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THE FINDING  
OF  
DR. LIVINGSTONE

BY  
*Henry Morton Stanley*  
H. M. STANLEY

*Special Commissioner of the "New York Herald."*



ENLARGED EDITION

GIVING THE

FULL TEXT OF MR. STANLEY'S LETTERS AND DESPATCHES,  
NOW FIRST PRINTED IN THIS COUNTRY,  
TOGETHER WITH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ACCOUNT OF  
HIS RECENT DISCOVERIES.

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*“Letters like these reveal the man more than books which are composed in comfort and peace of mind after a return home.”*—THE TIMES, August 7th, 1872.

THE object of this Work is to give the full text of Mr. Stanley's very interesting letters and despatches, now first printed in this country, together with Dr. Livingstone's account of his recent discoveries, as contained in his communications to friends, and to the English Government.

The pages which will possess the greatest interest to English readers, are those giving Mr. Stanley's despatches to the *New York Herald*, now published entire and without abridgment. On the 3rd July, 1872, a summary of these despatches was published in London, but, like most summaries, it omitted details of considerable interest.

It is to be regretted that doubts have been expressed in certain quarters as to the reliability of the information and despatches brought by the energetic young traveller, but anyone who has followed the public journals recently will have found but little difficulty in arriving at the true meaning of much of the correspondence that has appeared. The fact that Dr. Livingstone chose to

write to a New York journal, in a manner somewhat different from that in which he would have written to an English paper, is no reason for doubt being cast on the story of his brave discoverer.

It was open to any inquirer to apply at our Foreign Office, where the answer would have been given—as it was given to the present writer long since—that despatches *had been* received from Dr. Livingstone through the agency of Mr. Stanley, and that the authorities there were *perfectly satisfied* that they were in the Doctor's own handwriting. The many personal allusions to Dr. Livingstone in Mr. Stanley's despatches alone offer a sufficient test of the genuine character of the letters and news he has brought us.

Were it worth while, many parallels might be adduced, but we will just take one—trivial enough in itself—yet sufficient to show our meaning. Mr. Stanley states that at that memorable meeting—now a matter of history—the great traveller wore a naval officer's cap with a faded gilt band. Now, amongst the Doctor's intimate friends it is known that a cap of this kind is a favourite with him, and when he was preparing his book on the Zambesi, and resided for six months at Newstead Abbey, as the guest of Mr. Webb, its generous proprietor, he invariably wore such a cap, nor could he be prevailed upon to part with it for a covering such as clergymen usually wear.

The fact is trivial enough, but it is just such trivialities as this which go to make the true portrait.

Literary composition is not a favourite occupation with Dr. Livingstone. He prefers to state facts, leaving to others the task of putting them on paper, and it is not altogether improbable that Mr. Stanley may have sug-

gested those allusions to General Grant, Hawthorne, and various American matters, in the second letter to Mr. Gordon Bennett, which have so surprised some of the Doctor's English friends. Indeed, this second letter may have been written by Mr. Stanley, principally from Livingstone's dictation. It was the representative of an American journal who brought the great traveller relief, and what more natural than that his letters of thanks should be addressed to the American rather than to the English people? A quotation from Nathaniel Hawthorne, suggested by Mr. Stanley, would be just as appropriate as one from Oliver Goldsmith; and an allusion to President Grant might be supposed to possess as much interest to the American people as a reference to our Mr. Gladstone.

But all this is idle talk in the face of Lord Granville's note to Mr. Stanley. His lordship's letter, dated from the Foreign Office, reads:—

August 2nd, 1872.

SIR,—I was not aware until you mentioned it that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, which you delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July. But in consequence of what you said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wylde, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons, and which are being printed.

I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to you my admiration of the qualities which have enabled you

to achieve the object of your mission, and to attain a result which has been hailed with so much enthusiasm both in the United States and in this country.—I am, Sir, your obedient

GRANVILLE.

Henry Stanley, Esq.

Our illustrations of Central African objects and scenery are by those admirable French artists, L. Pierdou, Eug. Lavieille, F. Huyot, and E. de Berard.

J. M



# THE FINDING

OF

## DR. LIVINGSTONE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and studied in the university of that city.

Like most men who have risen to eminence by their own genius and energy, he exhibited in early life the marks of a resolute and vigorous character.

At five o'clock in the morning he was accustomed to quit his humble lodgings, and walk to attend his class at the college.

His father, Neil Livingstone, and his mother, Agnes Hunter, had been married in the village of Blantyre, so that they were well known to the inhabitants, who frequently referred to the promising conduct of their son.

Indeed, for upwards of thirty years, this excellent couple resided in the neighbourhood, after which they removed to Hamilton, where the elder Mrs. Livingstone and her two daughters have remained, respected by all the residents of the surrounding locality.

But we have still to mention the most honourable circumstance of Dr. Livingstone's youth.

As a boy, he was employed in "piecing" at the Blantyre factories; and as a student he was accustomed, during the long summer vacation, to resume his tedious employment at the mill.

This continued until about 1840.

Having attained the age of manhood, he attracted the notice of the London Missionary Society, and was by them sent out to South Africa.

There, at Kolenberg station, he was introduced to the celebrated missionary Moffat, whose daughter he married. Moffat was then permanently attached to Kuruman station, then the most distant outpost of the missionaries; but Livingstone at once penetrated two hundred miles farther north, animated by a desire to carry the sympathies of Europe into the densely populated but mysterious regions of the African interior.

In June, 1849, he made his first exploring journey, travelled circuitously northwards for a month, and, at a distance of three hundred miles from his starting point, came upon the beautiful Zanga river. Along the banks of this river he proceeded for another month, and then discovered Lake Ngami, with the native settlement of Bakalabars upon its borders. This was at least three hundred miles, in a straight line, from any missionary station. Upon the report of his discovery reaching England, Livingstone became at once famous. The Geographical Society bestowed upon him its royal award, which was conferred at that time upon no other person, except the great American explorer, Fremont, the then recent unsuccessful candidate for the presidency of the



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



United States. It was immediately felt that the existence of an extensive inland lake in Southern Africa, fed entirely by rivers from the north, seemed to point the way to vast and unknown countries in the remote interior, well watered, fertile, wealthy, and populous. In 1850, Livingstone resumed his researches in the same direction, his wife accompanying him as far as Lake Ngami. Thence he pushed on still northwards for two hundred miles, and discovered another large lake. Here he heard that the slave traders had only preceded him by one year.

So important were these results, that, in 1852, the London Missionary Society voted him two years' leave of absence, to explore the central regions of Africa, Mrs. Livingstone and her family returning to England in the mean time. A hundred and sixty men accompanied him, with a flotilla of thirty canoes. Thus prepared, he pushed up the great northern river, sometimes travelling at the rate of fifty miles a day; but by the time he had reached Loanda, on the coast, he had been plundered to his last blanket and coat. For twelve months he wandered about through unknown regions. From Loanda he went to Angola, and thence crossed the whole continent to the channel of Mozambique. There he took ship for England, and arrived early in December. The chief records of his journey were unfortunately lost in the river, but he retained sufficient to add enormously to our knowledge of African ethnology, natural history, languages, geography, and geology.

His great achievements may be described in a few words. He explored the immense region of Southern Africa, from the eastern to the western coast, hundreds of

miles from the limits of all former research; discovered new climates, cities, nations, rivers, lakes, ranges of mountains, and curious systems of manners, laws, and religious beliefs. First, he travelled from the Cape of Good Hope, northwards, to Lake Ngami, and thence to Linganti, a locality more than twenty-four degrees of latitude from the head of the Cape. He was now within ten degrees of that mystic line, the equator, which has been supposed, in Central Africa, to run through uninhabitable deserts, "whose soil is fire, and wind a flame;" but he found the region abounding in streams, bright with vegetation, and alive with all forms of the animal creation. Striking off westwards, he reached the settlements on the coast, and returning thence to the central point of his explorations, travelled eastwards to the coast on the other side of the continent. This was what no traveller had ever done before.

From the Cape almost to the equator, from west to east, from ocean to ocean! Mark these routes upon the map with a red line, and the track of Livingstone's adventures will be found to cross vast spaces hitherto unmarked by a single geographical sign. In future, across those blank spaces will be indicated the course of the Coanga, Kasye, Leambye, and Gambia rivers.

From this sketch it will be perceived that Dr. Livingstone's discoveries have not only been vast in their extent, but they are in their nature of the highest importance. Scotland may well be proud of having given birth to such a man!

In March, 1867, a report reached England to the effect that Livingstone had been foully murdered by the

natives near Lake Nyassa; but the accuracy of the rumour was doubted, although Dr. Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, and formerly the companion of Livingstone in his travels, sent this letter to the acting secretary of the Royal Geographical Society:—

Zanzibar,  
December 26th, 1866.

MY DEAR BATES,

I have written fully to Sir Roderick three weeks ago, *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, again *viâ* Mauritius and Suez, with all information we yet have got regarding poor Livingstone.

As I am going to Kilwa and Mikadany for a few days, to see if anything is there known of the sad story, and to seek for any letters which may have been sent by Dr. Livingstone before crossing Lake Nyassa, I write a note to you that you may get by any ship passing here during my absence.

On the 5th of December nine Johanna men of the party which accompanied Dr. Livingstone came to Zanzibar, reporting that on the west of Nyassa, some time between the end of July and September, they were suddenly attacked by a band of Mazite, and that Dr. Livingstone, with half his party, were murdered. Those who returned escaped, as they say, through being behind and unseen, and they all depose to having helped to bury the dead body of their leader the same evening. Although in the details, and in other things, the accounts of the various men differ, they all agree that they saw the body, and that it had one wound—that of an axe—on

the back of the neck. One man saw the fatal blow given.

The attack was sudden, and Dr. Livingstone had time to overpower those that faced him, and was struggling to reload when cut down from behind. I fear the story is true, and that we shall never know more of its details. Full statements have gone home, but this may reach Aden by an American vessel during my absence.

You will see, if this arrives first, that we have sad news from the Society on the way.

I remain, yours,

J. KIRK.

On the receipt of this and similar letters from Dr. Kirk, an expedition to search after the distinguished traveller was organized by those who doubted the story of his death. The expedition was placed under the command of Captain R. D. Young, and left England June 9, 1867. About the middle of the following month the party reached Simon's Town, and proceeded at once in search of the great traveller.

In Dr. Kirk's account of the circumstances connected with the reported death of Dr. Livingstone, it was said that the latter, having crossed the north end of Lake Nyassa, passed through villages named Makarta, and subsequently Matarka, Maponda, Marenga, and Maksowa. The searching party having reached Lake Nyassa, were driven by a gale into a small bay, where they found a native who reported to them that a white man had been there eight or ten months previously.



Captain Young and the rest of the expedition feared at first that the news was too good to be true, and it was resolved to endeavour to reach a point higher up, at which there was an Arab crossing-place, near Mont Mombo, a point about twenty miles from the spot at which the boat was anchored. In carrying this intention into effect, they fell in with a large party of native fishermen, and on communicating with them received a similar account to that which had been previously given them. These people described the dress and appearance of the "white man," which tallied pretty closely with those of Dr. Livingstone. The men having been shown some surveying instruments, appeared to recognize and to understand the use of them. One of them produced a spoon, and a second a knife, which they had received as presents from Dr. Livingstone. As a further test, Captain Faulkner exhibited a case of photographs, and without any hesitation that of Dr. Livingstone was recognized as the picture of the white man. This gave the searching party increased confidence, and they proceeded to the crossing-place. On arriving there, the same story was repeated, with the addition that the white man had endeavoured to cross the lake, but finding all the boats were on the opposite side, he went towards the south, and passed through the villages already named. The searching party then sailed across the lake, but, obtaining no information, made for the south.

They shortly afterwards came across a large village, and here the same story was repeated.

It is known that Marenga, the chief of the village of that name, was extremely civil to Livingstone, and so he was found to be by those in search of him. It appears

that he had ferried Dr. Livingstone across a lake forming an indentation in the banks of Nyassa, which he might have circled on foot at the cost of a *détour*. Marenga gave the searching party every information in his possession, and presented them with a very acceptable supply of fresh provisions.

It will be remembered that it was at this point that the Johanna men abandoned Livingstone.

While Livingstone went across the marsh, the natives skirted the margin, and on returning to the village, reported they were being led into a hostile country, and at once made their way for the seaboard.

The last place named by Dr. Kirk, Maksowa, was two days' journey from Marenga. The chief of this village had been driven away, but a number of his men were collected who had been employed to convey the baggage of Dr. Livingstone twenty miles farther in a north-westerly direction.

Captain Young regarded the information as conclusive; but, with a view of discovering the position of Maponda's settlement, proceeded on a little farther.

The village was found about a mile from the mouth of the Shire. Maponda was away from the village on a trading expedition, but his mother, who was at home, informed the party that Dr. Livingstone had passed through there, and that some of his party subsequently returned. The mother of the chief further produced a Prayer Book, containing the name of one of the Doctor's followers, who had been left behind on account of lameness.

The Johanna men represented this boy, who was named Waikatanoe, as having deserted. It appears that at this time the boy was absent with the chief, so that

the exploring party had no opportunity of a personal interview with him.

The evidence which had been obtained from so many different points, and from such a number of witnesses, satisfied Captain Young that the object they had in view had been obtained, and, acting upon the instruction issued to them, he resolved to return. There appeared not the slightest reason to doubt the substantial correctness of the information obtained, that Livingstone had passed through the most dangerous portion of his journey, and had made good his advance into the interior with an apparent intention of descending the Nile into Egypt.

The conclusions arrived at by Captain Young's party were found to be well founded, for on the 8th of April, 1867, letters were received in London from the great traveller himself, dated from a district far beyond the place where he was said to have been murdered, and announcing that he was in good health. In July, 1868, he was near Lake Bangweolo, in South Central Africa, whence he wrote to say he believed he might safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $12^{\circ}$  south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose River Rhapta is probably the Rovuma.

Another communication was received from Dr. Livingstone dated Ujiji, May 13, 1869; and on January 24, 1871, news arrived in this country that

he had made an extensive journey to the west of Lake Tanganyika.

We have alluded to Livingstone's exploration of the country around the Zambesi. The object of that expedition is admirably told in his own words in a speech which he made shortly before starting on his journey:—

I will explain to you how I mean to endeavour to follow up the discoveries which have been made. The central part of the African continent was supposed for a long time to be a great sandy plain. Certain rivers were known to be flowing in towards the centre, but they were not known farther, and they were supposed in consequence to become lost. But instead of that, the grand view burst gradually on my mind of a very fine, well-watered country; and not only that, but of certain well-watered healthy localities on both sides of the country which were suitable for a European residence. Efforts have been made for centuries to get into the interior of Africa, but, unfortunately, it has been always attempted through the unhealthy parts near the coast. On the southern part of the country we had the Kalihari desert, and the expedition which was sent out from Cape Town under Dr. Smith was prevented from penetrating the interior by this same Kalihari desert. The unhealthy coasts presented a barrier on both sides, and this desert presented an obstacle on the south; but when Messrs. Oswald, Murray, and myself succeeded in passing round that desert, then we came into a new and well-watered

country beyond. When I passed into that country, I had not the smallest idea that there was such a want of cotton as I found to be the case when I went home to England. But there I saw the cotton growing wild and almost everywhere, and that sugar was collected all over the country (although the people did not know that it could be produced from the sugar-cane); and I found, further, that this was a great market for labour. When I lived at Kolenbeng, men left that tribe, and I found some of them within 200 miles of Cape Town, seeking to obtain work. Now here we have the produce and here we have the labour, and I hope we may secure a healthy standing point, from which Europeans may push their commercial and their missionary enterprise to the unhealthy regions beyond.

We proceed first of all up the River Zambesi, and have the full authority of the Portuguese for so doing. This river is very large; it is difficult to convey to the people of such a dry country as this an idea of its size, but the narrowest part that I saw seemed almost to be equal to the Thames at London Bridge. It was not known to be a large river, on account of its being separated into five or six branches at its mouth before it reaches the sea. But, when we get inland, we have a noble stream, and we have at least 250 miles of the stream without a single obstruction. Then we come into a large coal field, and this seems to contain the elements of future civilization. Then I may state that, as we have to examine the river, our expedition will be a practical one. It is not like those that have been sent to the North Pole. We hope to have something to show when we come back.

Our botanist is an economic botanist, and the geologist

is a practical mining geologist; and the naval officer, Captain Beddingfield, has had a great deal of experience in African rivers, and has not been deterred by the fear of suffering from African fever, any more than myself, from volunteering to go on this expedition. He goes to examine the river system, and give us correct information about the river system and its navigability. And then we have an artist and a photographer, to give an idea of what is to be seen in the country.

But I think this expedition is placed in a somewhat peculiar position. I never heard of another expedition being similarly situated.

My companions are all put on their mettle. They are aware that it is very well known that when alone I did something; and if we don't do well now in this expedition, people will say, "Why, those fellows have prevented him from doing what he might." So they are all put on their mettle, and I have the greatest confidence in their desire to accomplish the great objects of our expedition.

We find that in the middle of the country there are a great many branches of the Zambesi. Several of them I have examined myself, and found they went out a few miles—some ten or twelve miles—and then came in again to the main stream. Now, the natives pointed out a number more, and they say these other streams come out of the main branch, and enter it again, after passing some hundreds of miles. This is a most interesting point, because if the departing and returning branches are really seen, then we may go up them in the small steam launch, and have a navigable pathway into an immense extent of country beyond. We will not be then obliged to pass the great falls of Victoria, which

cannot be passed in any vessel. If we have a navigable pathway in the country beyond, then there is a prodigious extent of country, all well adapted for the cultivation of those products which we now get through slave labour.

And what I hope to effect is this: I don't hope to send down cargoes of cotton and sugar; perhaps that result will not be in my lifetime. But I hope we shall make a beginning, and get in the thin edge of the wedge, and that we shall open up a pathway into the interior of the country, and by getting right into the centre, have a speedy passage by an open pathway, working from the centre out towards the sides.

When going into the country, we don't mean to leave our Christianity behind us. I think we made somewhat of a mistake—indeed, a very great mistake—in India; but where we are going, we shall have no need to be ashamed of our Christianity. We go as Christians; we go to speak to the people about our Christianity, and to try and recommend our religion to those with whom we come in contact.

I have received the greatest kindness from all classes of people in the interior. I have found that in proportion as we approach the confines of civilization, do the people become worse. Such is the fact—the nearer we come to civilization, we find the people very much worse than those who never have had any contact with the white man.

It was in the early part of 1871 that Mr. Bennett, jun., of the *New York Herald*, conceived the idea of

despatching, at the sole cost of his journal, an expedition for the discovery and relief of the great African traveller.

The manner in which this successful expedition was originated will rather astonish geographical societies. Mr. Bennett was at that time staying in Paris, and telegraphed for Mr. Stanley, then resident in Madrid. The latter, not knowing what business was in hand, left instantly, arrived at the Grand Hotel, Paris, at eleven o'clock at night, and went at once to Mr. Bennett's room. That gentleman was in bed.

"Come in, sir! who are you?"

"My name is Stanley," answered the young correspondent.

"Ah, yes!" replied the New York journalist; "sit down—glad to see you. Have you any idea where Livingstone is?"

"No."

"Well, I think he is living, and is to be found. Will you try to find him?"

"Yes."

"Good; you can have an unlimited credit. Use your own means; carry out your own plans. Good night!"

Thus the *Herald's* Expedition in search of Livingstone was set on foot. Mr. Stanley was a man to act upon such laconic commissions. With an almost exhaustless fund of information, of fertile expedients, determined



courage, and unceasing perseverance, he commenced preparations, his previous exploits in Abyssinia, at the time our army went to liberate Consul Cameron and party, having given him considerable insight into the peculiarities and dangers of African travel.

Beyond an occasional newspaper paragraph, invariably sneering at or making fun of this novel expedition, but few tidings of Stanley appeared in our English papers, until the 3rd of July, 1872, when Dr. Hosmer and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the representatives of the *Herald* in London, forwarded to our morning journals a summary of the wonderful story of Stanley's discovery of Livingstone.

In America the *Herald* Expedition was scarcely ever mentioned without a smile, and some of the New York journals boldly stated that Mr. Stanley was all the time residing at a first-class New York hotel, the best of everything being provided for him on the condition that he kept himself strictly within doors.

The whole affair was considered by many as a great advertising scheme to increase the sale of the "most enterprising paper in the world."

But at last came the actual letters themselves, dated from strange towns in the interior of Central Africa, containing news of the very highest interest, and bearing the unmistakable imprint of truth.

## STANLEY'S FIRST LETTERS TO THE "HERALD" DESCRIBING THE FINDING OF THE GREAT TRAVELLER.\*

Kwihara, Unyanyembe,  
September 20, 1871.

THE African expedition of the *New York Herald* arrived at Unyanyembe on June 23rd, 1871. It had suffered considerably in its *personnel* and transport. One of the white men has died; he but lived to reach half-way here; two of the armeta escort, as well as eight pagazis, died also from dysentery and smallpox. Two horses and twenty-seven asses have also perished.

On arriving at Unyanyembe your correspondent wrote two letters and entrusted them to Said Ben Salim (Burton and Speke's former Rascafilah), now Governor of Unyanyembe. One gave an account of our journey from the coast here; the other of our battle with Mirambo, who occupied the country lying between the *Herald* Expedition and the object of its search.

I then prepared for the second stage, viz., the journey to Ujiji and Manyema. But difficulties had been on the increase for about a month before our arrival here.

Mirambo, King of Uyowa, in Western Unyamwezi, had been levying black-mail to an unconscionable amount upon all caravans bound westward to Ujiji, the lake and the regions lying behind, to Urundi, to Karagwah, Uganda and Unyoro. The road to these countries led

\* The summary of the following letters, already referred to, and published in the London papers on the 3rd of July, 1872, fixed the date of starting of Mr. Stanley's expedition from Zanzibar several months earlier than it should have been.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

*(From a Portrait taken when at Constantinople.)*



through his country, a serious misfortune, not only to the expedition, but to all caravans bound anywhere westward.

About the time the expedition arrived, Mirambo capped his arbitrary course by taking from a caravan five bales of cloth, five guns and five kegs of powder, and then refusing it permission to pass, declaring that none should pass any more except over his body. This, of course, led to a declaration of war on the part of the Arabs, which was given after I had secured new carriers and was almost ready for the journey.

The Arabs were so confident of easy victory over the African king, declaring that fifteen days at the most would suffice to settle him, that I was tempted in an unlucky moment to promise them my aid, hoping that by this means I should be enabled to reach Livingstone sooner than by stopping at Unyanyembe awaiting the turn of events. Mirambo was but twenty-seven hours' march from Unyanyembe. On the first day we burned three of his villages, captured, killed, or drove away the inhabitants. On the second, I was taken down with the ever-remitting fever of the country. On the third, a detachment was sent out and audaciously attacked the fenced village where the king was, and after an hour's fighting entered it at one gate while Mirambo left it by another. In returning to our camp this detachment was waylaid by Mirambo and his men, and a great slaughter of the Arabs took place. Seventeen Arab commanders were slain, among them one or two personal friends of mine, who had travelled with me from the coast. Five of the soldiers of the *Herald* Expedition were killed. The fourth day was a frightful retreat, from the simple cause of seeing smoke in the distance, which was believed to be

caused by Mirambo's advance, or Ruga-Ruga freebooters. Without informing each other, the Arabs, followed by their slaves, rushed out of their village, and I was left in my tembe alone in a fever. My own men, frightened by their isolation, lost courage and ran, all but six, my Arab boy, Selim, and the Englishman Shaw. With these I reached Mfuto, half-way to Unyanyembe, at midnight. After this graceless retreat, it became evident to me that it was going to be a long affair between Arab and African. Livingstone's caravan, which had gone to its first camp preparatory for the journey, had been ordered back, and the goods had been safely lodged in my house.

The Arabs' cowardly retreat invited Mirambo to follow them to their homes.

While I was debating what to do (knowing that speed was a necessity with the expedition) Mirambo entered Tabora, the Arab capital of Central Africa, with his ferocious allies, the Watuta. Tabora is one mile from Kwihara, the place where I date this telegram. The Kazeh of Speke and Burton is not known here, except as the fenced residence of an old Arab. The Arabs of Kwihara were in great alarm, and their thorough selfishness came out strongly. The Governor and others were for running to the coast at once, declaring Central Africa for ever closed to travel and trade.

About one-fourth of Tabora was burned; five eminent Arabs were killed; cattle, ivory, and slaves carried away. Expecting attack, I turned the Governor's house into a little fort, in order to defend the property of the expedition, and that of Livingstone, from the Watuta.

All fugitives from Tabora who were armed were invited in, until I had 150 armed men within the tembe.

Provisions and water were brought, to last five days. At the end of that time, Mirambo and his allies retired with great booty.

During the state of siege the American flag was hoisted.

After this event I informed the Arabs that I could not assist them any more, for if they ran away once, they would run away again, and declared my intention to travel at once to Ujiji by another road. They all advised me to wait until the war was over—that I was going straight to death by travelling during war time. But I was obstinate, and they looked on me as a lost man.

I engaged thirty men of Zanzibar at treble prices. The effects of the expedition were reduced to the smallest scale consistent with the actual necessities of the journey. As the day drew near, the restlessness of the men increased, and Bombay (Burton and Speke's handy man, but always my stumbling-block) did his utmost to slacken the courage of the armed escort; the Englishman Shaw even became so smitten with fear that he could not assist in my preparations. The Arab reports of the wars along our road were influencing the men of the expedition.

Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika,  
November 10th, 1871.

The *Herald* Expedition, upon leaving Unyanyembe, intended to make Ujiji the end of the second stage, then to march to Manyema, whither Livingstone had gone in 1869; then, if he had gone down the Congo, to go after and overtake him, or, if he was dead, as was often reported to me, to seek his grave and satisfy myself of its

identity, and to take the bones home in proper cases. Fortunately, as this telegram will prove, the expedition had no such mournful task to perform, but what it did perform was far more meritorious, in my opinion.

Instead of going west along a well-known road, the *Herald* Expedition struck into regions very little known and travelled by Arabs. For ten days it journeyed south as if bound for Western Urori, during which time many deserted, and the Englishman had been sent back as perfectly useless. Crossing Unkonongo westward, we travelled until we entered Kawendi, an entirely new country. After supplying the men of the expedition with ten days' provisions, we plunged into the wilderness and went north, from which we did not emerge until we had sighted the Malagarazi river.

Here, after already dodging and escaping from four wars, which made the country dangerous to travellers, we were confronted with hostilities waged by Sultan Nzogera against Lokanda Mira, another Sultan of Uvinza, which was a most serious inconvenience to me—nay, it well nigh ruined the expedition. After paying heavy tribute to Nzogera and crossing the Malagarazi river, we might have reached Ujiji without further trouble had there been no war. But this war compelled me to adopt the Uhha route—one always avoided by Arabs. It was almost as bad as if I had gone straight into the middle of their battle-field. While not yet half-way through Uhha, which in its entire length is only two good days' journey, I had been mulcted of half the available property of the expedition, and had, as often as the tribute was imposed, been in danger of open rupture, owing to the insolence of the Uhha chiefs. Had I continued on this road, the expedi-



tion might possibly have arrived at Ujiji with a month's provisions left.

Our resolve was taken. At midnight we left the Mutware's village, with guns loaded, and left the road, plunging into the low jungle, and, travelling parallel to the road westward, marched twenty-five miles without halting. We then cooked and rested, and at night again marched all night until we had crossed Uhha and had arrived in Ukaranga safely. Two marches more, and we were entering the suburbs of Ujiji, firing away our guns as only exuberant heroes do, to the intense astonishment of the Arabs of Ujiji, who turned out *en masse* to know what it meant.

Among those who came to question us were the servants of Dr. Livingstone, who shortly ran ahead in haste to inform him that an Englishman was coming. "Sure, sure," he was an Englishman, they said, though the American flag was in the front, held aloft by the stout arms of my gigantic Kirangozi.

We entered slowly, the immense number of people who had collected about us impeding rapid progress. As we advanced the crowd became larger and more mingled with the chief Arabs, and the noise of firing and shouting became deafening. Suddenly the firing and hubbub ceased; the van of the expedition had halted.

Passing from the rear of it to the front I saw a knot of Arabs, and, in the centre, in striking contrast to their sunburnt faces, was a pale-looking and grey-bearded white man, in a navy cap, with a faded gold band about it, and red woollen jacket. This white man was Dr. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the hero traveller, the object of the search.

It was the dignity that a white man and leader of an

expedition ought to possess that prevented me from running to shake hands with the venerable traveller; but when I first caught sight of him—the man with whose book on Africa I was first made acquainted when a boy—so far away from civilization, it was very tempting. False pride and the presence of the grave-looking Arab dignitaries of Ujiji restrained me, and suggested to me to say, with a shake of the hand,—

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“Yes,” was the answer, with a kind smile.

Together we turned towards his house. We took seats on goatskins spread over the mud floor of his veranda. Conversation began—it would be difficult to say about what, the topics changed so rapidly; but shortly I found myself acting the part of a newspaper—I had five years of news to give him.

Our first day was passed in eating so voraciously and talking so fast, and about such manifold subjects, that it is difficult to say which we did most. But it is certain that, before retiring, he asserted his belief that I had brought new life to him; he already felt stronger and better.

That night he read the packet of letters which I had brought him, the reading of which he had deferred for that time.

Some days after my arrival at Ujiji I elicited from him the following story of his travels and sufferings and discoveries for the last five years:—

Dr. Livingstone's expedition left Zanzibar in March, 1866. On the 7th of April he left the sea-coast with an expedition consisting of twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men, seven liberated slaves, and two Zambezi men—in

all thirty men. He also had with him six camels, three buffaloes, two mules, and three donkeys.

The expedition travelled up the left bank of the Rovuma river, a route teeming with difficulties. The dense jungles which barred their way required great labour with the axes before they could proceed, which retarded very much the progress of the expedition.

Soon after leaving the coast, Dr. Livingstone was made aware of the unwillingness of the Sepoys and Johanna men to march into the interior. Their murmurings and complaints grew louder day by day. Hoping that he might be induced to return, the Sepoys and Johanna men so abused the animals that in a short time not one was left alive. This plan not succeeding, they set about poisoning the minds of the simple natives towards the Doctor by circulating the most mischievous and false reports concerning his character and intentions. As this might possibly become dangerous, the Doctor resolved to discharge the Sepoys, and accordingly sent them back to the sea-coast, with a sufficiency of cloth to purchase food on their return.

The first of his troubles began with these men. A more worthless crew as escort it would be impossible to conceive. After suffering considerably from hunger during the transit of a wide extent of unoccupied country after leaving the Rovuma river, the Doctor and his party arrived in the country of a Mhiyow chief on the 18th of July, 1866. Desertion of faithless men, in the mean while, had greatly thinned his party. Early in August, 1866, Dr. Livingstone and what remained of his expedition arrived at Mponda's, a chief of a tribe of Wahiyow, living near the Nyassa lake.

Here Wikotani—one of the “ nice, honourable fellows ” of Mr. Horace Waller—a *protégé* of the Doctor, insisted upon his discharge, alleging as an excuse, which the Doctor subsequently found to be false, that he had seen his brother. He also claimed Mponda's chief wife as his sister. After delivering himself of many more falsehoods, Wikotani was given by the Doctor in charge of Mponda until his “ big brother ” should call for him.

This ingrate—released from slavery and educated at the Nassick School, Bombay, at the sole charge of the Doctor—perceiving his application for a discharge to be successful, endeavoured to persuade Chumah, another *protégé*, to go with him, in order, as the Doctor believes, to enslave him. Upon Chumah consulting the Doctor, he was strongly advised not to put himself in the power of Wikotani.

From Mponda's the Doctor proceeded to the heel of the Nyassa, to the village of a Babisa chief, who required medicine for a skin disease. To treat the malady he stopped at this place two days. While stopping here a half-caste Arab arrived at the same place from the western shore of Lake Nyassa, who reported that he had been plundered by a band of the Ma Zitu at a place which the Doctor and Musa, the chief of his Johanna men, knew perfectly was at least one hundred and fifty miles north-north-west, or twenty days' march from the village.

This Musa is he who manufactured that wonderful tale of murder which so startled all friends of the Doctor. During the Zambezi expedition, Musa had visited this place where the Arab reported himself robbed, in company of the Doctor.

To the news which the Arab imparted Musa was an

eager listener, and lost no time in conveying it to the Doctor.

The Doctor coolly asked him if he believed, to which Musa answered that he did believe every word, for the Arab had told "true, true." The Doctor said he did not; and after explaining to him his reasons, he suggested to Musa that they should go and consult the Babisa chief, for if anyone should know if the story was true, he should.

