The Boers had broken up and sacked several mission stations, and conquered the tribes which gave them shelter, carrying away men and women as slaves. But the friendly Bakwains escaped for a time, and they did not dare to attack them until Livingstone was absent on his first journey to Lake Ngami, when four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechele's town, and slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away over two hundred children as captives. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely until nightfall, killing eight of the Boers, when they retreated to the mountains. Under the pretext that Livingstone had taught them to defend themselves, and was consequently responsible for the slaughter of their fellows, his house was plundered; his books and stock of medicines destroyed; his furniture and clothing, and large quantities of stores left by English gentlemen, who had gone northwards to hunt, were carried off and sold to pay the expenses of their lawless raid. The reason so few of the Boers were slain in this as in other similar expeditions in which they indulged, was, because they compelled natives they had conquered and enslaved to take their places in the front, while they fired upon the people over their heads in comparative safety. In speaking of the determined opposition of the Boers, Livingstone says, "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who has been most successful in resolution,—they or I."

During the continuance of the drought, the Bakwains suffered great privations, which Livingstone and his wife shared. The wild animals leave a district in such circumstances, and the domestic animals that are not killed and eaten to sustain life, die of hunger and thirst. Everything that would sell was disposed of to tribes more favourably situated, in exchange for corn and other necessities. The country round was scoured by women and children for the numerous bulbous plants which could sustain life, while the men hunted for wild animals in the neighbourhood of the infrequent fountains, where they came to slake their thirst in their wanderings over the arid and sun-dried country.

Sometimes when a herd of antelopes, zebras, quaggas, etc., were discovered in the neighbourhood, they were surrounded, and driven with shouts into a V shaped enclosure, at the end of which a huge pit was dug, into which they fell and were despatched with spears. The meat was equally divided among the people, Livingstone coming in for his share with the rest. But for the frequent recurrence of such lucky hauls as this, the sufferings of the people from an exclusive and scanty vegetable diet must have been extreme.

Livingstone was mainly dependent upon his friends at Kuruman for supplies of corn during this trying period, and on one occasion they were reduced to use bran as a substitute, which required three labourers' grinding powers to render it fit for baking into cakes. Supplies of all kinds were so

irregular, that they were fain to put up with locusts on many occasions, and while not partial to such a diet, he preferred them to shrimps, "though I would avoid both as much as possible."

As locusts never abound excepting in a dry season and when other kinds of food are scarce, the natives eat them, whenever they can manage to gather as many as will make a dish. This custom is not peculiar to Africa, but extends to all tropical countries. The wings and legs are removed, and the bodies are hastily prepared in the form of a raw cake. We have conversed with more than one traveller who has partaken of this dish, and they say, that under the circumstances, they did not find the mess unpalatable.

A large species of frog, called *matlemetto*, by the natives, when procurable was greatly relished, especially by the Doctor's children. During the continuance of dry weather, this frog remains in a hole which it excavates for itself in the ground, out of which it emerges during rain, assembling in numbers with such rapidity that they are vulgarly supposed to come from the clouds along with the rain. At night they set up a croaking in their holes, which assisted Livingstone materially in hunting for them when the cupboard was innocent of more preferable flesh meat.

These frogs are of large size, and having a good deal of flesh on their bones, which is both juicy and tender when properly cooked, it formed a capital substitute for ox or antelope flesh.

Gordon Cumming, on the occasion of one of his visits to Dr. Livingstone, attended Divine service. "I had," he says, "considerable difficulty to maintain my gravity, as sundry members of the congregation entered the church clad in the most unique apparel. Some of these wore extraordinary old hats ornamented with fragments of women's clothes and ostrich feathers. Their fine hats they were very reluctant to take off, and one man sat with his beaver on immediately before the minister until the door-keeper went up to him and ordered him to remove it. At dinner we had a variety of excellent vegetables, the garden producing almost every sort in great perfection; the potatoes, in particular, were very fine. . . Being anxious to visit Sechele and his tribe, Dr. Livingstone and I resolved to leave Bakatla and march upon Chonuane with one of my waggons on the ensuing day; the Doctor's object being to establish peace between the two tribes, and mine to enrich myself with ivory, etc."

The following sketch of Sechele and his surroundings prior to his conversion, from the pen of Mr. Gordon Cumming, merits insertion here:—

"The appearance of this chief was prepossessing, and his manner was civil and engaging; his stature was about 5 feet 10 inches, and in his person he inclined to corpulency. His dress consisted of a handsome leopard-skin kaross, and on his arms and legs, which were stout and well turned, he wore a profusion of brass and copper ornaments, manufactured by tribes residing a

long way to the eastward. In the forenoon I accompanied Sechele to his kraal, situated in the centre of the town, and alongside of it stood respectively the kraals of his wives, which were five in number. These kraals were neatly built, and were of a circular form, the walls and floors being smoothly plastered with a composition of clay and cow dung, and secured from the weather by a fine and well-constructed thatch of rank-dry grass. Each kraal was surrounded by an area enclosed with a strong impenetrable fence 6 feet in height. The town was built on a gentle slope on the northern side of a broad extensive strath, throughout the whole extent of which lay wide fields and gardens enclosed with hedges of the wait-a-bit thorn.

"A short time previous to my arrival, a rumour having reached Sechele that he was likely to be attacked by the emigrant Boers, he suddenly resolved to secure his city with a wall of stones, which he at once commenced erecting. It was now completed, entirely surrounding the town, with loopholes at intervals all along, through which to play upon the advancing enemy with the muskets which he had resolved to purchase from hunters and traders like myself.

"I was duly introduced to the five queens, each of whose wigwams I visited in succession. These ladies were of goodly stature and comely in their appearance; they all possessed a choice assortment of karosses of various descriptions, and their persons were adorned with a profusion of ornaments of beads and brass and copper wire. Sechele professed, and was believed by his tribe, to be a skilful rain-maker."

". . . The Griquas taking advantage of the superstitions of the Bechuanas, often practice on their credulity, and, a short time before I visited Sechele, a party of Griquas, who were hunting in his territory, had obtained from him several valuable karosses in barter for a little sulphur, which they represented as a most effectual medicine (charm) for guns, having assured Sechele that by rubbing a small quantity on their hands before proceeding to the fields they would assuredly obtain the animal they hunted. It happened, in the course of my converse with the chief, that the subject turned upon ball-practice, when, probably relying on the power of his medicine, the chief challenged me to shoot against him for a considerable wager, stipulating, at the same time, that his three brothers were to be permitted to assist him in the competition. The chief staked a couple of valuable karosses against a large measure filled with my gun-powder, and we then at once proceeded to the waggon, where the match was to come off, followed by a number of the tribe. Whilst Sechele was loading his gun, I repaired to the fore-chest of the waggon, when, observing that I was watched by several of the natives, I proceeded to rub my hands with sulphur, which was instantly reported to the chief, who directly joined me, and, clapping me on the back, entreated me to give him a little of my medicine for his gun, which I of course told him he

must purchase. Our target being set up, we commenced firing; it was a small piece of wood, six inches long by four in breadth, and was placed on the stump of a tree at the distance of one hundred paces. Sechele fired the first shot, and very naturally missed it, upon which I let fly and split it through the middle. It was then set up again, when Sechele and his brothers continued firing, without once touching it, till night setting in put an end to their proceedings. This, of course, was solely attributed by all present to the power of the medicines I had used."

When Dr. Livingstone was informed of the circumstance he was very much shocked, declaring that in future the natives would fail to believe him when he denounced supernatural agency, having now seen it practised by his own countrymen.

Mr. Chapman, who visited Sechele shortly after the attack of the Boers, gives an interesting account of the condition of the chief and his people at that time. He says:—

"On the 15th of October we were delighted to be under way steering for Sechele's Town, which, after several days' march through heavy sands and dense forests, in parts well stocked with game, we reached on the 28th. Wirsing and I proceeded to Sechele's residence on horseback, riding forward the last stage through rugged glens and among rocky hills, never venturing to move faster than a walk We found the chief at his residence, perched on a hillock composed of blocks of sandstone, loosely piled upon each other, a fit abode for baboons only.

"Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, a tribe mustering about 500 men, stands about 5 ft. 10 in. high, has a pleasing countenance, and is rather stout. He was dressed in moleskin trousers, a duffel jacket, a wide-awake hat, and military boots. In address and behaviour Sechele is a perfect gentleman. He can read and write, having learnt within the last few years, and is an accepted member of the Kuruman church. He was instructed by Dr. Livingstone, who lived with him for four or five years. Sechele is said to be very quick at learning, and anxious to substitute more civilized customs among his tribe in the place of their own heathenish practices. He is also said to be good-natured and generous. He presented us with a fat ox for slaughter, a custom prevailing among all the tribes that can afford it.

"Sechele at once pronounced us to be Englishmen; and having corroborated the intelligence we had already heard from Sekomi respecting his disasters (Mr. Chapman's visit to Sekomi will be alluded to further on), he apologised for not being able to receive us as he would like; but he entertained us with roast beef, sweet and sour milk, served in clean dishes, and with silver spoons, also with sweet earth-nuts; and while we were doing justice to his hospitality, a man stood fanning away the flies with a bunch of white ostrich feathers. His loss, he informed us, was sixty-eight men killed

of his own tribe, besides a number of women, and between 200 and 300 children carried away captives. He lost, also, about 1500 head of cattle, and several thousand sheep and goats. For his cattle he seemed not to care so much, although his people were starving. He hoped to be able to replace them by the profits of hunting for ivory; but his people felt sorely the loss of their children. Ninety waggon-loads of corn had been carried off by the Boers, and the rest they had burnt in his town. Besides his own property, they had carried off several waggons, oxen, and other property belonging to English gentlemen at that time travelling to the lake.

"From Sechele we learnt that the war originated with Maselleelie, chief of the Batkatla tribe at Mabotsa, who had often been promised by the Boers that if he supplied them with a number of servants he would be exempted from further demands; but on giving one supply after another, still more was demanded, in spite of the promises made him. At length he refused, and became surly, thinking probably, with many others of the natives, that the late fever had so diminished the numbers of the Boers that he could successfully resist their authority. The Batkatla chief having ascertained, however, that the Boers intended to punish him, and being an arrant coward, fled to Sechele for protection, it being a custom amongst those races that when one tribe flies to another and solicits protection it must be given; so that on the Boers demanding that Maselleelie should be delivered up, Sechele refused, saying he 'could not do it unless he was to cut open his own bowels and let them fall out.'

"Most of the people of Sechele's tribe were out during the day grubbing for roots, their only food at present. Famine, 'the meagre fiend,' that 'blows mildew from between the shrivelled lips,' had already made great havoc among them. Several mothers had followed the Boers home, and, hiding themselves during the day, endeavoured at night to steal away their children; a few only had succeeded and returned.

"On the 1st of November we obtained a guide from Sechele to conduct us to the main road, our waggons having been brought since our own arrival up to his town. We accordingly departed, and at night overtook some emaciated Bakwains, roasting the roots they had gathered during the day. I ate one of these roots, but I thought I should have died from the effects it produced, creating a lather like soap, and blistering the inside of my mouth in a few minutes. I drank water to cure it, but that only aggravated the symptoms. The pain I suffered was at last allayed by putting some fat into my mouth.

"Next day we travelled still south, and reached Kolobeng in the forenoon. This is the site of the town where Dr. Livingstone lived with the tribe. His house had been pillaged, and presented a melancholy picture of wanton destruction. The Boers had taken away everything that was valuable to them in the shape of furniture, utensils, and implements, and destroyed some

hundreds of volumes of Sechuana Testaments, and other religious works and tracts, the leaves of which still lay scattered for nearly a mile in every direction. Even the window and door frames had been taken out, and the floor was strewed with bottles of valuable medicines, the use of which the Boers did not understand. The town where Sechele was attacked, and which was burnt to the ground, a few miles from Kolobeng, presented a melancholy scene of desolation, bestrewn with the unburied carcases and bleaching bones of the natives who fell."

The following is Mr. Chapman's account of Kuruman in 1853:—

"Next day I rode over to Kuruman, where I found my friend, Mr. Thompson, who afterwards travelled in company with us. Here I was introduced to the worthy missionaries, Messrs. Moffat and Ashton, and their families, the memory of whose uniform kindness I shall ever cherish. Milk, new bread, and fresh butter, we were never in want of while near these good people, and of grapes, apples, peaches, and all other products of the garden, there was never any lack at our waggons. Every one is struck with the beauty of Kuruman, although the site cannot boast of any natural charms. All we see is the result of well-directed labour. A street of about a quarter of a mile in length is lined on one side by the missionary gardens, enclosed with substantial walls, and teeming with fruit and vegetables of every description. A row of spreading willows are nourished by a fine watercourse, pouring a copious stream at their roots for nearly a mile, and beyond the gardens flows to the eastward the river Kuruman, between tall reeds, with flights of waterfowl splashing on its surface. The river issues a few miles south from a grotto said to be 100 yards long, and very spacious, the habitation of innumerable bats, owls, and serpents of a large size. Stalactites of various shapes and figures are to be found in this grotto. I have seen some beautiful specimens adorning mantelpieces. One party discovered in the roof of this grotto portions of a human skeleton perfectly petrified, and a part of which was broken off.

