, where they arrived, as we have already seen, too late to see their friends alive.

The progress of the *Pioneer* with the party, and a portion of the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, a vessel which Livingstone had had specially built for river navigation, in pieces of a size which one man could carry on land, was so distressingly slow, in consequence of the machinery having been allowed to get out of order, that Livingstone and his friends determined to land and put the pieces of the *Lady Nyassa* together at Shupanga, while Captain Wilson, Dr. Kirk, and Dr. Ramsay, and Mr. Sewell of the *Gorgon*, and the mission party, went forward in the gig of that ship.

During the unhealthy season several of Dr. Livingstone's party suffered from fever, and about the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by that disease; and notwithstanding that she received every attention which affection and skill could render, she died on the 27th of that month, and was buried on the following day under the shadow of a giant baobab-tree, the Rev. James Stewart, who had shortly before come out to enquire into the practicability of establishing a mission in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, reading the burial service. The gallant seamen of the *Gorgon* mounted guard for several nights over her last resting-place. It is impossible not to sympathise with the stricken husband, who thus lost the wife of his early years, who had shared in so many of his trials and difficulties, just when he was re-united to her after a separation of four years. Beloved and revered as she was by white men as well as by black, the party who stood under the wide spreading

branches of the baobab-tree must have been a sad and melancholy one. One comforting reflection there was—she died among dear and loving friends, and not alone among savages, like Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, the knowledge of whose death was so soon to overwhelm with grief the two companions of her voyage out, who little dreamed when they sorrowed for her that the dear ones they had come so far to see had already been consigned to the grave by savage, although friendly hands.

When the *Lady Nyassa* was put together at Shupanga, she was launched in the presence of a large assemblage of natives, who had come from far and near to witness it. They could not believe that being of iron she would float, and their astonishment was great when they saw her glide lightly and gracefully into the water. The figure head, which was the head and bust of a female, was pointed to as a wonderful work of art. As it was now well on in June, and the river was at its lowest, it would be impossible to sail up the river until December. The party proceeded in the *Pioneer* to Johanna to obtain a supply of provisions and other requisites, and some draught oxen to carry the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* past the Murchison Cataracts. Mr. Lumley, H.M. Consul at Johanna, forwarded their views in every way, and gave them six of his own trained oxen from his sugar plantation.

In the interval which must elapse before they could sail up the Shire, the principal members of the expedition, with a number of native assistants, proceeded to explore the Rovuma, as Dr. Livingstone was still of opinion that a better way to Lake Nyassa might be found by ascending this river; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Rovuma was found to contain a much smaller volume of water than many of the tributaries of the Zambesi. Shallows were numerous, and snags formed by the sinking of large trees in the mud during the subsidence of the floods, rendered the navigation difficult even for the boats of H.M.S. *Orestes*, which had been lent to the party for the ascent. Ninety miles from its mouth their further progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, and there was nothing for it but to return to Johanna, and proceed to Lake Nyassa by the valley of the Shire.

The lower part of the Rovuma valley was found to be very sparsely populated, and of no great breadth, the hills lying close to the river on either side. Sixty-five miles up the stream they arrived at an inhabited island, and after some difficulty they managed to open friendly relations with the natives, and purchased food from them. Here not only the females, but many of the young men, wore the *pelele* or lip ring. Farther up the stream, at the temporary village of an armed band of slave-traders, an attempt was made to arrest their further progress unless a toll was paid. Rather than proceed to extremities, Dr. Livingstone gave them thirty pieces of calico, which so excited their cupidity that they fired a volley of musketry and poisoned arrows at the party, fortunately without effect. A few shots fired at them drove these

bloodthirsty cowards into the forest, and secured the party from any further attack.

The people in the neighbourhood of the cataracts were found to be peaceful and industrious, and friendly in their disposition. They are called Makoa, and are known by a cicatrice on the brow, in the form of a crescent, with the horns pointing downwards. The hills on either side of the river were lofty, and seemed to be the outlying spurs of a still wider range on either side. Coal was found in such circumstances as warranted the party in believing that it existed in abundance in the valleys.