The Babisa chief denounced the Arab as "a liar" when consulted. But Musa broke out with, "No, no, Doctor, I no want to go to Ma Zitu; I no want Ma Zitu to kill me; I want to see my father, my mother, my child in Johanna. I no want Ma Zitu kill me." Musa's words are here reported *ipsissima verba*. To this outburst the Doctor replied, "I don't want the Ma Zitu to kill me either, but since you are afraid of them, I promise to go west until we are far past the beat of the Ma Zitu."

Musa was not satisfied with this promise of the Doctor, for he said in the same dolorous tone:—"If we had 200 guns with us I would go; but our small party, they will come by night and kill us all." The Doctor repeated his promise, but to no purpose. When he turned his face westward, Musa and the Johanna escort heartlessly deserted him.

Hence the fabrication of the Livingstone murder tale, to hide the fact of their desertion and to obtain their wages. Livingstone's party was very small now; he had sent back the worthless and maudlin Sepoys; the Johanna men had deserted him in a body, and Wikotani had been discharged. He was obliged to seek aid from the natives. He engaged them as carriers, and as

they had never been tampered with or betrayed by the slave traders, he managed exceedingly well.

From this country, which he left in the beginning of December, 1866, he entered on a northern course, where the Ma Zitu had swept the land clean of provisions, and where the expedition suffered the most pinching hunger. Added to this, desertions continued, which in one or two instances caused a loss of almost all his clothes and cooking utensils and dishes. Though misfortunes constantly dogged the footsteps of the expedition, it struggled on and traversed the countries of the Babisa, Bobemba, Banlungu, Barungu, besides the country of Londa, where lives the famous King Cazembe.

Cazembe and his Queen received him kindly, and showed every disposition to assist him, and it was he who gave the information about Lake Bangweolo (which he called "Large Water") to the Doctor.

Near Cazembe's the Doctor had crossed a fine stream called the Chambezi. But he relied too much upon the correctness of Portuguese information, and paid not much attention to it at the time, believing it to be, as Portuguese travellers stated, but the head-waters of the great Zambezi, and having no connection with the great river of Egypt of which he was now in search. This excessive reliance upon the veracity of Portuguese and traders misled him very much, and caused him double work, plunging him into a labyrinth of errors and discoveries, making the whole country and its intricate system of rivers and lakes clear to him only after repeating his journeys many times.

From the beginning of 1867 to the middle of March, 1869, he says he was mostly engaged in correcting the

errors of Portuguese travellers. The Portuguese, when writing or speaking of the Chambezi, invariably called it "our own Rambezi," or the Rambezi that flows through the Portuguese possessions of the Mozambique.

Over and over again he had to traverse the countries around Londa like an uneasy spirit; over and over again he asked the same questions from the different people whom he met, until he was obliged to desist lest they might say,—“The man is mad; he has water on the brain.”

These tedious travels have established, first, that the Chambezi is a totally distinct river from the Portuguese Zambezi; second, that the Chambezi, starting from about latitude  $11^{\circ}$  south, is none other than the head-waters of the Nile itself, thus giving the wonderful river a length of over 2,600 miles of direct latitude.

During this series of journeys which he made in these latitudes, he came to a lake lying north-east from Cazembe's. The natives called it Liemba, or Luwemba, from a country of that name which bordered it on the south-east. Livingstone discovered it to be an extensive heel, or rather foot, of the Tanganyika. By his map the southern part of the Tanganyika resembles the southern part of Italy in configuration. The extremity of the Tanganyika south reaches to 8 deg. 42 sec. south latitude, thus giving the lake a length of 323 geographical miles, or seventy-three miles longer than Captains Burton and Speke described it.

From the Tanganyika he crossed Maremgus, and came in sight of Lake Moero. Tracing this lake, which is about sixty miles in length, to its southern extremity, he found a river entering it from that direction. Following

the Luapula north, as this river was called, he found it issued from the great lake of Bangweolo, which is as large in superficial area as the Tanganyika. The most important feeder of this lake is the Chambezi. We had traced the Chambezi running north through three degrees of latitude. It could not, then, be the Zambezi.

He returned to King Cazembe, thence to Ujiji, whence he dated those letters to the London Geographical Society, under whose auspices he travels, which, though the outside world still doubted that the traveller was alive, fully satisfied the minds of the members of that society. The way in which Musa left the Doctor, and what the Doctor was doing all the time the world thought him dead, has now been told as Dr. Livingstone told your correspondent.

But his experiences, his troubles, his sufferings in mind, body, and estate—how Arabs conspired against him, his men robbed him, false Moslems betrayed him—how he was detained by inundations, by scanty means to cross rivers and lagoons, by wars between Arabs and natives from the beginning of 1867 to the middle of March, 1869, when he arrived at Ujiji,—no one will be better able to relate than himself.

After resting at Ujiji he thought of exploring the head of the Tanganyika, and ascertaining whether this lake had any connection, or whether the River Rusizi was an influent or an affluent; but the avarice of the Wajiji, which would have deprived him of most of his cloth, prevented him. At the end of June, 1869, he set off by way of Ugubha for his last series of explorations.

Fifteen days' march brought him to Manyema, a virgin country, but lately known to the Arabs even. On the threshold of great discoveries he was laid up for six



months from ulcers in the feet. When recovered he set off northerly, and came to a broad lacustrine river called Lualaba, which flowed northward, westward, and in some places southward, in a most confusing way. The river was from one to three miles broad. Following it northerly, he discovered Lake Kamolondo, in latitude 6 deg. 30 min. south. He traced the river southward to Lake Moero, where he saw it issue out of this lake through an enormous and deep chasm in the mountains. Satisfied that this Lualaba was the Chambezi which entered Bangweolo, or the Luapula which entered Moero, he retraced his steps northward to Lake Kamolondo. He came to a river flowing from the west called the Locki, or Lomami, which issued from a large lake called Chebungo, situated to the south-south-west from Kamolondo. To this Lake Chebungo Dr. Livingstone gave the name Lake Lincoln, after President Abraham Lincoln, whose sad fate the civilized world lamented. To the memory of the American President, whose labours in behalf of the black race won his entire sympathy and approval, the great traveller has contributed a monument more durable than brass, iron, or stone.

Still working his way north, bit by bit, against several and varied difficulties, along the Lualaba's crooked course as far as latitude 4° south, he heard of another large lake situated to the north, in the same central line of drainage as the four other lakes; but here he was compelled to turn back to Ujiji. Against this compulsion his iron will and indomitable energy fought in vain; his men had mutinied and absolutely refused to budge a step, and to Ujiji he was obliged to return, a baffled, sick, weary, and destitute man. It was in this state your correspondent

met him only eighteen days after his arrival. So far had the traveller gone north, that he was at the beginning of the final and certain end. Six hundred miles of watershed had been examined carefully. At the beginning of the seventh hundred the false slaves sent to him from the British Consul at Zanzibar, and who were to him as escort, rose up against him, saying in their determined actions, "Thus far you shall go, and not one step further."

That this remarkable river (the Lualaba) is the Nile and none other no one doubts, but this one little blank—this one little link—who will fill it up? How will imagination fill up the void? In this blank, north of latitude four degrees south, is a lake, it was reported to Dr. Livingstone—may it not be Piaggia's lake?—out of which Petherick's branch issues into the Bahr Ghazal and the White Nile.

He has followed this river from eleven degrees south to four degrees south—that is, through seven degrees of latitude, or 420 geographical miles. It only wanted 180 miles more—this is the length of the undiscovered link—and the Nile, which had baffled oracles and sages, kings and emperors, had been revealed throughout its length.

According to Livingstone, two things yet remain before the Nile sources can be said to be discovered. First—he has heard of the existence of four fountains, two of which give birth to a river flowing north, which is the Lualaba, and two to a river flowing south into inner Ethiopia, which is the Zambezi, thus verifying the statement which the Secretary of the Goddess Minerva at Sais made to Herodotus over two thousand years ago.

He has heard of them repeatedly, and has been several times within a fortnight's march from them, but something always interposed to prevent him going to see them. These fountains require to be seen. Second—remains the link above described to be explored.

The stories which the Doctor relates of the two immense countries through which the great river runs, read like fable. The most southerly is called Rua; the northern is called Manyema by the Arabs and Manuema by the natives, who are cannibals. He tells of ivory being so cheap that twenty-five cents' worth of copper will purchase a large tusk, worth \$120 at Zanzibar. He tells of ivory being turned into door-posts and eave stanchions by the cannibals; of skilful manufactures of fine grass cloth, rivalling that of India; of a people so nearly approaching to white people and so extremely handsome that they eclipse anything ever seen in Africa; and from this fact supposes them to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians, or of some of the lost tribes of Israel; he tells of copper mines at Katanga which have been worked for ages, of docile and friendly peoples who up to this time have lived buried in the lap of barbarism, ignorant that there lived on earth a race so cruel and callous as the Arabs who have come among them, rudely awaking them out of their sleep with the thunder of gunpowder, to kidnap, rob, and murder them without restraint, and of many other things he tells, some details of which will follow this telegram.

The Doctor arrived at Ujiji on the 16th of October, the *Herald* Expedition on the 3rd of November, eighteen days later, and, as if guided by the hand of Providence, not a month too late nor a month too soon. He was sick

and he was destitute, and help came in time. He had returned to Ujiji, only to find himself robbed of everything by the very man to whom the British Consulate had entrusted his goods. This man, called Shereen, had sold them all off for ivory, and had feasted on the little stock of luxuries sent to the Doctor by his friends.

Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika,  
December 23rd, 1871.

A few days after the arrival of the *Herald* Expedition at Ujiji, I asked the Doctor if he had explored the head of the Tanganyika.

He said he had not, "he had not thought it of so much importance as the central line of drainage; besides, when he had proposed to do it, before leaving for Man-yema, the Wajiji had shown such a disposition to fleece him that he had desisted from the attempt."

Your correspondent then explained to him what great importance was attached to the lake by geographers, as stated in the newspapers, and suggested to him that it were better, seeing that he was about to leave for Unyan-yembe, and that something might occur in the mean while to hinder him from ever visiting it, to take advantage of the offer I made of putting myself, men, and effects of the expedition at his service for the purpose of exploring the northern head of the Tanganyika.

He at once accepted the offer, and, like a hero, lost no time in starting.

On the 20th of November, Dr. Livingstone and your correspondent, with twenty picked men of the *Herald* Expedition Corps, started. Despite the assertion of



LADIES' SMOKING PARTY IN UNYANVERBE.



Arabs that the Warundi were dangerous, and would not let us pass, we hugged their coast closely, and when fatigued, boldly encamped in their country. Only once were we obliged to fly—and this was at dead of night—from a large party which we knew to be surrounding us on the land side. We got to the boat safely, and we might have punished them severely had the Doctor been so disposed. Once also we were stoned, but we paid no heed to them, and kept on our way along their coast until we arrived at Mokamba's, one of the chiefs of Usige.

Mokamba was at war with a neighbouring chief, who lived on the left bank of the Rusizi. That did not deter us, and we crossed the head of the Tanganyika to Mugihewah, governed by Ruhinga, brother of Mokamba.

Mugihewah is a tract of country on the right bank of the Rusizi, extending to the lake. With Mokamba and Ruhinga we became most intimate; they proved to be sociable, good-natured chiefs, and gave most valuable information concerning the countries lying to the north of Usige; and if their information is correct, Sir Samuel Baker will be obliged to curtail the ambitious dimensions of his lake by one degree, if not more.

A Mgwana living at Mokamba's, on the eastern shore of the lake, had informed us that the River Rusizi certainly flowed out of the lake, and after joining the Kitangule, emptied into the Lake N'yanza (Victoria).

When we entered Ruhinga's territory of Mugihewah, we found ourselves but 300 yards from the river, about which a great deal has been said and written.

At Unyanyembe I was told that the Rusizi was an affluent.

At Ujiji all Arabs but one united in saying the same thing, and within ten miles of the Rusizi a freedman of Zanzibar swore it was an affluent.

On the morning of the eleventh day of our departure from Ujiji, we were rowed towards the river. We came to a long narrow bay, fringed on all sides with tall, dense reeds, and swarming with crocodiles, and soon came to the mouth of the Rusizi.

As soon as we had entered the river, all doubt vanished before the strong, turbid flood against which we had to contend in the ascent. After about ten minutes we entered what seemed a lagoon, but which was the result of a late inundation. About an hour higher up, the river began to be confined to its proper banks, and is about thirty yards broad, but very shallow.

Two days higher up, Ruhinga told us the Rusizi was joined by the Loanda, coming from the north-west.

There could be no mistake then. Dr. Livingstone and myself had ascended it, had felt the force of the strong inflowing current—the Rusizi was an influent, as much so as the Malagarazi, the Linche, and Rugufu, but with its banks full it can only be considered as ranking third among the rivers flowing into the Tanganyika. Though rapid, it is extremely shallow; it has three mouths, up which an ordinary ship's boat, loaded, might in vain attempt to ascend. Burton and Speke, though they ascended to within six hours' journey by canoe from the Rusizi, were compelled to turn back by the cowardice of the boatmen. Had they ascended to Meuta's capital, they could easily have seen the head of the lake. Usige is but a district of Wumdi, governed by several small



chiefs, who owe obedience to Mwezi, the great King of Wumdi.

We spent nine days at the head of the Tanganyika, exploring the islands and many bays that indent its shores.

In returning to Ujiji we coasted along the west side of the Tanganyika, as far as the country of the Wasansi, whom we had to leave on no amicable terms, owing to their hostility to Arabs, and arrived at Ujiji on the 18th of December, having been absent twenty-eight days.

Though the Rusizi river can no longer be a subject of curiosity to geographers—and we are certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and Baker's Lake, or the Albert N'yanza—it is not yet certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and the Nile river. The western coast has not all been explored; and there is reason to suppose that a river runs out of the Tanganyika through the deep caverns of Kabogo Mountain, far underground and out on the western side of Kabogo into the Lualaba, or the Nile. Livingstone has seen the river about forty miles or so west of Kabogo (about forty yards broad at that place), but he does not know that it runs out of the mountain.

This is one of the many things which he has yet to examine.

Kwihara, Unyanyembe,

February, 21st, 1872.

After spending Christmas at Ujiji, Dr. Livingstone, escorted by the *Herald* Expedition, composed of forty Wanguana soldiers, well armed, left for Unyanyembe on the 26th of December, 1871.

In order to arrive safely, untroubled by wars and avari-

cious tribes, we sketched out a road to Unyanyembe, thus :—

Seven days by water south to Urimba.

Ten days across the uninhabited forests of Kawendi.

Twenty days through Unkonongo, direct east.

Twelve days north through Unkonongo.

Thence five days into Unyanyembe, where we arrived without adventure of any kind, except killing zebras, buffaloes, and giraffes, after fifty-four days' travel.

The expedition suffered considerably from famine, and your correspondent from fever, but these are incidental to the march in this country.

The Doctor tramped it on foot like a man of iron. On arrival at Unyanyembe, I found that the Englishman, Shaw, whom I had turned back as useless, had about a month after his return succumbed to the climate of the interior and had died, as well as two Wauguana of the expedition who had been left behind sick. Thus, during less than twelve months, William Lawrence Farquhar, of Leith, Scotland, and John William Shaw, of London, England, the two white men I had engaged to assist me, had died; also eight baggage-carriers and eight soldiers of the expedition had died.

I was bold enough to advise the Doctor to permit the expedition to escort him to Unyanyembe, through the country it was made acquainted with while going to Ujiji, for the reason that were he to sit down at Ujiji until Mirambo was disposed of, he might remain a year there, a prey to high expectations, ending always in bitter disappointment. I told him, as the Arabs of Unyanyembe were not equal to the task of conquering Mirambo, that it were better he should accompany the

*Herald* Expedition to Unyanyembe, and there take possession of the last lot of goods brought to him by a caravan which left the sea-coast simultaneously with our expedition.

The Doctor consented, and thus it was that he came so far back as Unyanyembe.

Kwihara, Unyanyembe,  
March 1st, 1872.

It is erroneously supposed by his friends that Doctor Livingstone is most industriously attended to, that he receives annually, if not semi-annually, large supplies of cloth, beads, and necessaries. Your correspondent begs to inform his friends that the *Herald* Expedition found him turned back from his explorations when on the eve of being terminated thoroughly, by the very men sent to him by the British Consulate; that the expedition found him sitting down at Ujiji utterly destitute, robbed by the very men sent by the British Consulate at Zanzibar with his caravan; that the *Herald* Expedition escorted him to Unyanyembe only in time to save his last stock of goods, for they were rapidly being made away with by the very men entrusted by the British Consulate with the last lot of goods; that it was only by an accident that your correspondent saw a packet of letters addressed to Livingstone, and so forcibly took one of Livingstone's men to carry the letters to his employer.

When we arrived at Unyanyembe, two bales of cloth, two bags of beads, and one case of brandy had already disappeared out of the last lot.

Neither are the supplies or letters hurried up to him. He might have waited long at Ujiji waiting for goods

and letters that never would come, if the *Herald* Expedition had not informed him.

Though the distance from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe is but three months for a loaded caravan, yet the Consulate's trusty men stopped on the sea-coast, within a stone's throw (figuratively speaking) of the Consulate, over three and a half months, and Livingstone got his goods thirteen and a half months after they left the sea-coast, and only at three months from the coast. Livingstone had to come for them himself a distance of 350 miles.

Within the time that the British Consul's men took to convey Livingstone's goods and letters a distance of only 525 miles, the *Herald* Expedition was formed, and marched 2,059 English statute miles, and before the fourteenth month of its departure from the sea-coast, the *Herald* Expedition will have arrived at the sea-coast, be paid off, and disbanded.

In the matter of supplies, then, being sent to Livingstone semi-annually or annually, there is no truth whatever. The cause is extreme apathy at Zanzibar, and the reckless character of the men sent. Where English gentlemen are so liberal, and money so plentiful, it should be otherwise.

When preparing to return to the coast, your correspondent, in command of your expedition, turned over to Dr. Livingstone nine bales of mixed cloths, 980 pounds of assorted beads, well adapted to Rua and Manyema, and 350 pounds of brass wire, besides one portable boat to cross rivers, a supply of carpenters' tools, revolvers, carbines, and several hundred pounds of ammunition.

Kwihara, Unyanyembe,  
March 12th, 1872.

The day after to-morrow the *Herald* Expedition will leave the Land of the Moon—Unyamwezi—for the sea-coast.

Your correspondent has been commissioned by Doctor Livingstone, if there is time before the first ship leaves Zanzibar, to send him fifty well-armed men from Zanzibar, to act as soldiers and servants for a new expedition which he is about to organize for rapid exploration of a few doubtful points, before returning home to declare to those concerned that he has finished his work.

He will leave Unyanyembe for Ufipa, thence to Liemba and Marumgu, and crossing the Luapula river at Chicumbi's, will make his way to the copper mines of Katanga, in Rua; then eight days south, to discover the fountains of Herodotus; then return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua, ten days north-east of Katanga; thence to Lake Kamolondo, and by River Lufira to Lake Lincoln; thence back to Lualaba, to explore the lake north of Kamolondo; thence return by Uguhha to Ujiji, or by Marumgu, through Urori, to the coast, and England.

This is his present programme, which he thinks will only take him eighteen months; but, as I have told him, I think it will take two years.

Though he is now going on for sixty years of age, he looks but forty-five or fifty—quite hale and hearty. He has an enormous appetite, which has abated nothing of its powers since I have known him. He is in need of no rest: he needed supplies; he has got them now, and

everything he needs. Though sick and thin when I saw him at Ujiji, he is now fleshy and stoutish, and must weigh about 180 pounds. Though I have hung my balance scales temptingly before his eyes, I have never been able to get him to weigh himself. I have not the slightest fears about his health, or of any danger coming to him from the natives.

Before the full text of the preceding letters of Mr. Stanley had reached this country, the following intelligence had been transmitted from Bombay:—

“Messrs. Stanley, Henn, New, and Morgaro sailed from Zanzibar for Seychelles on the 29th *en route* for Europe in the screw steamer *Star*, Messrs. W. Oswald and Co. Mr. Stanley, with his usual activity, chartered the steamer. Two days before leaving, Mr. Stanley despatched men and supplies to Dr. Livingstone, who awaits them at Unyanyembe.

“Mr. Stanley was very anxious to go to Bagamoyo to start the party, and accompany them for one day's march, when they would be sure to go on; but he was unable to do so without being detained for one month longer in Zanzibar or Seychelles. The head native *employé* in the American Consulate went to Bagamoyo for this purpose, and, in the event of difficulty occurring, arrangements were made for insuring the forwarding of the relief expedition with all despatch. Heavy rains still continue, and the country to the west of Bagamoyo may be impassable.

“Mr. Stanley has sent the supplies in charge of an Arab, along with 57 men, well armed, and in light marching

order. These men will be at the disposal of the Doctor, being under engagement to that effect. Since February, constant rains have prevailed in Zanzibar."

Mr. H. A. Fraser, in a long letter to the *Bombay Gazette*, gives particulars of the meeting between Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone, and the return of the Livingstone Search Expedition, and makes charges against Dr. Kirk which will no doubt call forth explanations from that gentleman.

The writer asserts that Dr. Livingstone has addressed an official despatch to Dr. Kirk, charging him with remissness in failing to forward supplies, and with having enjoined men (who, after long delay, conveyed some supplies to Livingstone) not to take service under him, nor to remain with him.

The Doctor also accuses the principal native firm at Zanzibar of speculation and slave-dealing.

The letters of Mr. Stanley, given in the preceding pages, were condensed for rapid transmission by cable to the *New York Herald*. On reaching Europe the gallant traveller prepared a far more extended account of his journey, and the long and interesting letters to Mr. Bennett, giving the full story of the finding of Doctor Livingstone, we now present to the reader.

## LETTER No. 3.

## CENTRAL AFRICA.

Kwihara, Unyanyembe,

September 21st, 1871.

How can I describe my feelings to you, that you may comprehend exactly the condition I am in, the condition I have been in, and the extremely wretched condition that the Arabs and slave-trading people of the Mrima, the hill land on the coast, would fain keep me in?

For the last two months I have been debating in my own mind as to my best course. Resolves have not been wanting, but up till to-day they have failed. I am no nearer the object of my search, apparently, than I was two years ago, when you gave me the instructions at the Grand Hotel in Paris.

Is this Dr. David Livingstone, whom I am sent to find, a myth? Is there any such person living? if so, where is he? I ask everybody—Oman, Arab half-caste, Wanriza, Pagazis, but no man knows. I lift up my head, shake off day dreams, and ask the silent plains around, and the still dome of azure upheaving to infinity above. Where can he be? No answer.

The attitude of my people, the asinine obstinacy of Bombay, the evidently determined opposition of the principal Arabs to my departure from here, the war with Mirambo, the other unknown road to the Central Lake,



the impossibility of obtaining Pagazis, all combine, or seem to do, to say, "Thou shalt never find him! thou shalt never hear of him! thou shalt die here!"

Sheikh, the son of Nasib—one of the ruling powers here—declares it an impossibility to reach Ujiji. Daily he vexes me with "There is no road. All roads are closed. The Wakonongo, the Wagara, and the Waivend, are coming from the south to help Mirambo. If you go to the north, Usukuma is the country of Mirambo's mother; if you take the Wilyankurn road, that is Mirambo's own country. You see, then, sir, the impossibility of reaching the Tanganyika. My advice is that you wait until Mirambo is killed, then—Inshallah!—the road will be open; or go back."

Oftentimes I explode and cry out, "What! wait here until Mirambo is killed! You were five years fighting Manua Sera. Go back after spending \$30,000! Oh, Sheikh, the son of Nasib! no Arab can fathom the soul of a Muzungu (white man). I will go on, and will not wait until you kill Mirambo. I go on, and will not go back until I shall have seen the Tanganyika;" and this morning I added, "And the day after to-morrow I start." "Well, master," he replied, "be it as you say; but put down the words of Sheikh, the son of Nasib, for they are worthy to be remembered."

He has only just parted from me, and to comfort myself after the ominous words, I write to you. I wish I could write as fast as the thoughts crowd my mind; then what a wild, chaotic, and incoherent letter you would have! but my pen is stiff, the paper is abominable, and before a sentence is framed the troubled mind gets somewhat calmer. I am spiteful, I candidly confess, just now; I am cynical—I

do not care who knows it—fever has made me so; my whining white servant contributes towards it; the stubbornness of Bombay—"Incarnation of honesty" Burton calls him—is enough to make one cynical; the false tongues of these false-hearted Arabs drive me on to the spitefulness; the cowardice of my soldiers is a proverb with me, the rock daily, hourly, growing larger and more formidable against which the ship of the Expedition must split. So says everybody; and what everybody says must be true. All these things make me fierce and savage-hearted. Yet I say that the day after to-morrow every man Jack who can walk shall march.

#### UNYAMWEZI.

Unyamwezi is a romantic name. It is Land of the Moon, rendered into English. The attraction, however, to an European lies only in the name; there is nothing of the mystic, nothing of the poetical, nothing of the romantic, in the country of Unyamwezi. I shudder at the sound of the name; it is pregnant in every syllable to me. Whenever I think of the word immediately come thoughts of colycynth, rhubarb, calomel, tartar emetic, ipecacuanha, and quinine into my head, and I feel qualmish about the gastric regions. I wish I were a thousand miles away from it. If I look abroad over the country I see the most inane and the most prosaic country one could ever imagine. It is the most unlikely country to an European for settlements; it is so repulsive, owing to the notoriety it has gained for its fevers. A white missionary would shrink back with horror at the thought of settling in it. An agriculturist might be tempted, but



LANDSCAPE IN UNYAMWEZI.



then there are so many countries where he could do so much better, he would be a madman to settle in this. And, supposing it were necessary to send an expedition such as that which boldly entered Abyssinia to Unyamwezi, the results would be worse than the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. No, an ordinary English soldier could never live here. Yet you must not think of Unyamwezi as you would of an American swamp. You must not imagine Unyamwezi to have deep morasses, slushy beds of mud infested with all abominable reptiles, or a jungle where the lion and the leopard have their dens. Nothing of the kind. Unyamwezi is a different kind of country altogether from that. To know the general outline and physical features of Unyamwezi you must take a look around from one of the noble coigns of vantage offered by any of those hills of syenite in the debatable ground of Mgunda Makali, in Uyanzi. From the summit of one of those natural fortresses, if you look west, you will see Unyamwezi recede into the far blue mysterious distance in a succession of blue waves of noble forest, rising and subsiding like the blue water of an ocean. Such a view of Unyamwezi is inspiring, and, were it possible for you to wing yourself westward on to another vantage coign, again and again the land undulates after the same fashion, and still afar off is the same azure mystic horizon.

As you approach Unyanyembe the scene is slightly changed. Hills of syenite are seen dotting the vast prospect like islands in a sea, presenting in their external appearance to an imaginative eye rude imitations of castellated fortresses and embattled towers. A nearer view of these hills discloses the denuded rock, disintegrated

masses standing on end, boulder resting upon boulder, or an immense towering rock, tinted with the sombre colour age paints in these lands. Around these rocky hills stretch the cultivated fields of the Wanyamscene which attracts the eye, and is accepted as promised wezi—fields of tall maize of holcos lorghum, of millet, of vetches, &c., amongst which you may discern the patches devoted to the cultivation of sweet potatoes and manioc, and pasture lands where browse the lump-shouldered cattle of Africa, and flocks of goats and sheep. This is the relief after the wearisome marching through the thorny jungle plains of Ugogo, the primeval forests of Uyanzi, the dim plains of Tura and Rubuga, and when we have emerged from the twilight shades of Kigwa. No caravan or expedition views it without song and tumultuous chorus, for rest is at hand.

It is only after a long halt that one begins to weary of Unyanyembe, the principal district of Unyamwezi. It is only when one has been stricken down almost to the grave by the fatal chilly winds which blow from the heights of the mountains of Usagara, that one begins to criticise the beauty which at first captivated. It is found then that—though the land is fair to look upon, though we rejoiced at the sight of its grand plains, at its fertile and glowing fields, at sight of the roving herds which promised us abundance of milk and cream—it is one of the most deadly countries in Africa, that its fevers, remittent and intermittent, are unequalled in their severity.

Unyamwezi, or the Land of the Moon—from U, country; *nya*, of the; *muezi*, moon—extends over three degrees of latitude in length, and about two and a half degrees of longitude in breadth. Its principal districts are Unyan

yembe, Ugunda, Ugara Jura, Rubuga, Kigwa, Usagazi, and Uyoweh. Each district has its own chief prince, king, or mtemi, as he is called in Kinyamwezi. Unyan-yembe, however, is the principal district, and its King, Mkasiwa, is generally considered to be the most important person in Unyamwezi. The other kings often go to war against him, and Mkasiwa often gets the worst of it, as, for instance, in the present war between the King of Uyoweh (Mirambo) and Mkasiwa.

All this vast country is drained by the rivers of the Northern and Southern Gombe, which empty into the Malagarazi river, and thence into Lake Tanganyika. On the east Unyamwezi is bounded by the wilderness of Mgunda, Makali, and Ukimbu; on the south by Urori and Ukonong; on the west by Ukawendi and Uvinza; on the north by several small countries and the Ukereweh Lake. Were one to ascend by a balloon, and scan the whole of Unyamwezi, he would have a view of one great forest, broken here and there by the little clearings and the villages, especially around Unyan-yembe. The forests of Southern Unyamwezi contain a large variety of game and wild beasts. In these may be found herds of elephants, buffalo, giraffe, zebra, eland, hartebeest, spring-bok, pallah, black buck, and a score of other kinds. In the neighbourhood of the Gombe (Southern) may be seen any number of wild boar and hogs, lions, and leopards. The Gombe itself is remarkable for the number of hippopotamus and crocodile to be found in it.

I have been in Unyan-yembe close on to three months now; by and by I shall tell you why; but first I should like to give you a glimpse of our life here.

The "*Herald Expedition*" has its quarters in a large

strong house, built of mud, with walls three feet thick. It is of one story, with a broad mud verandah in front, and a broad flat roof. The great door is situated directly in the centre of the front, and is the only one possible means of ingress and egress. Entering in at this door, we find a roomy hall-way; on our right is the strong store-room where the goods of the "*Herald Expedition*" and Livingstone's caravan are kept, well padlocked, to guard against burglars. Soldiers at night occupy the hall-way with loaded guns, and during the day there are always two men on guard, besides Burton's bull-headed Mabruki, who acts as my porter or policeman. On our left is a room open to the hall-way on the floor, on which are spread straw mats and two or three Persian carpets, where the Arab sheikhs squat when they come to visit me. Passing through the hall-way we come to the court-yard, a large quadrangle, fenced in and built around with houses. There are about a dozen pomegranate trees planted in the yard, more for their shade than for their fruit. The houses around consist first of the granary, where we keep the rice, the matansa, the Indian corn, the sweet potatoes, &c. Next comes the very much besmoked kitchen—a primitive affair—merely a few stones on which the pots are placed. The cook and his youthful subs are protected from the influences of the weather by a shed. Next to the kitchen is the stable, where the few remaining animals of the expedition are housed at night—these are two donkeys, one milch cow, and six milch goats. The cow and the goats furnish me with milk for my gruel, my puddings, my sauces, and my tea (I was obliged to attend to my comfort and make use of the best Africa offers). Next to the stable is another



large shed, which serves as barracks for the soldiers. Here they stow themselves and their wives, pots, and beds, and find it pretty comfortable. Next to this is the house of the white man—my nautical help—where he can be just as exclusive as he likes, has his own bedroom, verandah, bath-room, &c. His tent serves him for a curtain, and in English phrase he has often declared it to be “jolly and no mistake.” Occupying the half of one side of the house are my quarters—said quarters consisting of two well-plastered and neat rooms. My table is an oxhide, stretched over a wooden frame. Two portmanteaus, one on top of the other, serve as a chair. My bedstead is only a duplicate of my table, over which I spread my bearskin and Persian carpet. When the very greatest and most important of the Arab Sheikhs visit me, Selim, my invaluable adjunct, is always told to fetch the bearskin and Persian carpet from the bed.

Recesses in the solid wall answer shelves and cupboards, where I deposit my cream-pots and butter and cheese (which I make myself) and one bottle of Worcestershire sauce and my tin candlestick. Behind this room—which is the bed, reception, sitting, drawing-room, office, pantry, &c.—is my bath-room, where are my saddle, my guns and ammunition, always ready, my tools, and the one hundred little things which an expedition into this country must have. Adjoining my quarters is the gaol of the fortlet—called “tembe” here—a small room, sixteen feet by six feet, lit up by a small air-hole just large enough to put a rifle through, where my incorrigibles are kept for four hours, without food, in solitary confinement. This solitary confinement answers admirably—about as

well as being chained when on the road, and much better than brutal flogging.