"On the opposite side of the street, and facing the row of gardens, the willows, and the stream, is a spacious chapel, calculated to hold more than 500 people. It is built of stone, with a missionary dwelling-house on either side of it, and a trader's dwelling-house and store at the western end. All these, as well as the smaller but neat dwellings of the Bechuanas, built in the European style, and in good taste, have shady seringa trees planted in the front. At the back of the missionary premises there are store and school rooms, workshops, etc., with a smithy in front. Behind the chapel is a printing office, in which native compositors were setting type for the new editions of Mr. Moffat's bible. Thousands of Sechuana books have been as well printed and as neatly bound in this establishment, under the superintendence of Mr. Ashton, as they could be in England. The natives here are the most enlightened

and civilized I have seen, the greater portion wearing clothes, and being able to read and write. It was pleasant on Sunday to see them neatly and cleanly clad going to church three times a day. In their tillage they are also making rapid progress, and, having adopted European practices, instead of the hoe they use the plough."

From this stage in the career of Livingstone the character of his labour was destined to be changed. There was to be henceforth for him no rest, and no permanent place of abode. The mysteries of the unknown and untrodden regions of Africa beckoned him onward, and he was possessed of all the qualities needful for the work he was so eager to engage in. United to a high courage and determined perseverance, there was in him an eager longing for knowledge, which no difficulties could conquer; and when to these qualities we add those which characterise the Christian of the purest type, whose loving charity comprehended and embraced all God's creatures, we have presented to us the highest example of the Christian hero and gentleman. Before proceeding to follow up his career of discovery we will, in the following chapter, gather together what brief records we can glean of his labours as a missionary among the Bakwains.

CHAPTER IV.

Livingstone's Letters to the London Missionary Society, from Kuruman, Mabotsa, Chonuane, Kolobeng, &c., &c.

THE reader cannot fail to be interested in what Livingstone had to say to the directors of the London Missionary Society as to his mission work, and the remarks made on his reports by the officials of the society. It is a matter of regret that they reproduced his letters so sparingly. One cannot help feeling, in going over the society's reports, that the boldness and enterprise of Livingstone were viewed with a kind of puzzled wonderment by these worthy people. In their doubts and misgivings as to the results of his daring raid into the unknown heart of the country they could only hope that if it was God's will good might come out of the explorations of their servant, who seemed bent on bringing the whole of Central Africa within the sphere of their operations.

At a very early stage of his career, Livingstone had discovered that he could serve the people of Africa best by opening up the country and securing the interest of people of all ranks and classes in their condition and circumstances. As a mere missionary accredited to a certain specified district, his labours, however successful, could only be known to a limited number of people. As a missionary explorer his discoveries and adventures would attract the attention of the entire intelligent community, not only in his own country, but throughout the civilized world, and result in a service rendered to the savage people of Africa which the united labours of half a hundred missionaries could not accomplish. In a letter to his brother John, written in December, 1873, from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, he says:—

"If the good Lord above gives me strength and influence to complete the task, I shall not grudge my hunger and toil, above all, if He permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of this inland slave trade I shall bless His name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my little helping hand in the great revolution, that in His all embracing providence, He has been carrying on for ages."

Fortunately for the public, and also for a good many of the readers of the London Society's Missionary reports, Livingstone's accounts of his discoveries in

Central Africa were handed over by the secretary to the Geographical Society, and they were published in its journals. The notion that Livingstone had proved unfaithful to his calling as a missionary when he started upon his career as an explorer is held by many otherwise good and sensible people even now. The extract from the letter to his brother, which we have given above, puts the matter in its proper light. He knew that the great ones of the earth would become interested in new peoples living in novel conditions in hitherto unexplored territory, who could not be got to feel any great interest in savage tribes living on the outskirts of civilization.

In telling the wonderful story of vast peopled regions hitherto unknown, he got the opportunity—which he never let slip—of telling them of the spiritual and physical needs of their inhabitants, and of pointing out how easy a matter it would be for the people in more favoured countries to help them. His discoveries, while no doubt intensely interesting to himself, were most valuable in his sight, because, to use his own words, they enabled him "to open his mouth among men." To the directors of the London Missionary Society the account of the conversion or awakening of a single savage Bakwain appeared to be of far more consequence to Christianity than the discovery of the River Zouga, Lake Ngami, and the Zambesi; and it was in all likelihood years before they became aware of the fact that these and such like discoveries would do more for the cause they had at heart than years of missionary enterprise further to the South. Of all the services which the London Missionary Society have rendered to humanity and the cause of Christianity, the placing of Dr. Livingstone in South Africa in circumstances which enabled him to drift into the great work which occupied every hour of his after life is undoubtedly the greatest. The Christian and charitable public will not, we believe, be slow to remember this, nor that their efforts in christianising the heathen in Africa and elsewhere have for many years been attended with a success hitherto unexampled in the history of missionary labour.

The following is Livingstone's report to the London Missionary Society, published in 1843, after his second tour among the tribes to the north of Kuruman:—

"The population is sunk in the very lowest state both of mental and moral degradation: it would be difficult, if not impossible, for Christians at home to realise anything like an accurate notion of the grossness of that darkness which shrouds their minds. I could not ascertain that they had the least idea of a future state; and though they have some notions which seem to be connected with a belief in its existence, I have not met one who could put the necessary links together in the chain of reasoning, so as to become possessed of the definite idea. In some countries, the light which the Gospel once shed has gone out, and darkness has succeeded. But though eighteen centuries have elapsed since life and immortality were brought to light, there

is no certainty that these dark regions were ever before visited for the purpose of making known the light and liberty and peace of the glorious Gospel. It would seem that the myriads who have peopled these regions have always passed away into darkness, and no ray from heaven ever beamed on their path. And with whom does the guilt rest, if not with us who compose the church militant on earth? My mind is filled with sadness when I contemplate the prospects of these large masses of immortal beings. I see no hope for them, except in Native Agents. The more I see of the country, its large extent of surface, with its scattered population, and each tribe separated by a formidable distance from almost every other, the more convinced I feel, that it will be impossible, if not impolitic, for the Church to supply them all with Europeans. Native Christians can make known the way of life: there are some in connection both with the churches at Kuruman and Griqua Town who have done it effectually. Others too are rising up, who will soon be capable of teaching; and if their energies are not brought into operation by taking up the field now open before us, I do not see where the benevolent spirit springing up among the converts of the two Missions is to find an outlet."

As a result of this journey, Livingstone determined on commencing Missionary operations among the Bakhatla tribe. In the Missionary Society report for 1844, we find the following allusion to this determination:—

"In the course of last year, Mr. Livingstone made two journeys into the interior, for the purpose of obtaining information as to the moral condition of the tribes scattered over those vast and desert regions, and with a view also to the adoption of suitable measures for introducing the Gospel, with its attendant blessings, among some of the numerous tribes yet sitting in the darkness of the shadow of death. On the latter occasion, he was accompanied by Mr. Edwards, and the result of their labours was the commencement of a station among the Bakhatla tribe, from whom they received a cordial welcome, and every encouragement to persevere in the project which they contemplated. They purchased a large piece of ground, and proceeded to erect a hut, and had every prospect of success in this new and important undertaking.

"The location, upon which they have fixed, is very near the spot where Mr. Campbell turned his face homeward, and also near the place where the renowned Moselekatse lived. 'I walked,' says Mr. Livingstone, 'over the site of his town lately, and a few human bones were the only vestiges I could observe of all that belonged to the tyrant.' Moselekatse, however, still lives, and his name continues to be a terror to the natives; and his people, called the Matabele, came last year nearly as far as their former country; but the Missionaries say, 'If we wait till we run no risk, the Gospel will never be introduced into the interior. Native teachers will not go alone, for they dread the name of Moselekatse, as they do the name of the king of terrors.'

The brethren spent about two months at the place, and intended to remove there immediately."

The following is from the Society's report for 1845:—

"In the last report, the friends of the Society were informed of the opening of a mission among the Bakhatla, in the Bechuana country, through the zealous and judicious efforts of our brother, the Rev. D. Livingstone, assisted by Mr. R. Edwards. The progress of the labours of our devoted brethren among this barbarous and degraded tribe has been most encouraging, and there is reason to hope that to many the tidings of redeeming mercy will prove the savour of life unto life. Through divine goodness, Mr. Livingstone and his excellent native brother and valuable coadjutor, Mebalwe, who nobly came to his help in the moment of most imminent peril, and nearly with the sacrifice of his own life, have entirely recovered from the serious injury they sustained from the attack of a lion, which occurred not far from the new station, in the early part of last year.

"The character and condition of the people among whom he labours, and in part the preparatory measures contemplated for the regular organisation of the station and the instruction of the natives, are thus described by Mr. Livingstone in an early communication from this distant sphere of Missionary effort:—

"The Bakhatla are at present busily engaged removing from their former location to the spot on which we reside (Mabotsa), and it is cheering to observe that the subordinate chiefs have, with one exception, chosen sites for their villages conveniently near to that on which we propose to erect the permament premises. We purpose to build a house to serve as school and meeting-house, and when that is done, we hope our efforts to impart a knowledge of saving truth will assume a more regular form than at present.

"I visited the Bakhatla frequently before the establishment of the mission, but it was not until my fifth visit that sufficient confidence was inspired to draw forth a cordial invitation for me to settle among them; this is the only good I can yet ascertain as effected by my itinerancies to them. The reason seems to be that too long a period has intervened between each journey to produce any lasting impression. And this is not to be wondered at, for nothing can exceed the grovelling earthliness of their minds. They seem to have fallen as low in the scale of existence as human nature can. At some remote period, their ancestors appear to have been addicted to animal worship, for each tribe is called after some animal. By it they swear, and in general they neither kill nor eat it, alleging as a cause, that the animal is the friend of their tribe. Thus the word Batlapi, literally translated, is '*they of the fish*;' Bakwain, '*they of the crocodile*;' Bakhatla, '*they of the monkey*,' &c.

"But if the conjecture is not wrong, they have degenerated from even that impure form of worship, and the wisest among them have now no

knowledge of it, but suppose that some of their ancestors must have been called by these names. They have reached the extreme of degradation. When we compare the Bakhatla with the inhabitants round Lattakoo, the latter appear quite civilized; and their present state of partial enlightenment shows that the introduction of the Gospel into a country has a mighty influence even over those by whom it is either not known or rejected. I am not now to be understood as speaking of the converts, nor of the new phases of character, the transforming power of the Gospel has developed among them, but I allude to the unconverted, and to those other than saving influences of Christianity, which so materially modify the social system at home. On many these influences have operated for years, and they have not operated in vain. Hence, the mass of the population in the Kuruman district are not now in that state the Gospel found them, and in which the poor Bakhatla now are. There the existence of Deity is tacitly admitted by nearly all; those who form the exceptions to this rule, denying it rather on account of attachment to their lusts than in sober seriousness; and I believe the number is but small who have not the idea floating in their minds that this life is but the beginning of our existence and death, but one event in a life which is everlasting.

"But the Bakhatla have no thoughts on the subject: their mind is darkness itself, and no influences have ever operated on it, but those which must leave it supremely selfish. It is only now that Christians have begun to endeavour to stop the stream which has swept them generation after generation into darkness. And oh, 'may the Holy Spirit aid our endeavours, for without his mighty power all human efforts will be but labour in vain.' That power excited over Bechuanas—raising them from the extreme of degradation and transforming them into worshippers of the living God—constitutes the wonder and *the* cause for gratitude in the Bechuana Mission."

The report goes on to state that:—

"Around Mabotsa, there are about twelve villages of considerable size and population, which Messrs. Livingstone and Edwards regularly visit, and several of which—those near Kurrechane—have been placed under the immediate charge of Mebalwe, the native evangelist. This worthy man is of great service in the Mission by the amount of manual labour which he cheerfully renders, and by the affectionate addresses he frequently delivers to his countrymen on the work of Christ and the way of salvation. There is reason to hope that he will prove an eminent blessing to many among the native tribes, and to the cause of Christ generally, in this part of the Bechuana country."

In the Society's report for 1846 we find the following:—

"Mr. Livingstone has removed to Chonuane, about forty or fifty miles N.E. of Mabotsa, the residence of Sechele, the interesting and rather intelligent

chief of a numerous tribe of Bakwain, among whom the prospects of usefulness are encouraging. The country has a fine undulating surface. The soil is rich, and there is no want of timber, grass, water, or rain, as the place is situated not far from the tropic of Capricorn. The Chief is learning to read, and has begun to instruct his wives; and his example will doubtless exercise a powerful influence on the people."

In the Society's report for 1848, we find a letter from Livingstone with remarks upon it.