In January 1863, the *Pioneer* steamed up the Shire, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow; and she had not breasted its waters for many hours before the party came upon traces of the wholesale ravages of the notorious and bloodthirsty Mariano. A little more than twelve months before, the valley of the Shire was populous with peaceful and contented tribes; now the country was all but a desert, the very air polluted by the putrid carcases of the slain, which lay rotting on the plains, and floated in the waters of the river in such numbers as to clog the paddles of the steamer. Once they saw a crocodile making a rush at the carcase of a boy, and shake it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, while others rushed to share in the meal, and quickly devoured it. The miserable inhabitants who had managed to avoid being slain or carried off into captivity, were collecting insects, roots, and wild fruits—anything in short that would stave off starvation, in the neighbourhood of the villages where they had formerly enjoyed peace and plenty. They were entirely naked, save for the palm-leaf aprons they wore, as everything of any value had been carried off by the slave stealers. The sight of hundreds of putrid dead bodies and bleached skeletons was not half so painful as the groups of children and women who were seen sitting amidst the ruins of their former dwellings, with their ghastly famine-stricken faces and dull dead eyes. These made up such a tale of woe and misery that those who were dead might be deemed fortunate in comparison with the survivors, who instinctively clung to the devastated spot they had once called home, and those who had been led into life-long captivity. Everywhere dead bodies were met with. In the huts when opened the mouldering corpse was found "with the poor rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow; the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons."

Mr. Thornton rejoined the party on the Shire, bringing with him supplies for the mission and the expedition party, after successfully assisting Baron Vanderdecken in a survey of the Kilimanjaro mountains, and the ascent of the highest member of the range to a height of 14,000 feet, discovering at the same time that the height above the level of the sea of the highest peak was 20,000 feet. These mountains above 8,000 feet are covered with perpetual snow. His present mission was to examine the geology of the district in the

neighbourhood of the cataracts; but before he had well begun his arduous labour he was attacked with fever, and died on the 21st of April.

While busily making a road through the forest to connect the lower Shire with the upper, beyond the Murchison cataracts, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone, after repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, were compelled to leave for England; the undaunted chief of the expedition remaining at his post, although he also had had a severe attack of fever. Before they had completed their arrangements for passing the cataracts, a despatch arrived from Lord John Russell, then minister for foreign affairs, withdrawing the expedition. As the ascent of the river could not be made for some time, Dr. Livingstone determined on a journey to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, selecting five of the Makololo men, who had settled near Chibisa's, and several of the Johanna men and natives on the spot, making in all twenty native assistants, to accompany him. In attempting to ascend the cataracts in boats, one of these, with valuable stores in it, was lost through the foolhardiness of several Zambesi men, who were desirous of showing that they could manage her better than the Makololo.

As a punishment, the Zambesi men were sent back to Chibisa's for provisions, cloth, and beads, Dr. Livingstone determining to go on on foot. The bold explorer managed to penetrate through a hitherto unvisited country, to a point several hundred miles west of the lake. At the different villages he was well received, after his intentions were made known. In many places he was received with coldness, and the inhabitants were in daily dread of a slave-stealing raid being made upon them, and naturally looked with suspicion on an armed party, headed by a white man. The country was very populous, and exceedingly beautiful, showing every variety of scenery to be found between the level plain and the summits of the mountain ridges, at a height of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The party were the recipients of much kind attention from the great bulk of the simple inhabitants of the district through which they passed; and again and again Dr. Livingstone had proofs, both of eye and ear, that the native tribes in the interior, who have not suffered from the introduction of the slave trade, lead comparatively blameless and industrious lives. It was a refreshing sight to see men, women, and children, preparing the ground for their crops, or clearing the latter of weeds, which were carefully gathered and burned, as in highly farmed England; or grinding their corn in the stone mill, which consists all over the districts he had visited, "of a block of granite, or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square, and four or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock, about the size of half a brick, one side of which has a coarse surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the large and stationary stone. The work-woman kneeling, grasps this upper millstone with both hands, and works it backwards and forwards in the hollow of the

lower millstone, in the same way that a baker works his dough, when pressing it and pushing it from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the movable stone; and while it is pressed and pushed forwards and backwards, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus at first bruised, and then ground in the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat spread for the purpose."