In the early morning, generally about 5.30 A.M., I begin to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo; for you know they are such hard sleepers they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him; and Ferajji, the cook, who has long ago been warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring "chai" (tea). For I am like an old woman; I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kululu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe's country, is my waiter and chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by skill and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kululu, young antelope, is frisky. I have but to express a wish, and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kululu cleans the dishes, and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the teacup licking up the sugar that was left in it, and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained.

If I have any calls to make this is generally the hour; if there are none to make, I go on the piazza, and subside quietly on my bearskin to dream, maybe, of that far-off land I call my own, or to gaze towards Tabora, the Kaze of Burton and Speke (though why they should call it Kaze as yet I have not been able to find out; I have never seen the Arab or Meawahili who had even heard of Kaze;

Said-bin-Salim, who has been travelling in this country with Burton, Speke, and Grant, declares he never heard of it), or to look towards lofty Zunbili, and wonder why the Arabs, at such a crisis as the present, do not remove their goods and chattels to the summit of that natural fortress.

But dreaming and wondering, and thinking and marvelling, are too hard for me; this constitution of mine is not able to stand it; so I make some ethnological notes, and polish up a little of my geographical knowledge of Central Africa. I have to greet about 499 people of all sorts with the salutation "Yambo." This "Yambo" is a great word. It may mean, "How do you do?" "How are you?" "Thy health!" The answer to it is "Yambo," or "Yambo sana." "How are you?" "Quite well." The Kenyamwezi—the language of the Wanyamwezi—of it is "Moholo!" and the answer is "Moholo." The Arabs, when they call, if they do not give the Arabic "Spalkher," give you the greeting "Yambo!" and I have to say "Yambo!" and in order to show my gratitude to them I emphasize it with "Yambo sana! sana! sana!" "Are you well?" "Quite well—quite, quite well!" And if they repeat the words, I am more than doubly grateful, and invite them to a seat on the bearskin. This bearskin of mine is the evidence of my respectability, and if we are short of commonplace topics, we invariably refer to the bearskin, where there is room for much discussion. If I go to visit the Arabs, as I sometimes do, I find their best Persian carpets, their silk counterpanes and kitandas gorgeously decorated in my honour. One of the principal Arabs here is famous for this kind of honour-doing. No sooner did I show my

face than I heard the order given to a slave to produce the kitanda, that the Muzungu (white man) might lie thereon, and that the populous village of Maroro might behold. The silk counterpane was spread over a cotton-stuffed bed; the enormously fat pillows with the varicoloured stuff invited the weary head; the rich carpet of Ajun spread alongside of the kitanda was a great temptation, but I was not to be tempted—I could not afford to be so effeminate as to lie down while 400 or 500 looked on to see how I went through the operation.

Having disposed of my usual number of "yambos" for the morning, I begin to feel "peckish," as the sea skipper says, and Ferajji, the cook, and youthful Kululu, the chief butler, are again called, and told to bring "chukula," food.

This is the breakfast, put down on the table at the hour of ten punctually every morning—tea-regale, a native porridge made out of the flour of dourra-holeas sorghum, or malama, as it is called; a dish of rice and curry—Unyanyembe is famous for its rice—fried goat's meat, stewed goat's meat, roast goat's meat, a dish of sweet potatoes, a few "Slapjacks," or specimens of abortive efforts of Ferajji to make dampers or pancakes to be eaten with honey. But neither Ferajji's culinary skill or Kululu's readiness to wait on me can tempt me to eat. I have long ago eschewed food, and only drink tea, milk and yaourt—Turkish word for "clabber" or clotted milk. Plenty of time to eat goat meat when we shall be on the march; but just now—no, thank you!

After breakfast the soldiers are called, and together we begin to pack the bale of cloth, string beads, and apportion the several loads which the escort must carry to

Ujiji some way or another. Carriers come to test the weight of the load and inquire about the inducements offered by the Muzungu.

The inducements are in the shape of so many pieces of cloth four yards long, and I offer double what any Arab ever offered. Some are engaged at once; others say they will call again, but they never do, and it is no use to expect them when there is war, for they are the most cowardly people under the sun.

Since we are going to make forced marches, I must not overload my armed escort, or we shall be in a pretty mess two or three days after we start. So I am obliged to reduce all loads by 26 lbs., to examine my kit and personal baggage carefully, and put aside anything that is not actually and pressingly needed.

As I examine my fine lot of cooking utensils, and consider the fearfully long distance to Ujiji, I begin to see that most of them are superfluous; and I know that one saucepan and one kettle for tea shall suffice. I must leave half my bed and half my clothes behind; all my personal baggage is not to weigh over 64 lbs.

Then there are the ammunition boxes to be looked to. Ah, me! when I started from the coast I remember how ardently I pursued the game, how I dived into the tall wet grass, how I lost myself in the jungles, how I trudged over the open plains in search of vert or venison. And what did it all amount to? I killed a few inoffensive animals, the meat of which was not worth the trouble. Shall I waste my strength and energies in chasing game? No, and the man who would do so at such a crisis as the present is a —; but I have my own private opinion of him, and I know whereof I speak.

Very well; all the ammunition is to be left behind except one hundred rounds to each man. No one must fire a shot without permission, or waste his ammunition in any way, under penalty of a heavy fine for every charge of powder wasted.

These things require time and thought, for the *Herald* Expedition has a long and far journey to make; it intends to take a new road—a road with which few Arabs are acquainted—despite all that Skeikh, the son of Nasib, can say against the project.

It is now dinner time. Ferajji has spread himself out, as they say; he has all sorts of little fixings ready, such as indigestible dampers, the everlasting ugail or porridge, sweet potatoes, chicken, and roast quarter of a goat, and lastly, a custard, or something just as good, made out of plain yams.

At 8 P.M. the table is cleared, the candles are lit, pipes are brought out, and Shaw, my white man, is invited to talk. But poor Shaw is sick, and not a grain of spirit or energy left in him. All I can do or say does not cheer him up in the least. He hangs down his head, and with many a sigh declares his inability to proceed with me to Ujji.

“Not if you have a donkey to ride?” I ask.

“Perhaps in that way I may be able,” says Shaw, in a most melancholy tone.

“Well, my dear Shaw,” I begin, “you shall have a donkey to ride, and you shall have all the attendance you require. I believe you are sick, but what is this sickness of yours I cannot make out. It is not fever, for I could have cured you by this, as I have cured myself, and as I have cured Selim; besides, this fever is a contemptible

disease, though dangerous sometimes. I think if you were to exert your will, and say you will go, say you will live, there would be less chance of your being unable to reach the coast again. To be left behind, ignorant of how much medicine to take, or when to take it, is to die. Remember my words—if you stop behind in Unyanyembe, I fear for you. Why, how can you pass the many months that must elapse before I can return to Unyanyembe? No man knows where Livingstone is. He may be at Ujiji; he may be in Manyema; he may be going down the Congo River for the West Coast; and if I go down the Congo River after him I cannot return to Unyanyembe; and in that event, where would you be?"

"It is very true, Mr. S.; I shall go with you, but I feel very bad here"—and he put his hand over his liver—"but, as you say, it is a great deal better to go on than stop behind."

But the truth is, that, like many others starting from the coast with superabundant health, Shaw, soon after realizing what travelling in Africa was, lost courage and heart. The ever-present danger from the natives, the monotony of the fatigue one endures from the constant marches which every day take you further into the uninteresting country—all these combined had their effect on him, and when he arrived at Unyanyembe he was laid up. I fear, if the medicines I have sent for do not arrive in time, that he will die. It is a sad fate; yet I feel sure that though another expedition should be fitted out with all the care bestowed on the *Herald* Expedition, regardless of expense—if the members composing it are actuated by no higher motives than to get shooting—that it would meet with the same fate which has overtaken my white

man Farquhar, and which it seems likely will overtake Shaw. If, on the day I depart from here, this man is unwilling or unable to accompany me, I shall leave him here under charge of two of my soldiers, with everything that can tend to promote his comfort.

It was on the 23rd day of June that the expedition arrived here, and after resting ten days or thereabouts, I intended to have continued the journey to Ujiji. But a higher Power ordained that we should not leave without serious trouble first. On the 6th of July we heard in Unyanyembe that Mirambo, a chief of Unyamwezi, had, after taking very heavy tribute from a caravan bound to Ujiji, turned it back, declaring that no Arab caravan should pass through his country while he was alive. The cause of it was this: Mirambo, chief of Uyoweh and Wilyankurn, had a long grudge against Mkasiwa, King of Unyanyembe, with whom the Arabs lived on extremely friendly terms. Mirambo proposed to the Arabs that they should side with him against Mkasiwa. The Arabs replied that they could not possibly do so, as Mkasiwa was their friend, with whom they lived on peaceable terms. Mirambo then sent to them to say:—"For many years I have fought against the Washeuse (the natives), but this year is a great year with me. I intend to fight all the Arabs, as well as Mkasiwa, King of Unyanyembe."

On the 15th of July war was declared between Mirambo and the Arabs. Such being the case, my position was as follows:—Mirambo occupies the country which lies between the object of my search and Unyanyembe. I cannot possibly reach Livingstone unless this man is out of the way, or peace is declared, nor can Livingstone



reach Unyanyembe unless Mirambo is killed. The Arabs have plenty of guns if they will only fight, and, as their success will help me forward on my journey, I will go and help them.

On the 20th of July a force of two thousand men—the slaves and soldiers of the Arabs—marched from Unyanyembe to fight Mirambo. The soldiers of the *Herald* Expedition, to the number of forty, under my leadership, accompanied them.

Of the mode of fighting of the Arabs I was totally ignorant; but I intended to be governed by circumstances. We made a most imposing show, as you may imagine. Every slave and soldier was decorated with crowns of feathers, and had lengthy crimson cloaks flowing from their shoulders and trailing on the ground. Each was armed with either a firelock or percussion gun, the Balocches with matchlocks, profusely decorated with silver bands. Our progress was noisy in the extreme—as if noise would avail much in the expected battle. While traversing the Unyanyembe plains, the column was very irregular, owing to the extravagant show of wild fight which they indulged in as we advanced.

On the second day we arrived at Mfuto, where we all feasted on meat freely slaughtered for the braves. Here I was attacked with a severe fever; but as the army was for advancing, I had myself carried in my hammock almost delirious.

On the fourth day we arrived at the village of Zimbizo, which was taken without much trouble. We had arrived in the enemy's country. I was still suffering from fever, and, while conscious, had given strict orders that, unless

all the Arabs went together, none of my men should go to fight with any small detachment.

On the morning of the fifth day a small detachment went out to reconnoitre, and while out captured a spy, who was thrown on the ground, and had his head cut off immediately. Growing valiant over this little feat, a body of Arabs under Soud, son of Said-bin-Majid, volunteered to go and capture Wilyankurn, where Mirambo was just then with several of his principal chiefs. They were 500 in number, and very ardent for the fight. I had suggested to the Governor, Said-bin-Salim, that Soud-bin-Said, the leader of the 500 volunteers, should deploy his men and fire the long dry grass before they went, that they might rout all the forest thieves out, and have a clean field for action. But an Arab will never take advice, and they marched out of Zimbizo without having taken this precaution. They arrived before Wilyankurn, and, after firing a few volleys into the village, rushed in at the gate and entered the village. While they rushed in at one gate, Mirambo took 400 of his men out by another gate, and instructed them to lie down close to the road that led from Wilyankurn to Zimbizo, and, when the Arabs would return, to get up at a given signal, and each to stab his man.

The Arabs found a good deal of ivory, and captured a large number of slaves, and having loaded themselves with everything they thought valuable, prepared to return by the same road they had gone.

When they had arrived opposite to where the ambush party was lying on each side the road, Mirambo gave the signal, and the forest thieves rose as one man, and

each taking hold of his man, speared him, and cut off his head. Not an Arab escaped, but some of their slaves managed to save themselves, and bring the news to us at Zimbizo.

There was great consternation at Zimbizo when the news was brought, and some of the principal Arabs were loud for a retreat, but Khamis-bin-Abdullah and myself did our utmost to prevent a disgraceful retreat. Next morning, however, when again incapacitated by fever from moving about, the Governor came and told me the Arabs were going to leave for Unyanyembe. I advised him not to think of such a thing, as Mirambo would then follow them to Unyanyembe, and fight them at their own doors.

As he retired, I could hear a great noise outside; the Arabs and Wanyamwezi auxiliaries were already running away, and the Governor, without saying another word, mounted his donkey and put himself at their head, and was the first to reach the strong village of Mfuto, having accomplished a nine hours' march in four hours, which shows how fast a man can travel when in a hurry.

One of my men came to tell me there was not one soldier left—they had all run away. With difficulty I got up, and I then saw the dangerous position I had placed myself in through my faith in Arab chivalry and bravery. I was deserted, except by one, Khamis-bin-Abdullah, and he was going. I saw one of my soldiers leaving without taking my tent, which lay on the ground. Seizing a pistol, I aimed at him, and compelled him to take up the tent. The white man Shaw, as well as Bombay, had lost their heads. Shaw had saddled his donkey with my saddle, and was about leaving his chief to the

tender mercies of Mirambo, when Selim, the Arab boy, sprang on him, and, pushing him aside, took the saddle off, and told Bombay to saddle my donkey. Bombay, I believe, would have stood by me, as well as three or four others, but he was incapable of collecting his senses. He was seen viewing the flight of the Arabs with an angelic smile, and with an *insouciance* of manner which can only be accounted for by the charitable supposition that his senses had entirely gone.

With bitter feeling towards the Arabs for having deserted me, I gave the order to march, and in company with Selim, the brave Arab boy; Shaw, who was now penitent; Bombay, who had regained his wits; Mabruki Speke Chanda, Sarmeen, and Uredi Manna Sera, arrived at Mfuto at midnight. Four of my men had been slain by Mirambo's men.

The next day was a continuation of the retreat to Unyanyembe with the Arabs, but I ordered a halt, and on the third day went on leisurely. The Arabs had become demoralized: in their hurry they had left their tents and ammunition for Mirambo. Ten days after this, that of which I had forewarned the Arabs came to pass. Mirambo, with 1,000 guns and 1,500 Watuta, his allies, invaded Unyanyembe, and pitched his camp insolently within view of the Arab capital of Tabora. Tabora is a large collection of Arab settlements, or tembes, as they are called here. Each Arab house is isolated by the fences which surround it. Not one is more than 200 yards off from the other, and each has its own name, known, however, to but a few outsiders. Thus the house of Amram-bin-Monsoud is called by him the "Two Seas." Yet to outsiders it is only known as "the tembe

of Amram-bin-Monsoud" in Tabora, and the name of Kaze, by which Burton and Speke have designated Tabora, may have sprung from the name of the enclosed grounds and settlement wherein they were quartered. South by west from Tabora, at the distance of a mile and a half, and in view of Tabora, is Kwihara, where the *Herald* Expedition has its quarters. Kwihara is a Kin-yamwezi word, meaning the "middle of the cultivation." There is quite a large settlement of Arabs here, second only to Tabora.

But it was Tabora, and not Kwihara, that Mirambo, his forest thieves, and the Watuta came to attack. Khamis-bin-Abdullah, the bravest Trojan of all the Arabs, went out to meet Mirambo with eighty armed slaves and five Arabs, one of whom was his little son, Khamis. As Khamis-bin-Abdullah's party came in sight of Mirambo's people, Khamis's slaves deserted him, and Mirambo then gave the order to surround the Arabs, and press on them. The little group in this manner became the targets for about 1,000 guns, and, of course, in a second or so, were all dead, not, however, without having exhibited remarkable traits of character. They had barely died before the medicine men came up, and with their scalpels had skinned their faces and a portion of the abdomen, and had extracted what they called *mafuta*, or fat. With this matter, which they had extracted from the dead bodies, the native doctors, or Waganga, made a powerful medicine by boiling it in large earthen pots for many hours, with many incantations and shakings of the wonderful gourd that was only filled with pebbles. This medicine was drunk that

evening with great ceremony, with dances, drum-beating, and general fervour of heart.

Khamis-bin-Abdullah dead, Mirambo gave his orders to plunder, kill, burn, and destroy, and his troops went at it with a will. When I saw the fugitives from Tabora coming by the hundred to our quiet valley of Kwihara, I began to think the matter serious, and commenced my operations for defence. First of all, a lofty bamboo pole was procured, and planted on top of the roof of our fortlet, and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters. Then began the work of ditch-making and digging rifle-pits all around the court or enclosure. The strong clay walls were pierced in two rows for the muskets; the great door was kept open, with materials ready close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight; watchmen were posted on top of the house; every pot in the house was filled with water; provisions were collected sufficient to stand a siege of a month's duration; the ammunition boxes were unscrewed; and when I saw the three thousand bright metallic cartridges for the American carbines, I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this furore of war be ended without much trouble.

Before 6 P.M. I had 125 muskets and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives; and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality, impregnable and untakable. All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanganmezi and Wanguana houses were destroyed;

and the fine house of Abid-bin-Sulermain had been ransacked and then committed to the flames. Mirambo boasted that "to-morrow" Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumour that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed with the ivory and cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer. And now I am going to say farewell to Unyamyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal afar off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye. I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji, then perhaps to the Congo river.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

#### LETTER No. 4.

BUNDER UJJI, UJJI ON LAKE TANGANYIKA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

*November 23, 1871.*

Only two months gone, and what a change in my feelings! But two months ago, what a peevish, fretful soul was mine! what a hopeless prospect presented itself before your correspondent! Arabs vowing that I would never behold the Tanganyika; Sheikh, the son of Nasib, declaring me a madman to his fellows because I would not heed his words. My men deserting, my servants whining day by day, and my white man endeavouring to

impress me with the belief that we were all doomed men. And the only answer to all this is that Livingstone, the hero traveller, is alongside of me writing as hard as he can to his friends in England, India, and America, and I am quite safe and sound in health and limb. Wonderful, is it not, that such a thing should be, when the seers had foretold that it would be otherwise—that all my schemes, that all my determination, would avail me nothing? But probably you are in as much of a hurry to know how it all took place as I am to relate; so to the recital.

*September 23, 1871.*

I left Unyanyembe, driving before me fifty well-armed black men loaded with the goods of the expedition, and dragging after me one white man. Several Arabs stood by my late residence to see the last of me and mine, as they felt assured there was not the least hope of their ever seeing me again. Shaw, the white man, was as pale as death, and would willingly have received the order to stop behind in Unyanyembe, only he had not quite the courage to ask permission, from the fact that only the night before he had expressed a hope that I would not leave him behind, and I had promised to give him a good riding donkey, and to walk after him until he recovered perfect health. However, as I gave the order to march, some of the men, in a hurry to obey the order, managed to push by him suddenly, and down he went like a dead man.

The Arabs, thinking, doubtless, that I would not go now, because my white subordinate seemed so ill, hurried me in a body to the fallen man, crying out loudly at



what they were pleased to term my cruelty and obstinancy; but pushing them back, I mounted Shaw on his donkey and told them that I must see the Tanganyika first, as I had sworn to go on. Putting two soldiers one on each side of him, I ordered Shaw to move on, and not to play the fool before the Arabs, lest they should triumph over us. Three or four black laggards, loth to go (Bombay was one of them), received my dog-whip across the shoulders as a gentle intimation that I was not to be balked after having fed them so long and paid them so much; and it was thus we left Unyanyembe; not in the best humour, was it? However, where there is will there is a way.

Once away from the hateful valley of Kwihara, once out of sight of the obnoxious fields, my enthusiasm for my work rose as new-born as when I left the coast. But my enthusiasm was short-lived, for before reaching camp I was delirious with fever. Long before I reached the camp I saw from the ridge overlooking a fair valley, dotted with villages, and green with groves of plantains, and pelas of young rice—I saw my tent, and from its tall pole the American flag waving gaily before the strong breeze which blew from the eastward. When I had arrived at the camp burning with fever, my pulse bounding many degrees too fast, and my temper made more acrimonious by my sufferings, I found the camp almost deserted.

The men, as soon as they had arrived at Mkwenkwe, the village agreed upon, had hurried back to Kwihara. Livingstone's letter-carrier had not made his appearance: it was an abandoned camp. I instantly despatched six of the best of those who had refused to return to ask

Sheikh, the son of Nasib, to lend or sell me the largest slave chain he had ; then I gave my followers instructions to hunt up the runaways and bring them back to camp tamed, and promised that for every head captured they should have a brand new cloth. I also did not forget to tell my trusty men to tell Livingstone's messenger that if he did not come to camp before night, I would return to Unyanyembe, or Kwihara rather—for I was yet in Unyanyembe—catch him, and put him in chains, and never release him until his master saw him. My men went off in high glee, and I went to bed to pass long hours groaning and tossing about for the deadly sickness that had overtaken me.

Next morning, fourteen out of twenty of those who had deserted both their wives and huts—as is generally the custom—had reappeared ; and as the fever had left me, I only lectured them, and they gave me their promise not to desert me again under any circumstances. Livingstone's messenger had passed the night in bonds, because he had resolutely refused to come. I unloosed him and gave him a paternal lecture, painting in glowing colours the benefits he would receive if he came along quietly, and the horrible punishment of being chained up until I reached Ujiji if he was still resolved not to come. Kaif Halleck (Arabic for “How do you do?”) melted, and readily gave me his promise to come and obey me as he would his own master, Livingstone, until we should see him, which, “Inshallah (please God) ! we shall.” “Please God ! we shall,” I replied ; “and you will be no loser.”

During the day my soldiers had captured the others, and as they all promised obedience and fidelity in future,

they escaped punishment. But I was well aware that so long as I remained in such close proximity, the temptation to visit the fat pasture grounds of Unyanyembe, where they had luxuriated so long, would be too strong, and to enable them to resist I ordered a march towards evening, and two hours after dark we arrived at the village of Kasegera.

It is possible for any of your readers so disposed to construct a map of road on which the *Herald* Expedition was now journeying, if they drew a line 150 miles long south by west from Unyanyembe, then 150 miles W.N.W., then 90 miles north half-east, then 70 miles west by north, and that will take them to Ujiji.

Before taking up the narrative of the march, I must tell you that during the night, after reaching Kasegera, two deserted, and on calling the men to fall in for the road I detected two more trying to steal away behind some of the huts of the village wherein we were encamped. An order quietly given to Chowperch and Bombay soon brought them back, and without hesitation I had them tied up and flogged, and then adorned their stubborn necks with the chain kindly lent by Sheikh-bin-Nasib. I had good cause to chuckle complacently for the bright idea that suggested the chain as a means to check the tendency of the bounty-jumpers to desert; for these men were as much bounty-jumpers as our refractory roughs during the war, who pocketed their thousands, and then coolly deserted. Imitating their white prototypes, they had received double pay and double rations, and, imagining they could do with me as they could with the other good white men, whom tradition kept faithfully in memory, that had preceded your correspondent in this country,

they only waited for opportunities to decamp. But I was determined to try a new method, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before my eyes, and I am happy to say to-day, for the benefit of all future travellers, that it is the best method yet adopted, and that I will never tread in Africa again without a good long chain.

Chowperh and Bombay returned to Unyanyembe, and the *Herald* Expedition kept on its way south, for I desired to put as many miles as possible between that district and ourselves, perceiving that few were inclined for the road—my white man, I am sorry to say, least of all.

The village of Kigandu was reached after four hours' march from Kasegera. As we entered the camp Shaw, the Englishman, fell from his donkey, and, despite all endeavours to raise him up, he refused to stand. When his tent was pitched I had him carried in from the sun, and after tea was made I persuaded him to swallow a cup, which seemed to revive him. He then said to me, "Mr. Stanley, I don't believe I can go farther with you; I feel very much worse, and I beg of you to let me go back."

This was just what I expected. I knew perfectly well what was coming while he was drinking his tea; and, with the illustrious example of Livingstone travelling by himself before me, I was asking myself would it not be just as well for me to try to do the same thing, instead of dragging an unwilling man with me, who would, if I refused to send him back, be only a hindrance. So I told him, "Well, my dear Shaw, I have come to the conclusion that it is best you should return, and I will

hire some carriers to take you back in a cot which I will have made immediately to carry you in. In the meanwhile, for your own sake, I would advise you to keep yourself as busy as possible, and follow the instructions as to diet and medicine which I will write out for you. You shall have the key of the store-room, and you can help yourself to anything you may fancy."

Next morning I bade him good-bye, enjoining on him to be of good hope, as, if I was successful, not more than five months would elapse before I would return to Unyanyembe.

Chowperch and Bombay returned, before I started from Kigandu, with the runaways, and after administering to them a sound flogging, I chained them, and the expedition was once more on its way.

We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy, undulating waves, the land stretched before us—the new land which no European knew—the unknown mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridges higher than another is one of the most disheartening that can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, were the lengthy rectilinear ridges clad in the same garb—woods, woods, woods; forests, leafy branches, green and yellow, and dark-red, and purple; then an indefinable ocean bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all around shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest higher than their neighbours, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same out-

lines, the same forest, and the same horizon day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove, from wandering over a world without a healthy place, return wearied with the search.

Unkunguru, or fever, is very plentiful in these forests, owing to their density preventing free circulation of air, as well as want of drainage. As we proceed on our journey in the dry season, as it is with us now, we see nothing very offensive to the sight. If the trees are dense, impeding fresh air, we are shaded from the sun, and may often walk long stretches with the hat off. Numbers of trees lie about in the last stage of decay, and working with might and main are numberless ants of various species clearing the encumbered ground, and thus doing such a country as this great service.

Impalpably, however, the poison of the dead and corrupting vegetation is inhaled into the system, with often as fatal result as that which is said to arise from the vicinity of the Upas tree. The first evil results experienced from the presence of malaria are confined bowels, an oppressive languor, excessive drowsiness, and a constant disposition to yawn. The tongue has a sickly yellow hue, or is coloured almost to blackness. Even the teeth assume a yellow colour, and become coated with an offensive matter. The eyes sparkle with a lustre which is an unmistakable symptom of the fever in its incipient state that presently will rage through the system and lay the sufferer prostrate, quivering with agony. This fever is sometimes preceded by a violent shaking fit, during which period blankets may be heaped upon the sufferer with but little amelioration of his state. It is then succeeded by an unusually severe headache, with

excessive pains about the loins and spinal column, spreading gradually over the shoulder-blades, and which, running up the nape of the neck, finally find a lodgment in the posterior and front parts of the head. This fever is generally of the intermittent type, and is not considered dangerous if not preceded by a shaking fit, for the patient is at once seized with excessive heat, throbbing temples, loin and spinal aches; a raging thirst takes possession of him, the brain becomes crowded with strange fancies, which sometimes assume most hideous shapes. Before the darkened vision float in a seething atmosphere figures of created and uncreated—possible and impossible—figures which are metamorphosed every instant into stranger shapes, more confused, more complicated, hideous, and terrible, until the sufferer, unable to bear longer the distracting scene, with an effort opens his eyes and dissolves the dream, into which he immediately after glides again unconsciously.

It takes seven hours to traverse the great forest between Kingandu and Ugunda, when we come to the capital of the new district, wherein one may laugh at Mirambo and his forest thieves.

At least the Sultan or Lord of Ugunda feels in a laughing mood, while in his strong stockade, should one but hint to him that Mirambo might come to settle up the long debt that chieftain owes him for defeating him the last time—a year ago—he attempted to storm his place. And well may the Sultan laugh at him and all others, for his seat is the strongest place, except Somba Moen and Kurkwin, in Unyanyembe, I have as yet seen in Africa. The defences of the capital consist of a strong stockade surrounding it; tall, thick poles are planted deep in the

earth, and so close to each other in some places that a spear-head could not be driven between. At intervals, also, rise wooden towers above the palisade, where the best marksmen, known for their skill with the musket, are posted to pick out the foremost or prominent of the assailants. Against such forces as the African chiefs could bring, Ugunda may be considered impregnable, though a few white men with a two-pounder might soon effect an entrance.

Having arrived safely at Ugunda, we may now proceed on our journey fearless of Mirambo, though he has attacked places four days south of this; but as he has already at a former time felt the power of the Manyamwezi of Ugunda, he will not venture again in a hurry. On the sixth day of our departure from Unyanyembe we continued our journey south.

Three long marches under a hot sun through jungly plains, heat-cracked expanses of prairie land, through young forests haunted by the tse-tse and sword flies, considered fatal to cattle, brought us to the gates of a village called Manyara, whose chief was determined not to let us in nor sell us a grain of corn, because he had never seen a white man before and he must know all about this wonderful specimen of humanity before he will allow us to pass through his country. My men were immediately dismayed at this, and the guide, whom I had already marked as a coward and one I mistrusted, quaked as if he had the ague. The chief, however, expressed his belief that we should find a suitable camping-place near some pools of water, distant half a mile to the right of his village. Having arrived at the kambi, or camp, I despatched Bombay with a propitiatory gift of cloth to





PLATE 22

BASIN OF MATOBO.



the chief—a gift at once so handsome and so munificent, consisting of no less than two royal cloths and three common dotis, that the chief surrendered at once, declaring that the white man was a superior being to any he had ever seen. “Surely,” said he, “he must be a friend; otherwise how came he to send me such fine cloths? Tell the white man that I shall come and see him.” Permission was at once given to his people to sell us as much corn as we needed. We had barely finished distributing five days’ rations to each man when the chief was announced. Gun bearers, twenty in number preceded him, and thirty spearmen followed him, and behind these came eight or ten men loaded with gifts of honey, native beer, holcus, songhum beans, and maize. I at once advanced, and invited the chief to my tent, which had undergone some alterations, that I might honour him as much as lay in my power. Mamanyara was a tall, stalwart man, with a very pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati around his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country. Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked and as quickly answered; and the ice being broken, the chief being as candid as I was myself, he grasped my forefinger and middle fingers, and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester’s repeating rifle were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his were would task my powers. The chief roared

with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger; he clasped their fore and middle fingers, vowed that the Musungu was a wonder, a marvel, and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it before? "No," as solemnly as before. Is he not a wonder? Quite a wonder—positively a wonder.

My medicine chest was opened next, and I uncorked a small phial of medicinal brandy, and gave each a teaspoonful. The men all gazed at their chief, and he gazed at them; they were questioning each other with their eyes. What was it? "Pombe," was my reply—"Pombe Kiswagu" (the white man's pombe). "Surely this is also wonderful, as all things belonging to him are," said the chief. "Wonderful!" they echoed; and then all burst into another series of cachinnations, ear-splitting almost. Smelling at the ammonia bottle was a thing all must have, but some were fearful, owing to the effects produced on each man's eyes and the facial contortions which followed the olfactory effort. The chief smelled three or four times, after which he declared his headache vanished, and that I must be a great and good white man. Suffice it to say, that I made myself so popular with Mamanyara and his people that they will not forget me in a hurry.

Leaving kind and hospitable Mamanyara, after a four hours' march we came to the banks of the Gombe Nullah—not the one which Burton, Speke, and Grant have described, for the Gombe which I mean is about one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the Northern Gombe.

The glorious park land spreading out north and south of the Southern Gombe is a hunter's paradise; it is

full of game of all kinds, herds of buffalo, giraffe, zebra, pallah, waterbuck, springbok, gemsbok, black buck, and kuder, besides several eland, warthog, or wild boar, and hundreds of the smaller antelopes. We saw all these in one day, and at night heard the lion's roar and the low of the hippopotamus. I halted here three days to shoot, and there is no occasion to boast of what I shot here, considering the myriads of game I saw at every step I took. Not half the animals shot here by myself and men were made use of.

Two buffaloes and one kuder were brought to camp the first day, besides a wild boar, which my mess finished up in one night. My boy gun-bearers sat up the whole night eating boar-meat; and until I went to sleep I could hear the buffalo-meat sizzling over the fires as the Islamised soldiers prepared it for the road.

The second day of the halt I took the Winchester rifle, or the fifteen-shooter, to prey on the populous plain, but I only bagged a tiny blue buck. I had expected great things of this rifle, and am sorry I was disappointed. The Winchester rifle cartridges might as well have been filled up with sawdust as with the powder the New York Ammunition Company put in them. Only two out of ten would fire, which so spoiled my aim that nothing could be done with the rifle. The cartridges of all the English rifles always went off, and I commend Eley of London to everybody in need of cartridges to explode.

The third day, arming myself with a double-barrelled English smooth-bore, I reaped a bountiful harvest of meat, and, having marched over a larger space, saw a much larger variety of game than on any preceding day.

The Gombe Nullah, during the dry season, is but a system of long, narrow pools, full of crocodiles and hippopotami; in the wet season it overflows its banks, and is a swift, broad stream, emptying into the Malagarazi, and going thence into the Lake Tanganyika.