"Mr. Livingstone, who has removed with his tribe to a more suitable locality, occupied a part of the year in visiting the Kuruman, and his report embraces the proceedings and labours of his mission subsequent to that period:—

"When we returned to Chonuane," he writes, "we found that, though the season for sowing had arrived, the chief had forbidden his people beginning with their gardens until it was ascertained whether or not another trial could be made of the locality. Some of his people, he said, were opposed to removal, as Chonuane afforded abundance of native food, and the only direction in which they could move would be nearer the dreaded Moselekatse. 'But,' added he, 'I see you are unable to live in comfort here, and though all my people should leave me, I am determined to cleave to you wherever it may be needful to go.' We made our choice, and are truly grateful to the Source of all Wisdom and Goodness that we had obtained so much favour in the eyes of the heathen as induced a simultaneous movement of the whole tribe (the very next day after our decision was known) to perform a journey of about forty miles to the north-west, and build a new town entirely on our account.

"The stream on which our new settlement is formed is called the *Kolobeng*, and so far as temporal matters are concerned we have the prospect of abundance of both native and European produce; and, better still, we can now reasonably indulge the hope that, through the Divine blessing, the Gospel will not only be permanent here, but sound out to the dark regions beyond.

"While engaged in cutting wood for a temporary dwelling, the chief, without a single suggestion from us, intimated his intention to erect a school. 'I desire,' said he, 'to build a house for God, the Defender of my town, and that you be at no expense with it whatever.' Had we been able to bestow the requisite superintendence, a substantial building might have been secured, for more than 200 workmen were ready to labour upon it. But being engaged in erecting our own huts, and as it was difficult to manage such numbers of uninstructed workmen, all anxious to do something, I was obliged to plan a small building, the materials of which, though frail, they knew best how to use.

"It was with no small pleasure we found ourselves, soon after our removal, able to resume regular services. The people also undertook our watercourse, while they gladly received our assistance in erecting a square house for their chief. Forty of the older men made the watercourse, and a younger band of sixty-five built the dam. When the house was finished for the Chief Sechele, he requested us to establish a prayer-meeting in it. He said, 'Although I have not yet given up my sin (polygamy), I greatly desire to have prayer in my house every evening.' He invites his people to attend this meeting as well as our other services; and we are sensible of an increase of knowledge in many."

The report, in commenting on the above and unpublished portions of Livingstone's letter, says:—

"Some of the leading men of the tribe are making persevering exertions to acquire a knowledge of reading; their progress, however, appears to be hardly equal to their diligence; they seem to experience considerable difficulty in the mental effort required to join letters into words, probably from not having been accustomed to any exercises of this kind in their youth. They have been heard to remark, that if the Missionary would give them medicine which would enable them to conquer the difficulty, they would gladly drink it. Sechele and his brothers have been found the most apt to learn among all the natives; the chief has read through twice the New Testament and Scripture selections, and he never allows Mr. Livingstone, in his frequent visits to the town, to retire, without requesting him to read and explain one or two chapters of the Word of God. 'Our present position (adds our brother) is one of hope, and all our dependence for success is on the arm of Him who is almighty to save. We expect your prayers that Jesus may be glorified among this heathen tribe, and that we may have grace to ascribe to Him alone all the glory.'"

In the Missionary Report for 1849, there appears a most interesting communication from Livingstone relative to the conversion of Sechele and its consequences:—

"The removal of Mr. Livingstone from Chonuane to a more eligible locality, situated on the *Kolobeng River*, was stated in last report. In his first annual communication from this station, our brother thus describes the progress of his labours and the prospects of his misson.

"In addition to other effects produced by the Gospel among the Bakwains, circumstances have also developed considerable opposition; but it has been of a kind which has tended to encourage rather than depress, inasmuch as our most bitter opponents seem to entertain no personal animosity towards us, and never allude to their enmity to the Gospel in our presence, unless specially invited to state the grounds on which it rests. An event which has excited more open hostility than any other that has occurred, was the profession of faith and

subsequent reception of the chief into Church-fellowship. As the circumstances which led us to receive his confession as genuine are somewhat peculiar, I will briefly mention them, in order to shew the propriety of the step which we have taken.

"Sechele, though generally intelligent, had imbibed, to a great extent, the prevailing superstitions of his country, and, in addition to his being the chief rain-doctor of the tribe, there is evidence to show that he was reckless of human life. He had the reputation among other tribes of being addicted to witchcraft, but he himself thought it highly meritorious to put all suspected witches to death.

"From the first day of our residence with the Bakwains to the present time, the chief attended school, and all our services, with unvaried regularity. The first indication of deep feeling I observed in him was, when sitting together one day under our waggon, during the heat of noon, I endeavoured to describe the 'great white throne,' and 'the judgment seat,' as mentioned in the Book of Revelation. He said, 'These words shake all my bones—my strength is gone;' and when I spoke of the existence of our Lord, previous to his appearance among men, and of His Divine nature, Sechele was greatly surprised. Often, during the three years we have spent with this tribe, we have witnessed the power of the Word of God in elevating the mind and stimulating its affections; and so with the chief. As his knowledge increased, he grew bold in the faith, professed among his people his own firm belief in the truths of Christ, and expressed great thankfulness that the Gospel was sent to him while so many remained in darkness. The greatest sacrifice he had to make was the renunciation of polygamy. In respect to all other sins, the people generally had conceived an idea of their sinfulness, but they never imagined that in this practice there was any degree of moral turpitude. The superfluous wives of Sechele were decidedly the most amiable females of the town, and our best scholars; and, hoping that their souls might also be given to us, we felt that it was not our duty otherwise to press the point in question, than by publicly declaring the whole counsel of God. Shortly after, the chief sent two of them back to their parents, with this message, That he could no longer retain them, as the Word of God had come between him and their daughters. With this we observed a gradual change in his disposition, and a steady improvement in his character; and, as he also professed an earnest desire to observe the laws of Jesus, we felt no hesitation in receiving him to the fellowship of the church.

"A third wife was taken to her own tribe, because she had no relatives among the Bakwains, and she left us with many tears. A fourth, although in the same situation, we thought might remain, because she has a little daughter. Each of the wives carried away all that belonged to her, and the chief supplied each of them with new clothing previous to their departure. As soon as it was

known that he had renounced his wives on account of the Gospel, a general consternation seized both old and young—the town was as quiet as if it had been Sunday—not a single woman was seen going to her garden—pichos (or councils) were held during the night, in order to intimidate him from his purpose; but, after seeing him tried in various ways for a period of two months, we proceeded to administer to him the ordinance of baptism. Many of the spectators were in tears, but these were in general only tears of sorrow for the loss of their rain-maker, or the severance of ties of relationship. We commend this new disciple to your prayerful sympathies; and to the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, through the power of whose spirit alone we hope for success, be the undivided glory of his salvation!"

The report goes on to say that:—

"The infant-school, under the care of Mrs. Livingstone, containing about 70 children, has made encouraging progress during the year, though the attendance of the children has been somewhat interrupted, in consequence of a partial failure of the crops compelling many of them to spend their time in wandering about the country in search of food.

"Mr. Livingstone has employed a portion of the year in superintending and assisting the erection of mission-premises, and also in opening an out-station, and settling the native teacher, *Paul*, among the people of the chief Mokhatla."

In this year Livingstone sent a letter to the Secretary of the Missionary Society, giving details of his discoveries and experiences. This was not, we presume, supposed to deal with matters having any interest for subscribers to the society. It was handed over to the Geographical Society, and was published in its journal. A copy of it will be found inserted in its proper place in the next chapter.

In the report for 1850, the difficulties resulting from the hostility of the Boers during 1849 are alluded to:—

"The prospects of this Station were in the early part of last year considerably overcast by the prevalence of excessive drought, and the consequent total failure of the crops. The men being frequently absent on hunting excursions, and the women and children also away in search of roots and locusts, the meetings for Divine Worship, and the schools, were comparatively deserted. In their eagerness to procure that which would satisfy the wants of the body, the people evinced little disposition to attend to the unfelt wants of the soul.

"A tribe called the Bakaa, who had suffered considerably by the repeated attacks of the Bamangwato, lately came a distance of 150 miles, to join the Bakwains. Having no sense of security in their own country, they were attracted to this station by the report that the chief Sechele had embraced the 'word of peace.' They came, as they said, in order 'to enjoy sleep, as they had none at home.' They number about 1,000; and, while thankful for

their arrival as an increase to his immediate sphere of usefulness, the missionary can at present regard them only as a fresh infusion of heathenism added to the present unchristianized mass."

In December, 1848, Mr. Livingstone made an attempt to locate the native teacher Paul in the centre of a population of many thousand souls:—

"The tribe selected," writes Mr. Livingstone, "was that of Mokhatla, because that chief had urgently requested that Paul might be appointed his teacher. But the Boers have taken possession of the whole country, and though their commandants have always expressed themselves in a most friendly manner towards our object, they made me aware of a strong undercurrent of opposition. Being unwilling to believe that this would be developed in any other way than it had formerly been in our itinerancies, yet feeling anxious lest it should prove a hindrance to Paul in his work, I delayed setting out until our arrangements at home were such as would admit of my spending a few months with him. When the commandant, who was in Mokhatla's vicinity, learnt that it was no longer mere itinerancies we contemplated, he suddenly altered his tone, and threatened in a most furious manner to send a commando against the tribe with which we meant to settle, alleging that my object was to take possession of the country for the English Government; and that I wished to introduce fire-arms among all the tribes. I replied, by denying connection with Government, having, as he knew, when on a former occasion I entreated him to refrain from a projected expedition against Sechele, distinctly refused to become a political partizan, and added, that I should certainly proceed in my work by the authority of Christ, and if he obstructed it by driving the people away, the blood of their souls would be required at his hand. He offered to present no impediment if I would 'promise to teach the natives that the Boers are a superior race to them.' We immediately made preparations to build a school-house, but before we had made any progress, we were informed that a deputation from the Dutch Synod had come to within forty miles of us. In the belief that the Boers might be won over to forbearance by their ministers, and that the commandant's mind might be disabused of his prejudices, we advanced to meet the deputation. Both Potgeiter and his sub-commandants had preceded us; they were now all flattery towards my person and objects, and all they would request of me, previous to a thorough and permanent removal of all obstacles, was, about one month's delay. During this period, they solemnly and repeatedly promised that they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power to win over such of their subjects as were opposed to missionary operations. As they even entreated me not to force or appear to force the matter, by building at present, and the preachers thought I ought to concede the point, I agreed to return for a short period to Kolobeng; and having visited some other towns on my route, I came home in January."

In the report for 1853, we find the following account of the long threatened attack of the Boers, which took place in the previous year:—

"Reference was made in the last report to the precarious tenure by which Dr. Livingstone held possession of this field of labour, to the proposed emigration of the Bakwains to a more favoured locality, and to the opening prospects of Dr. L. in the regions to the north.

"Subsequent events, however, of a most unexpected and disastrous nature, have led to the abrupt abandonment of the station, both by the missionary and his people. These events are detailed by Dr. Livingstone in the following communication, dated Kuruman, 20th September, 1852:—

"On the 28th ult. 600 Boers and 700 natives appeared in the Bakwain country. The natives were compelled to accompany them. Before going to Sechele's town, they sent a party with four waggons down the Kolobeng to my house. The town is eight miles distant, and, ever since the removal of the Bakwains, the house was guarded by a few Balala placed by it for that purpose by Sechele. It remained in perfect security for two years, and gentlemen passing northward deposited a portion of their stores in it till their return. And, so far as the Bakwains were concerned, these stores were as safe as if under Chubb's locks in London. Well, the Boers broke it open, tore all my books,* and scattered the leaves all over the place, destroyed my medicines by smashing the bottles against the adjacent rocks, carried away all the best furniture, and broke the rest; took the smith's forge, all the tools, corn-mills, and certain stores of coffee, tea, &c., left by English gentlemen, who have gone to Sebituane's country. The whole body of the Boers then went to Sechele's town, and attended church there, Mebalwe, a native teacher, conducting the service. After the afternoon service, they told Sechele to send away his women and children, for they had come to fight with him, because, though repeatedly ordered by them to prevent Englishmen from going northwards, he had not only permitted, but encouraged them. He replied, that he was a man of peace, and asked why he should obstruct Englishmen, who had always treated him well. Next morning they commenced firing on the town with swivels. It soon took fire, and the flames having compelled the women and children to flee, and the men to huddle together on a small hill in the town, the Boers killed 60 natives. The men, however, kept their position the whole day on the hill, and killed 35 of the Boers. The Boers, having horses, carried off all the cattle of the Wanketse and Bakwains; they burnt or carried off all the corn of the three tribes. My cattle and those of three native teachers were also carried off.

"Undeterred by these trials and discouragements, and cut off from the

* Dr. Livingstone enumerates the Septuagint, Hebrew Bible, Lexicon, Cyclopædias, Atlas, Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Medical Reviews, &c. &c.

hope of rendering further service to the ruined and scattered Bakwains, Dr. Livingstone was, at the date of his latest communication, the 10th November ult., on the eve of starting once more for the north, with a view to ascertain the practicability of introducing the Gospel to the people inhabiting the lake region."