Before being ground, the corn is pounded in a large wooden mortar, exactly similar to the method of the ancient Egyptians. The pestle is about six feet long, and four inches in thickness. By this process the husk is removed from the grain; and that it is a tedious process we have the authority of Solomon, who thought that it took more vigour and trouble to separate "a fool from his folly" than to remove the hard husk from the wheat.

"A chief named Muazi presented Livingstone with a basket of unground corn; and on his hinting that he had no wife to grind it for him, the chief's buxom spouse archly said, 'I will grind it for you; and leave Muazi, to accompany and cook for you in the land of the setting sun.'"

Everywhere he was struck with little touches of human nature, which told him that blacks and whites in their natural ways were very much the same. Sleeping outside a hut, but near enough to hear what passed in the interior of it, he heard a native woman commence to grind in the dark, about two o'clock in the morning. "Ma," said her little daughter, "why grind in the dark?" After telling her to go to sleep, she said, "I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers, which will make you a little lady." And no doubt the little child went to sleep quite contented, just as an English girl would, under like circumstances.

Their greatest luxury was beer, of which they drank considerable quantities, generally in an hospitable kind of way, inviting their neighbours to share in the jollification. Under such circumstances they politely praise the quality of the liquor provided, a common saying being that it was so good, "the taste reaches right to the back of the neck."

The merchants or traders of the district are the Babisa. They are distinguished by a line of horizontal cicatrices, down the middle of the forehead and chin. They collect the ivory from the Manganja and the Ajawa, and carry it to the coast and sell it, bringing back European manufactures, beads, etc., in return for it, and deal in tobacco and native iron utensils. Some of the natives to the west of the lake were very tall and strong; many of them were a good way over six feet in height, and six feet was common. On reaching Lake Nyassa on their return journey, they found many of the inhabitants living in hiding among the reeds by the margin of the lake; temporary huts being erected on the flattened reeds, which were so thick and strong as to form a perfect, though yielding floor, on the surface of the lake. They had a miserable half-starved appearance, agriculture being out of the question while

they were living in constant terror of a visit from slave-trading bands. No one would sell any food unless in exchange for some other article of food, for the simple reason that they were starving, many of them dying from sheer want.

Before the party got back to the ship they were caught in the rains; sometimes it came on at night, with unpleasant results, when the party were asleep with no shelter but the umbrageous foliage of some giant tree. Livingstone says, "when very tired a man feels determined to sleep in spite of everything, and the sound of dripping water is said to be conducive to slumber, but that does not refer to an African storm. If, when half-asleep, in spite of a heavy shower on the back of the head, he unconsciously turns on his side, the drops from the branches make such capital shots into the ear, that the brain rings again." Curiously enough, the keen bracing air of the highlands had a deleterious effect on the Zambesi men.

The following is Dr. Livingstone's account of the journey to the north-west of Lake Nyassa, in a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

"The despatch containing instructions for our withdrawal, though dated 2nd of February, did not reach me before the 2nd of July, when the water had fallen so low that the *Pioneer* could not be taken down to the sea. To improve the time, therefore, between July and the flood of December, I thought that I might see whether a large river entered the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and, at the same time, ascertain whether the impression was true that most of the slaves drawn to Zanzibar, Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique, came from the Lake district. With this view I departed, taking the steward of the *Pioneer* and a few natives, carrying a small boat, and ascended the Shire. Our plan was to sail round the eastern shore and the north end of the lake, but unfortunately we lost our boat when we had nearly passed the falls of the Shire; the accident occurring through five of our natives trying to show how much cleverer they were than the five Makololo who had hitherto had the management of it. It broke away from them in a comparatively still reach of the river, and rushed away like an arrow over the cataracts. Our plans after this had to be modified, and I resolved to make away for the north-west on foot, hoping to reach the latitude of the northern end of the lake without coming in contact with the Mazitu, or Zulus, who have depopulated its north-western shores, and then go round the Lake from the west.