#### THE HONEY BIRD.

From Manyara to Maresu, in Rekononga, are five days' marches. It is an uninhabited forest now, and is about eighty miles in length. Clumps of forest and dense inlets of jungle dot plains which separate the forests proper. It is monotonous, owing to the sameness of scenes; and throughout its length of eighty miles there is nothing to catch a man's eye in search of the picturesque or novel save the Gombe's pools, with their amphibious inhabitants, and the variety of noble game which fill the forests and plains.

A travelling band of Wokonongo, bound to Ukonongo from Manyara, prayed to have our escort, which was readily granted. They were famous foresters, who knew the various fruits fit to eat, who knew the cry of the honey bird, and could follow it to the treasure of honey which it wished to show its human friends. It is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren. When it sees a human being, it becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips and flies from branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird hopping about, and hears its sweet call. "Sweet—sweet—sweet." If he is a Wokonongo, he follows it. Away flies the bird on to another tree; then springs to another branch nearer to the begging man, as if to say, "Shall I—must I come and fetch you?"

Another, assured by the advance of its friend, rushes off to another tree, coquets about and sweets his call rapidly—sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding the traveller for being so slow; and so on until at last the treasure is found and secured. As the honey bird is a very busy little animal, while the man secures his treasure of honey he holds himself ready for another flight and to discover another treasure.

Every evening the Wokonongo brought us stores of beautiful red and white honey, which is only to be secured in the dry season. Over pancakes and fritters the honey is very excellent, but it is apt to disturb the stomach. I seldom rejoiced in its sweetness without suffering some indisposition afterwards.

#### DANGER.

As we were leaving the banks of the Gombe, at one time, near a desolate-looking place—fit scene for a tragedy—an incident occurred which I shall not readily forget. I had given three days' rest to the soldiers, and their cloth-loads were furnished with bountiful supplies of meat, which told how well they had enjoyed themselves during the halt; but the guide, a stubborn fellow, one inclined to be impertinent whenever he had the chance, wished for another day's hunting. He selected Bombay as his mouth-piece, and I scolded Bombay for being the bearer of such an unreasonable demand, when he knew very well I could not possibly allow it, after having halted already three days.

Bombay became sulky, said it was not his fault, and that he could do nothing more than come and tell me. This I denied *in toto*, telling him that he could

have done much, very much more and better, by informing the guide that another day's halt was impossible; that we had not come to hunt, but to march and find the white man, Livingstone; that if he had spoken to the guide against it, as it was his duty, he being captain, instead of accepting the task of conveying unpleasant news to me, it would have been much better.

I ordered the horn to sound, and the expedition had gone but three miles, when I found the men had come to a dead stand.

As I was walking up to see what was the matter, I saw the guide and his brother sitting on an anthill, apart from the other people, fingering their guns in what appeared to me a most suspicious manner. Calling Selim, I took the double-barrelled smooth-bore, and slipped in two charges of buckshot, and then walked on to my people, keeping an eye, however, upon the guide and his brother. I asked Bombay to give me an explanation of the stoppage. He would not answer, though he mumbled something sullenly which was unintelligible to me. I looked to the other people, and perceived that they acted in an irresolute manner, as if they feared to take my part, or were of the same mind as the party on the anthill. I was but thirty paces from the guide, and, throwing the barrel of the gun into the hollow of my left hand, I presented it cocked at the guide and called out to him if he did not come to me at once I would shoot him, giving him and his companion to understand that I had twenty-four small bullets in the gun, and that I could blow them to pieces. In a very reluctant manner they advanced towards me. When they were sufficiently near I ordered them to halt; but the guide as he did so brought his gun to the present,



with his finger on the trigger, and, with a treacherous and cunning smile which I perfectly understood, he asked what I wanted of him.

His companion, while he was speaking, was sidling to my rear, and was impudently engaged in filling the pan of his musket with powder; but a threat to finish him if he did not go back to his companion, and there stand until I gave him permission to move, compelled this villanous Thersite to execute the "right-about" with a promptitude which earned commendation from me. Then facing my Ajax of a guide with my gun, I next requested him to lower his gun if he did not wish to receive the contents of mine in his head, and I do not know but what the terrible catastrophe, warranted by stern necessity, had occurred then and there if Mabruki (bull-headed Mabruki, but my faithful porter and faithfullest soldier) had not dashed the man's gun aside, asking him how he dared level his gun at his master, and then thrown himself at my feet praying me to forgive him.

Mabruki's action and subsequent conduct somewhat disconcerted myself as well as the murderous-looking guide; but I felt thankful that I had been spared the necessity of shedding blood, though there was great provocation. Few cases of homicide could have been more justified than this, as I felt certain this man had been seducing my soldiers from their duties to me, and was the cause principally of Bombay remaining in the background during this interesting episode of a march through the wilderness, instead of acting the part which Mabruki so readily undertook to do.

When Mabruki's prayer for forgiveness was seconded by that of the principal culprit that I would overlook his

act, I was enabled to act as became a prudent commander, though I felt some remorse that I had not availed myself of the opportunity to punish the guide and his companion as they eminently deserved. But, perhaps, had I proceeded to extremities, my people, fickle enough at all times, would have taken the act as justifying their desertion in a body; and the "Search for Livingstone" had ended there and then, which would have been as unwelcome to the *Herald* as unhappy to myself.

However, as Bombay could not bend himself to ask forgiveness, I came to the conclusion that it were best he should be made to feel the penalty for stirring dissensions in the expedition, and be brought to look with a more amiable face upon the scheme of proceeding to Ujiji through Ukonongo and Ukawendi; and I at once proceeded about it with such vigour that Bombay's back will, for as long a time, bear traces of the punishment which I administered to him, as his front teeth do of that which Speke rightfully bestowed on him some eleven years ago. And here I may as well interpolate, by way of parenthesis, that I am not at all obliged to Captain Burton for his recommendation of a man who so ill deserved it as Bombay.

Arriving at Marefu, we overtook an embassy from some Arabs at Unyanyembe to the chief of the ferocious Watuta, who live a month's march south-west of this frontier village of Ukonongo. Old Hassan, the Msegubba, the person who held the honourable post of chief of the embassy, had volunteered to conduct the negotiations which were to secure the Watuta's services against Mirambo, the dreaded chief of Uyoweh. He had been assured by the Arabs that there was no danger, and having received the sum

of \$40 for his services, had gone on sanguine of success, and had arrived at Marefu, where we overtook him. But old Hassan was not the man for the position, as I perceived when, after visiting me in my tent, he began to unfold the woes which had already befallen him—woes however, which were as nothing to those which, it was said, would happen to him if he went on much farther.

There were only two roads by which he might hope to reach the Watuta, and these ran through countries where the people of Mbogo, of Ukonongo, were at war with Niongo, the brother of Manna Sera (the chief who disturbed Unyanyembe during Speke's residence there), and the Wassavira contended against Simba, son of King Mkasvira.

Hassan then, as an old man who knew well what he was speaking about, advised me not to proceed farther, but wait at Marefu until better times. And, sure enough, on my return from Ujiji with Livingstone, I heard that old Hassan was still encamped at Marefu, waiting patiently for the better times he hoped to see.

We left old Hassan, after earnestly commending him to the care of Allah, the next day, feeling much happier than we had felt for many a day. Desertions had now ceased, and there remained in chains but one incorrigible, whom I had apprehended twice, after twice deserting. Bombay and his sympathizers were now beginning to perceive that after all there was not much danger, at least not as much as the Arabs desired us to believe, and he was heard expressing his belief in his broken English that I would "catch the Tanganyika after all," and the standing joke was now that we could smell the fish of

the Tanganyika Lake, and that we could not be far from it. New scenes also met the eye. Here and there were upheaved above the tree-tops sugar-loaf hills, and darkly blue, west of us, loomed a noble ridge of hills which formed the boundary between Kamiramba's territory and that of Utendi. Elephant tracks became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mivara, with its lengthy slope slowly descending westward, the vegetation became more varied, and the outlines of the land before us more picturesque. We grew satiated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on the trees. There was the mbember, with the taste of an over-ripe peach; the tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in their flavour; the matonga, or nux vomica, was welcome; and the luscious singive, the plum of Africa, was most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked, long past their season and beyond eating.

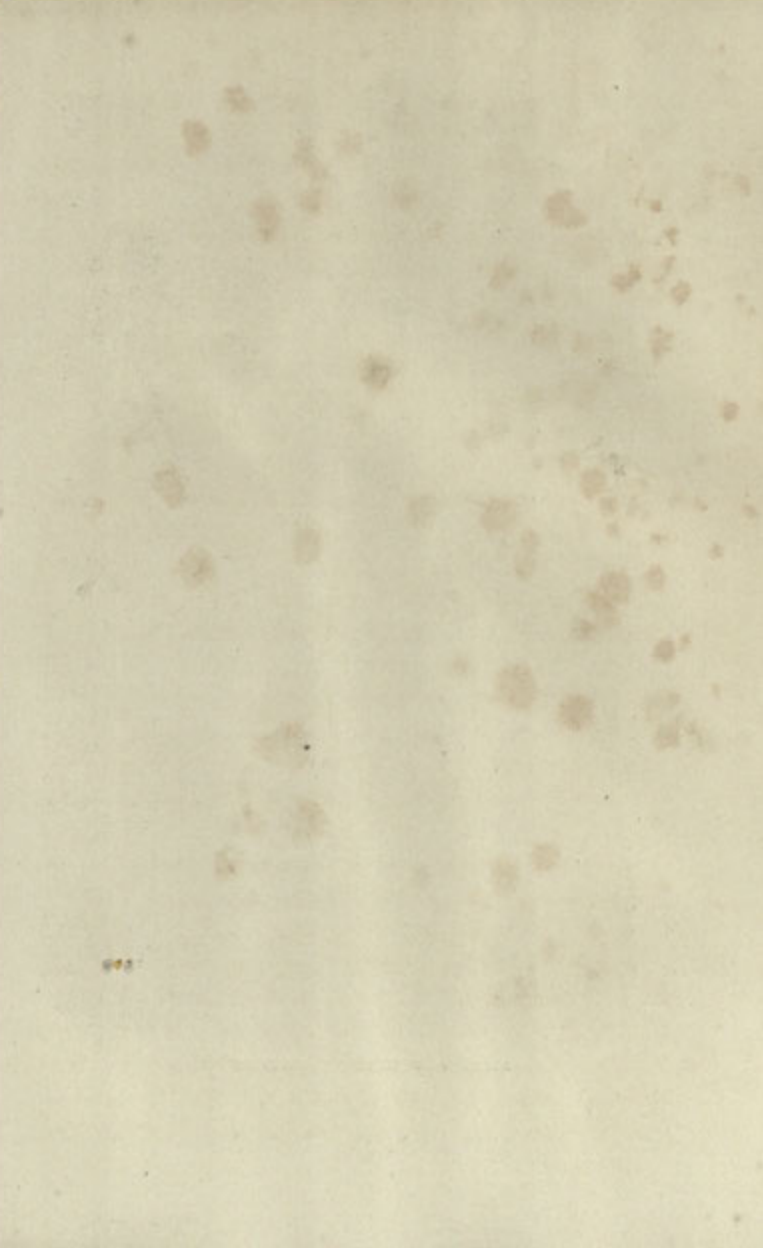
Guineafowl, the moorhen, ptarmigans, and ducks, supplied our tables, and often the hump of a buffalo or an extravagant piece of venison filled our camp-kettles. My health was firmly established. The faster we prosecuted our journey the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one drawback to it all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy, Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water at the pools at which we had camped between Man-yara and Mrera; but judicious attendance and Dover's powders brought the boy round again.

Mrera, in Ukonongo, nine days south-west of the Gombe Nullah, brought to our minds the jungle habitats of the Wakwere, on the coast, and an ominous sight to travellers were the bleached skulls of men which adorn the tops of tall poles before the gates of the village. The Sultan of Mrera and Myreg became my fast friend after he had tasted of my liberality.

After a halt of three days at this village for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly, with the understanding that we should behold the waters of the Tanganyika within ten days. Traversing a dense forest of young trees, we came to a plain dotted with scores of ant-hills. Their uniform height (about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to such inundations. Beyond this plain about four miles, we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight, after so many months spent by brackish pools and nauseous swamps. Crossing the stream, which ran north-west, we immediately ascended a steep and lofty ridge, whence we obtained a view of grand and imposing mountains, of isolated hills rising sheer to great heights from a plain stretching far into the heart of Ufipa, cut up by numerous streams flowing into the Rungwa River, which during the rainy season overflows the plain and forms the lagoon set down by Speke as the Rikwa. The sight was encouraging in the extreme, for it was not to be doubted now that we were near the Tanganyika. We continued still westward, crossing many a broad stretch of marsh and oozy bed of a nullah, whence

rose the streams that formed the Rungwa, some sixty miles south.

At a camping-place beyond Mrera we heard enough from some natives who visited us to assure us that we were rushing to our destruction if we still kept westward. After receiving some hints of how to evade the war-stricken country in our front, we took a road leading N.N.W. While continuing on this course we crossed streams running to the Rungwa south, and others running directly north to the Malagarazi, from either side of a lengthy ridge which served to separate the country of Unyamwezi from Ukawendi. We were also attracted for the first time by the lofty and tapering moule-tree, used on the Tanganyika Lake for the canoes of the natives who dwell on its shores. The banks of the numerous streams were lined with dense growths of these shapely trees, as well as of sycamore and gigantic tamarinds, which rivalled the largest sycamore in their breadth of shade. The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard, lion, and wild boar, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys, while being driven to water along a narrow path edged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal's neck, and it would have made short work of it had not its companions set up a braying chorus that might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to the limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath, and prowled about a well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful clamour without intermission





RIVER VIEW NEAR THE WESTERN COAST.



until morning. Towards daylight they retreated to their leafy caver , for

“ There the lion dwells the Monarch,  
Mightiest among the brutes ;  
There his right to reign supremest  
Never one his claim disputes ;  
There he layeth down to slumber,  
Having slain and ta'en his fill ;  
There he roameth, there he croucheth,  
As it suits his lordly will.”

And few, I believe, would venture therein to dispute it Not I, “i'faith,” when searching after Livingstone.

Our camps by these thick belts of timber, peopled as it were with the wild beasts, my men never fancied. But Southern Ukawendi, with its fair lovely valleys and pellucid streams, nourishing vegetation to extravagant growth, density, and height, is infested with troubles of this kind ; and it is probable, from the spread of this report among the natives, that this is the cause of the scant population of one of the loveliest countries Africa can boast. The fairest of Californian scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests ; now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well-watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the rivers, and behold exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque, and pretty ; all within the scope of vision, whichever way one may turn. And, to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across

3 degrees of longitude, and nearly 4 of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.

Ah, me, what wild and ambitious projects fill a man's brain as he looks over the forgotten and unpeopled country, containing in its bosom such stores of wealth, and with such an expanse of fertile soil capable of sustaining millions! What a settlement one could have in this valley! See, it is broad enough to support a large population. Fancy a church spire where that tree rears its dark crown of foliage, and think how well a score or so of pretty cottages would look instead of those thorn clumps and gum trees. Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle, and fields of corn spreading to the right and left of this stream. How much better would such a state of things become this valley than the present deserted and wild aspect. But be hopeful; the day will come, and a future year will see it, when happier lands have become crowded, and nations have become so overgrown that they have no room to turn about. It really wants an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila, to lead their hosts to this land, which, perhaps, has been wisely reserved for such a time.

After the warning so kindly given by the natives soon after leaving Mrera, in Ukonongo, five days' march brought us to Miera, in the district of Rusawa, in Uka-wendi. Arriving here, we questioned the natives as to the best course to pursue. Should we make direct for the Tanganyika, or go north to the Malagarazi river? They advised us to take the latter course, though no Arab had ever taken it. Two days through the forest, they said, would enable us to reach the Malagarazi. The

guide, who had by this forgotten our disagreement, endorsed this opinion, as beyond the Malagarazi he was sufficiently qualified to show the way.

We laid in a stock of four days' provision against contingencies, and, bidding farewell to the hospitable people of Rusawa, continued our journey northward.

After finding a pass to the wooded plantation above Miera, through the arc of mountains which environed it on the north and west, the soldiers improved another occasion to make themselves disagreeable. One of their number had shot a buffalo towards night, and the approaching darkness had prevented him from following it up to a clump of jungle, whither it had gone to die; and the black soldiers, ever on the look-out for me, came to me in a body to request a day's halt to eat meat, and make themselves strong for the forest road, to which I gave a point-blank refusal, as I vowed I would not halt again until I did it on the banks of the Malagarazi, when I would give them as much meat as their hearts could desire. There was an evident disposition to resist, but I held up a warning finger as an indication that I would not suffer any grumbling, and told them I had business at Ujiji which the Wasungu expected I would attend to, and that if I failed to perform it they would take no excuse, but condemn me at once.

I saw that they were in an excellent mood to rebel, and the guide—who seemed to be ever on the look-out to avenge his humiliation on the Gombe—was a fit man to lead them; but they knew I had more than a dozen men upon whom I could rely at a crisis.

The order to march, though received with much peevishness, was obeyed. Their peevishness may always be ex-

pected when on a long march; it is the result of fatigue and monotony—every day being but a repetition of previous days—and a prudent man will not pay much attention to mere growling and surliness of temper, but keep himself prepared for an emergency which might possibly arise.

By the time we had arrived at camp we were all in excellent humour with one another, and confidently laughed and shouted until the deep woods rang again.

The scenery was getting sublime every day as we advanced northwards—even approaching the terrible. We seemed to have left the monotony of a desert for the wild picturesque scenes of Abyssinia and the terrible mountains of the Sierra Nevada. I named one tabular mountain, which recalled to my mind the Abyssinian campaign, Magdala; and as I gave it a place in my chart, it became of great use to me. As it rose so prominently into view, I was enabled to lay down our route pretty accurately.

The four days' provisions we had taken with us were soon consumed, and still we were far from the Malagarazi river, though we eked out my own stores with great care as shipwrecked men at sea. Those provisions also gave out on the sixth day, and still Malagarazi was not in sight. The country was getting more difficult for travel, owing to the numerous ascents and descents we had to make in the course of a day's march. Bleached and bare, it was cut up by a thousand deep ravines, and intersected by a thousand dry watercourses, whose beds were filled with immense sandstone rocks and boulders, washed away from the great heights which rose above us on every side. We were not protected now by the shades of the forest,

and the heat became excessive, and the water scarce. But we still held on our way, as a halt would be death to us, hoping that each day's march would bring us to the long looked-for and much-desired Malagarazi. Fortunately we had filled our bags and baskets with the peaches with which the forest of Rusawa had supplied us, and these sustained us in this extremity.

On the seventh day, after a six hours' march, during which we had descended more than a thousand feet through rocky ravines and over miles of rocky plateaus, above which protruded masses of hematite of iron, we arrived at a happy camping-place situated in a valley which was seductively pretty and a hidden garden. Deserted camp utensils told us that it had once been occupied, and that at a recent date, which we took to be a sign that we were not far from habited districts. Before retiring to sleep, the soldiers indulged themselves in prayer to Allah for relief. Indeed our position was most desperate and unenviable; yet since leaving the coast when had it been enviable, and when had travelling in Africa ever been enviable?

Proceeding on our road on the eighth day, everything we saw tended to confirm us in the belief that food was at hand. Rhinoceros tracks abounded, and the *bois de vache*, or buffalo droppings, were frequent, and the presence of a river or a body of water was known by the humidity of the atmosphere. After travelling two hours, still descending rapidly towards a deep basin which we saw, the foremost of the expedition halted, attracted by the sight of a village situated on a table-topped mountain on our right. The guide told us it must be that of the son of Uzogera, of Uvinza. We followed a road leading

to the foot of a mountain, and camped on the edge of an extensive morass.

Though we fired guns to announce our arrival, it was unnecessary, for the people were already hurrying to our camp to inquire about our intentions. The explanation was satisfactory, but they said they had taken us for enemies, few friends having ever come along our road. In a few minutes there was an abundance of meat and grain in the camp, and the men were busy eating ravenously.

During the whole of the afternoon we were engaged upon the terms which Uzogera's son exacted for the privilege of passing through his country. We found him to be the first of a tribute-taking tribe which subsequently made such havoc with the resources of the expedition. Seven and a half dati of cloth were what we were compelled to pay, whether we returned or proceeded on our way.

After a day's halt we proceeded, under the guidance of two men granted to me as qualified to show the way, to Malagarazi river. We had to go E.N.E. for a considerable time, in order to avoid the morass that lay directly across the country that intervened between the triangular mountain on whose top Uzogera's son dwelt. This marsh drains three extensive ranges of mountains, which starting from the westward, separated only by two deep chasms from each other, run at wide angles, one south-east, one north. From a distance this marsh looks fair enough. Stately trees at intervals rise seemingly from its bosom, and between them one catches glimpses of a lovely champaign, bounded by the perpendicular mountains in the far distance. After a wide *détour* we struck

straight for this marsh, which presented to us another novelty in the watershed of the Tanganyika. Fancy a river as broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over with water plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that, only a few yards higher up, an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves, and sixteen tusks of ivory had been suddenly sunk for ever out of sight. As one half of our column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the outwork of grass waving on either side, and between each man; in one place, like the swell of a sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled and undulated, one wave after another. As we all got on it, we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet, and a circular pool of water was formed. I expected every minute to see them suddenly sink out of sight. Fortunately, we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without further accident.

Arrived on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suitable for

agricultural settlements or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, or a flat-topped rock on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen, and where the natives prided themselves on their security, and conducted themselves accordingly in an insolent and forward fashion, though I believe that with forty good rifles I could have made the fellows desert their country *en masse*. But a white traveller's motto in their lands is, Do, dare, and endure: and those who come out of Africa alive have generally to thank themselves for their prudence rather than their temerity. We were halted every two or three miles by the demand for tribute, which we did not, because we would not, pay, as they did not press it over much, though we had black looks enough.

On the second day, after leaving Uzogera's son, we commenced a series of descents, the deep valleys on each side of us astonishing by the profundity and dark gloom prevailing below. These valleys, with their wonderful dense forests of tall trees and glimpses of plains beyond, invited sincere admiration. In about a couple of hours we discerned the river we were looking for below, at the distance of a mile, running like a silver vein through a broad valley.

Halting at Kiala's, eldest son of Uzogera, the principal Sultan of Revinza, we waited to see on what terms he would ferry us over the Malagarazi. As we could not come to a definite conclusion respecting them, we were obliged to camp in his village. Late in the afternoon, Kiala sent his chiefs to our camp with a bundle of short sticks, fifty-six in number. Each stick, we were soon informed, represented a *doli*, or four yards of cloth, which were to consist of best, good, bad, and indifferent. Only



one bale of cloth was the amount of the tribute to be exacted of us. Bombay and the guide were told by me to inform Kiala's ambassadors that I would pay ten doli. The gentlemen delegated by Kiala to receive the tribute soon made us aware what thoughts they entertained of us by stating that if we ran away from Mirambo we could not run away from them. Indeed, such was the general opinion of the natives of Uvinza, for they live directly west of Ugowa, Mirambo's country, and news travels fast enough in these regions, though there are no established post-offices or telegraph stations. In two hours, however, we reduced the demand of fifty-six doli to twenty-three, and the latter number was sent and received, not for crossing the Malagarazi, but for the privilege of passing through Kiala's country. Of these twenty-three cloths, thirteen were sent to Uzogera, the Sultan, while his affectionate son retained ten for himself. Towards midnight, when about retiring for the night after such an eventful day, and congratulating ourselves that Uzogera and Kiala were both rather moderate in their demands, considering the circumstances, another demand came for four more cloths, with a promise that we might depart in the morning, or when we pleased; but as poor Bombay said, from sheer weariness, that if he had to talk any longer he would be driven mad, I told him he might pay them, after a little haggling, lest they, imagining they had asked too little, would make another demand in the morning.

Until two P.M. the following day, the negotiations continued for ferrying us across the Malagarazi, consisting of arguments, threats, quarrels, loud shouting, and stormy debate on either side. Finally seven doli and ten funds

of sami-sami seeds were agreed upon. After which we march to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish, and deep. Yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for crocodiles, crocodiles cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and, though I amused myself pelting them with 2 oz. balls, I made no effect on their numbers.

Two canoes discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river, when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which now commenced. About twenty or so of the chief's men had collected, and, backed by these he became insolent. If it were worth while to commence a struggle for two or three more doli of cloth, the mere firing of one revolver at such close quarters would have settled the day; but I could not induce myself to believe it was the best way of proceeding, taking in view the object of our expedition, and accordingly, this extra demand was settled at once with as much amiability as I could muster; but I warned him not to repeat it, and, to prevent him from doing so, ordered a man to each canoe, and to be seated there, with a loaded gun in each man's hand. After this little episode we got on very well until the men, excepting two besides Bombay and myself, were safe on the other side. We then drove a donkey into the river, having first tied a strong halter to his neck, but he had hardly reached the middle of the river when a crocodile beneath seized him by the neck and dragged him under, after several frantic but ineffec-

tual endeavours to draw him ashore. A sadness stole over all after witnessing this scene; and as the shades of night had now drawn around us and had tinged the river to a black, dismal colour, it was with a feeling of relief that the fatal river was crossed, and we all set foot ashore. In the morning the other donkey swam the river safe enough, the natives firmly declaring that they had so covered him with medicine that, though the crocodiles swarmed around him, they did not dare attack the animal, so potent was the medicine; for which I had to give a present such as became a kindness. I rather incline to the belief, however, that the remaining donkey owed his safety to the desertion of the river by the crocodiles for the banks where they love to bask in the sun undisturbed.

The notes in my journal of what occurred on the following day read as follows:—

*November 3, 1871.—Kalalambula, N.N.W., 1 ¼ hour.*

What talk, what excitement; so grotesque, yet so frenzied! Withal, what anxiety have we suffered since we came to Uoniza! These people are worse than Wagogo, and their greed is immeasurable. They are more noisy and intolerable, especially those who dwell close to the river—their pride, the guide says, is because they have possession of the river, and all men have to speak them fair, pay high tribute, &c., on the northern side, though I find the Travinza more amiable, and more favourably disposed towards caravans, because they bring terms, and might, on a pinch, help them against their cruel neighbours, the Watuta. Before crossing the river, a native guide, procured from the son of Nzogera, who lives on the frontier, was recognized as a spy in the service of

Lokandamira, who is at war against King Nzogera. The cry for rope to bind him was quickly responded to, for every tree in their vicinity was furnished with enough strong bark to tie a dozen spies. They afterwards conveyed him to Kwi Kwm, or the capital of Nzogera, which is situated a few miles below here, on an island well guarded by crocodiles. Lokandamira is at war with Nzogera about certain salt pans, which must, of course, belong to the strongest party—for might is right in this world.

We set out from the banks of the river with two new guides, furnished us by the old man—Usenge is his name—of the ferry. Arrived at Isinga, after traversing a saline plain, which, as we advanced into the interior, grew wonderfully fertile, we were told by the native Kirangozi that to-morrow's march would have to be made with great caution, for Makumbi, a great warrior chief of Nzogera, was returning triumphantly from war, and it was his custom to leave nothing behind him at such times. Intoxicated with victory, he attacked villages and caravans, and whatever live stock, slaves, or bales he met he took. The result of a month's campaign against Lokandamira were two villages captured—several men and a son of Nzogera's enemy being killed, while Makumbi only lost three men in battle and two from bowel explosion from drinking too much water—so the Kirangozi says.

Near Isinga met a caravan of eighty Wagubha direct from Ujiji, bearing oil and bound for Unyanyembe. They report that a white man was left by them five days ago at Ujiji. He had the same colour as I have, wears the same shoes, the same clothes, and has hair on his face like I

have, only his is white. This is Livingstone. Hurrah for Ujiji! My men share my joy; for we shall be coming back now directly; and, being so happy at the prospect, I buy three goats and five gallons of native beer, which will be eaten and drunk directly.

Two marches from the Malagarazi brought us to Ubba. Kawanga was the first place in Ubba where we halted. It is the village where resides the first mutware, or chief, to whom caravans have to pay tribute. To this man we paid 12½ doli, upon the understanding that we would have to pay no more between here and Ujiji.

Next morning, buoyed up by the hope that we should soon come to our journey's end, we had arranged to make a long march of it that day. We left Kawanga cheerfully enough. The country undulated gently before us, like the prairie of Nebraska, as devoid of trees almost as our own plains; the top of every wave of land enabled us to see the scores of villages which dotted its surface, though it required keen eyes to distinguish at a distance the beehive and straw-thatched huts from the bleached grass of the plain. We had marched an hour probably, and were passing a large village with populous suburbs about it, when we saw a large party pursuing us, who when they had come up to us, asked us how we dared to pass by without paying the tribute to the King of Ubba. "We have paid it," we said, quite astonished.

"To whom?"—"To the chief of Kawanga."

"How much?"—"Twelve and a half doli."

"Oh, but that is only for himself. However, you had better stop and rest at our village until we find out all about it."

But we halted in the middle of the road until the mes-

sengers they sent came back. Seeing our reluctance to halt at their village, they sent men also to Mionvu, living an arrow's flight from where we were halted, to warn him of our contumacy. Mionvu came to us, robed most royally, after the fashion of Central Africa, in a crimson cloth, arranged toga-like over his shoulder, and depending to his ankles; and a brand new piece of Massachusetts sheeting folded around his head. He greeted us graciously; he was the prince of politeness; shook hands first with myself, then with my head men, and cast a keen glance around, in order, as I thought, to measure our strength. Then, seating himself, he spoke with deliberation, something in this style:—

“Why does the white man stand in the road? The sun is hot; let him seek the shelter of my village, where we can arrange this little matter between us. Does he not know there is a King in Ubba, and that I, Mionvu, am his servant? It is a custom with us to make friends with great men such as the white man. All Arabs and Wanguana stop here and give us cloth. Does the white man mean to go on without paying? Why should he desire war? I know he is stronger than we are here; his men have guns, and we have but spears and arrows, but Ubba is large and has plenty of people. The children of the King are many. If he comes to be a friend to us, he will come to our village, give us something, and then go on his way.”

The armed warriors around applauded the very commonplace speech of Mionvu, because it spoke the feelings with which they viewed our bales. Certain am I, though, that one portion of his speech—that which related to our being stronger than the Wabba—was an untruth, and

that he knew it, and that he only wished we would start hostilities, in order that he might have good reason for seizing the whole. It is not new to you, of course, if you have read this letter through, to find that the representative of the *Herald* was held of small account here, and never one did I see who would care a bead for anything that you would ever publish against him; so the next time you wish me to enter Africa, I only hope you will think it worth while to send with me 100 good men from the *Herald* office to punish this audacious Mionvu, who neither fears the *New York Herald* nor the "Star-spangled Banner."

I submitted to Mionvu's proposition, and went with him to his village, where he fleeced me to his heart's content. His demand, which he adhered to like a man who knew what he was about, was sixty doli for the King, twelve doli for himself, three for his wife, three each to three matsko or sub-chiefs, one to Mionvu's little boy—total eighty-five doli, or one good bale of cloth. Not one doli did he abate, though I talked until six P.M. from ten A.M. I went to bed that night like a man on the verge of ruin. However, Mionvu said that we would have to pay no more in Ubba.

Pursuing our way next day, after a four hours' march, we came to Kahirigi, and quartered ourselves on a large village governed by Mionvu's brother, who had already been advised by Mionvu of the windfall in store for him. This man as soon as we had set the tent, put in a claim for sixty doli, which I was able to reduce, after much eloquence, lasting over five hours, to twenty-six doli. I am short enough in relating it, because I am tired of the theme; but there lives not a man in the whole United States with

whom I would not gladly have exchanged positions had it been possible. I saw my fine array of bales being reduced fast. Four more such demands as Mionvu's would leave me, in unclassic phrase, "cleaned out."

After paying this last tribute, as it was night, I closed my tent, and, lighting my pipe, began to think seriously upon my position, and how to reach Ujiji without paying more tribute. It was high time to resort either to battle or to a strategy of some kind, possibly to slinking into the jungle; but there was no jungle in Ubba, and a man might be seen miles off on its naked plains.

Calling the guide, I questioned him, scolding him for leading me to such a strait. He said there was a Mguana, a slave of Thain-bin-Abdullah, in the Coma, with whom I might consult as to the best course to pursue. Sending for him, he presently came, and I began to ask him for how much he would guide us out of Ubba without being compelled to pay any more "muhongo." He replied that it was a hard thing to do, unless I had complete control over my men, and they could be got to do exactly as I told them. When satisfied on this point, he entered into an agreement to show me a road that might be clear of all habitations as far as Ujiji, for twelve doli paid beforehand. The cloth was paid to him at once.