The following from the Missionary report for 1856, gives a graphic picture of the consequences resulting from the continued hostility of the Boers:—

"The Colony of the Cape, under the influence of its present enlightened and benevolent Governor, already exhibits decisive indications of social improvement; and the measures of the Colonial Legislature have generally been distinguished by a spirit of equity and conciliation towards the coloured classes to which aforetime they have been strangers. In the Eastern District, indeed, sustained by the influence of the Graham's Town Journal, the old calumnies continue to be reiterated against the Missionaries of our Society, and the Native tribes, especially such as are connected with the Missionary Institutions; but it is hoped that the Hottentots and Fingoes, who have embraced the Gospel, will be enabled by well doing to put to silence the ignorance and malignity of their calumniators.

"Beyond the present boundary of British rule, however, the treaty formed in the year 1852 with the Trans Vaal Boers by Major Hogg and Mr. Owen, the Commissioners of our Government, threatens the most dangerous results to the liberty and lives of the aborigines. It will be remembered that while, by this treaty, there was granted to these old adversaries of British interests the free importation from the Colony of fire-arms and ammunition, the same right was strictly denied to the Native tribes; and thus they were left without the means of self-defence against the hostile aggressions of these invaders of their country. The influence on the minds of the natives, thus delivered over to the tender mercies of their enemies, will be seen in the burning words of a Native Chief addressed to Mr. Moffat:—

"Do you not see," said he, "that, without a fault on our part, we have been shot down like game? Do you not see that we are reduced to poverty by the Boers, who are eating our meat, and drinking our milk?" and, raising his voice to a higher key, he asked—"Where are our children? When fathers and mothers lie down at night they ask—'Where are our children?' and when they rise in the morning they ask—'Where are our sons and our daughters?' and because there is none to answer they weep. They have wept this morning, they will weep again to-night. Are the Boers to be permitted to kill us that our children may become their slaves? Did we ever injure them? If we did, let the Boer whom we injured, or whose sheep and goats we stole, come and bear witness. Is it because we have not white skins that we are to be destroyed like *libatana* (beasts of prey). Why do the

English assist the Boers? Why do they give them power over lands that are not theirs to give? Why do the English supply them with ammunition when they know the Boers? You have spoken about what the word of God says; have not the English the word of God? and have not the Boers the Word of God? Are we alone to obey the Word of God because we are black? Are white people not to obey the Word of God because they are white? We are told that the English love all men. They give or sell ammunition, horses, and guns to the Boers, who have red teeth,* to destroy us; and if we ask to buy powder we can get none; no! no! no! black men must have no ammunition, they must serve the white man. Is this their love? The English are not friends to the black man. If I am accusing the English or the Boers falsely tell me. Are these things not so? You know all these things better than we do!"

"From the sorrowful statement of our experienced and judicious Missionary it will appear that these complaints, though strongly uttered, were not exaggerated, and that it is indeed difficult to overrate the future consequences of this ill-judged and unrighteous measure on the interests and existence of the Natives. On this painful subject Mr. Moffat observes:—

"As to whether the countries through which I have passed are likely soon to become fields for Missionary operation I am anything but sanguine. Of *the willingness of the natives* themselves to receive instruction no doubt need be entertained; but at present the prospect is anything but encouraging. Past events show to a demonstration that between the natives and the Trans Vaal Boers there can be no peace, until the former, as far as they can be reached, shall become the vassals of the latter, whose transactions have hitherto been characterised by a deep-rooted enmity to all missionary operations. Why these things are permitted is a problem beyond the wisdom of man to solve; but of one thing we are assured, that the atrocities which of late years have been carried on in the interior are not unnoticed by him who has said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

"The Mission Churches *within the Colony*, composed chiefly of Hottentots, formerly the slaves of the Colonists, are acquiring consolidation and strength. Since the enjoyment of their freedom they have improved in industry, and have reaped those advantages which it never fails to secure; in many instances they have purchased land, erected comfortable dwellings, and made great advances in all the comforts of civilized life."

The following from Mr. Moffat's report, published in 1851, is in striking contrast with the account he gave of his early experiences at Kuruman, which we quoted in a previous chapter:—

"Our public services, especially on the Sabbath, are well attended; and I

* Teeth red with blood implies great cruelty.

am sure, were you to witness the decorum and fixed attention which characterize our congregations, you would say, what I am often induced to say, such hearers surely cannot always remain hearers only. Knowledge, it is also true, is increasing, and probably extending to a degree we are not aware of. Very great advances have been made in civilization; so that, were those persons who saw the state of things as I saw them at the commencement of the mission, to see them now, they would be amazed at the transformation. But we long to witness more life and energy in the native character. We could wish to see our members more in earnest, and concerned for the salvation of those around them. This season has been one of great drought. Nine months without rain, and no native harvest except on irrigated spots. This, with the general want of grass, and consequent want of milk, has, of course, a very depressing influence on the native mind. We are thankful that rains have begun to fall, and if they continue, there is still time for the hills and plains to be covered with verdure. We are all as busy as we well can be. All my time spared from public engagements is taken up with the work of translation. Brother Ashton, also, when not occupied in direct missionary work, and the charge of the school, is constantly employed in the printing and bookbinding department, besides assisting to correct for the press. A new edition of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Isaiah, has just been printed. I am at the present moment engaged in revising the smaller prophets, Genesis, Exodus, and Deuteronomy, and nearly all the Leviticus, in MS. The work has many interruptions. But if we do not accomplish all we wish, we have the satisfaction that we are doing all we can for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom."

CHAPTER V.

The Kalahari Desert.—Sekomi and his People.—Discovers Lake Ngami.—Visits Sebituane.—Death of Sebituane.—Discovers the Zambesi.

ON the first of June, 1849, Livingstone started on his long contemplated journey, to settle the existence of Lake Ngami and visit the numerous tribes occupying the intervening country. He was accompanied by Messrs. Murray and Oswell, two enterprising Englishmen, who, in addition to the mere love of sport and adventure, were anxious to be of service in extending our knowledge of the geography of Central Africa. Just before starting, a number of people from the lake district came to Kolobeng, with an invitation from their chief, Lechulatebe, to Livingstone to visit him. These gave so glowing an account of the wealth of the district near the lake in ivory and skins, that the Bakwain guides were as eager to proceed as the strangers were.

The Kalahari desert, which lay between the travellers and the goal of their hopes, covers a space of country extending from the Orange River in the south about 29°, to Lake Ngami in the north, and from about 24° east longitude to near the west coast. It is not strictly speaking a desert, as it is covered with coarse grass and several kinds of creeping plants, with here and there clumps of wood and patches of bushes. It is intersected by dry watercourses, which rarely contain any water, although at no distant period they were the channels by which the superabundant waters caused by the rains farther north found their way to some parent stream, fertilizing the country in their passage. But for the number of bulbous plants which are edible, human life could not be sustained in this now arid region, unless during the most favourable seasons. The more prominent of these are a scarlet-coloured cucumber; the *leroshua*, a small plant with long narrow leaves and a stalk no thicker than the stem of a tobacco pipe, springing from a tuber from four to six inches in diameter, which, "when the rind is removed, we found to be a mass of cellular tissue, filled with a fluid much like that of a young turnip." The *mokuri*, another plant of the same kind, is a creeping plant, to which are attached several tubers as large as a man's head. The water melon is the most important and abundant of these edible plants, vast tracts being literally covered with it in seasons when the rainfall has been larger than ordinary, when it serves both as meat and drink to the passing travellers and their oxen, and affords a plentiful support to the numerous families and little colonies of Bushmen, who have taken refuge in the desert.

Animals of various kinds abound in seasons of plenty, and are at all times to be met with in considerable numbers. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the eland, the gnu and many other varieties of antelopes, associate together in herds, and are preyed upon by lions, hyænas, jackals, and leopards. Smaller varieties of felines, snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous, are plentiful, and feed on the various rodents which are numerous in all dry districts in Central Africa. Ants and several varieties of ant-eaters abound. A large caterpillar, which feeds during the night on the leaves of a kind of acacia-tree called *mivato*, and buries itself in the sand during the day, is dug for by the natives, and roasted and eaten. But for the want of water the passage of this vast tract of country would be comparatively easy, but as days frequently passed without so much as a single drop being found, the privations of Livingstone and his companions, and the oxen which drew their waggons, were severe in the extreme. No white man had ever succeeded in crossing it before, but the resolute men who now attempted it were not to be daunted by difficulty.

Tribes of Bushmen, whom Livingstone imagines to be the aborigines of South Africa, inhabit the desert, and a tribe of Bechuanas, called Bakalahari, who had been driven into the desert by the more powerful tribes of their own nation, he also found settled there enjoying that liberty which was denied them in more salubrious regions. The Bushmen are nomadic in their habits, never cultivating the soil but following the herds of game from place to place. Their only domestic animal is a breed of native dogs which assist them in hunting, and which have sadly deteriorated in consequence of the privations to which they along with their masters are exposed.

The Bakalahari cultivate the scanty and inhospitable soil, and grow melons and other tuberous plants, and breed goats and other domestic animals. They settle at a distance from water, which diminishes the chance of visits from unfriendly Bechuanas. The water is carried by their women from a distant well or spring, and is stored up in the shells of the eggs of the ostrich and buried in the earth. The Bakalahari and the Bushmen hunt the various wild animals for their skins, which they exchange with the tribes to the eastward for tobacco and other luxuries, spears, knives, dogs, etc; receiving in most cases a very inadequate price for them. Some idea of the extent of the business done, and the abundance of animals in the desert, may be formed from the fact that twenty thousand skins were purchased by the Bechuanas during Livingstone's stay in their country, and these were principally those of the felinæ, (lions, leopards, tiger-cats, &c.) The Bakalahari are mild and gentle in their habits, and are frequently tyrannized over by the powerful tribes of the Bechuanas with whom they deal. The Bushmen, although inferior to them in every way, are treated with more respect, their ready use of the bow and the poisoned arrow securing them from pillage and annoyance.

Water, being the scarcest and most valuable commodity in the country, is carefully hidden, to preserve it from any wandering band who might take it by force. Livingstone's method of conciliating them, and gaining their good opinion, was by sitting down quietly and talking to them in a friendly way until the precious fluid, which no amount of domineering or threatening could have brought forth, was produced.

The progress of the party was necessarily slow, as they could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the waggons in many places sank deep in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass and twigs crumbled to dust in the hand. Hours and days of toilsome journeyings were sometimes rewarded by the arrival at a spring, where the abundant water fertilized a small tract around, on which the grass flourished rank and green, affording a welcome meal to the horses and oxen after they had slaked their burning thirst at the spring; although, often for many hours the eyes of the party were not gladdened by the sight of such an oasis. At times their courage almost died within them, and men and cattle staggered on mechanically, silent, and all but broken in spirit. After being refreshed the three travellers would enjoy a few hours' hunting at the game which was always abundant at such places, and set out again on their journey with renewed vigour and high hopes as to the accomplishment of their purpose; in striking contrast to the despair and dread which had been their experience only a few hours previous.

Sekomi, a powerful chief, who had no wish to see the white men pass his territory, and open out a market direct in ivory and skins with the tribes of the interior, tried hard to dissuade the travellers from proceeding further on their journey; but the fearless men he had to deal with were not to be turned aside from their purpose by any merely human obstacle.

Sekomi was visited after this period by Mr. Gordon Cumming, who carried a message and a present to him from Dr. Livingstone. The appearance of the great chief did not impress Mr. Cumming favourably, he says:—"He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was of middle stature; his distinguishing feature was a wall-eye, which imparts to his countenance a roguish look that does not belie the cunning and deceitful character of the man. As he came up to the waggons, I met and shook hands with him, and wanted him to partake of coffee with me. I could see that he was enchanted at my arrival. He talked at a very rapid pace, and assumed an abrupt and rather dictatorial manner, occasionally turning round and cracking jokes with his councillors and nobility. He was very anxious to ascertain from Isaac the contents of the waggons, and he said that he would buy everything I had brought, and that he would give me a large bull elephant's tusk for each of my muskets."

Mr. Cumming proved the chief's match at a bargain-making, and succeeded in getting his own price for muskets, viz., three tusks for a single musket,

with some powder and a bullet mould thrown in. The value of the single tusk was £30, and the value of a musket £16. The ivory was originally bought by Sekomi on far better terms than these. They were procured from the Bushmen for a few beads, and small articles of daily use amomg them, and they were carried for many miles by a colony of poor Bakalahari who were subject to him, and who did all his carrying almost without fee or reward.