"We soon came to a range of mountains running north and south, rising about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The valley on the eastern base was 2,000 feet above the sea, and was of remarkable beauty—well supplied with streams of delicious cold water. This range forms the edge of the high table-land (called Deza) on which the Maravi dwell. We were, however, falsely told that no people lived on the other side, and continued our course

along the valley until we came out at the heel of the lake—the bold mountainous promontory of Cape Maclear on our right, and the hills of Tsenga in front of us. Again starting off towards the north-west, we came to a stockade which the Mazitu, or other natives pretending to be of this tribe, had attacked the day before, and we saw the loathsome relics of the fight in the shape of the dead bodies of the combatants. Wishing to avoid a collision with these people, we turned away towards the north-east until we again came to the lake, and marched along its shores to Kota-Kota Bay (lat. 12° 55′ South).

"At Kota-Kota Bay we found two Arab traders busily engaged in transporting slaves across the lake by means of their boats; they were also building a *dhow* to supply the place of one which was said to have been wrecked. These men said that they had now 1500 souls in their village, and we saw tens of thousands of people in the vicinity who had fled thither for protection. They were the same men whom we had seen on our last visit, but at that time they had very few people. Every disturbance amongst the native tribes benefits the slave-trader. They were paying one fathom of calico, value one shilling, for a boy, and two fathoms for a good-looking girl. Yet, profitable as it may seem, the purchase of slaves would not pay, were it not for the value of their services as carriers of the ivory conveyed to the coast by the merchants. A trader with twenty slaves has to expend at least the price of one per day for their sustenance: it is the joint ivory and slave trade which alone renders the speculation profitable. It was the knowledge that I was working towards undermining the slave-trade of Mozambique and Iboe by buying up the ivory, that caused the Portuguese to exert all their obstructive power. I trust that operations in the interior, under a more able leader, will not be lost sight of; for these will do more to stop the slave-trade than all the cruisers on the ocean.

"Kota-Kota Bay, which is formed by a sandy spit running out and protecting the harbour from the east wind, is the crossing-place for nearly all the slaves that go to Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique. A few are taken down to the end of the lake, and for cheapness cross the Shire; but at Kota-Kota lies the great trade-route to Katanga, Cazembe, &c. The Babisa are the principal traders; the Manganja are the cultivators of the soil. The sight of the new *dhow* gave me a hint which perhaps may be useful. She was 50 feet by 12, and 5 feet deep. I should never think again of carrying more than the engine and boilers of a vessel past the cataracts; the hull could be built here more easily than it could be conveyed hither. On the southern shores of the lake there are many trees whose trunks are above 2 feet in diameter and 60 feet in height without a branch. The Arabs were very civil when we arrived, and came forth to meet us, and presented us with rice, meal, and sugar-cane. Amongst other presents they made us was a piece of malachite.

"On leaving Kota-Kota we proceeded due west. In three days we

ascended the plateau, the eastern side of which has the appearance of a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but the steep walk was toilsome, causing us to halt frequently to recover our breath. The heights have a delicious but peculiarly piercing air: it seemed to go through us. Five Shupanga men, who had been accustomed all their lives to the malaria of the Zambesi Delta were quite prostrated by that which, to me, was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about 90 miles due west on the great Babisa, Katanga, and Cazembe slave-route, and then turned to the north-west. The country is level, but the boiling-point showed a slope in the direction we were going. The edge of the plateau is 3,440 feet above the sea-level. At the Loangwa end of the lake the height shown is 3,270 feet. The direction of the streams verifies these approximate heights and your famous hypothesis too; for the Loangwa of the lake finds its way backwards to the Nyassa, whilst another river of the same name, called the Loangwa of the Maravi, here flows to the westward, and enters the Zambesi at Zumbo. The feeders of these rivers are boggy valleys, with pools in their courses. We were told we had crossed one branch of the Moitala, or Moitawa, which flows N.N.W. into a small lake called Bemba.* The valleys in which the rivers rise closely resemble those in Londa or Lunda; but here each bank is dotted over with villages, and a great deal of land is cultivated; the vegetation is more stunted, and the trees covered with flat lichens, like those on old apple-trees in Scotland, besides a long thready kind similar to orchilla-weed; the land on which maize has been planted is raised into ridges instead of, as elsewhere, formed into hollows—all which reveals a humid climate.