At 2.30 A.M. the men were ready, and, stealing silently past the huts, the guide opened the gates, and we filed out one by one as quietly as possible. The moon was bright, and by it we perceived that we were striking across a burnt plain, in a southerly direction. We then turned westward, parallel with the high road, at the distance of four miles, sometimes lessening or increasing that distance as circumstances compelled us. At dawn we



crossed the swift Rusizi, which flowed northward into the Malagarazi, after which we took a north-westerly direction through a thick jungle of bamboo. There was no road, and we left but little trail behind us on the hard, dry ground. At six A.M. we halted for breakfast, having marched nearly six hours within the jungle, which stretched for miles around us.

We were only once on the point of being discovered, through the mad freak of a weak-brained woman, who was the wife of one of the black soldiers. We were crossing the knee-deep Rusizi, when this woman suddenly, and without cause, took into her head to shriek and shout as if a crocodile had bitten her. The guide implored me to stop her shrieking, or she would alarm the whole country, and we would have hundreds of angry Wabba about us. The men were already preparing to bolt, several being on the run with their loads. At my orders to stop her noise, she launched into another fit of hysterical shrieking, and I was compelled to stop her cries with three or four smart cuts across her shoulders, though I felt rather ashamed of myself, but our lives and the success of the expedition were worth more, in my opinion, than a hundred of such women. As a further precaution she was gagged, and her arms tied behind her, and a cord led from her waist to that of her liege lord's, who gladly took upon himself the task of looking after her, and who threatened to cut her head off if she attempted to make another outcry.

At ten A.M. we resumed our journey, and after three hours camped at Lake Musuma, a body of water which, during the rainy season, has a length of about three miles and a breadth of two miles. It is one of a group of

lakes which fill deep hollows in the plain of Ubba. They swarm with hippopotami, and their shores are favourite resorts of large herds of buffalo and game. The eland and buffalo especially are in large numbers here, and the elephant and rhinoceros are exceedingly numerous. We saw several of these, but did not dare to fire.

On the second morning after crossing the Sunuzzi and Rugufu rivers we had just started from our camp, and as there was no moonlight the head of the column came to a village whose inhabitants, as we heard a few voices, were about stirring. We were all struck with consternation, but, consulting with the guide, we despatched our goats and chickens, and, leaving them in the road, faced about, retraced our steps, and, after a quarter of an hour struck up a ravine, and, descending several precipitous places, about 6.30 found ourselves in Ukaranga, safe and free from all tribute-taking Wabba.

Exultant shouts were given, equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon "hurrah!" upon our success.

Addressing the men, I asked them, "Why should we halt when but a few hours from Ujiji? Let us march a few hours more, and to-morrow we shall see the white man at Ujiji; and who knows but this may be the man we are seeking? Let us go on, and after to-morrow we shall have fish for dinner, and many days' rest afterwards, every day eating the fish of the Tanganyika. Stop! I think I smell the Tanganyika fish even now." This speech was hailed with what the newspapers call "loud applause, great cheering," and "Ngema, very well, master. Hyah, Barak, Allah, onward, and the blessing of God be on you."

We strode from the frontier at the rate of four miles an

hour, and after six hours' march the tired caravan entered the woods which separate the residence of the Chief of Ukaranga from the villages on the Mkuti river.

As we drew near the village we went slower, and unfurled the American and Zanzibar flags, presenting quite an imposing array.

When we came in sight of Mjamtaga, the name of the Sultan's residence, and our flags and numerous guns were seen, the Wakaranga and their Sultan deserted their village *en masse* and rushed into the woods, believing that we were Mirambo's robbers, who, after destroying Unyanyembe, were come to destroy the Arabs and Bunder of Ujiji; but he and his people were soon reassured, and came forward to welcome us with presents of goats and beer, all of which were very welcome after the exceedingly lengthy marches we had recently undertaken.

Rising at early dawn, our new clothes were brought forth again, that we might present as decent an appearance as possible before the Arabs of Ujiji. And my helmet was well chalked, and a new puggeree folded around it; my boots were well oiled, and my white flannels put on; and altogether, without joking, I might have paraded the streets of Bombay without attracting any very great attention.

A couple of hours brought us to the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi said we could obtain a view of the great Tanganyika Lake. Heedless of the rough path or of the toilsome steep, spurred onward by the cheery promise, the ascent was performed in a short time.

On arriving at the top, we beheld it at last from the spot whence probably Burton and Speke looked at it,

“the one in a half-paralyzed state, the other almost blind.” Indeed, I was placed at the right, and as we descended it opened more and more into view, until it was revealed at last into a grand inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling, black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south without bounds, a grey expanse of water.

From the western base of the hill there was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly—the hours seemed to have been quarters—we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long on the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward receded, and the lake advanced.

We had crossed the Ruche, or Liuche, and its thick belt of tall matete grass; we had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, &c.; and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet, was directly beneath us.

We are now about descending. In a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where lives, we imagine, the object of our search. Our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming—least of all do they know we are so close to them; if any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe, they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise; for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other but a crazy white man, whom Sheikh, the

son of Nasib, is going to report to Syed or Prince Burghash, for not taking his advice.

Well, we are but a mile from Ujiji now, and it is high time we should let them know a caravan is coming; so "commence firing" is the word passed along the length of the column, and gladly do they begin. They have loaded their muskets half full, and they roar like the broadside of a line-of-battle ship. Down go the ramrods, sending huge charges home to the breech, and volley after volley is fired. The flags are fluttered—the banner of America is in front waving joyfully—the guide is in the zenith of his glory—the former residents of Zanzibar will know it directly, and will wonder, as well they may, as to what it means. Never were the Stars and Stripes so beautiful to my mind, the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill wild clangour of it is far and near, and still the cannon muskets tell the noisy seconds.

By this time the Arabs are fully alarmed; the natives of Ujiji, Waguhha, Warundi, Wanguana, and I know not where else, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means, this fusilading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hands and to ask anxiously where I come from. But I have no patience with them, the expedition goes far too slow; I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled?

Suddenly a man, a black man, at my elbow shouts in English, "How do you, Sir?" "Hallo, who the deuce are you?" "I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone," he

says, but before I can ask any more questions he is running like a madman towards the town.

We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a grand triumphal procession: as we move they move—all eyes are drawn towards us.

The expedition at last comes to a halt, the journey is ended for a time, but I alone have a few more steps to make. There is a group of the most respectable Arabs, and as I come nearer I see the white face of an old man amongst them. He has a cap with a gold band around it; his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth, and his pants—well, I didn't observe; I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" And he says, "Yes." *Finis coronat opus.*

H. M. STANLEY.

## LETTER No. 5.

Bunder Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika.

The goal was won. *Finis coronat opus.* I might here stop very well, for Livingstone was found; only the *Herald*, I know, will not be satisfied with one story, so I must sit down to another—a story so interesting, because he, the great traveller, the hero Livingstone, tells most of it himself.

We were met at last—the *Herald's* Special had seen Dr. Livingstone, whom more than three-fourths of all who ever heard of him believed to be dead. Yet at noon on the 10th November of this year I first shook hands

with him, and told him, "Doctor, I thank God I have been permitted to shake hands with you."

I said it all very soberly and with due dignity, because there were so many Arabs about us, and the circumstances under which I appeared did not warrant me to do anything else. I was as much a stranger to Livingstone as I was to any Arab there. And if Arabs do not like to see any irregularity, Englishmen are scarcely less exigent.

But what does all this preface, and what may this prolixity mean? Well, it means this: that I looked upon Livingstone as an Englishman, and I feared that if I showed very unusual joy at meeting with him, he might conduct himself very much like another Englishman did once whom I met in the interior of another foreign and strange land, wherein we two were the only English speaking people to be found within the area of two hundred miles square.

This gentleman, upon my greeting him with a cordial "Good morning," would not answer me, but screwed on a large eyeglass in a manner which must have been as painful to him as it was to me; and then, having deliberately viewed my horse and myself for the space of about thirty seconds, passed on his way with as much *insouciance* as if he had seen me a thousand times; and as if there was nothing at all in the meeting to justify him coming out of that shell of imperturbability with which he had covered himself. Besides, I had heard all sorts of things from a quondam companion of his about him. He was eccentric, I was told, nay, almost a misanthrope—who hated the sight of Europeans—who, if Burton, Speke, Grant, or anybody else of that kind were

coming to see him, would make haste to put as many miles as possible between himself and such person. He was a man, also, whom no one could get along with. It was almost impossible to please him. He was a man who kept no journal, whose discoveries would certainly perish with him unless he himself came back.

This was the man I was shaking hands with, whom I had done my utmost to surprise. You may thus understand why I did not dare manifest any extraordinary joy upon my success. But really had there been no one present—none of those cynical-minded Arabs, I mean—I think I should have betrayed the emotions which possessed me, instead of which I only said, "Doctor, I thank God I have been permitted to shake hands with you;" which he returned with a grateful and welcome smile.

Together we turned our faces towards his tembe. He pointed to the verandah of his house, which was an unrailed platform built of mud, covered by wide overhanging eaves. He pointed to his own particular seat on a carpet of goat-skins, spread over a shook mat of palm-leaves. I protested against taking this seat, but he insisted, and I yielded.

We were seated—the Doctor and I with our backs to the wall, the Arabs to our right and left in front, the natives forming a dark perspective beyond.

Then began conversation—I forget what about; possibly about the road I took from Unyanyembe; but I am not sure. I know the Doctor was talking, and I was answering mechanically.

I was conning the indomitable, energetic, patient, and persevering traveller at whose side I now sat in



Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every line and wrinkle of his face—the wan face, the fatigued form—were all imparting the intelligence to me which so many men so much desired.

It was deeply interesting intelligence and unvarnished truth these mute but certain witnesses gave. They told me of the real nature of the work in which he was engaged. Then his lips began to give me the details—lips that cannot lie.

I could not repeat what he said. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that nearly six years had to be accounted for. But the story came out bit by bit, unreservedly—as unreservedly as if he was conversing with Sir R. Murchison, his true friend, and best on earth.

The man's heart was gushing out, not in hurried sentences, in rapid utterances, in quick relation, but in still and deep words.

His quondam companion must have been a sad student of human nature, or a most malicious person—a man whose judgment was distorted by an oblique glance at his own inner image, and was thus rendered incapable of knowing the great heart of Livingstone; for, after several weeks' life with him in the same tent and in the same hut, I am utterly unable to perceive what angle of Livingstone's nature that gentleman took so base a judgment upon. A happier companion, a truer friend than the traveller thus slandered, I could not wish for. He was always polite, with a politeness of the genuine kind; and this politeness never forsook him for one instant, even in the midst of the most rugged scenes and greatest difficulties.

Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome with a most unpretending binding. Within the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus, outside, Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the mobility of prime age just enough to show that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very grey. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with grey over the temples; otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone show indications of being worn out; the hard fare of Louda and Manajenia have made havoc in their rows.

His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary in height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round vizor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally.

Of the inner man much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself bit by bit to the stranger, a great many favourable points present themselves, any of which, taken singly, might dispose a man well towards him.

I had brought him a packet of letters, and, though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he would defer reading until night; for the moment he would enjoy the astonishment which the European caused him, and any general world news I could communicate.

He had acquired the art of being patient long ago, he said, and he had waited so long for letters that he could well afford to wait a few hours more. So we sat and talked on that humble verandah of one of the poorest houses in Ujiji—talked quite oblivious of the large concourse of Arabs, Wanguana, and Wajiji, who had crowded around to see the new comer.

There was much to talk about on both sides. On his side he had to tell me what had happened to him, of where he had been, and of what he had seen, during the five years the world believed him to be dead; on my side I had to tell him very old, old news of the Suez Canal and the Royal extravagance of Ismail Pasha; of the termination of the Cretan insurrection; of the Spanish revolution, of the flight of Isabella, of the new King Amadeus, and of the assassination of Prim; of the completion of the Pacific Railroad across the American Continent; of the election of General Grant as President; of the French and Prussian war; of the capture of Napoleon, the flight of Eugénie, and of the complete humiliation of France. Scores of eminent persons—some, personal friends of his—had died, so that the news had a deep interest to him, and I had a most attentive auditor.

By-and-by the Arabs retired, understanding well the

position, though they were also anxious to hear from me about Mirambo; but I sent my head men with them to give them such news as they wanted.

The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly; few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere.

He had not much to offer, to be sure, but what he had was mine and his. The wan features which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the grey beard and stooping shoulders, belied the man.

Underneath that aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peels of hearty laughter; the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul.

The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes—interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Vardon, and Cumming (Gordon Cumming) were always the chief actors.

“You have brought me new life,” he said several times; so that I was not sure but there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits; but, as I found it continued during several weeks, I am now disposed to think it natural.

Another thing which specially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. When we remember the thirty years and more he has spent in Africa,

deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite Byron, Tennyson, and Longfellow. Even the poets Whittier and Lowell were far better known to him than to me.

He knew an endless number of facts and names of persons connected with America much better than I, though it was my peculiar province, as a journalist, to have known them. One reason, perhaps, for this fact may be that the Doctor never smokes; so that his brain is never befogged, even temporarily, by the fumes of the insidious weed. Besides, he has lived all his life almost, we may say, within himself—in a world of thought which revolved inwardly—seldom awaking out of it except to attend to the immediate practical necessities of himself and his expedition. The immediate necessities disposed of, he must have relapsed into his own inner world, into which he must have conjured up memories of his home, relations, friends, acquaintances, familiar readings, ideas, and associations, so that wherever he might be, or by whatsoever he was surrounded, his own world had attractions far superior to those of the external world by which he was encompassed.

Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man—a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with avowing all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is trouble-

some and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmans even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics—nay, if he was ever possessed of them they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and has made him—to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

I have been frequently ashamed of my impatience while listening to his mild rebuke to a dishonest or lazy servant; whereas, had the servant been of mine, his dishonesty or laziness had surely been visited with prompt punishment. I have often heard our servants discuss our respective merits. “Your master,” say my servants to those of Livingstone, “is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours—oh! he is sharp—hot as fire—*mkali sana, kana moto.*” From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon first arrival at Ujiji, through his uniform kindness and mild pleasant temper, he has now won all hearts. I perceived that universal respect was paid to him by all.

Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ears insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately, viz., natural, unaffected,

and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.

There is another point in Livingstone's character about which we, as readers of his books and students of his travels, would naturally wish to know something, viz., his ability to withstand the rigours of an African climate, and the consistent energy with which he follows the exploration of Central Africa.

When I first met with the Doctor, I asked him if he did not feel a desire to visit his country and take a little rest. He had then been absent about six years, and the answer he gave me forcibly shows what kind of man he is. Said he, "I would like very much to go home and see my children once again, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

"And why," I asked, "did you come so far back without finishing the short task which, you say, you have got to do?"

"Simply because I was forced. My men would not budge a step forward. They multiplied, and formed a secret resolution, if I still insisted on going on, to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me; in which case I should be killed. It was dangerous to go any farther. I had explored 600

miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their waters into the central line of drainage, and on about starting to explore the last 100 miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now, having returned 700 miles, to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body."

Again, about a week after I had arrived at Ujiji, I asked Livingstone if he had examined the northern head of the Tanganyika. He answered immediately he had not, and then asked if people expected he had.

I then informed him that great curiosity was felt about the connection that was supposed to exist between the Tanganyika and Lake Albert. One party said that a river flowed out of the Tanganyika into the Albert, another party held that it was impossible, since the Tanganyika was, according to Burton and Speke, much lower than the Albert. Others were inclined to let the subject alone until they should hear from him, the only one capable, at the present time, to set the matter at rest for ever.

The Doctor replied to these remarks that he was not aware so much importance was attached to the Tanganyika; as his friends at home, instead of writing to him, contented themselves with speculating as to when he should come out of Africa; and thus he had been kept ignorant of many things of which those who took any interest in him should have informed him. "I did try, before setting out for Manyema, to engage canoes, and proceed northwards, but I soon saw that the people were





CAPTAIN BURTON'S HOUSE, CLOSE TO LAKE TANGANYIKA.



all confederating to fleece me, as they had Burton; and had I gone under such circumstances, I should not have been able to proceed to Manyema to explore the central line of drainage, and of course the most important line—far more important than the line of the Tanganyika. For whatever connection there may be between the Tanganyika and the Albert, the true sources of the Nile are those entering into the central line of drainage. In my own mind I have not the least doubt that the Rusizi River flows from the lake into the Albert. For three months steadily I observed a current settling northward. I verified it by means of water plants. When Speke gives the altitude of the Tanganyika at only 1,880 feet above the sea, I imagine he must have fallen into the error by frequently writing the Anno Domini, and thus made a slip of the pen, for the altitude is over 2,800 feet by boiling point, though I make it a little over 3,000 feet by barometer. Thus you see that there are no very great natural difficulties on the score of altitude, and nothing to prevent the reasonable supposition that there may be a water connection by means of the Rusizi, or some other river between the two lakes. Besides, the Arabs here are divided in their statements. Some swear that the river goes out of the Tanganyika; others that it flows into the Tanganyika."

"Well, Doctor," said I, "if I were you, before leaving this part of the country for Unyanyembe, perhaps never to return here—for one knows not what may occur in the meantime—I would go up and see, and if you like I will accompany you. You say you have no cloth, and only five men. I have enough cloth and men for all your purposes. Suppose you go up and settle this vexed

question; for, so far as I see by the newspapers, everybody expects it of you."

Many a traveller, as I have shown, would have pleaded fatigue and utter weariness of mind and body, but Livingstone did not. That very instant the resolve was made; that very instant he started to execute it. He sent a man to Said-bin-Majid to request the loan of his canoe, and his baggage was got ready for the voyage. Not yet recovered from the sore effects of his return from his unsuccessful and lengthy journey to accomplish the object that lay so near his heart, yet suffering from an attack of diarrhœa and the consequent weakness it induced, the brave spirit was up again—eager as a high-spirited boy for the path duty pointed out.

The above is but a slight sketch of the main points in the great traveller's character, whose personal story I am about to relate. It was necessary that the reader should know what sort of man this Dr. Livingstone was, after whom the *New York Herald* thought proper to despatch a special correspondent with an expedition, at no matter what cost. After this study of him, I cannot better sum up his character than by using the words of one of my own men: "He is a good man—an extremely good and kind man." Is it not true, then, that his quondam companion did not know the nature of the man with whom he lived and travelled, who said that Livingstone would run away from any other white man who would come after him; and is it likely that the intellect of the facetious gentleman who stated his belief that "Livingstone had married an African Princess, and had settled down for good," could fathom the single-minded traveller and upright man, David Livingstone?

## DR. LIVINGSTONE'S STORY.

Dr. David Livingstone left the island of Zanzibar in March, 1866. On the 7th of the following month he departed from Mikindim Bay for the interior, with an expedition consisting of twelve Sepoys from Bombay, nine men from Johanna, of the Comoro Isles, seven liberated slaves, and two Zambezi men, taking them as an experiment; six camels, three buffaloes, two mules, and three donkeys. He thus had thirty men with him, twelve of whom—viz., the Sepoys—were to act as guards for the expedition. They were mostly armed with the Enfield rifles, presented to the Doctor by the Bombay Government.

The baggage of the expedition consisted of ten bales of cloth and two bags of beads, which were to serve as the currency by which they would be enabled to purchase the necessaries of life in the countries the Doctor intended to visit. Besides the cumbrous moneys, they carried several boxes of instruments, such as chronometers, air thermometers, sextant, and artificial horizon, boxes containing clothes, medicines, and personal necessaries.

The expedition travelled up the left bank of the Rovuma River, a route as full of difficulties as any that could be chosen. For miles Livingstone and his party had to cut their way with their axes through the dense and almost impenetrable jungles which lined the river's banks. The road was a mere footpath, leading in the most erratic fashion in and through the dense vegetation, seeking the easiest outlet from it without any regard to the course it ran.

The Pagazis were able to proceed easily enough, but the camels, on account of their enormous height, could not advance a step without the axes of the party first clearing the way. These tools of foresters were almost always required, but the advance of the expedition was often retarded by the unwillingness of the Sepoys and Johanna men to work. Soon after the departure of the expedition from the coast, the murmurings and complaints of these men began, and upon every occasion and at every opportunity they evinced a decided hostility to an advance.

In order to prevent the progress of the Doctor, in hopes that it would compel him to return to the coast, these men so cruelly treated the animals that, before long, there was not one left alive. Failing in this, they set about instigating the natives against the white man, whom they accused most wantonly of strange practices. As this plan was most likely to succeed, and as it was dangerous to have such men with him, the Doctor arrived at the conclusion that it was best to discharge them, and accordingly sent the Sepoys back to the coast, but not without having first furnished them with the means of subsistence on their journey to the coast. These men were such a disreputable set that the natives talked of them as the Doctor's slaves. One of their worst sins was their custom of giving their guns and ammunition to carry to the first woman or boy they met, whom they impressed for that purpose by either threats or promises, which they were totally unable to perform and unwarranted in making. An hour's march was sufficient to fatigue them, after which they lay down on the road to bewail their hard fate, and concoct new schemes to frus

trate their leader's purposes. Towards night they generally made their appearance at the camping-ground with the looks of half-dead men. Such men naturally made but a poor escort; for, had the party been attacked by a wandering tribe of natives of any strength, the Doctor could have made no defence, and no other alternative would be left to him but to surrender and be ruined.

The Doctor and his little party arrived on the 18th July, 1866, at a village belonging to a chief of the Wahiyou, situated eight days' march south of the Rovuma, and overlooking the watershed of the Lake Nyassa. The territory lying between the Rovuma River and the Wahiyou chieftain was an uninhabited wilderness, during the transit of which Livingstone and expedition suffered considerably from hunger and desertion of men.

Early in August, 1866, the Doctor came to Mponda's country, a chief who dwelt near the Lake Nyassa. On the road thither two of the liberated slaves deserted him. Here also, Wakotani—not Wikotani—a *protégé* of the Doctor, insisted upon his discharge, alleging as an excuse—an excuse which the Doctor subsequently found to be untrue—that he had found his brother. He further stated that his family lived on the east side of the Nyassa Lake. He further stated that Mponda's favourite wife was his sister. Perceiving that Wakotani was unwilling to go with him further, the Doctor took him to Mponda, who now saw and heard of him for the first time, and having furnished the ungrateful boy with enough cloth and beads to keep him until his "big brother" should call for him, left him with the chief, after first assuring himself that he would have honourable treatment from that chief. The Doctor also gave Wakotani writing paper—

as he could read and write, being some of the accomplishments acquired at Bombay, where he had been put to school—so that, should he at any time feel disposed, he might write to Mr. Horace Waller or to himself. The Doctor further enjoined on him not to join in any slave raid, usually made by his countrymen, the men of Nyassa, on their neighbours.

Upon finding that this application for a discharge was successful, Wakotani endeavoured to induce Chumah, another *protégé* of the Doctor's and a companion or chum of Wakotani, to leave the Doctor's service and proceed with them, promising as a bribe a wife and plenty of pombe from his "big brother." Chumah, upon referring the matter to the Doctor, was advised not to go, as he (the Doctor) strongly suspected that Wakotani wanted only to make him his slave. Chumah wisely withdrew from his tempter.

From Mponda's the Doctor proceeded to the heel of the Nyassa, to the village of a Babisa chief, who required medicine for a skin disease. With his usual kindness he stayed at this chief's village to treat his malady. While here a half-caste Arab arrived from the western shore of the lake, and reported that he had been plundered by a band of Mazitu at a place which the Doctor and Musa, chief of the Johanna men, were very well aware was at least 150 miles N.N.W. of where they were then stopping. Musa, however, for his own reasons—which will appear presently—eagerly listened to the Arab's tale, and gave full credence to it. Having well digested its horrifying contents, he came to the Doctor to give him the full benefit of what he had heard with such willing ears. The traveller patiently listened to the narrative,



which lost nothing of its portentous significance through Musa's relation, and then asked Musa if he believed it.

"Yes," answered Musa readily; "he tell me true; true. I ask him good, and he tell true, true."

The Doctor, however, said he did not believe it, for the Mazitu would not have been satisfied with merely plundering a man, they would have murdered him; but suggested, in order to allay the fears of his Moslem subordinate, that they should both proceed to the chief with whom they were staying, who, being a sensible man, would be able to advise them as to the probability or improbability of the tale being correct. Together they proceeded to the Babisa chief, who, when he had heard the Arab's story, unhesitatingly denounced the Arab as a liar, and his story without the least foundation in fact, giving as a reason that if the Mazitu had been lately in that vicinity, he would have heard of it soon enough.

But Musa broke out with "No, no, Doctor; no, no, no; I no want to go Mazitu. I no want Mazitu to kill me. I want to see my father, my mother, my child in Johanna. I no want Mazitu." These are Musa's *ipsisima verba*.

To which the Doctor replied, "I don't want Mazitu to kill me either; but as you are afraid of them, I promise to go straight west until we get far past the beat of the Mazitu."

Musa was not satisfied, but kept moaning and sorrowing, saying, "If we had 200 guns with us, I would go; but our small party of men they will attack by night and kill all."

The Doctor repeated his promise, "But I will not go near them; I will go west."

As soon as he turned his face westward Musa and the Johanna men ran away in a body.

The Doctor says, in commenting upon Musa's conduct, that he felt strongly tempted to shoot Musa and another ringleader, but was, nevertheless, glad that he did not soil his hands with their vile blood.

A day or two afterwards another of his men—Simeon Price by name—came to the Doctor with the same tale about the Mazitu, but, compelled by the scant number of his people to repress all such tendencies to desertion and faint-heartedness, the Doctor shut him up at once, and forbade him to utter the name of the Mazitu any more. Had the natives not assisted him, he must have despaired of ever being able to penetrate the wild and unexplored interior which he was now about to tread.

"Fortunately," as the Doctor says with unction, "I was in a country now, after leaving the shores of Nassau, where the feet of the slave-trader had not trod; it was a new and virgin land, and, of course, as I have always found it, in such cases the natives were really good and hospitable, and for very small portions of cloth my baggage was conveyed from village to village by them." In many other ways the traveller, in his extremity, was kindly treated by the undefiled and unspoilt natives.

On leaving this hospitable region in the early part of December, 1866, the Doctor entered a country where the Mazitu had exercised their customary spoliating propensities. The land was swept clean of all provisions and cattle, and the people had emigrated to other countries beyond the bound of those ferocious plunderers.

Again, the expedition was besieged by famine, and were reduced to great extremities. To satisfy the pinching

hunger they suffered, they had recourse to the wild fruits which some parts of the country furnished. At intervals the condition of the hard-pressed band was made worse by the heartless desertion of some of its members, who more than once departed with the Doctor's personal kit, changes of cloth, linen, &c. With more or less misfortunes constantly dogging his footsteps, he traversed in safety the countries of the Babia, Bobemba, Barunga, Baulungu, and Losda.

In the country of Londa lives the famous Cazembe, made known to Europeans first by Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Cazembe is a most intelligent prince; is a tall, stalwart man, who wears a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print, in the form of a prodigious kilt.

In this state dress King Cazembe received Dr. Livingstone, surrounded by his chiefs and body-guards. A chief, who had been deputed by the King and elders to find out all about the white man, then stood up before the assembly, and in a loud voice gave the result of the inquiry he had instituted. He had heard the white man had come to look for waters, for rivers, and seas. Though he could not understand what the white man could want with such things, he had no doubt that the object was good.

Then Cazembe asked what the Doctor proposed doing, and where he thought of going. The Doctor replied that he had thought of going south, as he had heard of lakes and rivers being in that direction. Cazembe asked, "What can you want to go there for? The water is close here. There is plenty of large water in this neighbourhood." Before breaking up the assembly, Cazembe gave orders to let the white man go where he would

through his country undisturbed and unmolested. He was the first Englishman he had seen, he said, and he liked him.

Shortly after his introduction to the King, the Queen entered the large house, surrounded by a body-guard of Amazons armed with spears. She was a fine, tall, handsome young woman, and evidently thought she was about to make a great impression upon the rustic white man, for she had clothed herself after a most Royal fashion, and was armed with a ponderous spear. But her appearance, so different from what the Doctor had imagined, caused him to laugh, which entirely spoilt the effect intended, for the laugh of the Doctor was so contagious that she herself was the first to imitate, and the Amazons, courtier-like, followed suit. Much disconcerted by this, the Queen ran back, followed by her obedient damsels, a retreat most undignified and unqueenlike compared to her majestic advent into the Doctor's presence. But Livingstone will have much to say about his reception at this Court, and about this interesting King and Queen; and who can so well relate the scenes he witnessed, and which belong exclusively to him, as he himself?

Soon after his arrival in the country of Londa, or Lunda, and before he had entered the district of Cazembe, he had crossed a river called the Chambezi, which was quite an important stream. The similarity of the name with that large and noble river south, which will be for ever connected with his name, misled Livingstone at that time, and he accordingly did not pay it the attention it deserved, believing that the Chambezi was but the head-waters of the Zambezi, and consequently had no bearing or connection with the sources of the river of

Egypt of which he was in search. His fault was in relying too implicitly upon the correctness of Portuguese information. This error cost him many months of tedious labour and travel. From the beginning of 1867, the time of his arrival at Cazembe's, to the middle of March, 1869, the time of his arrival in Ujiji, he was most engaged in correcting the errors and corruptions of the Portuguese travellers. The Portuguese, in speaking of the river Chambezi, invariably spoke of it as "our own Zambezi"—that is, the Zambezi which flows through the Portuguese possessions of the Mozambique. "In going to Cazembe's from Nyassa," said they, "you will cross our own Zambezi." Such positive and reiterated information like this, not only orally, but in their books and maps, was naturally confusing.

When the Doctor perceived that what he saw and what they described was at variance, out of a sincere wish to be correct, and lest he might have been mistaken himself, he started to re-travel the ground he had travelled before. Over and over again he traversed the several countries watered by the several rivers of the complicated water-system, like an uneasy spirit. Over and over again he asked the same question from the different people he met, until he was obliged to desist, lest they might say, "The man is mad, he has got water on the brain."

But these travels and tedious labours of his in Londa and the adjacent countries have established beyond doubt—first, that the Chambezi is a totally distinct river from the Zambezi of the Portuguese; and, secondly, that the Chambezi, starting from about latitude  $11^{\circ}$  south, is none other than the most southerly feeder of the great Nile, thus giving that famous river a length of over 2,600 miles of

direct latitude—making it, second to the Mississippi, the longest river in the world. The real and true name of the Zambezi is Dombazi. When Lacuda and his Portuguese successors, coming to Cazembe, crossed the Chambezi and heard its name, they very naturally set it down as “our own Zambezi,” and, without further inquiry, sketched it as running in that direction.

During his researches in that region, so pregnant in discoveries, Livingstone came to a lake lying north-east of Cazembe which the natives call Liemba, from the country of that name which bordered it on the east and south. In tracing the lake north, he found it to be none other than the Tanganyika, or the south-eastern extremity of it, which looks on the Doctor's map very much like an outline of Italy. The latitude of the southern end of this great body of water is about  $90^{\circ}$  south, which gives it thus a length from north to south of 360 geographical miles.

From the southern extremity of the Tanganyika he crossed Marungu, and came in sight of Lake Moero. Tracing this lake, which is about sixty miles in length, to its southern head, he found a river called the Luapula entering it from that direction. Following the Luapula south, he found it issue from the large lake of Bangweolo, which is as large in superficial area as the Tanganyika. In exploring for the waters which emptied into the lake, he found by far the most important of these feeders was the Chambezi, so that he had thus traced the Chambezi from its source to Lake Bangweolo, and the issue from its northern head, under the name of Luapula, and found it enter Lake Moero. Again he returned to Cazembe's, well satisfied that the river running north through three degrees

of latitude could not be the river running south under the name of the Zambezi, though there might be a remarkable resemblance in their names.

At Cazembe's he found an old white-bearded half-caste named Mahommed-ben-Salih, who was kept as a kind of prisoner at large by the King, because of certain suspicious circumstances attending his advent and stay in the country. Through Livingstone's influence, Mahommed-ben-Salih obtained his release. On the road to Ujiji he had bitter cause to regret having exerted himself in the half-caste's behalf. He turned out to be a most ungrateful wretch, who poisoned the minds of the Doctor's few followers, and ingratiated himself with them by selling the favours of his concubines to them, thus reducing them to a kind of bondage under him. From the day he had the vile old man in his company, manifold and bitter misfortunes followed the Doctor up to his arrival at Ujiji in March, 1869.