Previous to this, muskets were almost unknown among them, and the delight of the chief and his head men at becoming possessed of some, was similar to that of a boy when he gets his first pop-gun. "He insisted on discharging each of the muskets as he bought it. It was amusing to see the manner in which he performed this operation. Throwing back his kaross, and applying the stock to his naked shoulder, he shut his good eye, and kept the wall-eye open, to the intense amusement of the Hottentots who were his instructors on the occasion. Each report caused the utmost excitement and merriment among the warriors, who pressed forward and requested that they also might be permitted to try their skill with these novel implements of war."

Sekomi was visited by Mr. James Chapman, author of "Travels in the interior of South Africa," several years after the period of Mr. Cumming's visit. He did not appear to have profited much by the visits of civilized travellers. Mr. Chapman entertained him to breakfast. He says:—

"He seemed not at all at home in the use of knife and fork. Plunging the fork into his meat, he held it up in the air, and cut slices from it, which went flying in all directions, falling on the heads of his admiring followers. I advised him to put the meat on his plate and cut it there; but he soon upset the plate, which lay in his lap, and, nearly plunging the fork into his thigh, spilt the gravy over his naked legs, to be licked off by his nearest follower." The chief had with him a sorcerer, or medicine-man, who is thus described:—

"His neck was ornamented with armlets of lions', lizards', and other reptiles' claws, with snakes' heads and roots, supposed to possess infallible remedies against injuries which the evil-disposed may contemplate against the chief or his tribe. Four small pieces of ivory, figured over with black spots, are used as dice; and at any time when they feel disposed to look into the past or future these dice are consulted, the natives believing implicitly in the pretended prophecies, instead of obeying the dictates of reason and prudence when assailed by danger."

Mr. Chapman relates an instance of magnanimous conduct on the part of Sekomi in sparing the life of a Boer, after the attack on Sechele's town had exasperated the natives to such a degree that every Boer caught on their territory was remorselessly slain. Vilogen, a Boer, who had been in the habit of visiting and trading with Sekomi, arrived with Mr. Chapman at the head-quarters of the chief immediately after he had heard of the attack upon Sechele

and his tribe. In sparing his life and dismissing him, Sekomi addressed him to the following effect:—

"You have ever been kind to me and my people; your life is spared; although, if I mistake not, had you been at home you would have joined your countrymen in this unjust war, and after you get home, you will, in all probability, come back and kill me, that is nothing. Go, and carry my defiance to your countrymen. I know I have but one year to live, and will prepare myself to die—but to die the death of a warrior. Go, tell those who left you to be killed, that he who should have done the deed has been your preserver. Sleep well this night, and as the day dawns I shall supply you with a faithful guide. Make for the Limpopo; from thence cross the Mariqua, and proceed cautiously along the southern banks homewards. Sechele's men are waiting outside to see you killed, and expect to take back the tidings. They have come here to urge me to do it, but I will not stain my hands with the blood of a friend."

Mr. Chapman also succeeded in inducing Sekomi to spare the lives of a party of Boers, who were returning from hunting in the interior. When told that the English people considered it cowardly to kill defenceless enemies, the chief replied:—"Fear not, I have heard your mouth, and, although I have been advised by many to kill them, as they are the worst of the Boers belonging to Enslin's party, who have done great injuries to the black tribes, and deserve death by our law, and although our kindred have been murdered by our friends at home, still I will take your advice, and not be the first aggressor. I shall, nevertheless, let the Boers know of my displeasure, and, being determined to have no friendly intercourse with them, I shall warn them to keep beyond the limits of my boundary on pain of death."

The travellers came upon several great tracts of salt-pans which lay glittering in the sun, showing so like lakes, that on sighting the first one Mr. Oswell threw his hat up into the air at the sight "and shouted a huzza which made the Bakwains think him mad. I was a little behind," says Livingstone, "and was as completely deceived by it as he, but as we had agreed to allow each other to behold the lake at the same instant, I felt a little chagrined that he had, unintentionally, got the first glance. We had no idea that the long looked-for lake was still more than three hundred miles distant." These mirages were so perfect that even the Hottentots, the horses, and the dogs, ran towards them to slake their burning thirst.

After reaching the river Zouga their further progress was easy, as they had only to follow its course to find the object of their search, from which it appeared to flow. Sebituane had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, an injunction which did not appear to be needed to ensure them kindly treatment at the hands of the Bayeiye as they were called. On inquiring from whence a large river which

flows into the Zouga from the north came from, Livingstone was told that it came "from a country full of rivers—so many that no one can tell their number." This was the first confirmation of the reports he had previously received from travelled Bakwains, and satisfied him that Central Africa was not a "large sandy plateau," but a land teeming with life and traversed by watery highways, along which Christianity and commerce and the arts of peace would in the future be conveyed to vast regions never as yet visited by civilized man. From that moment the desire to penetrate into that unknown region became more firmly rooted in his mind; and his enthusiastic hopes found vent in his letters to England, to his friends and correspondents.

On the 1st of August, 1849, Livingstone and his companions stood on the shore of Lake Ngami, and the existence of that fine sheet of water was established. It is almost a hundred miles in circumference, and at one time must have been of far greater extent, and it was found to be about two thousand feet above the level of the sea from which it is eight hundred miles distant. They found flocks of water-birds in and about the lake and the country in the neighbourhood of it, and the river running into it abounded in animal life. This was the first successful exploration of Livingstone, which drew the attention of the general public towards him, and for a period of twenty-five years, he was destined to engage the public attention to an extent unprecedented in the annals of modern travel and adventure. Finding it impossible, from the unfriendliness of Lechulatebe, chief of the Batauana tribe, to visit Sebituane, as he had intended, the travellers passed up the course of the Zouga, the banks of which they found to be plentifully covered with vegetation and splendid trees, some of them bearing edible fruits. Wild indigo and two kinds of cotton they found to be abundant. The natives make cloth of the latter, which they dye with the indigo. Elephants, hipoppotami, zebras, giraffes, and several varieties of antelopes were found in great abundance. A species of the latter, which is never found at any distance from watery or marshy ground, hitherto unknown to naturalists, was met with in considerable numbers. Several varieties of fish abound in the river, which are caught by the natives in nets, or killed with spears. Some of these attain to a great size, weighing as much as a hundred-weight.

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary, London Missionary Society:—

"Banks of the River Zouga, 3rd September, 1849.

"Dear Sir,—I left my station, Kolobeng (situate 25° South lat., 26° East long.) on the 1st of June last, in order to carry into effect the intention of which I had previously informed you—viz., to open a new field in the North, by penetrating the great obstacle to our progress, called the Desert, which, stretching away on our west, north-west, and north, has hitherto presented an insurmountable barrier to Europeans.

"A large party of Griquas, in about thirty waggons, made many and persevering efforts at two different points last year; but though inured to the climate, and stimulated by the prospect of much gain from the ivory they expected to procure, want of water compelled them to retreat.

"Two gentlemen, to whom I had communicated my intention of proceeding to the oft-reported lake beyond the Desert, came from England for the express purpose of being present at the discovery, and to their liberal and zealous co-operation we are especially indebted for the success with which that and other objects have been accomplished. While waiting for their arrival seven men came to me from the Batavana, a tribe living on the banks of the lake, with an earnest request from their chief for a visit. But the path by which they had come to Kolobeng was impracticable for waggons; so, declining their guidance, I selected the more circuitous route by which the Bermangueato usually pass, and having Bakwains for guides, their self-interest in our success was secured by my promising to carry any ivory they might procure for their chiefs in my waggon; and right faithfully they performed their task.

"When Sekomi, the Bermangueato chief, became aware of our intention to pass into the regions beyond him, with true native inhumanity he sent men before us to drive away all the Bushmen and Bakalahari from our route, in order that, being deprived of their assistance in the search for water, we might, like the Griquas above mentioned, be compelled to return. This measure deprived me of the opportunity of holding the intercourse with these poor outcasts I might otherwise have enjoyed. But through the good providence of God, after travelling about three hundred miles from Kolobeng, we struck on a magnificent river on the 4th of July, and without further difficulty, in so far as water was concerned, by winding along its banks nearly three hundred miles more, we reached the Batavana, on the Lake Ngami, by the beginning of August.

"Previous to leaving this beautiful river on my return home, and commencing our route across the Desert, I feel anxious to furnish you with the impressions produced on my mind by it and its inhabitants, the Bakoba or Bayeiye. They are a totally distinct race from the Bechuanas. They call themselves Bayeiye (or men), while the term Bakoba (the name has somewhat of the meaning of 'slaves') is applied to them by the Bechuanas. Their complexion is darker than that of the Bechuanas, and of 300 words I collected of their language, only 21 bear any resemblance to Sichuana. They paddle along the rivers and lake in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of single trees; take fish in nets made of a weed which abounds on the banks; and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to ropes. We greatly admired the frank manly bearing of these inland sailors. Many of them spoke Sichuana fluently, and while the waggon went along the bank I greatly enjoyed follow-

ing the windings of the river in one of their primitive craft, and visiting their little villages among the reeds. The banks are beautiful beyond any we had ever seen, except perhaps some parts of the Clyde. They are covered in general with gigantic trees, some of them bearing fruit, and quite new. Two of the Baobab variety measured 70 to 76 feet in circumference. The higher we ascended the river the broader it became, until we often saw more than 100 yards of clear deep water between the broad belt of reeds which grow in the shallower parts. The water was clear as crystal, and as we approached the point of junction with other large rivers *reported to exist* in the North, it was quite soft and cold. The fact that the Zouga is connected with large rivers coming from the North awakens emotions in my mind which make the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight. It opens the prospect of a highway capable of being quickly traversed by boats to a large section of well-peopled territory. The hopes which that prospect inspires for the benighted inhabitants might, if uttered, call forth the charge of enthusiasm—a charge, by the way, I wish I deserved, for nothing good or great, either in law, religion, or physical science, has ever been accomplished without it: however, I do not mean the romantic, flighty variety, but that which impels with untiring energy to the accomplishment of its object. I do not wish to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality, but I hope to be permitted to work, so long as I live, beyond other men's line of things, and plant the seed of the gospel where others have not planted; though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months. Kolobeng will be supplied by native teachers during these times of absence; and when we have given the Bakwains a fair trial it will probably be advisable for all to move onward.

"One remarkable feature in this river is its periodical rise and fall. It has risen nearly 3 feet in height since our arrival, and this is the dry season. That the rise is not caused by rains is evident from the water being so pure. Its purity and softness increased as we ascended towards its junction with the Tamunakle, from which, although connected with the lake, it derives the present increased supply. The sharpness of the air caused an amazing keenness of appetite, at an elevation of little more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea (water boiled at 207½° thermometer) and the reports of the Bayeiye, that the waters came from a mountainous region, suggested the conclusion that the increase of water at the beginning and middle of the dry season must be derived from melting snow.

"All the rivers reported to the north of this have Bayeiye upon them, and there are other tribes upon their banks. To one of these, after visiting the Batavana, and taking a peep at the broad part of the lake, we directed our course. But the Batavana Chief managed to obstruct us by keeping all strangers passing *them to tribes beyond.* Sebituane, the chief, who in former

years saved the life of Sechele, *our* chief, lives about ten days north-east of the Batavana. The latter sent a present as a token of gratitude. This would have been a good introduction; the knowledge of the language, however, is the *best* we can have. I endeavoured to construct a raft at a part which was only 50 or 60 yards wide, but the wood, though sun-dried, was so heavy it sunk immediately; another kind would not bear my weight, although a considerable portion of my person was under water. I could easily have swam across, and fain would have done it; but landing without clothes, and then demanding of the Bakoba the loan of a boat, would scarcely be the thing for a messenger of peace, even though no alligator met me in the passage. These and other thoughts were revolving in my mind as I stood in the water—for most sorely do I dislike to be beaten—when my kind and generous friend, Mr. Oswell, with whom *alone* the visit to Sebituane was to be made, offered to bring up a boat at his own expense from the Cape, which, after visiting the chief and coming round the north end of the lake, would become missionary property. To him and our other companion, Mr. Murray, I feel greatly indebted; *for the chief expense of the journey has been borne by them. They* could not have reached this point without my assistance; but for the aid they have rendered in opening up this field, I feel greatly indebted; and should any public notice be taken of this journey, I shall feel obliged to the directors if they express my thankfulness.

"The Bayeiye or Bakoba listened to the statements made from the Divine Word with great attention, and, if I am not mistaken, seemed to understand the message of mercy delivered better than any people to whom I have preached for the *first* time. They have invariably a great many charms in the villages; stated the name of God in their language (without the least hesitation) to be 'Oreaja,' mentioned the name of the first man and woman, and some traditionary statements respecting the flood. I shall not, however, take these for certain till I have more knowledge of their language, They are found dwelling among the reeds all round the lake and on the banks of all the rivers to the north.

"With the periodical flow of the rivers, great shoals of fish descend. The people could give no reason for the rise of the water, further than that a chief, who lives in a part of the country to the north, called Mazzekiva, kills a man annually, and throws his body into the stream, after which the water begins to flow. When will they know Him who was slain, that whosoever will may drink of the water of life freely?