"As we were travelling in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the traders on the slave-route, hindrances of various kinds were put in our way. The European food we had brought with us was expended; the people refused to sell us food, and dysentery came back on us in force. Moreover, our time was now expired. I was under explicit orders not to undertake any long journey, but to have the *Pioneer* down to the sea by the earliest flood. I might have speculated on a late rise in the Zambesi, but did not like the idea of failing in my duty, and so gave up the attempt to penetrate farther to the west. The temptation to go forward was very great; for the lake Bemba was said to be but ten days' journey distant; and from this, according to native report, issues the river Loapula (or Luapula), which flowing westward, forms the lakes Mofu (or Mofue) and Moero, and then, passing the town of Cazembe, turns round to the north and is lost in Tanganyika. Is there an outlet to Tanganyika on the west into the Kasai, to the east of the point at

* We were destined to become very familiar with this Lake in connection with Dr. Livingstone's last journeyings in Central Africa.

which I formerly crossed that river ?* All agreed in asserting that no river flowed eastward into Lake Nyassa Two small ones do, but at a distance of, say, 80 or 90 miles from the lake; the watershed is to the west. One should have no bias in investigating these questions by the aid of travelled natives; but I had a strong leaning to a flow *from* Tanganyika into Nyassa or the Zambesi. I was, however, stoutly opposed by all; and I had crossed so many running streams, which, from entering the lake among reeds, had not been observed from the boat on our first visit, that, before reaching Kota-Kota, I had come to the conclusion that a large river from the North was not needed to account for the perennial flow of the Shire. I am sorry I have only native information to give instead of my own direct observations; but, having been confined to work of much greater importance than exploration, the above was all I could achieve when set free.

"As the steward and myself were obliged to try our best during the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled 660 geographical miles in 55 travelling days, averaging 12 miles per day in straight lines. The actual distance along the wavy, up-and-down paths we had was of course much greater. The new leaves on the trees of the plateau were coming out fresh and green, and of various other hues, when we were there, and on reaching the ship on the 31st of October, we found all, except the evergreen ones by streams, as bare of leaves as in mid-winter.

The party reached the ship early in November, and found those they had left there in good health. The exploring party had travelled nearly seven hundred miles in a straight line, which gave a mileage of twelve and a half per day, but taking the windings into account, Livingstone put their rate of advance down at fifteen miles, a wonderful progress truly in an unknown country. An Ajawa chief, named Kapeni, waited upon them, and gratified Livingstone by saying that he and most of his people were anxious to receive English missionaries as their teachers. The effect of this was marred by intelligence which reached him shortly afterwards, that Bishop Tozer, Bishop Mackenzie's successor, after a short stay near the mouth of the Shire, on the top of Mount Marambala, had determined to leave the country. In descending the river they heard that Mariano, the infamous slave-stealing half-caste, had died of debauchery some time previous.

From Shupanga he wrote on the 10th of Feb., 1864:—"The river rose in tremendous force on the 19th of January—much later than usual. Its lateness extracted many a groan from me, for it was plain that I had plenty of time to have examined Lake Bemba, which I suppose to be the beginning of the drainage system which finds an outlet by the Congo. Mofu, or Mofue, was

* In his last journey Dr. Livingstone found that the river he alludes to had no connection with Lake Tanganyika, but is, as he supposed, the head waters of the Nile.

seen, I believe, by Montiero in his journey to Cazembe. Part of our line of march was along the route from Kilwa to the same chief."

The following extract from a letter of Dr. Livingstone to the late Admiral Washington, relates to the end of Bishop Tozer's mission, and the exactions of the Portuguese:—