From the date of his arrival until the end of June, 1869, he remained in Ujiji, whence he dated those letters which, though the outside world still doubted his being alive, satisfied the minds of the Royal Geographical people and his intimate friends that he was alive, and that Musa's tale was an ingenious and false fabrication of a cowardly deserter. It was during this time that the thought occurred to him of sailing around the lake Tanganyika; but the Arabs and natives were so bent upon fleecing him, that had he undertaken it, the remainder of his goods would not have enabled him to explore the central line of drainage, the initial point of which he found far south of Cazembe's in about lat.  $11^{\circ}$ , in the river called Chambezi.

In the days when tired Captain Burton was resting in Ujiji, after his march from the coast near Zanzibar, the land to which Livingstone, on his departure from Ujiji, bent his steps, was unknown to the Arabs save by vague report. Messrs. Burton and Speke never heard of it, it seems. Speke, who was the geographer of Burton's expedition, heard of a place called Ururoa, which he placed on his map according to the general direction indicated by the Arabs; but the most enterprising of the Arabs, in their search after ivory, only touched the frontiers of Rua, as the natives and Livingstone called it. For Rua is an immense country, with a length of six degrees of latitude, and as yet an undefined breadth from east to west.

At the end of June, 1869, Livingstone quitted Ujiji, and crossed over to Ugupha on the eastern shore for his last and greater series of explorations, the result of which was the discovery of a series of lakes of great magnitude, connected together by a large river called by different names as it left one lake to flow into another. From the port of Ugupha he set off in company with a body of traders in an almost direct westerly course through the lake country of Ugupha. Fifteen days' march brought them to Bambarre, the first important ivory deposit in Manyema, or, as the natives pronounce it, Manuyema. For nearly six months he was detained at Bambarre, from ulcers in the feet, which bled profusely from the sore as soon as he set his feet on the ground. When well, he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days, came to a broad lacustrine river called the Lualaba, flowing northward and westward, and in some places southward in a most confusing way. The river was from one to three miles broad. By exceeding pertinacity he con-







LANDSCAPE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

trived to follow its erratic course, until he saw the Lualaba enter the narrow, lengthy lake of Kamalondo, in about latitude  $6^{\circ} 30'$ . Retracing it south, he came to the point where he had seen the Luapula enter Lake Moero.

One feels quite enthusiastic when listening to Livingstone's description of the beauties of Moero scenery. Pent in on all sides by high mountains, clothed to tips with the rich vegetation of the tropics, Moero discharges its superfluous waters through a deep rent in the bosom of the mountains. The impetuous and grand river roars through the chasm with the thunder of a cataract, but soon after leaving its confined and deep bed, it expands into the calm and broad Lualaba, expanding over miles of ground. After making great bends west and south-west, and then curving northward, it enters Kamalondo. By the natives it is called the Lualaba; but the Doctor, in order to distinguish it from other rivers of the same name, has given it the name of "Webb's River," after Mr. Webb, the wealthy proprietor of Newstead Abbey, whom the Doctor distinguishes as one of his oldest and most consistent friends.

Away to the south-west from Kamalondo is another large lake, which discharges its waters by the important river Locke, or Lomami, into the great Lualaba. To this lake, known as Chebungo by the natives, Doctor Livingstone has given the name of Lincoln, to be hereafter distinguished on maps and in books as Lake Lincoln, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, our murdered President. This was done from the vivid impression produced on his mind by hearing a portion of his inauguration speech read from an English pulpit, which related to the causes that induced him to issue his Emancipation Proclama-

tion, by which memorable deed 4,000,000 slaves were for ever freed. To the memory of the man whose labour on behalf of the negro race deserves the commendation of all good men, Livingstone has contributed a monument more durable than brass or stone.

Entering Webb's River from the S S.W., a little north of Kamalondo, is a large river called the Lufera; but the streams which discharge themselves from the watershed into the Lualaba are so numerous that the Doctor's map would not contain them, so he has left all out except the most important. Continuing his way north, tracing the Lualaba through its manifold and crooked curves as far as latitude  $4^{\circ}$  south, he came to another large lake called the Unknown Lake; but here you may come to a dead halt, and read it thus . . . Here was the furthestmost point; from here he was compelled to return on the weary road to Ujiji, a distance of 700 miles.

In this brief sketch of Dr. Livingstone's wonderful travels, it is to be hoped the most superficial reader, as well as the student of geography, comprehends this grand system of lakes connected together by Webb's River. To assist him, let him procure a map of Africa, by Keith Johnston, embracing the latest discoveries. Two degrees south of Tanganyika, and two degrees west, let him draw the outlines of a lake, its greatest length from east to west, and let him call it Bangweolo: one degree or thereabouts to the north-west, let him sketch the outlines of another but smaller lake, and call it Moero; a degree again north of Moero, another lake of a similar size, and call it Kamalondo; and still a degree north of Kamalondo, another lake, large, and as yet of undefined limits, which in the absence of any specific term, we will call

the Nameless Lake. Then let him connect these several lakes by a river called after different names, thus the main feeder of Bangweolo—the Chambezi; the river which runs out of Bangweolo and runs into Moero—the Luapula; the river connecting Moero with Kamalondo—Webb's River; that which runs from Kamalondo into the Nameless Lake, northward—the Lualaba, and let him write in bold letters over the river Chambezi, Luapula, Webb's River, and Lualaba—the Nile, for these are all one and the same river.

Again, west of Moero Lake, about one degree or thereabouts, another large lake may be placed on his map, with a river running diagonally across to meet the Lualaba, north of Lake Kamalondo. This new lake is Lake Lincoln, and the river is the Lomani River, the confluence of which with the Lualaba is between Kamalondo and the nameless lake. Taken altogether, the reader may be said to have a very fair idea of what Dr. Livingstone has been doing these long years, and what addition he has made to the study of African geography.

That this river, distinguished under several titles, flowing from one lake into another in a northerly direction, with all its great crooked bends and sinuosities, is the Nile—the true Nile—the Doctor has not the least doubt. For a long time he did doubt, because of its deep bends and curves west, and south-west even: but having traced it from its head-waters, the Chambezi, through seven degrees of latitude—that is, from  $11^{\circ}$  south to lat.  $4^{\circ}$  north—he has been compelled to come to the conclusion that it can be no other river than the Nile. He had thought it was the Congo; but has discovered the sources of the Congo to

be the Kasia and the Quango, two rivers which rise on the western side of the Nile watershed in about the latitude of Bangweolo; and he was told of another river called Lubilash, which rose from the north and ran west. But the Lualaba, the Doctor thinks, cannot be the Congo, from its great size and body, and from its steady and continued flow northward through a broad and extensive valley, bounded by enormous mountains westerly and easterly. The altitude of the most northerly point to which the Doctor traced the wonderful river was a little over 2,000 feet, so that though Baker makes out his lake to be 2,700 feet above the sea, yet the Bahr Ghazal, through which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues into the Nile, is only a little over 2,000 feet, in which case there is a possibility that the Lualaba may be none other than Petherick's branch. It is well known that trading stations for ivory have been established for about 500 miles up Petherick's branch. We must remember this fact when told that Gondokoro, in lat.  $4^{\circ}$  north, is 200 feet above the sea, and lat.  $4^{\circ}$  south is only a little over 2,000 feet above the sea.

That the two rivers said to be 2,000 feet above the sea, separated from each other, have  $8^{\circ}$  of latitude, may among some men be regarded as a startling statement. But we must restrain mere expressions of surprise, and take into consideration that this mighty and broad Lualaba is a lacustrine river, broader than the Mississippi, and think of our own rivers, which, though shallow, are exceedingly broad—for instance, our Platte river, flowing across the prairies of Colorado and Nebraska into the Missouri. We must wait until the altitude of the two rivers, the Lualaba, where the Doctor halted, and the

southern point on the Bahr Ghazal, where Petherick has been, are known with perfect accuracy.

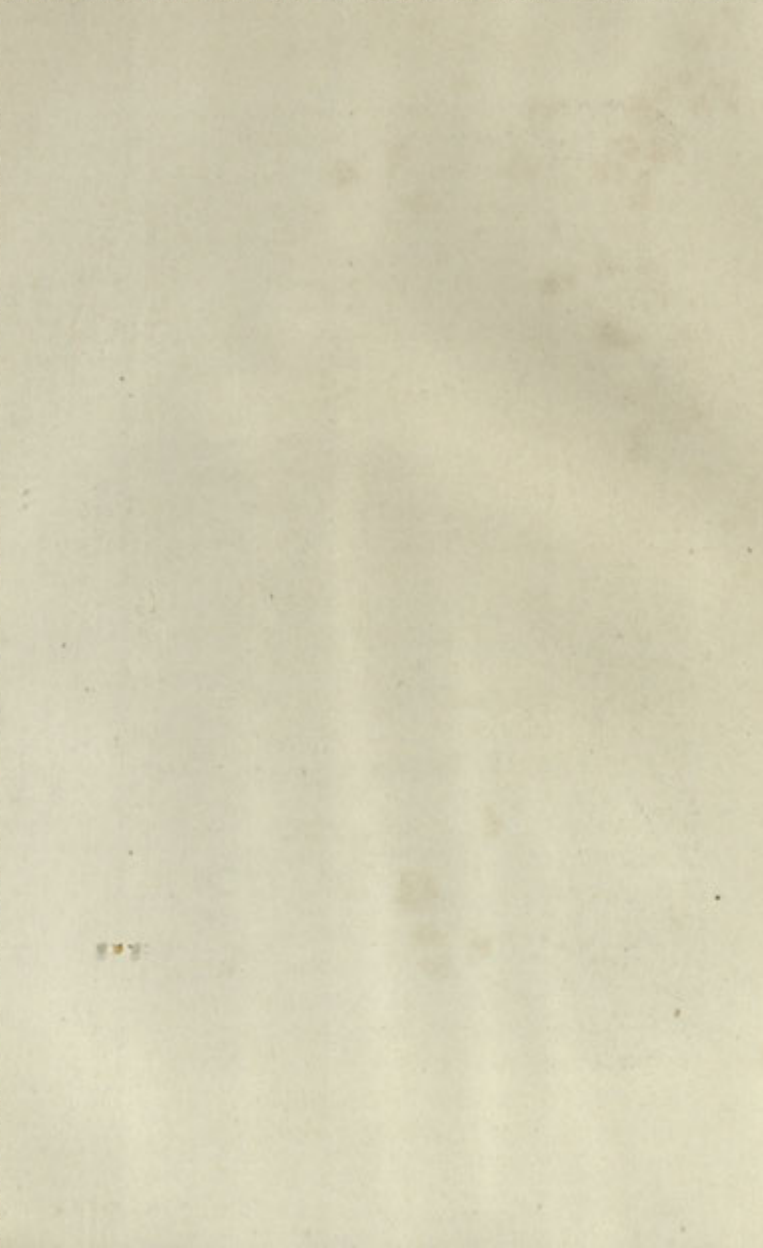
Webb's River, or the Lualaba from Bangweolo, is a lacustrine river, expanding from one to three miles in breadth. At intervals it forms extensive lakes; then, contracting into a broad river, it again forms a lake, and so on to lat.  $4^{\circ}$  north, and beyond this point the Doctor hears of a large lake, again north. Now, for the sake of argument, suppose we give this nameless lake a length of  $4^{\circ}$  of latitude, as it may be the one discovered by Piaggia, the Italian traveller, from which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues out through reedy marshes, and the Bahr Ghazal, into the White Nile, south of Gondokoro. By this method we suppose the rivers one; for the lakes, extending over so many degrees of latitude, would obviate the necessity of explaining the differences of altitude that must naturally exist between two points of a river  $8^{\circ}$  of latitude apart. Also, Livingstone's instruments for observation and taking altitude may have been in error; and this is very likely to have been the case, subjected as they have been to rough handling during nearly six years of travel.

Despite the apparent difficulty of the altitude, there is another strong reason for believing Webb's River, or the Lualaba, to be the Nile. The watershed of this river, 600 miles of which Livingstone has travelled, is drained by a valley which lies north and south between the eastern and western ranges of the watershed. This valley or line of drainage, while it does not receive the Kasai and the Quango, receives rivers flowing from a great distance west; for instance, the important tributaries Lufera and Lomami, and large rivers from the east, such as

the Lindi and Luamo; and while the most intelligent Portuguese travellers and traders state that the Kasai, the Quango, and Lubibash are the headwaters of the Congo River, no one has yet started the supposition that the grand river flowing north, and known by the natives as the Lualaba, was the Congo. If this river is not the Nile, where, then, are the head waters of the Nile? The small river running out of the Victoria Nyanza and the river flowing out of the little Lake Albert have not sufficient water to form the great river of Egypt. As you glide down the Nile, and note the Asua, the Geraffe, the Sobat, the Blue Nile, and the Atbara, and follow the river down to Egypt, it cannot fail to impress you that it requires many more streams, or one large river, larger than all yet discovered, to influence its inundations and replace the waste of its flow through a thousand miles of desert. Perhaps a more critical survey of the Nile will prove that it is influenced by the waters that pour through "the small piece of water resembling a duck-pond buried in the sea of rushes," as Speke describes the Bahr Ghazal. Livingstone's discovery answers the question, and satisfies the intelligent hundreds who, though Bruce, and Speke, and Baker, each in his turn, had declared he had found the Nile—the only and true Nile sources—yet doubted and hesitated to accept the enthusiastic assertions as a final solution of the Nile problem. Even yet, according to Livingstone, the Nile sources have not been found, though he has traced the Lualaba through seven degrees of latitude flowing north; and, though neither he nor I have a particle of doubt of its being the Nile, not yet can the Nile question be said to be resolved and ended.

For three reasons:—1. He has heard of the existence







FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI

of four fountains, two of which gave birth to a river flowing north, Webb's river or the Lualaba, and two to a river flowing south, which is the Zambezi. He has heard of these fountains repeatedly from the natives. Several times we have been within 100 and 200 miles from them, but something always interposed to prevent him going to see them. According to those who have seen them, they rise on either side of a mound or level, which contains no stones. Some have even called it an anthill. One of these fountains is said to be so large that a man standing on one side cannot be seen from the other. These fountains must be discovered, and their positions taken. The Doctor does not suppose them to be south of the feeders of Lake Bangweolo. 2. Webb's River must be traced to its connection with some portion of the old Nile. 3. The connection between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza must be ascertained.

When these three things have been accomplished, then, and not till then, can the mystery of the Nile be explained.

The two countries through which this marvellous lacustrine river, the Lualaba, flows, with its manifold lakes and broad expanses of water, are Rua (the Urueva of Speke) and Manyema. For the first time Europe is made aware that between the Tanganyika and the known source of the Congo there exist teeming millions of the negro race who never heard of or saw the white peoples who make such noisy and busy stir outside of Africa. Upon the minds of those who had the good fortune to see the first specimen of these remarkable white races, Livingstone seems to have made a favourable impression; though, through misunderstanding his object and

coupling him with the Arabs, who make horrible work there, his life has been sought after more than once.

These two extensive countries, Rua and Manyema, are populated by true heathens, governed, not as the sovereignties of Haraguah Wumdi and Ugandi, by despotic kings, but each village by its own sultan or lord. Thirty miles outside of their own immediate settlements the most intelligent of those small chiefs seem to know nothing. Thirty miles from the Lualaba there were but few people who had ever heard of the great river. Such ignorance among the natives of their own countries of course increased the labours of Livingstone.

Compared with these, all tribes and nations in Africa with whom Livingstone came in contact may be deemed civilized. Yet in the arts of home manufacture, these wild people of Manyema are far superior to any he had seen. Where other tribes and nations contented themselves with hides and skins of animals thrown negligently over their shoulders, the people of Manyema manufactured a cloth from fine grass, which may favourably compare with the finest grass cloth of India. They also know the art of dyeing the cloth in various colours—black, yellow, and purple. The Wanguana, or freed men of Zanzibar, struck with the beauty of this fine grass fabric, eagerly exchanged their cotton cloths for fine grass cloth, and on almost every black man from Manyema I have seen this native cloth converted into elegantly made *damirs* (Arabic)—short jackets.

These countries are also very rich in ivory. The fever for going to Manyema to exchange their tawdry beads for the precious tusks of Manyema is of the same kind as





NATIVES—SHOWING THE VARIOUS KINDS OF COIFFURES OR HEAD-DRESSES.



A CENTRAL AFRICAN FERRY BOAT.

that which impelled men to the gulches and placers of California, Colorado, Montana, and Idaho; after nuggets to Australia, and diamonds to Cape Colony. Manyema is at present the El Dorado of the Arabs and the Wamrima tribes. It is only about four years since the first Arab returned from Manyema with such wealth of ivory, and reports about the fabulous quantities found there, that ever since the old beaten tracks of Karagwah-Ugandi, Ufipa, and Marungu, have been comparatively deserted.

The people of Manyema, ignorant of the value of the precious article, reared their huts upon ivory stanchions. Ivory pillars and doors were common sights in Manyema, and, hearing of these, one can no longer wonder at the ivory palace of Solomon. For generations they had used ivory tusks as door-posts and eave stanchions until they had become perfectly rotten and worthless. But the advent of the Arabs soon taught them the value of the article. It has now risen considerably in price, though yet fabulously cheap. At Zanzibar the value of ivory, per fraisilah of 35lbs. weight, is from \$50 to \$60, according to its quality. In Unyanyembe it is about \$1 10c. per lb.; but in Manyema it may be purchased for from half a cent to one and a quarter cent's worth of copper per lb. of ivory.

The Arabs, however, have the knack of spoiling markets, by their rapacity and wanton cruelty. With muskets a small party of Arabs are invincible against such people as those of Manyema, who, until lately, never heard the sound of a gun. The report of a musket inspires mortal terror in them, and it is almost impossible to induce them to face the muzzle of a gun. They

believe that the Arabs have stolen the lightning, and that against such people the bow and arrow can have but little effect. They are by no means devoid of courage, and they have often declared that were it not for the guns, not one Arab would leave the country alive; which tends to prove that they would willingly engage in fight with the strangers who have made themselves so detestable, were it not that the startling explosion of gunpowder inspires them with such terror.

Into whichever country the Arabs enter they contrive to render their name and race abominated. But the mainspring of it all is not the Arabs' nature, colour, or name, but simply the slave trade. So long as the slave trade is permitted to be kept up at Zanzibar, so long will these otherwise enterprising people, the Arabs, kindle against them throughout Africa the hatred of the natives. On the main lines of travel from Zanzibar into the interior of Africa none of these acts of cruelty are seen, for the very good reason that they have armed the natives with guns and taught them how to use weapons, which they are by no means loth to do whenever an opportunity presents itself.

When, too late, they have perceived their folly in selling guns to the natives, the Arabs repent, and begin to vow signal vengeance on the person who will in future sell a gun to a native. But they are all guilty of the same folly, and it is strange they did not perceive that it was folly when they were doing so. In former days the Arab, when protected by his slave escort armed with guns, could travel through Useguhha, Urori-Ukonongo, Ufipa, Karegwah, Umjore, and Uganda, with



only a stick in his hand ; now, however, it is impossible for him or any one else to do so.

Every step he takes, armed or unarmed, is fraught with danger. The Wasegubha near the coast detain him, and demand the tribute, or give him the option of war; entering Ugogo he is subjected every day to the same oppressive demand, or to the other fearful alternative. The Wanyamwezi also show their readiness to take the same advantage ; the road to Keragwah is besieged with difficulties ; the terrible Mirambo stands in the way, defeats their combined forces with ease, and makes raids even to the doors of their houses in Unyanyembe ; and should they succeed in passing Mirambo, a chief stands before them who demands tribute by the bale, and against whom it is useless to contend.

These remarks have reference to the slave trade inaugurated in Manyema by the Arabs. Harrassed on the road between Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, minatory natives with bloody hands on all sides ready to avenge the slightest affront, the Arabs have refrained from kidnapping between the Tanganyika and the sea ; but in Manyema, where the natives are timid, irresolute, and divided into small, weak tribes, the Arabs recover their audacity, and exercise their kidnapping propensities unchecked. The accounts which the Doctor brings from that new region are most deplorable.

“ He was an unwilling spectator of a horrible deed—a massacre committed on the inhabitants of a populous district who had assembled in the market-place on the banks of the Lualaba, as they had been accustomed to do for ages. It seems that the Wa-Manyema are very fond of marketing, believing it to be the *summum bonum* of

human enjoyment. They find increasing pleasures in chaffering with might and main for the least mite of their currency—the last bead; and when they gain the point to which their peculiar talents are devoted they feel intensely happy. The women are excessively fond of this marketing, and as they are very beautiful the market-place must possess considerable attractions for the male sex.

It was on such a day, with just such a scene, that Tagamoya, a half-caste Arab, with his armed slave escort, commenced an indiscriminate massacre, by firing volley after volley into the dense mass of human beings. It is supposed that there were about 2,000 present, and at the first sound of the firing these poor people all made a rush for their canoes. In the fearful hurry to avoid being shot, the canoes were paddled away by the first fortunate few who got possession of them, those that were not so fortunate sprang into the deep water of the Lualaba, and though many of them became an easy prey to the voracious crocodiles that swarmed to the scene, the majority received their deaths from the bullets of the merciless Tagomoya and his villanous band. The Doctor believes, as do the Arabs themselves, that about 400 people, mostly women and children, lost their lives, while many more were made slaves. This scene is only one of many such which he has unwillingly witnessed, and he is utterly unable to describe the feelings of loathing he feels for the inhuman perpetrators.

Slaves from Manyema command a higher price than those of any other country, because of their fine forms and general docility. The women, the Doctor says repeatedly, are remarkably pretty creatures, and have

nothing, except the hair, in common with the negroids of the west coast. They are of very light colour, have fine noses, well-cut and not over full lips, and a prognathous jaw is uncommon. These women are eagerly sought after for wives by the half-castes of the East Coast, and even the pure Omani Arabs do not disdain to take them in marriage. To the north of Manyema, Livingstone came to a light-complexioned race of the colour of Portuguese, or our own Louisiana quadroons, who are very fine people, and singularly remarkable for commercial "cuteness" and sagacity. The women are expert divers for oysters, which are found in great abundance in the Lualaba.

Rua, at a place called Katanga, is rich in copper. The copper mines of this place have been worked for ages. In the bed of a stream, gold has been found washed down in pencil-shaped lumps, or particles, as large as split peas. Two Arabs have gone thither to prospect for this metal, but as they are ignorant of the art of guech mining, it is scarcely possible they will succeed.

From these highly important and interesting discoveries Doctor Livingstone was turned back when almost on the threshold of success, by the positive refusal of his men to accompany him further. They were afraid to go unless accompanied by a large force of men; and, as these were not procurable in Manyema, the Doctor reluctantly turned his face towards Ujiji.

It was a long and weary road back. The journey had now no interest for him. He had travelled it before when going westward full of high hopes and aspirations, impatient to reach the goal which promised him rest from his labours; now, returning unsuccessful, baffled, and thwarted, when almost in sight of the end, and having to

travel the same road back on foot, with disappointed expectations and defeated hopes preying on his mind, no wonder that the brave old spirit almost succumbed, and the strong constitution almost went to wreck.

He arrived at Ujiji on October 26, almost at death's door. On the way he had been trying to cheer himself up, since he had found it impossible to contend against the obstinacy of his men, with "It won't take long; five or six months more; it matters not, since it can't be helped. I have got my goods in Ujiji, and can hire other people, and make a new start again." These are the words and hopes with which he tried to delude himself into the idea that all would be right yet.

The evening of the day Livingstone had returned to Ujiji, Susi and Chuma, two of his most faithful men, were seen crying bitterly. The Doctor asked of them what ailed them, and was then informed for the first time of the evil tidings that awaited him. Said they, "All our things are sold, Sir; Shereef has sold everything for ivory."

Later in the evening, Shereef came to see him, and shamelessly offered his hand with a salutary 'Yambo.' Livingstone refused his hand. As an excuse, Shereef said he had divined on the Koran, and that this had told him the Hakim (Arabic for Doctor) was dead.

Livingstone was now destitute; he had but just enough to keep him and his men alive for about a month, after which he would be forced to beg from the Arabs. He had arrived in Ujiji October 26; the *Herald* Expedition arrived November 10 from the coast—only sixteen days difference. Had I not been delayed at Unyanyembe by the war with Mirambo, I should have gone on to Manyema, and very likely have been travelling by one road

while he would have been coming by another to Ujiji. Had I gone on two years ago, when I first received instructions, I should have lost him without doubt. But I am detained by a series of circumstances, which chafed and fretted me considerably at the time, only to permit him to reach Ujiji fifteen days before I appeared. It was as if we were marching to meet together at an appointed rendezvous—the one from the west, the other from the east.

The Doctor had heard of a white man being at Unyanyembe, who was said to have boats with him, and he had thought he was another traveller sent by the French Government to replace Lieutenant Le Sainte, who died from fever a few miles above Gondokoro. I had not written to him because I believed him to be dead, and of course my sudden entrance to Ujiji was as great a surprise to him as it was to the Arabs. But the sight of the American flag, which he saw waving in the van of the expedition, indicated that one was coming who could speak his own language. And you know already how the leader was received.

Mr. Stanley reached Marseilles on the 23rd of July, 1872, and thither the enterprising correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* had gone to escort the gallant traveller and party through France to London. On the 24th of July, 1872, the correspondent telegraphed to his journal:—

Marseilles, July 24th.

I have been fortunate enough to anticipate here that news from Central Africa and from its greatest explorer

for which Europe and America have for weeks and months been anxiously on the watch.

As every incident regarding the meeting between Livingstone and the enterprising American who tracked him out at Ujiji cannot fail to be of interest, I shall make no apology for any casual details that perchance might otherwise seem trivial.

You know already that Mr. Stanley, the Commissioner of the *New York Herald*, left Aden some days ago, accompanied by the son of Dr. Livingstone, who had gone out with the recent English Search Expedition; the two bearing letters from the traveller to his friends and to the British Government.

The steamer by which they took passage for this port was the *Meikong*, which belongs to the Services Maritimes des Messageries Nationales, and carried the China mail from Alexandria.

The European manager of the *New York Herald*, Dr. Hosmer, had been waiting at Marseilles for some days to receive his distinguished colleague; but both he and your correspondent were assured late last night that there was no chance of the steamer—which had been a day or two overdue—arriving until this morning. They consequently retired to rest, but were most agreeably disturbed—for at two in the morning they were aroused by Mr. Stanley himself, who had quitted the *Meikong* immediately on her arrival, leaving Mr. Livingstone on board.

Mr. Stanley had learned at Suez by telegram that Dr. Hosmer awaited him at Marseilles, but he did not know the name of the hotel to which he should go; so he deliberately instituted an exploration of all the

hotels in the city until he found us. When he accomplished the discovery, he made no ceremony about knocking us up, walking quietly into the room, and simply saying, by way of all introduction, "Mr. Stanley."

Warm congratulations, of course, passed upon his success and his safe arrival so far on his journey home; all thought of further sleep for the night was abandoned; and having obtained some of the best wine at command in which to drink the health of the man who had so arduously and successfully explored for the explorer, we sat up till morning—listening to the recital of the marvellous adventures and discoveries of Livingstone, and the not much less wonderful adventures and escapes of Mr. Stanley himself.

It is with some regret that I must commence by saying that Mr. Stanley is not an Englishman, or rather a Welshman,\* as was recently reported in some journals, but an American citizen. He is not by any means, after all his exposure and fatigue, in such robust health as might be desired, and he will probably find it necessary to break his journey to London, where he may be expected to arrive about the middle of next week. Mr. Stanley is a comparatively young man, having scarcely concluded his third decade. He stands about five feet seven inches high; he has a very broad chest and powerful-looking frame, and a most intelligent expression of countenance; his hair, naturally curling, and once light

\* A paragraph had already gone the round of the English papers,—since found to be justified by the facts,—to the effect that Mr. Stanley was in reality a Welshman, and that his mother, whose name is Mrs. Jones, was still living, and kept the "Cross Foxes" Inn, at Glascoed, near St. Asaph.

in colour, has turned quite grey during his expedition, through exposure to the weather and the severe and repeated attacks of fever which he underwent. He was, in fact, prostrated by the special disease of the country no fewer than twenty-three times. Through inevitable haste in the preparation of the summary which you printed on the 3rd inst., containing the substance of many columns of Mr. Stanley's despatches, one or two misapprehensions have crept in, which he is desirous that I should take an occasion of correcting. The broad fact which results from Livingstone's discoveries, he says, is, that there are *three lines of drainage* in the central region of Africa, which he explored. The first line was that discovered by Captain Speke and Captain Grant; the second is supposed to be constituted between the Lake Tanganyika and the Lake Albert Nyanza, discovered by Baker. But the third and grand line of drainage is that now made known to us by Livingstone, under the various names of the Chambezi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba—all these three rivers being really one and the same great stream, bearing different names in different regions, bestowed by the people through whose country it passes. This triple-named river forms the upper part of the Nile, which is, in fact, a lake stream.

As the summary of Mr. Stanley's despatches stated, he met Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, on the 10th of November, 1871, when the dry and formal ceremonial previously described was observed in presence of the Arabs. "But," said Mr. Stanley, "the Arabs knew that we must have something very important to communicate to each other; and although their principal men wanted to put a multitude



of questions to me, they voluntarily withdrew in order to give us the opportunity of conversing freely. The chief man of the place had lost a son in the battle in which we were engaged on my way up the country; so I sent my head man, Bombay—who was Burton's celebrated attendant, but who none the less on one occasion tried to play me false—to tell the mournful news."

Mr. Stanley describes with the greatest animation the mutual joy of Dr. Livingstone and himself when at last they found themselves alone and at liberty to give unrestrained flow to their feelings. He is most enthusiastic in praises of the personal character of the great explorer, whom he holds to be "one of the bravest and noblest gentlemen and truest Christians living."

"When we were alone," relates Mr. Stanley, "I handed to him a packet of letters from home, and said that after he had finished reading them he should next be told all the news from the civilized world, so far as I myself knew them. 'No, no,' said Livingstone; 'for three years I have been waiting for letters from home, and I can afford to wait a few hours longer; give me the news of the world!' So I reported to him all that I could think of: the striking events of the Franco-German war, the capture of Napoleon, the flight of the Empress, and declaration of the Republic; the fall of Queen Isabella of Spain; the election of General Grant in America; the opening of the Pacific Railroad; and whatever else I thought likely to be interesting to one who had lived so long at such remoteness from the movements of civilization.

"One of the very first questions which he put, with a view to supplementing my budget of intelligence, was

about the welfare of 'his dear old friend,' Sir Roderick Murchison; I answered that at my latest advices he was quite well, for it was only on my return to the coast that I learnt of his death, which I since knew had happened only about three weeks before I saw the traveller, in whose eventual safety the veteran President so staunchly believed. Although Dr. Livingstone had been absent from his native country so long, he spoke English perfectly, both in phrase and in accent.

"After I had told Livingstone everything," continues Mr. Stanley, "he narrated to me in return all that had happened to himself; first recounting the latest and, in some ways, the most important facts, and afterwards going back over the whole period of his voluntary and toilsome banishment, to give a complete and connected history of his wanderings, from the time when he quitted Zanzibar in the fall of 1865.

"This narrative was not the occupation of a single evening, as you may suppose, for it lasted, with explanations and amplifications, necessary for one who had not been among the scenes themselves, during all the four months I remained with Livingstone, from the 10th of November, 1871, to the 14th of March, 1872.

"The explorer had countless and wonderful hairbreadth escapes to relate; in one single day he had narrowly saved his life three times—twice by avoiding spears which were thrown at him, but fortunately without inflicting a wound; and the third time by a man pulling him aside, when a large tree was falling, just in time to evade the blow, though he was covered and blinded with the dust. One of Dr. Livingstone's men being a witness to these three almost miraculous escapes on a single day, said to

him, 'Never mind, Bana! pluck up your heart! believe in Allah! You will get through all this trouble yet; you will live to see your home and friends again!'

Mr. Stanley affirms that Dr. Livingstone positively does not know what fear is.

At Lake Tanganyika both of the two gentlemen were in instant apprehension of a fatal attack from the hostile tribe of Murundi, who had surrounded them at night; and this instance, among a hundred others, will illustrate Livingstone's humanity and courage. While the travellers were engaged in eating their supper, Stanley called the attention of his companion to the fact that they were actually surrounded by the stealthy enemy.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said Stanley, "some are behind you at this moment."

Livingstone turned and saw them, and ordered one of his men to hail them.

So soon as the Murundi perceived that they were seen, they advanced, and demanded to know who were there.

The travellers answered that they were white men, and asked them what they wanted.

The natives replied that they would come back again, and see the white men in the evening.

When they had gone, Livingstone and Stanley thought, on due consideration of all the circumstances, that it would be better to quit the vicinity at once; accordingly, they got into their boats, and Stanley had just pushed off from the lake shore, when the tribe suddenly made a new appearance in great force and with much fury, attacking them with stones and arrows.