"The sketch, which I enclose, is intended to convey an idea of the River Zouga and the Lake Ngami. The name of the latter is pronounced as if written with the Spanish N, the *g* being inserted to show that the ringing sound is required. The meaning is 'Great water.' The latitude taken by a sextant, on which I can fully depend, was 20° 20′ S., at the north-east extremity,

where it is joined by the Zouga; longitude about 24° E. *We do not, however, know it with certainty.* We left our waggon near the Batavana town, and rode on horseback about six miles beyond to the broad part. It gradually widens out into a Frith, about 15 miles across, as you go south from the town, and in the south south-west presents a large horizon of water. *It is reported* to be about 70 miles in length, bends round to the north-west, and there receives another river similar to the Zouga. The Zouga runs to the north-east. The thorns were so thickly planted near the upper part of this river that we left all our waggons standing about 180 miles from the lake, except that of Mr. Oswell, in which we travelled the remaining distance. But for this precaution our oxen would have been unable to return. I am now standing at a tribe of Bakurutse, and shall in a day or two re-enter the desert.

"The principal disease reported to prevail at certain seasons appears from the account of the symptoms the natives give to be pneumonia, and not fever. When the wind rises to an ordinary breeze, such immense clouds of dust arise from the numerous dried-out lakes, called salt pans, that the whole atmosphere becomes quite yellow, and one cannot distinguish objects more than two miles off. It causes irritation in the eyes, and as wind prevails almost constantly at certain seasons, this impalpable powder may act as it does among the grinders in Sheffield. We observed cough among them, a complaint almost unknown at Kolobeng. Mosquitoes swarm in summer, and banyan and palmyra trees give in some parts an Indian cast to the scenery. Who will go in to possess this goodly land in the name of Him whose right it is to reign? "DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

The second journey to Lake Ngami was undertaken in April, 1850, with the view of pushing up the Tamunakle, a tributary of the Zouga, to visit Sebituane. Sechele, Mrs. Livingstone, and her three children accompanied the intrepid traveller on this journey. Just as he had arranged with Lechulatebe to furnish the necessary guides, and to undertake the protection of Mrs. Livingstone and the children during his absence, the latter were seized with fever. As several of their attendants were seized at the same time, the attempt was given up as hopeless at this time, and the party, after recruiting in the pure air of the desert, returned to Kolobeng.

Writing of this journey from Kolobeng, August 24, 1850, Livingstone says:—

"Mrs. Livingstone and Mebalwe, the native teacher, had joined in my desire to visit Sebituane; and Sechele, our chief, having purchased a waggon, the first service he wished it to perform was to place him in presence of the man who, in former years, when assaulting the Bakwain town, ordered his followers to be sure and spare the lives of the sons of Mochoasele (Sechele's father). The attack having been made in the dark, Sechele was badly wounded, and lay insensible till the morning. When recognised, Sebituane

gave orders to his doctors to attend to the wounds, and subsequently restored him to liberty. Had we succeeded in reaching Sebituane, the interview between the two chiefs might have been interesting. Our chief sent a present to his former benefactor last year, but his messengers were prevented going in the same way that we were. They have been more successful this year; so, though we have not been able to go as far as we intended, we are thankful to hear that the way has been opened by them.

"Having no apprehension that Sekomi would throw obstacles in our way, we visited his tribe both in going and returning. As he is an old friend, I apologised for passing to the westward of him in our last trip, on the ground that, as I knew he was very much opposed to our finding a passage to the lake (he having twice refused our request to pass), I had determined to go in spite of him, and yet without contention. He replied, 'U'ntsitile, mi kia boka' (You beat me, and I thank you, or acknowledge it). His entire conduct was the opposite of what it was last year. We had more intercourse with the Bakalahari, especially with the inhabitants of a large village about 40 miles N. of the Bamangwato; and as we passed through their country in April, before the pools, which are usually filled by the rains, are dried up, we suffered no inconvenience from want of water. After visiting the Bakarutse, who live at the lower end of the Zouga, we crossed that river, and ascended on its northern bank. Our intention in passing along the northern bank of the Zouga was to follow the course of the Tamunakle until we reached Sebituane, but, when near the junction of the two rivers, we were informed by a Bakhoba chief named Palane, that the fly called 'tsetse' abounded on the Tamunakle. As its bite is fatal to oxen, horses, and dogs, though harmless to men and goats, and we had no more oxen than were sufficient to draw our waggons, I proposed proceeding alone; but Mrs. L. preferring to wait during my absence among the Batavana, we recrossed the Zouga, and went down towards the lake. Sechulathebe, the chief, furnished guides, and informed us that the distance would be performed partly by land and partly by water, as the Tamunakle had a very zigzag course; that the riding ox would certainly die soon after I returned, in consequence of being bitten by the fly, and promised to furnish my family with meat during my absence, but objected to Sechele going along with me, because his messenger had not yet returned to tell how Sebituane's mind stood affected towards him. Everything seemed favourable, and, before starting, I took my wife down to take a peep at the lake. We felt rather more curiosity than did an Englishman who came to buy ivory from the Batavana, for, although within six miles of it, he informed us that he had never visited it. On the day following our driver and leader were laid up by fever, and subsequently to that two of our children, and several of the people besides; a young English artist, Mr. Rider, who had taken some views of the lake scenery, and a Hottentot belonging to another

party, died of it. As the malaria seemed to exist in a more concentrated form near the Ngami than in any other part, we were compelled to leave, after spending two Sundays with the Batavana; and as the time at my command would have been spent before I could safely leave my people, the fever and the fly (the tsetse) forced me to return to Kolobeng. I was mistaken last year in supposing the epidemic, of which we heard, to be pneumonia; there is undoubtedly a greater amount of cough on the river than at Kolobeng, but the disease which came under my observatien this year was real marsh-fever. The paludal miasma is evolved every year as the water begins to flow and moisten the banks of vegetable matter. When the river and lake are full the fever ceases, but it begins again when evaporation has proceeded so far as to expose the banks to the action of the sun. Our visit was made last year when the river was nearly at its height; but the lake had now retired about 20 feet from the spot on which we stood last year; this might be about 3 feet in perpendicular height. In the natives, the effects of the poison imbibed into the system appear most frequently in the form of a bilious fever, and they generally recover after a copious evacuation of bile. In some it appears as continued fever. In a child there was the remittent form, while in two cases it was simply intermittent. In one case the vascular system of the abdomen was greatly affected, and the patient became jaundiced and died; in another there were only muscular pains and rapid decline of strength; while in several others there was only pain in the head, which a dose of quinine removed. Mr. Wilson, an enterprising trader, who had it in its most severe form, had several violent fits of intermittent fever when recovering from the other, while at a distance of 400 miles from the lake. This disease seems destined to preserve intertropical Africa for the black races of mankind. If the Boers, who have lately fallen upon the plan of waylaying travellers between Kuruman and this, should attempt to settle on either lake or river, they would soon find their graves. As the Ngami is undoubtedly a hollow compared to Kolobeng, and the Teoge, a river which falls into the lake at its N.W. extremity, is reported to flow with great rapidity, the region beyond must be elevated. A salubrious spot must be found before we can venture to form a settlement: but that alone will not suffice, for Kolobeng is 270 miles by the trochameter from Kuruman, and the lake by the same instrument is 600 miles beyond this station. *We must have a passage to the sea on either the eastern or western coast.* I have hitherto been afraid to broach the project, but as you are aware, the Bechuana mission was virtually shut up in a cul-de-sac on the North by the Desert, and on the East by the Boers. The Rev. Mr. Fridoux, of Motito, lately endeavoured to visit the Ramapela, and was forcibly turned back by an armed party. You at home are accustomed to look upon a project as half finished when you have secured the co-operation of the ladies. Well, then, my better half has promised me

twelve months' leave of absence for mine. Without promising anything, I mean to follow a useful motto in many circumstances and 'try again.'

"The following information, gleaned from intelligent natives, may be interesting and probably is not far from the truth, as they could have no object in deceiving me. The Ngami is merely a reservoir for the surplus waters of a much larger lake or marsh, containing numerous islands, about 150 or 200 miles beyond. Sebituane, who was defeated by the Griquas near Motito or Latakoo, in 1824, lives on one of these islands. The river, which falls into the Ngami at its N.W. extremity, is called the Teoge; it runs with so much rapidity that canoes ascend with great difficulty, and when descending no paddling is required, as the force of the current suffices to bring the boats down. Large trees are frequently brought down, and even springboks and other antelopes have been seen whirling round and round in the middle of the stream, as it hurried on their carcasses to the lake. But this flow only occurs at one period of the year, and whence the increase of water in the upper lake is derived no one can tell. Other rivers are reported as existing beyond Sebituane's district, and a large population is said to live on their banks. The names of these tribes are: Bagomae, Barovaia, Barosia, Batongka, Banambia, Banami, Bazatoa, Bachorongka, and Babiko. The people of the last-named tribe are famed for their skill in manufactures, are lighter in colour than the Bakhoba, and have longer hair and beards. All the iron used among the people near the lake comes from the North. Though the Bakhoba are much more inquisitive than the Bechuanas, I never met with one who had even heard of the existence of the sea. They had heard of a people whom we conjectured to be Portuguese, and we saw an old coat which we believed to be of Portuguese manufacture. Although we have seen the Zouga flowing and even rising considerably, the natives assert that soon after the small reservoir near the Bakurutse villages, called Kumatao, is filled by the Zouga, the latter ceases to flow, the rains do not affect it in the least, and in many parts its bed becomes quite dry. This is also the case, according to report, with the Tamunakle and Teoge. During a certain portion of the year the beds of these rivers exhibit only a succession of pools with dry patches between them. The fishes, which we saw so abundant in July and August last year, had not descended from the North in June. The Bakhoba seemed quite sure they would appear in the month following, and they enumerated nine varieties of them in the lake and rivers, two of which are said to attain occasionally the length of a man. Of the five varieties which came under our observation four were very good eating; the fifth, the Glanis siluris, had attained a length of about 3 feet. Crocodiles, or alligators, and hippopotami are also found, but the latter are now scarce in consequence of the Bakhoba frequently hunting them; they kill them by means of a large harpoon, to which a strong rope is attached, in somewhat the same manner as whalers do. They use nets made of the hibiscus, baskets,

and assegais (spears) for killing fish; their canoes are flat-bottomed, and scooped out of single trees. The banks of the river are in many parts lined with trees of gigantic growth. I observed twelve quite new to us at Kolobeng. The banyan and palmyra were recognised as Indian trees by our friend Mr. Oswell; the baobab, the body of which gives one the idea of a mass of granite from its enormous size, yields a fruit about the size of a quart-bottle; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and it is used by the natives to give a flavour to their porridge. Three others bear edible fruits, one of which, called 'moporotla,' yields a fruit, an unripe specimen of which measures $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and $7\frac{1}{2}$ in circumference; the seeds are roasted and eaten, and the body of the tree is used for making canoes. Another, called 'motsouri,' is a beautiful tree, and very much resembles the orange, but we did not see the fruit. The natives pound the root of a kind of flag, and obtain flour not greatly inferior to that from wheat in taste and appearance; this flag is called 'tsitla,' and grows abundantly on both lake and river. The root of a water-lily is likewise used as a vegetable, but it is not so agreeable as the tsitla. The people sow when the river has risen high enough to moisten the soil of the flats in which their gardens are situated; they do not require to wait for rain, as the other tribes must do, for they have good crops, though but little rain falls. Rain-makers are consequently at a discount among the Bakhoba. Besides the usual native produce they cultivate an excellent ground-nut.

"The banks of the Zouga are studded with pitfalls, which the Bakhoba dig for the purpose of killing game. Some of these are very neatly smeared over with mud, and if a sharp look out is not kept, one finds himself at the bottom with the sand running down on him, as the first intimation of the presence of the trap; they are from 8 to 10 feet in depth, and the wild animals are so much afraid of them that they drink during the night, and immediately depart to the desert. Elephants abound in large numbers, but previous to our first visit the ivory was of no value; the tusks were left in the field with the other bones. I saw 13 which had been thus left, and which were completely spoiled by the weather. In our first visit the Batavana would have preferred to sell a tusk for a few beads to parting with a goat for twice the amount; they soon, however, acquired a knowledge of the value of ivory. In one village the headman informed me that two of his wives had been killed by elephants entering the village during the night and turning over the huts, apparently by way of amusement. Besides elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, &c., we observed a new species of antelope, called 'leche;' it is rather larger than the pallah, the horns in shape are like those of the water-buck, the colour of the skin is a beautiful brownish yellow, and its habits are those of the waterbuck. Mr. Oswell has this year secured a new variety of the koodoo.