"The Mission of the Universities has been a sore disappointment to me, but on public grounds alone, for it formed no part of my expedition. Before I left the Zambesi, I heard from Bishop Tozer, the successor to Bishop Mackenzie, that he had determined to leave the country as early in the present year (1864) as possible. He selected the top of an uninhabited mountain—Morambala, at the mouth of the Shire—for his mission-station. Fancy a mission-station on the top of Ben Nevis! It is an isolated hill in the middle of a generally flat country; consequently all the clouds collect around the summit, and the constant showers and fogs at certain times make the missionaries run, to avoid being drenched, into the huts. Unlike the first, the second party has been quite useless; they never went near any population that could be taught, and are now about to run away altogether. Wishing to be strictly accurate as to the incredible fact of a missionary bishop without a flock, I made minute inquiry, and found that on the mountain there were three native huts at one spot, four at another, and nine at a third; but none, except the first three, within easy access of the station. Twenty-five boys whom we liberated, and gave to the late Bishop Mackenzie, were very unwillingly received by his successor, although without them he would have had no natives whatever to teach. He wished to abandon certain poor women and children who were attached to the mission by Bishop Mackenzie, but Mr. Waller refused to comply with his proposal, and preferred to resign his connection with the mission. In reference to a promise by the Government of Portugal to send out fresh instructions to the Portuguese officials to render us every assistance, which was made in answer to Lord Russell's remonstrance to the authorities at Lisbon, we have only a fresh imposition, in the shape of a tax for residence at Killimane, on Dr. Kirk's party. It amounted to between £7 and £8, which, of course, I must pay. The duty of 4d. per pound weight on calico seems to say, 'We Portuguese mean to seal up the country more closely than ever.' I never intended to make use of the Zambesi after getting the steamer on the Lake. I only thought, as we had discovered this opening, we ought to make use of it to get up there, and then send out ivory by the Rovuma, during the eight months of the year that it is navigable. I regret not being able to finish what I had begun. I thank you for the charts of the Rovuma, and shall endeavour to take soundings, not on the bar, for there is none, but opposite the mouth. The only thing like a bar is a phenomenon which occurs at half-ebb, and up to the time when the tide turns, at which period the water, rushing out of the river, falls from three or four fathoms into nineteen fathoms, and thus causes a commotion which might

swamp a boat. It lasts, however, but a short time, for as soon as the flow begins all is smooth again. I believe that the Rovuma may be navigable for a vessel of light draught eight or nine months out of the twelve, and the bay is perfectly safe, and magnificent. "DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"P.S. 24th Feb. 1864.—The Bishop is off before me. I take the boys and children (40 in number) whom he wished to abandon, and send them myself to the Cape. Having once liberated them, I felt in honour bound to see them secure from a return into slavery, and am sure that the gentlemen who sent out the mission would have done the same."

He kept with him on board the *Lady Nyassa* seven men, and two boys—Chumah and Wekotani—of whom we shall hear more hereafter.

The *Lady Nyassa* steamed from Mozambique to Zanzibar; and as Livingstone had determined to dispose of her, he started in her on a voyage of 2,500 miles for that purpose to Bombay, which he accomplished in safety, arriving there on the 13th of June, having left Zanzibar on the 16th of April; the heroic explorer acting as navigator, his crew consisting of three Europeans, viz., a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter, and seven native Zambesi men, and two boys. Considering that the three European members of his crew were laid aside for a month each, and his native Zambesi men had to be taught the duties of the ship, and that the *Lady Nyassa* was a tiny light craft constructed for lake and river navigation, the feat of sailing her across the Indian Ocean was not the least marvellous of the many daring undertakings he has successfully carried through. When they steamed into the harbour of Bombay, he says "the vessel was so small, that no one noticed our arrival." His appearance in civilized society after such a fashion, must have been as unexpected and wonderful as his turning up among the Portuguese in the West, after travelling from the Cape right across country through regions till then wholly unknown. The two native boys, who were about sixteen years of age named respectively Wekotani and Chumah, were left with Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, to be educated. This astounding feat in seamanship—a voyage of 2,500 miles in the *Lady Nyassa*—did not strike Livingstone as being anything very wonderful. In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Bombay, he says:—

"We arrived at Bombay on the 13th instant, after a passage of 44 days from Zanzibar. From Zanzibar we crept along the African coast, in order to profit by a current of at least 100 miles a day. If Solomon's ships went as far South as Sofala, as some suppose, they could not have done it during the south-west monsoon against such a current. We went along beautifully till we got past the line; we then fell in with calms, which continued altogether for 24½ days. The sea was as smooth as glass; and, as we had but one stoker, we could not steam more than nine or ten hours at a time. By patience and perseverance we have at length accomplished our voyage of 2,500 miles, but now I feel at as great a loss as ever. I came here to sell my