Mr. Stanley cocked his gun, and said,—

"Doctor, give me permission to punish these fellows?"

But Dr. Livingstone answered, "No, no; we have got out of danger; it is not necessary to shed blood now."

The attack, however, was, by Mr. Stanley's account, of an exceedingly dangerous character, despite the humane and cool conduct of the great explorer in face of it.

Another incident mentioned in the course of my long conversation with Mr. Stanley was as follows:—

The party were in the cannibal country of Usamsi, on the western coast of Lake Tanganyika. Dr. Livingstone had gone out to take observations, while Mr. Stanley had retired to sleep. Suddenly a boy rushed into the tent, crying excitedly, "Master, master, get your gun! men want to fight!"

"I soon found," says Mr. Stanley, "that it was quite true; there were scores of excited native fellows shouting out that they were going to kill us; so I sent four or five of our men to the Doctor, warning him of the danger, and desiring him to hurry back to the camp. By-and-bye the Doctor returned, in his usual calm and deliberate manner, presented himself to the chief man of the natives who had made the hostile demonstrations, and, without any appearance whatever of alarm or of anger, coolly inquired what was the matter. From the reply to this question, it came out that the son of the chief man had been murdered by the Arabs of Ujiji, and that they had come to wreak upon us their revenge for his death. Courteous and calm almost beyond anything that I can convey to you in words," continues Mr. Stanley, "the Doctor met their declaration with the answer, that although all that was alleged by the friends of the deceased might be true, we had nothing in the world to do with the business;



COASTING ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.



we were white men, and not Arabs; and in proof he bared his arm and showed it to them. They were not, however, satisfied even by this, which should have been tolerably conclusive evidence; and we had, in the long run, to bribe them in order to get rid of them. They left us; but fearing lest they might return in greater force, we sailed into safer quarters across the lake, a distance of thirty-five miles."

Mr. Stanley brought letters from Dr. Livingstone to Lord Granville; to the President of the Royal Geographical Society; to Mr. Bates, the secretary of that body; to Sir Bartle Frere; to Miss Agnes Livingstone; to his eldest son now living—the eldest by birth having been killed while fighting bravely on the side of the North during the civil war in America; to Mr. Charles Livingstone, his brother; Miss Anna Maria Livingstone; Dr. Wilson, formerly of Bombay; Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, ex-Governor of Bombay; Mr. Webb, Newstead Abbey; Dr. Edwin Seward, of Bombay; Captain White, of the P. and O. Company; Rev. Horace Waller, and W. F. Hearn, of Bombay. Dr. Kirk received his letters from Mr. Stanley at Zanzibar, as also Mr. Oswald Livingstone, who went out with the search expedition last organized in England, and is now on his way home with Mr. Stanley. Other letters are in hand for Mr. John Murray, and one or two others in England, whose names Mr. Stanley did not at the moment recall. Dr. Livingstone expressed himself as being exceedingly proud of the interest taken in him by the people of America, and as perfectly astonished that a journal of that country should have sent out an expedition to search for him.

The explorer has transmitted to the *New York Herald* two autograph letters: one addressed to Mr. James Gordon Bennett—the present proprietor of that paper, who originated the idea of the special search—thanking him for his generosity in “sending help to a man who was utterly broken down and destitute;” the other, which is very long, devoted to the subjects of the slave trade in Africa, and of the geographical, or rather hydrographical, discoveries which he has made. Mr. Stanley reports that Dr. Livingstone has consented to communicate special intelligence to the paper which he has so ably and bravely represented; so that the first accounts of the future discoveries of which the enthusiastic Scotchman is in quest will first appear, it may be expected, on the other side of the Atlantic.

Considerable controversy is likely to arise as to the manner in which Dr. Kirk, the British Consul at Zanzibar, has acted, and respecting the way in which the expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society was conducted. The whole subject will, no doubt, be brought under discussion by the letters which Dr. Livingstone himself has written, by the statements which Dr. Livingstone has made to Mr. Stanley, and by the assertions which Mr. Stanley himself repeats in the most positive manner. The substance of these statements is, that Dr. Kirk failed in rendering to Livingstone that proper support which might have given England the honour of finding him. Mr. Stanley complains of the long time that Dr. Kirk took in sending on goods, which were, moreover, given in charge to men who showed themselves unworthy of the trust

Dr. Kirk, too, does not seem, from conversations which



Mr. Stanley reports, to have even reposed full confidence in Dr. Livingstone, or to have had relations of sympathy with him. "When I arrived at Zanzibar," says Mr. Stanley, "I heard that there was a party bound for the interior, in search of Livingstone, stationed at Bogomoyo, twenty-five miles from Zanzibar, and that the party had been there two months. I remained at Zanzibar one month, and a fortnight after I was at Bogomoyo. It was reported by the natives there that Dr. Kirk was coming to send the caravan off. When the chief of the party heard that Dr. Kirk was coming, after having remained there three months and a half, he left two days before the Resident came. [Here I am simply giving Mr. Stanley's own words.] Dr. Kirk came in the *Columbine*, with the chief officers of that ship, on a shooting excursion; and he never paid the slightest attention to the caravan until his return from the shooting excursion, which was in about six days, when he found that the party had gone eight or ten days before he arrived." This apparent lack of enterprise and sympathy on the part of Dr. Kirk formed the subject of conversations between Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley. The latter ascribed it to apathy; but Dr. Livingstone said, "No; it is jealousy." "How can that be?" asked Stanley. Livingstone answered, "You do not know the circumstances of this expedition of which I have charge. At my request it was offered by Dr. Murchison to Dr. Kirk. He refused it." Here an extraordinary fact, alleged by Mr. Stanley, may be mentioned. In the course of nine months eleven packets of letters, sent by Dr. Hosmer through Mr. Webb, the American consul at Zanzibar, reached Mr. Stanley at Ujiji. He even had a telegram at four months' date re-

lating to the communications sent to him ; yet during three years Livingstone never had one of the letters sent through Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk, doubtless, will be anxious, and probably will be able, to explain matters which, while they suggest the appearance of a certain want of co-operative energy, must not, of course, be pronounced upon until the official concerned has had an opportunity of explanation.

Mr. Stanley gave Dr. Livingstone the solemn promise that he would deliver with his own hand, or place in the London Post Office, his diary of the five years of his last expedition, which he has sent to his daughter, and the letters to Lord Granville, to the Geographical Society, and his private friends. Mr. Stanley being, as I have said, far from well, will not leave Marseilles until to-morrow morning or night. He must break the journey at Paris for a day or two, so that it will be the middle of next week before he can absolutely fulfil his promise to the great explorer. I am quite sure that general sympathy will be felt with the American traveller in this temporary indisposition, as I am equally sure the public will gladly do honour to the gallant gentleman who was the first to tell them that Magdala was captured and that Dr. Livingstone was alive. That all-precious document, the diary of Dr. Livingstone, had a singular escape from being lost ; but the presence of mind of Mr. Stanley saved it. When he had left Livingstone, on one occasion, he and his men were crossing the Mukondokwa river. It was then in the full "masika," or rainy season. Suddenly the man who carried the box with the precious treasure was in danger of being overwhelmed by the flood, and of losing the box in the stream. Mr. Stanley,

fearing that he was about to let go, presented a cocked pistol at his head, and threatened to blow out his brains if he yielded his hold. The pistol had a greater terror than the water, and the man, making a desperate struggle, got the box safely ashore. The name of this man was Chowperih; he is described as a good fellow, and a pet of Dr. Livingstone's. He has gone back to the Doctor, and will be able to tell him that his letters have left Africa.

"When I first saw Livingstone," said Stanley, in the course of our naturally discursive talk, "he was worn out by diarrhœa, broken down, and baffled—these were his own words—by worry, disappointment, and longing. 'You have brought new life to me,' he said." After a companionship of four months, Mr. Stanley left him a hale, hearty, stout man, who bore his sixty years well. His hair was still dark; his moustache and beard were grey, not white. He had plenty of clothes, ammunition, rifles, revolvers, and also supplies for three years; while when Mr. Stanley discovered him he was destitute, and quite broken up, nothing but his brave heart and his belief in the goodness of God supporting him. Mr. Stanley assured me, in the most earnest manner, that he had no fear whatever but that, at the expiration of about two years, Englishmen will see again their great countryman. As already stated in the summary you have published, Dr. Livingstone has gone to explore a tribe who live underground; but his great object is to discover the several links between his own discoveries and those of Baker. To give an idea of the hardships which Mr. Stanley underwent in his task, I may mention that, when he left Zanzibar, he weighed 170 lbs., but by fatigue in

the up-country journey he was reduced to 124 lbs., and at last to 110 lbs. Before leaving Livingstone, he gave the latter his medicine chest and five bottles of quinine. While Livingstone and Stanley were together they travelled to the head of Lake Tanganyika. The reason why Livingstone had not gone there before Mr. Stanley came was that he could not afford the cost. Before they went, Livingstone was of opinion that the head of Tanganyika did join the Albert Nyanza. He supposed that he had solved this by taking the level of the waters. The Earl of Winchelsea, in a recent letter, has stated that the level of Tanganyika above the sea is only 1,804 feet, but Dr. Livingstone has found it to be 3,000 feet.

After Mr. Stanley left Livingstone, he sent on four of his men to the coast to get some champagne and other things. They saw Mr. Webb, the American consul at Zanzibar, who sent back some champagne, some wine biscuits, and jam. The chief of these men, on his return, reported that there was another party in search of the "Bana Ukerba"—meaning the "Great Master"—Livingstone; that this expedition was accompanied by the "Toto Ukerba," or "Little Master"—Livingstone's son. This was Lieutenant Dawson's party. Four days afterwards Mr. Stanley reached the coast. The first white man whom he met was Lieutenant Henn, R.N., who told the American searcher that he was the commander of the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society. Lieutenant Dawson had resigned when he had heard that Mr. Stanley had met Dr. Livingstone, saying that the object of the expedition was accomplished.

The same correspondent forwarded further particulars on the following day:—

Marseilles,

July 25, 1872.

In continuation of my messages of yesterday, I have to inform you that the latest news which Mr. Stanley had from Dr. Livingstone, after their parting, reached the American searcher at Tura, a place five days' journey distant from Unyanyembe, where the two white men took farewell. It was agreed between them that Stanley should make five days' travel towards the coast, and then wait for a messenger from the Doctor. The letter of Livingstone, which is written in a good, firm, bold hand, contains the following passages:—

“If you can telegraph [to me] on your arrival in London, be particular, please, to say how Sir Roderick is. You put the matter exactly, yesterday, when you said that I was not quite satisfied about the sources; but as soon as I shall be satisfied, I shall return and give reasons for satisfaction fit for other people. I could give you no better advice than the Scottish motto—‘Put a stout heart to a stey brae!’ . . . I would not have let you go but with great concern had you still been troubled with the continued fever [Mr. Stanley had, shortly before leaving Livingstone, changed from the permanent to the intermittent stage of the endemic]. But I feel comfortable in committing you to the kind guardianship of the good Lord and Father of all. I have been working as hard as I can copying observations made on the line of march from Kabuire back again to Cazembe, and on to Lake Bangweolo, and I am quite tired of it. Many a day will elapse before I take to copying again. I did

my duty when ill at Ujiji, in 1869, and I am not to blame, although they grope a little in the dark at home."

This letter was dated from Kwihara, on the 15th of March, 1872.

When Mr. Stanley reached the sea-coast, he sent back to Dr. Livingstone all the news that had reached him there—including among the rest of the items, and chief in interest of all to the explorer, the death of Sir Roderick Murchison, by whose unvarying friendship and confidence the traveller was urged on to his great achievements.

I indicated to you yesterday that in some respects the summary of Mr. Stanley's despatches printed in your impression of the 3rd inst. was imperfect; and now I will endeavour to supply a few matters that may lead to correct impressions, scientifically and otherwise.

By an evident slip, it was stated that Mr. Stanley's despatches commenced the narrative of his research from January, 1871, instead of from June of that year. The 10th of November, as I told you yesterday, was the date on which the white men first saw each other at Ujiji; and if anything has been said to indicate that Dr. Livingstone was in strong and even robust health, undismayed by the trouble through which he had passed, the impression was mistaken, in point of time, for it was only at Mr. Stanley's departure, and after his replenishment of the great traveller's needs, that Livingstone wore the undaunted and almost jovial look already attributed to him. The story about his being insane now appears to have a quite different origin. It was not the natives who said that the traveller must be mad, or have water on the brain, because he went perpetually searching after the Nile sources, but

Livingstone himself, who jocularly affirmed that if the natives found him inquiring over and over again for the sources or the flow of the river, they would declare that he was afflicted with "water on the brain," though they really knew him too well ever to say anything of the kind.

Again, the "extraordinary length of 2,600 miles" ascribed to the Nile was intended to signify the direct line of latitude, not the actual length of the river, which, by his computation, cannot be less than about 4,000 miles. Nor need I now say that it was not until after Dr. Livingstone had been joined by Mr. Stanley that the English explorer found funds to prosecute that investigation of the head of Lake Tanganyika which led to the highly important discovery that the River Rusizi flowed into that inland water, and not out of it. In the summary referred to, it would appear that Dr. Livingstone, travelling in a northerly direction, came to a broad river—a lake stream—called Lualaba. The true direction of the river should be southerly, westerly, and northerly.

Dr. Livingstone, as you stated before, strongly suspected that the Lualaba river was a continuation of the Chambezi, which enters the Lakes of Bangweolo and Moero. It would be a mistake to suppose, as some have done, that there is a lake called Lualaba—that name applying only to the river.

From that point he struck southwards towards Lake Moero, from which he had started on this subsidiary expedition. Thence returning northward, and following the course of the Lualaba, he came to Lake Kamolondo, and, working his way to the latitude of four degrees south, and being almost in sight of another grand lake, he was obliged to desist from his enterprise,

in consequence of his attendants proving recalcitrant, and refusing to complete the remainder of the task.

The point at which Livingstone was thus compelled to return is separated by eight degrees of latitude from that portion of the White Nile which is so well known to Abyssinian travellers.

It was twenty-six days after his return from this trip that he was found at Ujiji, Mr. Stanley having arrived in the district on the 16th of October, 1871.

No long time was spent in recruiting the exhausted energies of the brave Scotch explorer. Ten days after Mr. Stanley's arrival—that is, about the 20th of November—Dr. Livingstone and he had started on an expedition the object of which was to solve the problem of the River Rusizi. Until the moment of their sighting that river, Dr. Livingstone had believed it to be an effluent from Lake Tanganyika, and not an influent stream, because he had on one occasion attested, by means of water plants, the fact that there was a flow from Lake Tanganyika northwards. When, however, Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley now fell in with the river, and had to fight their way northwards against a tremendous current, it was impossible for them not to believe that the Rusizi was a southward-flowing influent of the lake, and all doubt on that score has vanished.

For at least some time to come the English public will not be weary of hearing even minute details about the finding of their great African explorer; therefore I do not hesitate to repeat in clearer detail the particulars which Mr. Stanley has kindly communicated to me with regard to what passed when the memorable meeting at Ujiji took place.



The American searcher had got within 500 yards of the place where Dr. Livingstone was residing, and neither of the two men knew anything whatever of the presence of the other. When Mr. Stanley had arrived within 500 yards, or long musket range, of the town, he halted his company, in order that they might fire their guns—that being the customary mode in Africa of announcing the approach of a caravan to any inhabited place. At the sound of the guns the men of Ujiji immediately rushed forth to see the stranger whose arrival had caused such a commotion, and Mr. Stanley, through the bustling tumult of the crowd, heard a voice say clearly in English, "Are you an Englishman, sir?"

Mr. Stanley replied, "Yes. Where do you come from? Who are you?"

The answer was, "I am Dr. Livingstone's servant." Then Mr. Stanley said, "Is Livingstone here?" and the servant replied, "Yes, certainly; I have just left him," and off ran the man to inform his master that a white man—an Englishman, as he imagined—had come to Ujiji in search of him, and had found him.

The excitement of the natives was immense on discovering that white men had come to join the lonely white man who for so long a period had been seemingly so helpless among them. A group of Arab head men rapidly formed around Livingstone, greedy to learn the latest news which had been brought by the caravan from the coast, while in the centre of the picturesque assemblage stood the simple and apparently undistinguished figure of Livingstone, right in front of the house which he occupied for the time in that distant region.

Mr. Stanley dwells most pleasantly upon the explorer's

delight at receiving his visitors, and admires the successful maintenance of that dignified courtesy with which the stolid social code of the Arabs among whom he dwelt made it essential that he should welcome even the closest friend or the most stirring intelligence.

Mr. Stanley, although in ordinary circumstances a gentleman scarcely less collected and cool than Livingstone himself—being a splendid athlete, a first-rate horseman, and thoroughly inured to every kind of fatigue, surprise, and danger—was so much overcome with joy at the sight of Livingstone, that, as he himself admits, he felt strongly impelled to rush forward and throw his arms about the neck of the man whom he had travelled so far to find.

“The effort of restraint,” says Mr. Stanley, “at that supreme moment of my journey, was positively painful; but in presence of those who certainly would have been unsympathetic, and possibly might have become hostile, the restraint was essential.” Then the American advanced, and, as you have been told already, saluted the venturesome Scotchman: “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?” The white stranger replied simply, “Yes;” but the more effusive American exclaimed, “Thank God I have been permitted to see you!” The calm response from the long-lost traveller was no more than this: “It is quite a wonderful event.” Then the pair walked arm in arm through the crowd of Arabs, who cleared themselves to either side as they went, and proceeded to the verandah of the house which Livingstone occupied. Both the Arabs and the natives were delighted by the arrival of the white strangers. They hoisted out what flags they had, and beat their tom-toms with painful persistency. In

truth, they looked upon the advent of Mr. Stanley as a sheer miracle. They did not believe it to be possible that any ordinary human traveller could have passed from Unyanyembe through the regions in which such a fierce and resolute war had been raging; and the surprise was equal on both sides—that of the people of Ujiji to see a white man come through safe and sound from the coast, and that of Dr. Livingstone in finding that a white man had come from the coast to seek for him. At Ujiji, as would have been the case in most places more civilized, the impulse was to make a night of it. So everybody held a general rejoicing, the welcome being most heartily led by the principal Arab of the place, a man named Ommani, reputed proud and haughty among his own people. His household baked cakes, and a kind of wild general feasting continued that night, and for more than one day afterwards.

I have told you before that Livingstone's appearance, when met by Mr. Stanley, was not so healthy and robust as the first descriptions might have led people to suppose. In truth, at that time the Doctor was brought so low in physical health as to be hardly able to eat; but he was so delighted to find that a white man had come in search of him, and especially that the quest was due to the admiration which his long and toilsome explorations had excited on the other side of the Atlantic, that when the meal of supper was served he "fell to" most heartily, and, as Mr. Stanley says, "kept on eating and talking until he had eaten three or four meals straight away."

The brave old traveller had revived again and at once,

and declared that Stanley had given him a new impulse—a new vitality.

To the Arabs and natives he announced that Stanley and he were of the same blood and language and literature, and he omitted no opportunity of convincing the natives of the superiority of the English.

On the 14th of March, 1872, when Mr. Stanley parted company with Dr. Livingstone, the latter gave him a written order to prevent any caravans coming to him from Zanzibar if they were of the same sort that he had hitherto received.

This order, written in curt, business style, on a sheet of note paper, may be supposed sufficiently to indicate the opinion which Dr. Livingstone then held as to the value of the help which had been sent to him from the coast.

It may be cited as a curious instance of the ignorance and superstition of the natives, that when they saw Stanley part with all his property to Dr. Livingstone without receiving anything in the way of barter, they entertained a still stronger awe of him than even his wonderful escapes had made them feel before. Nor was the American's persuasion possibly without effect in producing this result; for Mr. Stanley solemnly assured them that if one hair of Livingstone's head should be injured, he or some other white man would certainly come in great strength and exact a dreadful revenge.

During the months that Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley spent together, they lived chiefly on a kind of porridge made of "matama" or "dourra."

The expanse of country between Unyanyembe and

Tanganyika afforded the travellers great abundance of fine buffaloes, giraffes, and other noble animals of sport. To the American it fell to keep the table provided day by day, and, with the help of a splendid O'Reilly rifle which belonged to Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Stanley's good aim secured a continual abundance of food. Indeed, in some part so superabundant was the game, that once some of Stanley's men came to the verge of mutiny because he would not allow them to stay on the spot for some days for the sake of sport.

Mr. Stanley brought down country with him a boy named Kalulu, who had been a personal attendant on him and Livingstone—a smart, intelligent, faithful little fellow, naturally full of amazement at the strange sights that he saw in his transit towards Europe.

On reaching Paris the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* sent the following communication to London:—

Paris, July 26.

I send you from Paris, where I have just arrived in company with Mr. Stanley and the little black boy Kalulu, some further notes of the extremely interesting conversations with which our journey has been beguiled.

Mr. Stanley left Marseilles yesterday by the early express, and arrived in Paris this morning. He has taken up his quarters at the Hôtel du Helder. On the journey up we had considerable amusement with his black boy, Kalulu, whom he received from Dr. Livingstone—the same Kalulu mentioned in one of my former telegrams as having been a most devoted follower of the explorer. He was rather singular in that respect, for more than

once the Doctor had trouble with his men. At times the consequences of his being unable to depend upon them became very serious, as when he had to abandon his search for the head of Lake Tanganyika. Mr. Stanley witnessed one or two of their escapades, and on a memorable occasion was the willing instrument of their punishment. In the end he taught them a useful lesson, and cured them of presuming upon the good-heartedness of their employer. Seven of the Doctor's soldiers had mutinied and decamped, carrying with them their valuable Enfield rifles, which was far too grave a loss to tolerate. Mr. Stanley obtained the Doctor's consent to make an effort for the capture of the deserters, and at once despatched some of his men in pursuit. By-and-bye they were brought back into the camp with the stolen rifles in their hands, and had the effrontery to pretend that they were the legal owners of the weapons. It was briefly explained to them that resistance might put them in danger of getting shot, and this kind of moral suasion speedily reduced them to obedience. The rifles were restored. Kalulu distinguished himself by very different conduct, having always acted faithfully. Mr. Stanley has had the benefit of his ingenuous and naïve observations on the strange new life into which he has been thrown. But Kalulu never allows his admiration to overstep his patriotism. His native Chambezi is ever to him the finest of rivers, and his description of its beauties and amenities represents it to be vastly more civilized than the most advanced districts of England. Since his introduction to French society his mental powers have been rather taxed, but so far he has proved equal to the occasion. His first taste of wine, combined with the ex-

citement of travelling by express, made him a decidedly hilarious companion.

Mr. Stanley has already begun to be lionized. All the Americans in Paris have been anxious not only to interview him but to fête him during his brief stay here. Accepting a tithe of the invitations he has received would have committed him to a sojourn of two months instead of two days. The real reason of his having broken the journey at all was indisposition, which I hope, however, will be only temporary. He is very desirous to deliver as soon as possible the remainder of Livingstone's despatches and private letters, and he has, moreover, a narrative of his expedition in hand, which he wishes to finish for the press.

Personal attention he does not court; indeed it would greatly embarrass him; his principal concern is for the honour of the journal he represents. Next to that, his most constant theme is admiration of Livingstone. So anxious is he that the grand qualities of the veteran traveller should be known, that he speaks reluctantly of himself or his achievements.

If, however, the Geographical Society can get him into a communicative humour, he may tell the world of a few important discoveries he made on his double journey. One of them was a lake called by the natives Ugombo, which is fed by the Rovuma, and gives rise to another river that flows into the Mukondokwa, thence into the Indian Ocean.

It has been stated incidentally that Mr. Stanley was with Livingstone when the latter solved the problem of the outlet of Lake Tanganyika, but I have learned indirectly that he rendered material assistance in that

important exploration. He was present when the final and conclusive discovery was made. These secrets of science are, however, not for me to anticipate; they must be disclosed by Livingstone and Stanley themselves. It will be fully done in the Doctor's letters, as well as in Mr. Stanley's special correspondence to the *New York Herald*, and in his forthcoming book, both of which will teem with valuable geographical facts, flavoured with romantic incidents and adventures.

You will understand at what a cost he procured this rare knowledge when I tell you that of the party with which he started from Zanzibar two Englishmen and eighteen natives succumbed to the hardships of the journey. The mortality among the live stock was also severe, and included his favourite dog, two horses, and thirty donkeys. The only wonder is that a single man of the gallant band ever reached Ujiji.

The two Englishmen who died did not leave the most pleasant recollections in the mind of their leader. One named Parker appears to have been a faithful fellow, and to have done his work fairly, but he had not a constitution to battle with the climate and its peculiar diseases. The other man, Shaw, gave proof of black ingratitude, if not of something even worse. When the party had got into the jungle, he began tempting the men with glowing descriptions of the fine life they should have when Stanley broke down, as he was sure to do, and Shaw himself became their chief. At last he openly mutinied and quitted the camp, saying he would return to the coast. His design clearly was to test whether the men would follow him or Stanley, who he thought would be powerless without him. The cool American quietly told Shaw he was welcome to



go, and ordered his traps to be conveyed two hundred yards away from the camp. The would-be mutineer, who had not expected this, very soon returned crying "peccavi," and Stanley charitably allowed him to resume his post.

That same night the camp—which was, as usual, regularly entrenched and guarded—was startled by a gunshot. All save Stanley and the guard had been sound asleep. On examination, it appeared that a rifle-ball had passed through Stanley's tent, within a few inches of his body. The whole camp was instantly aroused, and the first thing ascertained was that no alarm had come from without. Stanley then entered Shaw's tent, and demanded if he had fired. He pretended to be asleep, and, on being awakened, he absolutely denied having used his gun. Seizing it, Stanley showed him that the barrel was still smoking and damp from the discharge. He then acknowledged having fired, but declared he had only done it because there were robbers about.

It seemed most politic to appear satisfied with this suspicious explanation, but evidence that subsequently came to light removed Stanley's last ground of doubt that an attempt at assassination had been committed.

Shaw at this time was growing so enfeebled with disease that ultimately he grew delirious, and in one of his paroxysms he inflicted a frightful wound upon himself which hastened his death.

He came of a bad class—the discharged sailors who lounge about ports like Zanzibar. He had been dismissed from an American ship, and Mr. Stanley's reason for engaging him was a hope that his knowledge of handling boats might be of service on the lakes.

The two horses died from eating poisonous grass, and the donkeys from overwork.

Several gentlemen whom I have met here to-day have asked if it is really credible that Dr. Kirk can have manifested such lamentable want of foresight and energy in forwarding Livingstone's supplies. What I sent was a very modified statement of the information communicated to me.

Here is a stronger incident. At Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley met Dr. Kirk in the presence of the American Consul and another gentleman. In reply to his inquiries about certain assistance which he needed in getting off the expedition with supplies for Livingstone, Dr. Kirk said, "I refuse to do anything as a private friend, but officially, as to any other British subject, I will."

This certainly showed no enthusiasm on behalf of a countryman whom any consul might have been proud to aid in the smallest iota. But I leave Livingstone and Stanley to express their own sense of the services which Dr. Kirk rendered to the traveller at the crisis of his fate, when he had not been heard of for three years, and was found by a foreigner almost destitute.

Whilst in Paris Mr. Stanley was fêted in splendid style. On the day previous to his departure for England (31st July, 1872), a grand banquet was given in his honour by the American residents in Paris. The affair came off at the Hôtel Chatham, and the chair was taken by Mr. Washburne, the American Minister in Paris. Mr. Stanley sat on his right hand, and the bill of fare, which was very *recherché*, included a dish which the *chef* of the Hôtel Chatham called, "Poularde à la

Stanley aux truffes." The first toast proposed by Mr. Washburne was, "The Guest of the Evening," Mr. Stanley. The American Minister dwelt largely upon his great energy and marvellous success. He paid a handsome compliment to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., who had imagined the possibility of finding Livingstone, and fixed upon Stanley, then a special correspondent of the *New York Herald* at Madrid, as the man to do it. Mr. Stanley had formed an army, had fought battles and won them, had penetrated through fabulous dangers into the heart of an unknown country, and had "discovered" the great and long-lost "discoverer," whose safety had been an anxious problem to the whole world. His enterprise stood alone in the history of enterprising journalism.

Mr. Stanley, a handsome young man of thirty, in returning thanks, gave a very full account of his adventures. One who was present noticed this difference from the narratives already published—that he did not suddenly come upon Dr. Livingstone, but first saw a white man, who told him he was Dr. Livingstone's servant. He said that (what he called) Dr. Livingstone's "despatches" had only been sent that very day to Lord Granville, and that they would appear in the London papers to-morrow. He spoke in very severe terms of Dr. Kirk, whom he said he had a mission from Dr. Livingstone to describe as a "traitor." Dr. Kirk had afforded Dr. Livingstone no succour whatever, and had spoken, when he saw him at Zanzibar, in a discouraging and indifferent tone about the prospect of finding him.

Mr. Charles Austin, who, when the *Times* was correspondent in Abyssinia, had made the acquaintance of

Mr. Stanley, said with very good taste a few words deprecating hasty censure of Dr. Kirk; but Mr. Stanley energetically persisted in condemning him.

Mr. Washburne cheerfully went through his arduous duties to the end; spoke frequently with wit, point, and humour; and took great pride in throwing into strong relief the achievements of Mr. Stanley, whom he delighted to honour with all the prestige of his official position.

The now famous nigger-boy "Kalulu," who Mr. Stanley said was only ten, though he looked thirteen, was paraded after dinner, and stuck upon a chair, wearing the kepi of a French captain. The ebony child displayed a modest assurance and really gentlemanly manners under these trying circumstances. When he went away, a great many ladies in the court-yard of the Hôtel Chatham kissed him.

Mr. Stanley reached England on the 1st of August, 1872, and at once proceeded to fulfil the promise he had made to Dr. Livingstone; a promise to the effect that he would post or deliver, within twenty-four hours of his arrival, all the letters and despatches entrusted to his care. To act up to the strict letter of this promise, and, at the same time, to ensure the columns of the *New York Herald* the first publication, Mr. Stanley was compelled to telegraph the important intelligence at an expense of nearly £2,000.

The doubts that had been openly expressed as to the truth of Mr. Stanley's story, and the genuineness of the

Livingstone despatches, had reached his ears some time before his arrival in London. He was not the man to live in an atmosphere of doubt and disbelief, so he at once communicated with Earl Granville, and his lordship's prompt reply at once settled the matter:—

August 2, 1872.

SIR,

I was not aware until you mentioned it that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, which you delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July. But in consequence of what you said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wylde, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons, and which are being printed.

And Dr. Livingstone's son wrote to a similar effect:—

London, August 2.

Henry M. Stanley, Esq., has handed to me to-day the diary of Dr. Livingstone, my father, sealed and signed by my father, with instructions written on the outside, signed by my father, for the care of which, and for all his actions concerning and to my father, our very best thanks are due. We have not the slightest reason to doubt that this is my father's journal, and I certify that the letters he has brought home are my father's letters, and no other's.

TOM S. LIVINGSTONE.

This was followed by a note from Miss Agnes Livingstone, the daughter of the great English traveller, in which that lady acknowledges the receipt of her father's diary and letter, and expresses her heartfelt gratitude to his discoverer.

At last came a letter from Sir Henry Rawlinson :—

1, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, W.,  
August 6.

SIR.

In the name of a Committee of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society which had just held its meeting, I beg to return you our best thanks for the submission of direct intelligence from Dr. Livingstone to several members of the Council of the Society. This is the very earliest opportunity at which it was possible to convey their thanks, as the letters in question did not reach their destination until the latter end of last week. I take this opportunity of begging you, in the name of the Committee, to accept our most cordial acknowledgments for the timely succour rendered to Dr. Livingstone in his great need, and the expression of our admiration of the energy, perseverance, and courage with which you conducted your expedition.

Invitations now poured in upon the gallant traveller, and when it was officially announced that he had consented to take part in the meeting of the British Association at Brighton, public expectation was raised to a very high pitch, and the occasion was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

In the mean time some eminent London journalists had invited Stanley to a dinner at the Garrick Club. One who was present says that nothing could exceed the tenderness of the respect which Mr. Stanley evinced for the courage of Livingstone, who, he remarked, had in his many wanderings been touched by the hand of God; nor could anything be more engaging than his earnest relation of the most moving tale which has ever excited all the nations of the civilized world.

The inaugural meeting of the British Association at Brighton, took place on the 14th of August, when Mr. Stanley and his faithful little black boy, Kalulu, were present. The Emperor Napoleon with the Empress Eugene and the Prince Imperial were there, together with the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lady Franklin, and other distinguished personages.