"The country beyond the Bamangwato, so far as we have penetrated, is quite flat, only intersected here and there by the dry beds of ancient rivers. The desert does not deserve its name, excepting from its want of water, for it is usually covered with abundance of grass, bushes, and trees; nor is it destitute of inhabitants, as both men and animals exist in considerable numbers. Man, however, has a hard struggle to keep soul and body together. The Bakalahari children are usually distinguished by their large protruding abdomen, and ill-formed legs and arms; their listless eye shows that youth has few joys for them. Although much oppressed by the Bechuanas, who visit them annually in order to collect skins, they are often at variance among themselves. They obtain water in certain hollow parts called "sucking-places," where there is a stratum of wet sand about 3 feet below the surface, by means of a reed. A bunch of grass is tied round one end of it, to act as a sort of filter; this is inserted in the wet sand and that which was taken out in making the hole is firmly rammed down around it. The mouth applied to the free extremity draws up enough of water to fill a load of ostrich egg-shells. By making wells in these spots we several times obtained water sufficient for our oxen. The natives were always anxious that we should not in digging break through a hard layer at the bottom of the wells, asserting that if we did the water would be lost. The Bushmen of the desert are perhaps the most degraded specimens of the human family: those near the river Zouga look much better; the river supplies them with fish and "tsitla," and they seem expert in the use of the bow and arrow, for they have killed nearly all the lions. The Botletli are real Bushmen in appearance and language, and about twelve years ago were in possession of large herds of cattle. We saw specimens of the horns of these cattle, which measured from 6 to 8 feet from point to point. The Bushmen are very numerous on all sides of both lake and river, and the language has as much klick as it has further South.

"Of the animals which live in the desert, the eland is, perhaps, the most interesting. It is the largest of the antelope kind, attains the size of a very large ox, and seems wonderfully well adapted for living in that country: for though they do drink a little if they pass near water, they can live for months without a drop: they become very fat, the meat is excellent, and, as they are easily run down by a good horse, it is surprising to me that they have not been introduced into England. The soil is generally sandy; vegetation is not much more luxuriant, except in the immediate vicinity of the river than in this portion of Africa generally. All the rocks we saw consisted of calcareous tufa, travertin, and sandstone. On the banks of the lake there is a rock of igneous origin. The tufa contains no shells, but the salt-pans near the lower end of the Zouga are covered with four varieties of recent shells. It is probable these flats, called salt-pans because sometimes covered with an efflorescence of salt, were reservoirs, such as the Kumatoa is now, at a period when the flow of the

Zouga was greater than it is at present. The country generally is unquestionably drying up. Streams and fountains which, in the memory of persons now living, supplied villages with water, are now only dry water-courses; and as ancient river-beds are now traversed by more modern streams, giving sections which show banks of shells, gravel, and rolled boulders, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to conjecture that an alteration in the elevation of the entire country is taking place. At present, wherever the bed of the Zouga may lead (perhaps towards the Limpopo ?), water seldom flows far past the Bakarutse villages."

On the occasion of the third and successful journey, undertaken with the view of meeting Sebituane, his wife and children accompanied him as before. Shobo, a Bushman, undertook to be their guide; but losing his way, his courage failed him, and he refused to proceed, finally disappearing altogether. Driving on at random, the travellers suffered terrible privations. At last knowing that water was near by the number of birds they saw, and the fresh spoor of the rhinoceros, and other animals, they unyoked the oxen, and they knowing the signs, pushed forward until they came to the Matàbe, a tributary of the Tamunakle. Their sufferings were so great for several days that it almost seemed as if his children were doomed to perish before his eyes. This was all the more hard to bear as a supply of water had been wasted by one of the servants. His wife looked at him, despair at the prospect of losing her children in her eyes, but spoke no word of blame. Here the travellers made the acquaintance of that terrible insect, the tsetse, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is of a brown colour, with three or four bars of yellow in the abdomen. Its bite is fatal to the horse, the ox, and the dog. Within a few days the eyes and nose of the bitten animal begin to run, and a swelling appears under the jaws, and sometimes on the belly. Emaciation sets in, and at the end of three months, when the poor beast is only a mass of skin and bone, purging commences, and it dies of sheer exhaustion. Man, and the wild animals which abound in the district, the goat, the mule, and the ass, enjoy a perfect immunity from its bite.

On the banks of the Chobe the travellers came across a number of Makololo men, and learning from them that their chief, Sebituane, was absent twenty miles down the river Chobe, Mr. Oswell and Livingstone proceeded in canoes to visit him. He had marched some two hundred miles to welcome the white men into his country. On hearing of the difficulties they had encountered in their endeavours to reach him, he expressed his satisfaction at their having at last succeeded, and added: "Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind; I have oxen, and will give you as many as you need."

In their ignorance they thought little of this; but the death of forty of

their oxen, although not severely bitten, too surely attested his better knowledge.

The great chief Livingstone had so long desired to see was a tall, wiry man, with a deep olive complexion. He belonged originally to the south of Kuruman, where his warlike and undaunted bearing (for he was not born a chief) procured him a small following of bold men, who retreated before the cruel raid of the Griquas in 1824.

The Bakwains and others of the Bechuanas made war upon him, and drove him to desperate shifts; but his courage and genius stood him in good stead through innumerable difficulties, and forcing his way through the desert of Kalahari, he maintained for a long period a desperate struggle with the Matabele, who were then led by a chief called Moselekatse, a warrior almost as renowned as himself, for the possession of the country between the Zouga and Zambesi. After a long and terrible struggle, Moselekatse was finally beaten in his attempt to subject Sebituane to his rule. Sebituane's frank and manly bearing, and his kindness and benevolence to his people, and the strangers who trusted to his hospitality, secured him the affections of his own people, and that of the tribes which he conquered.

After he had subdued all the tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, his strong desire to open up communication with white men led him to the country of the Zambesi, fighting and conquering every tribe in his line of march. Long before he saw Dr. Livingstone he had determined on opening out a highway for trade with the west coast, and considering the character of the man, we can readily imagine the blow which his untimely death would be to him. No wonder he was adored by all who came in contact with him. Livingstone tells us that, "when a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and mixing them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, in a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants included, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart; he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him," says Livingstone.

He was much gratified at the confidence reposed in him by Livingstone's proposing to leave his wife and children with him, in the event of his pushing further into the interior, or returning to Kolobeng for his household

effects, and he promised to convey them to his head-quarters, where they might locate themselves. But this was not to be: these great men but met to part, and that for ever. The intrepid chief whose liberal notions had enabled Livingstone to push thus far into the interior of the country, was stricken with inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days' illness. On the Sunday afternoon on which he died, Livingstone visited him, taking his boy Robert with him. "Come near," he said, "and see if I am any longer a man: I am done." Arrived but recently amongst them, the great missionary must have felt cut to the heart that he dare not deal as he would have wished with him. He feared to attempt to arrest his malady in case he might be blamed for causing his death if he had not succeeded in curing him. He could only speak of the hope after death, and commend him to the care of God. His last act was characteristic of the unselfish kindness of the man. Raising himself from his prone position, he called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Manunku [one of his wives], and tell her to give him some milk."

The death of Sebituane was a severe blow to Livingstone. Had he lived, much that was to do which proved difficult, notwithstanding the friendliness of his successor and his people, might have been earlier and more easily accomplished had that noble and enlightened chief lived to second his efforts and possibly share in his journey. "He was," Livingstone says, "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before, and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly the Judge of all the earth will do right." From sources other than those supplied by Dr. Livingstone, we are enabled to form a very high estimate of the wisdom and humanity of Sebituane. The liberality of his government over the conquered tribes was equalled by his generosity. His policy in war was to spare life as much as possible. If the conquered chief submitted to his rule, he reinstated him in his position, and made him the instrument of carrying out wise laws. At the time of his death the tribes under his rule were living in peaceful and contented dependence. His power was absolute over a wide tract of country, and his rule was so popular that no ambitious rival chief dared, while he lived, attempt to contest his supremacy.

Mr. Chapman thus speaks of Sebituane:—

"He was not only one of the greatest warriors of his nation, but his name is held in respect for his liberal government and generosity to his enemies. He had subjected a great many tribes in these parts, fifteen of which I have heard enumerated. His policy was generally to spare life as much as possible; but the conquered chief he would either kill, or, separating

him from the rest, would place him in a tract of country where he would be always in his power. He would return them their cattle to live on, give them a daughter or relative to wife, and administer his own laws. This liberal plan, unlike that adopted by other tribes, combined with a judicious and uniform treatment, inspired the conquered people with such confidence in, and devotion and reverence for their new chief, that they generally soon preferred his government to the former. In this manner amalgamation took place, and the original tribe of Basutos are now, perhaps, the least of the whole population; and the climate not being congenial to their former habits, they have become the most effeminate of the races under Sekeletu's sway."

The Matabele are very much dreaded by the Bechuanas, and, indeed, by all the neighbouring tribes. They are very blood-thirsty, and when they surprise a village, massacre all the old and middle-aged of both sexes, carrying the young into captivity. No Matabele is looked upon as being a man until he has slain an enemy, and his standing as a warrior is regulated by the number of men he has slain. They sell their captives to the half-caste Portuguese dealers in human flesh, who come up the Zambesi.

Moselekatse, the chief of the Matabele, a warrior nearly as renowned as Sebituane—who had succesfully resisted his arms—whose name was a terror to the Bechuanas, and other tribes bordering on his territory, was visited, at his own request, by Mr. Moffat in 1830. Hearing of the white men at Kuruman and their doings, Moselekatse sent two of his head men with some returning traders to invite the great missionary to his town. On his way to visit the chief, Mr. Moffat found a small colony of Bakones, settled among the branches of a huge Baobab tree. He says:—

"My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature, protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aërial abodes, and three others, unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the waggons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which

were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles, about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who having been scattered and plundered by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for firewood.

"As a proof of the necessity of such an expedient as above described, I may add, that during the day, having shot a rhinoceros, we had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night, a large ant-hill was selected for the purpose, and being prepared by excavation and fire, this tit-bit was deposited. During the night, a couple of lions attracted by the roast, drew near, and though it was beyond gun-shot, we could hear them distinctly, as if holding council to wait till the fire went out, to obtain for themselves our anticipated breakfast. As the fire appeared to have gone out altogether, we had given up hope till morning light showed us that the lions had been in earnest, but the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had effectually guarded our steak."

Mr. Moffat's journey led across many miles of country, which had been devastated by Moselekatse. One of the attendants of a chief man of the latter gave him a graphic account of the overthrow of his tribe by Moselekatse. Pointing to the scantily peopled country around them, he said:—

"There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-coloured cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder

heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. The shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle: they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended and killed till their hands were weary of the spear. Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, 'That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle!' 'It is impossible for me,' says Mr. Moffat, 'to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgement. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.'"

Arrived at the town of the great chief, Mr. Moffat was received with much pomp:—

"On riding into the centre of the large fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, we were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, beside two hundred which were concealed in each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. We were beckoned to dismount, which we did, holding our horses' bridles in our hands. The warriors at the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells, and leaping from the earth with kilts around their bodies, hanging like loose tails, and their large shields, frightened our horses. They then joined the circle, falling into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. Here we stood surrounded by warriors, whose kilts were of ape skins, and their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, their shields reaching to their chins, and their heads adorned with feathers.

"Although in the centre of a town all was silent as the midnight hour, while the men were motionless as statues. Eyes only were seen to move, and

there was a rich display of fine white teeth. After some minutes of profound silence, which was only interrupted by the breathing of our horses, the war song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, and they beat time with their feet, producing a sound like hollow thunder, but some parts of it was music befitting the nether regions, especially when they imitated the groanings of the dying on the field of battle, and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. Another simultaneous pause ensued, and still we wondered what was intended, till out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the waggons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. 'The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please.' When the 'moving houses,' as the waggons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the waggon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained, how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. 'My eyes,' he said, 'saw that very hand,' pointing to mine, 'cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them.' A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. 'Does he give medicine to the iron?' was the monarch's inquiry. 'No,' said 'Umbate, 'nothing is used but fire, a hammer, and a chisel.' Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

"Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honour, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighbouring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth

plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem with long white wands marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration, the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. I could not gratify his vanity by saying I did admire that which excited the most thrilling sensations in his martial bosom, and as to there being balls, public balls, in honour of the great and renowned, I did not choose to acknowledge.

"This public entertainment or display of national glory occupied the greater part of the day, when the chief retired swollen with pride, amidst the deafening shouts of adoring applause, not only of the populace, but of his satraps, who followed at a distance to do him homage at his own abode. Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Baaite!* or *Aaite!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant," etc.

Mr. Moffat gives the following account of this Conqueror of the Desert:—

"When a youth his father was the chief of an independent tribe. His people were attacked by one more powerful, and routed. He took refuge under the sceptre of Chaka, who was then rendering his name terrible by deeds of crime. Moselekatse, from his intrepid character, was placed at the head of a marauding expedition, which made dreadful havoc among the northern tribes; but, instead of giving up the whole of the spoils, he made a reserve for himself. This reaching the ears of Chaka, revenge instantly burned in the tyrant's bosom, who resolved to annihilate so daring an aggressor. Moselekatse was half prepared to take flight, and descend on the thickly-peopled regions of the north, like a sweeping pestilence. He escaped, after a desperate conflict with the warriors of Chaka, who killed nearly all the old men, and many of the women. His destructive career among the Bakone tribes has been noticed; but dire as that was, it must have been only a faint transcript of the terror, desolation, and death, which extended to the utmost limits of Chaka's arms. Though but a follower in the footsteps of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native

cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zulu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal (this was Sebituane); and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. Abject representatives came, while I was with him, from the subjugated tribes of the Bamanguato, to solicit his aid against a more distant tribe, which had taken their cattle. By means like these, it may be said, 'He dipped his sword in blood, and wrote his name on lands and cities desolate.' In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger."

Mr. Moffat frequently visited him and his people after this, and was successful in planting Christianity amongst them.

According to his wish, Sebituane was succeeded in the chieftainship by a daughter, to whom Livingstone and his party applied for leave to settle and travel in the country, which was granted. In company with Mr. Oswell, Livingstone discovered the Zambesi in the end of June, 1851, at a point where it was not known previously to exist. The sight of that noble stream, even in the dry season, flowing majestically eastward, with a breadth of from three to six hundred yards, must have filled Livingstone's mind with the hope of the near approach of the time when commerce and Christianity would flow into the heart of the country along this great natural highway.

As the Makololo between the Chobe and the Zambesi live on the low marshy grounds in the neighbourhood of these rivers and their affluents, as a protection from their numerous enemies, the question of where a mission station could be settled was a serious one. The healthy regions were defenceless and not to be thought of in the then state of the country. So there was no help for it but to move south once more, and after shipping his family for England, return to complete the work which no mere personal considerations would have stopped at this juncture.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Livingstone's Letters from Central Africa.—Mr. Chapman on the Country and People Round Lake Ngami.—Journey up the Course of the Zambesi or Leeambye.—Preparations for Journey to the West Coast, &c.

The following letter, dated Banks of the River Zouga, 1st October, 1851, while it repeats to some extent information already given, contains so much interesting matter that we give it entire:—

"This letter will be forwarded by a party of Griquas who leave this river to-morrow, and proceed direct to Phillippolis. We left our old route at Nahokotsa and proceeded nearly due north, crossed the bed of the Zouga, and certain salt pans remarkable for their extent. One called 'Ntivetive' was about fifteen miles broad and probably one hundred long. Beyond this we passed through a hard flat country covered with mopane trees, and containing a great number of springs, in limestone rock. A considerable number of Bushmen live in the vicinity, and they seem to have abundance of food. Leaving this district of springs and guided by a Bushman, we crossed an excessively dry and difficult tract of country, and struck a small river called Mabali. Visiting a party of Bushmen and another of Banajoa, we, after some days, reached the Chobe in 18° 20′ S., the river on which Sebituane lived. The tsetse (a venomous insect), abounded on the southern bank, and, as the depth is from twelve to fifteen feet, we could not cross with the waggons; the cattle were accordingly taken over to an island, and Mr. Oswell and I proceeded about thirty miles down the river in a canoe. It was propelled by five superior rowers; and to us who are accustomed to bullock waggons, the speed seemed like that of boat races at home.

Sebituane received us kindly, and offered to replace our cattle, which were all believed to be bitten by tsetse. He returned to the waggons with us, and subsequently fell sick, and to our great sorrow, died. He formed one of the party of Mantatees repulsed by the Griquas, at old Lattakoo, and since then he has almost constantly been fighting. He several times lost all his cattle, but, being a man of great ability, managed to keep his people together, and ended his days richer in cattle, and with many more people under his sway, than any other chief we know in Africa. A doctor who attended him interrupted with rudeness when I attempted to speak about death, and his people took him away from the island when not far from his end. Mr. Oswell and I went over to condole

with his people soon after the news of his death came, and they seemed to take our remarks thankfully. We remained two months with them; they are by far the most savage race of people we have seen, but they treated us with uniform kindness, and would have been delighted had we been able to remain with them permanently. Such was my intention when I left Kolobeng, and having understood that there were high lands in that region, to avoid the loss of time which would occur in returning for my family, I resolved that they should accompany me. The deep rivers among which they now live, are a defence to them against the Matabele. To have removed them to the high land would have been rendering them defenceless; and the country itself was so totally different from anything I could have anticipated, I felt convinced that two years alone in it, are required for the successful commencement of a mission. It is for hundreds of miles intersected with numerous rivers, and branches of rivers coming out of these and returning into them again; these are flanked with large reedy, boggy, tracts of country. Where trees abound, if not on an island, the tsetse exists; indeed we seem to have reached the limits of waggon travelling.

"We proceeded on horseback about one hundred miles further than the place where the waggons stood to see the Sesheke or river of the Barotse. It is from three hundred to five hundred yards broad, and at the end of a remarkably dry season, had a very large volume of water in it. The waves lifted the canoes and made them roll beautifully, and brought back old scenes to my remembrance. The town of Sesheke is on the opposite shore; the river itself, as near as we could ascertain by both instruments, 17° 28′ South. It overflows the country periodically for fifteen miles out, contains a waterfall called Mosiatunya (smoke sounds), the spray of which can be seen ten or fifteen miles off. The river of Bashukolompo is about eighty yards wide, and when it falls into the Sesheke the latter is called Zambesi. There are numerous rivers reported to connect the two, and all along the rivers there exists a dense population of a strong black race. That country abounds in corn and honey, and they show much more ingenuity in iron work, basket work, and pottery, than any of the people south of them.

"That which claims particular attention is the fact that the slave trade only began in this region during 1850. A party of people called Mambari, from the west, came to Sebituane bearing a large quantity of English printed and striped cotton clothing, red, green, and blue baize of English manufacture, and with these bought from the different towns about two hundred boys; they had chains and rivets in abundance, and invited the people of Sebituane to go a marauding expedition against the Bashukolompo by saying, you may take all the cattle, we will only take the prisoners. On that expedition they met with some Portuguese, and these gave them three English guns, receiving in return at least thirty slaves. These Portuguese promised to return during

this winter. The people confessed that they felt a repugnance to the traffic, but (the Mambari and Portuguese) refused cattle for their clothing and guns. It seems to me that English manufactures might come up the Zambesi during the months of June, July, and August, or September, by the hands of Englishmen, and for legitimate purposes, as well as by these slave dealers for their unlawful ends. There is no danger from fever if people come after May, and leave before September. The Government might supply information to traders on the coast. I shall write you fully on this subject, as also on another of equal importance, but at which I can only now hint.

"You will see by this accompanying sketch what an immense region God has in His providence opened up. If we can enter in and form a settlement, we shall be able, in the course of a very few years, to put a stop to the slave trade in that quarter. It is probable that the mere supply of English manufactures in this part of the country will effect this, for they did not like it, and promised to abstain. I think it will be impossible to make a fair commencement unless I can secure two years devoid of family cares. I shall be obliged to go southward, perhaps to the Cape, in order to have my uvula excised and my arm mended. It has occurred to me, that as we must send our children to England soon, it would be no great additional expense to send them now along with their mother. This arrangement would enable me to proceed alone, and devote about two, or perhaps three years to this new region; but I must beg your sanction, and if you please, let it be given or withheld as soon as you conveniently can, so that it might meet me at the Cape. To orphanize my children, will be like tearing out my bowels; but when I can find time to write to you fully, you will perceive it is the only way, except giving up the region altogether."

In the *Missionary Magazine* for June, we have the continuation of his account of his visit to the interior. He says:—

"The confusion which has for a considerable time prevailed on our borders, contains to those who are intimately acquainted with the native tribes, unmistakable evidence of a state of transition; and though not at all anxious to inflict our simple faith as to the ultimate result of the transition process, on those who can see further into a millstone than ourselves, or even desirous to stave off the blame, which such eagerly heap on the agents of the London Missionary Society, we may hint that the process, when conducted by missionaries, untrammelled by the interference of Government, is incomparably the cheapest at least, both with respect to blood and treasure. And the intentions of Providence seem to indicate a wide extension of the process. The Bible will soon be all translated and printed in the Sichuana. The Providence of God fixed the residence of the translator on a spot which became the city of refuge for individuals and families from nearly every tribe in the country The translation, by this circumstance, became better

adapted for general use, and contains less of a provincial character than it otherwise would have done. It is owing to this circumstance that if a word is objected to, ten to one but the objector is familiar only with a dialect peculiar to a minority of the Bechuana nation.

"Then there is the extensive prevalence of that language and its grammatical exactitude. It is totally different from all European languages, and the Bush or Hottentot. Its forms and inflections are nearly perfect, and tribes, which have through war or other degrading influences lost much of the expressiveness of their dialects, admire the Sichuana Testament on account of the little loss that language has sustained. Sebituane has planted it on the banks of the Zambesi. It is the court language there, as the Norman-French was in our court some centuries ago. He encountered great difficulties in crossing the Kalahari desert. The extreme thirst which his people and cattle underwent in passing along nearly the same route as that at present pursued in our course to the Lake Ngami, resulted in the loss of nearly all his cattle—hundreds in the frenzy of thirst fled back to Mushue, Lopeps, &c., and were captured by tribes living on this side of the desert. He went before us to prepare our way. The existence of the Kalahari desert excludes the shadow of the shade of foundation for the idea that any white man ever crossed it before Mr. Oswell and myself. Even the Griquas, who were well acquainted with the desert, always attempted to go *through* it. Those who succeeded subsequently to the period of our discovery did so with the entire loss of waggons and oxen. The idea of passing, as it were, round the end of the desert instead of through it, never entered any one's head until we put it in practice.

"In our late journey to the country of Sebituane, or the region situated about two hundred miles beyond the Lake Ngami, we followed our usual route towards the Zouga until we came to Nahokotsa. From thence our course became nearly due north.

"Early on the morning of the 19th of June we found ourselves on the banks of the River Chobe, lat. 18° 20′ south, long. 26° east.

"The extensive regions to the north-north-east and north-west of the Chobe and Sesheke rivers, under the sway of the late Sebituane, and now governed by his people called Makololo, in the name of his daughter, is for hundred of miles nearly a dead level. In passing over one hundred miles from the point where the waggons stood to the River Sesheke, we saw no hill higher than an ant hill. The country is intersected by numerous deep rivers, and adjacent to each of these, immense reedy bogs or swamps stretch away in almost every direction. Oxen cannot pass through these swamps; they sink in up to the belly, and on looking down the holes made by their legs, the parts immediately under the surface are seen to be saturated with water.

"The rivers are not like many in South Africa, mere 'nullahs,' con-

taining nothing but sand and stones. All of those we saw contained large volumes of water. The period of our visit happened to be the end of an extraordinary dry season, yet, on sounding the Chobe, we found it to have a regular depth of 15 feet on the side to which the water swung, and of 12 feet on the calm side. The banks below the lowest water mark were more inclined to the perpendicular than those of a canal. It was generally as deep at a foot from the bank as in the middle of the stream. The roots of the reeds and grass seem to prevent it wearing away the land, and in many parts the bank is undermined and hangs over the deep water. Were its course not so very winding, a steam vessel could sail on it. The higher lands in this region are raised only by a few feet above the surrounding level. On these, the people pasture their cattle, make their gardens, and build their towns. The rivers overflow their banks annually. The great drought prevented the usual rise of the water while we were in the country in July, and the people ascribed the non-appearance of the water to the death of their chief. But when the rivers do fill, the whole country is inundated, and must present the appearance of a vast lake with numerous islands scattered over its surface. The numerous branches given off by each of the rivers and the annual overflow of the country, explain the reports we had previously heard of 'Linokanoka' (rivers upon rivers), and 'large waters' with numerous islands in them. The Chobe must rise at least 10 feet in perpendicular height before it can reach the dykes built for catching fish, situated about a mile from its banks, and the Sesheke must rise 15 or 20 feet before it overflows its banks. Yet, Mr. Oswell and I saw unmistakeable evidence of that overflow, reaching about 15 miles out. We were fortunate in visiting the country at the end of a remarkably dry year, but even then the amount of zigzag necessary to avoid the numerous branches of the rivers—the swamps and parts infested by the tsetse—would have frittered away the only season in which further progress, by means of waggons, would have been practicable. As the people traverse the country in every direction in their canoes, and even visit their gardens in them, a boat may be indispensable in the equipment of future travellers.

"The soil seemed fruitful. It is generally covered with rank coarse grass; but many large and beautiful trees adorn the landscape. Most of these were to us entirely new. We claimed acquaintance, however, with the gigantic Baobab, which raises its enormous arms high above all the other forest trees, and makes them by the contrast appear like bushes below it. Large numbers of date trees and palmyras grow on the road to Sesheke. The former were in blossom at the time of our visit, and we saw date seeds under them. Of the new trees, some were very beautiful evergreens; and in addition to numbers of large parasitical plants, we observed two of the orchidian family. One splendid fruit tree particularly attracted our notice, but, unfortunately, all the seeds (about the size of peach stones) were broken