The interest of the soirée culminated when Dr. Carpenter, the President, alluded to Dr. Livingstone, and the duty of Englishmen to aid the great explorer in what is of more vital importance than even the discovery of the sources of the Nile, viz., the extinction of slavery in Africa. The applause here was long and loud, and when, by an easy transition, Mr. Stanley's bravery and the noble task he had performed was touched upon, the speaker was fairly brought to a standstill by cheers. Mr. Stanley sat in the front row, and had to rise twice in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic greeting rendered him. The young American was undoubtedly the hero of the evening, and no one was more demonstrative in applauding him than the Emperor.

At the close of the meeting, by a signal from the Mayor, Kalulu was passed from hand to hand, and landed finally on a chair in front of the presidential desk, from which he bowed with great gravity to the acclamations of such an assemblage as he could never have seen or dreamt of before. He is a smart-looking, intelligent lad, with

a jet-black skin, and was dressed in a neat, dark uniform, like a postal telegraph boy who had been dyed. This was the crowning incident of the evening, after which the *soirée* broke up in high good humour.

Friday, the 16th inst., was fixed upon as the day for Mr. Stanley's paper. One who was present at the reading, has given this graphic description of the scene, and the various speakers:—

“Mr. Stanley's first appearance in public in England has more than equalled the general expectation, high as this ran here. Soon after nine the great concert hall in Middle Street began to fill, and from this time till eleven, when the proceedings commenced, people poured in by the hundred until every available seat was occupied, except a row of velvet chairs in front of and facing the platform, reserved for the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Prince Imperial and suite. Mr. John Locke, M.P., Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Professor Fawcett, M.P., Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Dr. Carpenter, Lady Burdett Coutts, Sir John Bowring, Dr. Price, and Admiral Richards, the Hydrographer of the Navy, were among the first arrivals.

“The Imperial party came in a few minutes before eleven; then the leading members of the geographical section took their seats upon the platform, Mr. Francis Galton in the chair, with Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Beke, and Consul Petherick on his left; and Mr. Stanley, Admiral Richards, and others, on his right.

“There was just the kind of enthusiasm which might have been looked for, both when Mr. Stanley appeared,



and when his name was mentioned by the President. Again and again did the audience, which numbered from a thousand to fifteen hundred people, express their vociferous welcome, the Emperor and Empress applauding as heartily as the rest, and Mr. Stanley having to rise more than once to bow his acknowledgments.

“Determination and ‘pluck’ are written upon the young traveller’s face in characters which are unmistakable, and if ever a man ‘looked the part’ he has been called upon to play, it is the intrepid discoverer of Livingstone.

“Further, Mr. Stanley developed this morning qualities which prove him to be pre-eminently qualified for a branch of public life which would enable him to confer great pleasure upon an indefinite number of people; and if it has not already occurred to him to deliver a course of lectures in London and our leading provincial towns, I beg to present him with the suggestion, and to predict for him in that capacity enormous success.

“Gifted with great powers of expression, a sonorous voice, no little humour, abundant capacity for retort, and for holding his own pleasantly and firmly, Mr. Stanley’s triumphant *début* this morning before many of the leading geographers of the world, furnished a remarkable example of the power of mother-wit and practical experience.

“Mr. Francis Galton, in the few introductory sentences in which he introduced Mr. Stanley to the meeting, gave a brief history of what the Geographical Society had done in endeavouring to reach Livingstone, and to forward him supplies, and the causes of its failure.

“He then assured the meeting, and Mr. Stanley, of the

great appreciation the Geographical Society felt for his enterprise and pluck; and then called upon him to read his paper upon the Discoveries at the North-end of Lake Tanganyika.

“ Mr. Stanley's rising was the signal for more and long continued bursts of cheering; and when these had subsided he proceeded to preface his paper with an extempore speech, delivered with great energy and point, and in which, as will be seen below, he recapitulated the circumstances under which he was induced to make the search, and the particulars of the trials and difficulties he had undergone.

“ Admiration for Dr. Livingstone is an article of faith with Mr. Stanley, and the dramatic way in which he depicted the famous meeting, heightened as it was by rapid transitions of voice and manner, kept the interest of his audience at the highest pitch. Many of his descriptions were given in the present tense, and some of his allusions were extremely suggestive. For example, when he remarked quietly of the obstacles in reaching a particular point by reason of the tribes being hostile, ‘ I had to make my way there; there were a great many people killed,’ the listener was reminded of the graphic manner of another great African traveller, when recounting a hair-breadth escape on his way to a Mahomedan shrine. At times, too, great vigour and reality were given to the narrative by such colloquialisms as ‘ to cut up north,’ and ‘ when after toiling up a mountain we see the village of the meeting lying beneath us, embalmed in palms, I give orders to fire off guns, and to make such demonstrations of delight as only exuberant heroes can,’ Mr. Stanley gave just the touches which reach the sympathies

of a popular audience, and as the unscientific listeners, in the shape of 'Associates,' were in the proportion of at least ten to one, not one of Mr. Stanley's half-unconscious revelations of personal character but told immensely.

"When the 'Good morning, sar. I Dr. Livingstone's sarvant, sar,' came to be told, Mr. Stanley added, quietly, and with a hearty laugh, that but for false pride, he should have 'turned a somersault with delight;' and another homely touch was his description of himself and Dr. Livingstone eating and talking all the afternoon, and which ate and talked the most he could not for the life of him say.

"There was a little bitterness at times, and a full consciousness that he (the speaker) had actually been over the ground the gentlemen about him had written and theorised about; and these feelings found vent with additional force in Mr. Stanley's replies to questions, and to the doubts expressed by Colonel Grant, Dr. Beke, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, as to the correctness of Dr. Livingstone's inferences.

"After the paper, some extracts from the Doctor's despatches were read, the gentleman who performed that duty skipping a good deal; and then Mr. Francis Galton announced a paper from Colonel Grant ('Speke and Grant'), part of which had been only received by post that morning. Mr. Stanley began to make notes for his reply directly Colonel Grant's doubts came to be read, and it was clear that he was prepared to stand by the theories he had formed after his four months and four day's close conference with Livingstone, let who would oppose them.

"Mr. Consul Petherick, a hale-looking, portly gentle-

man, with white whiskers and beard, then gave his experience, as an explorer, and claimed to have been the first traveller who had attempted to estimate the volume of water flowing from the various African rivers.

“Dr. Beke then had his turn, and after regretting that he should have to eat his own words, said that, taking Dr. Livingstone's facts as they stood, it was impossible that his conclusions could be correct.

“Mr. Oswell, an old fellow-traveller of Livingstone's, who was not down in the programme, but was called on by the chair, spoke next from the body of the hall, and paid warm testimony to the heroic qualities of Livingstone's wife, who was one of the expedition in which the speaker took part.

“Then Sir Henry Rawlinson rose at the chairman's right, and disclaimed with some elaboration all feeling of jealousy on the part of the Geographical Society, and then paid warm compliments to the honourable loyalty and gallant courage with which Mr. Stanley had performed his onerous task.

“Still Sir Henry could not assent to the proposition, as one beyond cavil, that Livingstone had discovered the sources of the Nile; and leant rather to the opinion that some great lake or swamp, or system of watersheds would be found to be the outfall into which Livingstone's river emptied itself.

“Mr. Stanley had before this pointed out at the request of the President on the large map of Africa, drawn by Mr. Keith Johnstone, the alterations which it will, in his judgment, require before it accords with the map shown him by Livingstone. This map was hung behind the platform, and was of a size which enabled every one to

follow the course of exploration as it was touched upon by the various speakers.

“ Mr. Galton spoke, when summing up the proceedings from the chair, of the ‘ somewhat impassioned appeal ’ made by Mr. Stanley on behalf of Livingstone’s conclusions, and the phrase expresses accurately the character of the traveller’s reply. He spoke like a man who was a little indignant.

“ ‘ Dr. Beke, living in London, and never having been within two thousand miles of the spot, declares positively that Livingstone has *not* discovered the sources of the Nile; whereas Livingstone who has devoted thirty-five years to Africa only says he *thinks* he has discovered; ’ was one of the remarks which created a good deal of laughter and applause. So when Mr. Stanley, lifting his arms aloft in amazed protest, exclaimed, ‘ and Sir Henry Rawlinson thinks that a river of from one to three miles in breadth can lose itself in a swamp, ’ and when he alluded to gentlemen ‘ sitting in their easy chairs at home, ’ and mapping out Central Africa to their own satisfaction; and to ‘ never have known an Englishman discover anything yet, but some learned German declared he’d been there first, ’ the laughter was long and loud.

“ There had been an unfortunate allusion to the Prussians beating the French, and Europe been turned upside down, as one of the items of news which Mr. Stanley had to tell Livingstone, which made every one feel awkward in the presence of the Association’s illustrious guests and their misfortunes; but the comic allusion to the imaginary German who always thought himself first was a capital hit, and one at which no one laughed more heartily than the Empress of the French.

“ Altogether, the impression left by Mr. Stanley upon his hearers was in the highest degree favourable; and while it is possible that some of his opinions may be modified by the light scientific geographers may supply, it is certain that he carried his audience with him this morning in debate. But Mr. Stanley is essentially the man for a platform and a popular assembly, and if he could be induced to deliver a lecture and illustrate it with drawings, diagrams, and maps, he would furnish the public with an extremely attractive and instructive entertainment. Meanwhile, people are asking what public honour is to be paid him, and when it will be announced. His achievement is not one which England can pass by; and some mark of recognition by the Government would never seem more graceful than now. The meeting broke up in great humour after Mr. Galton had cautioned us not to be too confident that Mr. Stanley's men and supplies will reach Livingstone in safety, and announcing that there were £3,000 left out of the sums subscribed for his relief, and that would be devoted to its purpose should it unhappily be found necessary.

“ A vote of thanks to Mr. Stanley was put from the chair, and carried by acclamation, and it was pleasant five minutes afterwards to see Dr. Beke, Consul Petherick, and other of the debaters crowding round the hero of the day, shaking him by the hand, and smilingly explaining the precise difference in their views.”

The President opened the proceedings by saying that Mr. H. M. Stanley would read a paper upon the parts of Africa visited by him—that is, the northern part of Tanganyika and the River Rusizi, and the new route from Unyanyembe. Mr. Stanley will relate his wanderings, and point out what he considers to be the corrections which ought to be made,

speaking from his recollection, of the route-map made by Dr. Livingstone himself, which he has seen, and a copy of which to my knowledge exists in this kingdom. Then a short paper will be read which has been sent to us by Colonel Grant (Speke and Grant), who, I regret, is not present, and the discussion will follow. I will now detain you one moment longer, to explain how the circumstances stood previous to Mr. Stanley's expedition; and it is necessary I should do so, for much misconception prevails on the subject. It is about six years ago, that a rumour reached England of Dr. Livingstone's death—a rumour which you recollect was doubted by our own president (Sir Roderick Murchison), and which was afterwards wholly disproved by the expedition sent out specially from England, under Captain Young, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of it; and, again, by letters received from Dr. Livingstone himself, dated in 1869, only three years ago. We had previously received letters from him—viz., in 1867 and 1868. They requested that supplies should be sent, and await him at Ujiji. The route from the coast was first opened up by Captain Burton and Captain Speke, and they found it was a perfectly open caravan road, along which there was no difficulty whatever other than is common in caravan roads in uncivilised countries—no difficulty whatever in transmitting provisions and supplies. Supplies were actually sent by that route. I have a list of four parties which went with supplies, viz., in 1867, 1868, 1869, and 1870, and the supplies sent from the coast in 1869 actually reached Livingstone, not only at Unyanyembe, but in Ujiji. But in that year a difficult state of circumstances arose. Cholera broke out, and it was impossible for caravans to pass through. Most of the men died, and supplies were stopped at Unyanyembe. Afterwards war broke out, and the route which could be travelled in ordinary times became closed, or almost closed. It was then a matter of great consideration with the Royal Geographical Society what steps they should take; but at that time we heard that Mr. Stanley, actuated by honourable motives, and despatched by the *New York Herald*, had actually started in search of Dr. Livingstone. Supplies and letters were therefore placed in his hands, to be delivered to Dr. Livingstone. The Royal Geographical Society, not wishing in any way to compete with an existing expedition, took no other steps. Afterwards a rumour reached England, happily unfounded, that Mr. Stanley had got to Unyanyembe, and that his expedition had been broken up; that in consequence of the wars of the Arabs it had succumbed, and that he was himself ill of fever, and incapable of pushing on in his mission. Although we knew little reliance was to be placed in such rumours, we resolved to send out that expedition of which you have heard so much, and which you know has returned. It happened that before we sent out the expedition, Mr. Stanley had actually shaken hands with Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji. When the expedition reached the coast of Africa, and was ready to start, they met Mr. Stanley's advance return party, and in a few days afterwards Mr. Stanley himself. Now I have explained, to the best of my ability, the simple facts of the case, and I now call upon Mr. Stanley to give us his account of his most adventurous expedition.

Mr. Stanley said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I consider

myself in the light of a troubadour, to relate to you the tale of an old man who is tramping onward to discover the source of the Nile—to tell you that I found that old man at Ujiji, and to tell you of his woes and sufferings, and how he bore his misfortunes with the Christian patience and endurance of a hero. Before I started for Central Africa I knew nothing of that great broad tract in the centre of the African continent. My duty led me to fields of journalism—my duty carried me far away from Central Africa. If I had ever dreamed that I should visit the heart of Africa I should have smiled at myself.

“Now, while I was following my duties at Madrid, I received a telegram to come to Paris on important business. I went and found Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the younger, of the *New York Herald*—I found him in bed; I knocked at his door. He said, ‘Come in,’ and then demanded my name. ‘My name is Stanley.’ ‘Oh, you are the man I want. Do you know where Livingstone is?’ I said, ‘I declare to you I do not.’

“‘Do you suppose he is alive?’

“‘I really don’t know.’

“‘What do you think of it?’

“I replied, ‘It passes my comprehension.’

“‘Well, I think he is alive, and I want you to find him.’

“I thought it was a most gigantic task, but I dared not say ‘no’ to Mr. Bennett.

“I answered, ‘If you send me to Central Africa I shall go there.’

“He said, ‘Well, go. I believe he is alive, and you can find him.’



"I said, 'Mr. Bennett, have you the least idea how much that little journey will cost. The Burton and Speke expedition cost between 2,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* Are you ready to incur that expense?'

"Mr. Bennett responded, 'Draw 1,000*l.*, and when that is finished draw another 1,000*l.*; and when that is done, draw another 1,000*l.*; and when you have got rid of that, draw another and another.'

"When I was in such a position, what was I to do?

"I saw he was determined I should go and find Dr. Livingstone, and I went; he would take no apologies or excuses, so I said 'What it is open to poor human nature to do, I will do—I bid you good night.'

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I had never read any book on Central Africa, and, indeed, I thought Dr. Livingstone a myth. I knew books and newspapers had said much about him, and that all people gloried in him; yet I had a doubt about his being alive. Before I started on my mission, I had to give a description of the opening of the Suez Canal, and then I had to visit the vast temple of Solomon under ground."

(Mr. Stanley then mentioned other duties he had to discharge, which included journeys to the Dead Sea, Caucasus, Persia, Bagdad, the Euphrates Valley Railway, and other places.)

"When I reached Zanzibar, I began to study books on Central Africa, and to draw up an estimate of the cost of my expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone. I first put it down at 3,000 dollars, but I had to increase it several times until it reached 20,000 dollars."

Mr. Stanley then related the difficulty he had in learning the names of the currency among the natives in

trading, and how he asked every Arab he met whether a white man had been seen in the country, and the conflicting information he received on the subject.

“One said he saw one at Ujiji, and he was very fat and fond of rice. Another said a white man had been wounded when he was engaged in hunting.

“When I got to Unyanyembe, the great central depot of the Arabs, I asked the governor where the fat man was.

“He said he lived at Ujiji somewhere, and is a great eater of butter.

“I thought that was good news.

“I said, ‘Do you think he is alive?’

“‘Ah! great master, I don’t say he is alive, because there has been war there.’

“He said he had divined on the Koran, and found Livingstone was dead.

“Now my next point was Ujiji, from Unyanyembe. I had never been in Africa before; there were no railroads, no telegraphs, no balloons, and there was a war raging in the country.

“First I must cut my way through this war country.

“We went on for two days, but on the third we made a most disgraceful retreat. All my men deserted me.

“I made my way to the camp of Arabs, and I said, there is a war going on, and it is between the Arabs and the natives. I will find my own way to Livingstone.

“One of them said, ‘Oh, great master, you must not do that. I must write to the Sultan, and say you are obstinate, that you are going to get killed.’

“‘All right,’ said I, ‘there are jungles. If one way is closed we can try another. If that is closed we can try another, and so on. I want to go to Ujiji.’

“So on the 23rd September last year I started, and went directly south, until I came to the frontier of the adjoining country, and when I came to the corner of it I found there was another war there. In fact I was going straight into it. I had to go up north now and came to the Salt pans of which Burton speaks. In crossing the river I had such little incidents as a crocodile eating one of my donkeys.

“I came next to a land notorious for its robbers. I did not know this, and one night I called a council of my principal men.

“I told them I could not stand this tribute taking.

“They asked, ‘What will you do, master?’

“I said, ‘The thing is to go into the jungle and make direct west.’

“At the dead of the night we went into the bamboo jungle, and on the fourth day we stood on the last hill; we had crossed the last stream; we had traversed the last plain; we had climbed the last mountain, and Ujiji lay embowered in palms beneath us. Now, it is customary in Africa to make your presence known by shouting and shooting guns. We fired our guns as only exuberant heroes can do. I said, ‘I suppose I shall not find the white man here. We must go on to the Conga, and away to the Atlantic Ocean; but we must find this white man.’

“So we were firing away, shouting, blowing horns, beating drums. All the people came out, and the great Arabs from Muscat came out. Hearing we were from Zanzibar, and were friendly, and brought news of their relatives, they welcomed us. And while we were travelling down that steep hill—down to this little town. I

heard a voice saying, 'Good morning, sar.' I turned and said sharply,

"'Who the mischief are you?'

"'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone, sar.'

"'I said, 'What! is Dr. Livingstone here?'

"'Yes, he is here. I saw him just now.'

"'Do you mean to say Dr. Livingstone is here?'

"'Sure.'

"'Go and tell him I am coming.'

"Do you think it possible for me to describe my emotions as I walked down those few hundred yards? This man, David Livingstone, that I believed to be a myth, was in front of me a few yards. I confess to you that were it not for certain feelings of pride, I should have turned a somersault. But I was ineffably happy. I had found Livingstone; my work is ended. It is only a march home quick; carry the news to the first telegraph station, and so give the word to the world. A great many people gathered around us. My attention was directed to where a group of Arabs was standing, and in the centre of this group a pale, care-worn, grey-bearded old man, dressed in a red shirt, with a crimson joho, with a gold band round his cap, an old tweed pair of pants, his shoes looking the worse for wear. Who is this old man? I ask myself. Is it Livingstone? Yes, it is. No, it is not. Yes, it is.

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"'Yes.'

"Now it would never have done in the presence of the grave Arabs, who stood there stroking their beards, for two white men to kick up their heels. No; the Arabs must be attended to. They would carry the story

that we were children—fools. So we walked side by side into the verandah. There we sat, the man—the myth—and I. This was the man; and what a woful tale of calamities that wrinkled face, those grey hairs in his beard, those silver lines in his head—what a woful tale they told! Now we begin to talk. I don't know about what. I know we talk, and by-and-by come plenty of presents from the Arabs. We eat and talk, and whether Livingstone eats most or I eat most I cannot tell. I tell him many things. He asks,—

“‘Do you know such and such a one?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘How is he?’

“‘Dead.’

“‘Oh, oh! And such a one?’

“‘Alive and well.’

“‘Thanks be to God. And what are they all doing in Europe now?’

“Well, the French are kicking up a fuss; and the Prussians are around Paris, and the world is turned topsy-turvy.’

“It is all a matter of wonder for Livingstone. He soon turned in to read his letters. And who shall stand between this man and the outer world? I should like to say a great deal more to you, but I want you to find out one thing, and that is—I want you to find out what this man Livingstone was—what was his character—that this man can stand the fatigues, brave the dangers and sufferings of Central Africa. What is there in him which makes him go on while others turn back? What is it in him who has discoverd so many lakes, and rivers, and streams, passed over so many virgin countries, and

through so many forests; that makes him say, 'It is not enough?' This is what I want to know. I asked him if he had been up to the Lake Tanganyika yet. There is a great deal said about that. He said the central line of drainage absorbed all his means. I proposed to him we should go there with my men and material, and make a pleasure party of it. He said, 'I am your man.' I said, 'They think we should go there.' 'Very well, it shall be done to-morrow.' And to-morrow we went. Now it is about what Livingstone and myself discovered at the Northern end of Lake Tanganyika that the Royal Geographical Society has requested me to read you a formal paper on the subject."

Mr. Stanley then read his paper as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the Royal Geographical Society,—I have been invited to deliver an address here before you, or rather to read a paper on the Tanganyika. Responding to that invitation, I came here; but before entering upon that subject, which seems to interest this scientific assemblage, permit me to say something of your 'distinguished medallist' and associate, Dr. David Livingstone. I found him in the manner already described, the story of which, in brief, is familiar to everybody. He was but little improved in health, and but a little better than the 'ruckle of bones,' he came to Ujiji. With the story of his sufferings, his perils, and many narrow escapes, related as they were by himself, the man who had endured all these and still lived, I sympathised. What he suffered far eclipses that which Ulysses suffered, and Livingstone but needs a narrator like Homer to make his name as immortal as the Greek hero's; and, to make another comparison, I can

liken his detractors in England and Germany only to the suitors who took advantage of Ulysses' absence to slander him and torment his poor wife. The man lives not who is more single-minded than Livingstone—who has worked harder, been more persevering in so good a cause as Livingstone—and the man lives not who deserves a higher reward.

“Before going to Central Africa in search of Livingstone, I believed almost everything I heard or read about him. Never was a man more gullible than I. I believed it possible that the facetious gentleman's story, who said that Livingstone had married an African princess, might be correct. I believed, or was nearly believing, the gentleman who told me personally that Livingstone was a narrow-minded, crabbed soul, with whom no man could travel in peace; that Livingstone kept no journals or notes; and that if he died his discoveries would be surely lost to the world. I believed then with the gentleman that Livingstone ought to come home and let a younger man—that same gentleman, for instance—go and finish the work that Livingstone had begun. Also, inconsistent as it may seem—but I warn you again that I was exceedingly gullible—I believed that this man Livingstone was aided in a most energetic manner, that he had his letters from his children and friends sent to him regularly, and that stores were sent to him monthly and quarterly—in fact, that he was quite comfortably established and settled at Ujiji. I believed also that every man, woman and child in England admired and loved this man exceedingly. I was deeply impressed with these views of things when James Gordon Bennett, jun., of the *New York Herald*, told me, in a few words, to go after Living-

stone, to find him, and bring what news I could of him. I simply replied with a few monosyllables in the affirmative, though I thought it might prove a very hard task. What if Livingstone refused to see me or to hear me? 'No matter,' said I to myself, in my innocence, 'I shall be successful if I only see him.' You yourselves, gentlemen, know how I would stand to-day if I had come back from the Tanganyika without a word from him, since but few believed me when Livingstone's own letters appeared. But how fallacious were all my beliefs! Now that I know the uprightness and virtue of the man, I wonder how it was possible that I could believe that Dr. David Livingstone was married to an African princess and had settled down. Now that I know the strict morality of his nature, the God-fearing heart of the man, I feel ashamed that I entertained such thoughts of him. Now that I know Livingstone's excessive amiability, his mild temper, the love he entertains for his fellow-men, white or black, his pure Christian character, I wonder now why this man was maligned. I wonder now whether Livingstone is the same man whom a former fellow-traveller of his called a tyrant and an unbearable companion. I wonder now whether this is the traveller whom I believed to be decrepid and too old to follow up his discoveries, whom a younger man ought to displace, now that I have become acquainted with his enthusiasm, his iron constitution, his sturdy frame, his courage and endurance. I have been made aware, through a newspaper published in London, called the *Standard*, that there are hopes that some 'confusion will be cleared up when the British Association meets, and Mr. Stanley's story is subject to the sifting and cross-examination of the



experts in African discovery.' What confusion people may have fallen into through some story I have told I cannot at present imagine, but probably after the reading of this paper, the 'experts' will rise and cross-question. If it lies in my power to explain away this 'confusion,' I shall be most happy to do so. There are also some such questions as the following propounded:—Why did not Dr. Livingstone return with Mr. Stanley? Why was the great traveller so uncommunicative to all but the *New York Herald*? Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him? What has Dr. Kirk been doing all this time at Zanzibar? Here are four questions which admit of very easy solution. To the first I would answer, because he did not want to come with Mr. Stanley; and may I ask, was Mr. Stanley Dr. Livingstone's keeper, that as soon as he found him he should box him with the superscription, 'This side up, with care?' To the second I would answer that Dr. Livingstone was not aware that there was another correspondent present at the interview when he imparted his information to the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. To the third question, 'Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him?' I would answer that Livingstone was already relieved, and needed no stores. To the fourth question, 'What has Dr. Kirk been doing all this time at Zanzibar?' I would reply that Dr. Kirk's relations in England may probably know what he has been doing better than I do. Also, in answer to that article in the *Standard*, and to similar articles in other newspapers, I must confess that I cannot see wherein those letters of Dr. Livingstone to Mr. James Gordon Bennett are disturbing, grotesque, or unexpected, unless the editor,

believed that Dr. Livingstone was dead, and that his ghost now haunts them and disturbs their dreams. We are also told that 'Dr. Livingstone's reports are strangely incoherent;' that Sir Henry Rawlinson's letter is 'most discouraging;' that the only theory to be gleaned from Dr. Livingstone's letter is 'simply impossible;' that the *Standard*, echoing the opinion of geographers, is more in the 'dark than ever.' Here is a field for explanation, had one only time or space in such a paper as this to explain. Let us hope that geographers who are in the dark will come forward to demand to be admitted into the light. But leaving these tremendous questions to a subsequent moment, let us now turn our attention to that large body of water called the Tanganyika. England is the first and foremost country in African discoveries. Her sons are known to have plunged through jungles, travelled over plains, mountains, and valleys; to have marched through the most awful wildernesses to resolve the many problems which have arisen from time to time concerning Central Africa. The noblest heroes of geography have been of that land. She reckons Bruce, Clapperton, Lander, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Laing, Baikie, Speke, Burton, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone as her sons. Many of these have fallen, stricken to death by the poisonous malaria of the lands through which they travelled. Who has recorded their last words, their last sighs? Who has related the agonies they must have suffered—their sufferings while they lived? What monuments mark their lonely resting-places? Where is he that can point out the exact localities where they died? Look at that skeleton of a continent! We can only say they died in that unknown centre of Africa—that great broad blank between the eastern and western coasts.

“Before I brought with me producible proofs in the shape of letters, his journal, his broken chronometers, his useless watches, his box of curiosities, it was believed by all, with the exception of a few, that the most glorious name among the geographical heroes—the most glorious name among fearless missionaries, had been added to the martyrology list; it was believed that the illustrious Livingstone had at last succumbed to the many fatal influences that are ever at work in that awful heart of Africa.

“It was in my search for this illustrious explorer, which has now ended so happily—far more successfully than I could ever have anticipated—that I came to the shores of this great lake, the Tanganyika. At a little port, or bunder, called Ujiji, in the district of Ujiji, my efforts were crowned with success. If you will glance at the south-eastern shore of the Tanganyika, you will find it a blank; but I must now be permitted to fill it with rivers, and streams, and marshes, and mountain ranges. I must people it with powerful tribes,—with Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo, and Wanyamwezi; more to the south, with ferocious Watula and predatory Warori, and to the north with Mana Msengi, Wangondo, and Waluriba. Before coming to the Malagarazi, I had to pass through Southern Wavinza. Crossing that river, and after a day's march north, I entered Ubha, a broad plain country, extending from Uvinza north to Urundi and the lands inhabited by the Northern Watuta. Three long marches through Ubha brought me to the beautiful country of Ukaranga, and a steady tramp of twenty miles further westward brought me to the divisional line between Ukaranga and Ujiji, the Liuche Valley, or Ruche, as Burton has it. Five miles further westward brought us to the summit of a

smooth hilly ridge, and the town of Ujiji embowered in the palms lay at our feet, and beyond was the silver lake, the Tanganyika, and beyond the broad belt of water towered the darkly purple mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba.

“To very many here, perhaps, African names have no interest, but to those who have travelled in Africa each name brings a recollection—each word has a distinct meaning; sometimes the recollections are pleasing, sometimes bitter. If I mention Ujiji, that little port on the Tanganyika almost hidden by palm groves, with the restless plangent surf rolling over the sandy beach, is recalled as vividly to my mind as if I stood on that hill-top looking down upon it, and where a few minutes later I met the illustrious Livingstone. If I think of Unyanyembe, instantly I recollect the fretful, peevish, and impatient life I led there until I summoned courage, collected my men, and marched to the south to see Livingstone or to die. If I think of Ukonongo, recollections of our rapid marches, of famine, of hot suns, of surprises from enemies, of mutiny among my men, of feeding upon wild fruit, of a desperate rush into a jungle. If I think of Ukawendi, I see a glorious land of lovely valleys, and green mountains, and forests of tall trees, the march under their twilight shades, and the exuberant chant of my people as we gaily tramped towards the north. If I think of Southern Uvinza, I see mountains of hæmatite of iron—I see enormous masses of disintegrated rock, great chasms, deep cavines, a bleakness and desolation as of death. If I think of the Malagarazi, I can see the river, with its fatal reptiles and snorting hippopotami; I can see the salt plains stretching on either side; and, if I think of Ubha, recollections of the many trials we under-

went, of the turbulent contumacious crowds, the stealthy march at midnight through their villages, the preparations for battle, the alarm, and the happy escape, culminating in the happy meeting with Livingstone. There, in that open square, surrounded by hundreds of curious natives, stands the worn-out, pale-faced, grey-bearded, and bent form of my great companion. There stand the sullen-eyed Arabs, in their snowy dresses, girdled, stroking their long beards, wondering why I came. There stands the Wajiji, children of the Tanganyika, side by side with the Wanyamwezi, with the fierce and turbulent Warundi, with Livingstone and myself in the centre. Yes, I note it all, with the sunlight falling softly over the picturesque scene. I hear the low murmur of the surf, the rustling of the palm branches. I note the hush that has crept over the multitudes as we two clasp hands.

“To me, at least, these strange names have an enduring significance and a romance blended with the sounds. The connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza, was a subject of interest to all geographers before I went to Central Africa. I recollect the very many hypotheses raised upon this subject. Livingstone, even, was almost sure the Albert Nyanza was no more than a lower Tanganyika, and indeed he had a very good reason for believing so. He had perceived a constant flow northward. All the Arabs and natives persisted in declaring that the Rusizi ran out of the Lake Tanganyika. Considering also that there was a tradition that Armanika, grandfather of Rumanika, present King of Karagwe, had thought of deepening the Kitangule flowing from the west to the Victoria Nyanza, in order to permit his canoes to proceed to Ujiji for trading purposes, I cannot

see why he was not justified in thinking that there was some connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Lake, or between the Tanganyika and the Victoria. Before I arrived at Ujiji he had never been to the north end of the Tanganyika; but as soon as I mentioned the interest and importance attached to it, and offered to escort him thither, he lost no time in preparing for the journey. Said he, in excuse for not having visited the northern head previously, 'I never regarded it as of any importance. The central line of drainage absorbed all my attention and means.'

"Our journey to the head of the lake it is unnecessary to describe here; it befits more the pages of a book. Livingstone used to call it a pic-nic, and I believe he writes of it in that sense to Lord Granville. I heartily concur with him, though the pic-nic had its drawbacks.

"As we hugged the coast of Ujiji and Urundi, looking sharply to every little inlet and creek for the outlet that was said to be somewhere in a day's pulling, we would pass by from fifteen to twenty miles of country.

"As we left our camp at dawn, after despatching our breakfast of Mocha coffee and dourra pancakes, with the men gaily shouting and chanting their lively chorus, echoing amongst the great mountains that rose up sometimes 2,000 and 3,000 feet above our heads, we did not know that our next camping place might be in an enemy's country. Who could guarantee our lives while camping in the country of Urundi? Several times we were in danger. Twice we were obliged to fly—twice our men kept watch all night, lest we might be surprised while asleep. Twice during the noonday heats we drank the exhilarating bohea with our eyes and ears painfully on the

alert, for the enemy we knew to be on the search for us. These were some of the drawbacks to the pleasure of the pic-nic.

“It took us ten days’ hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a distance of nearly 100 geographical miles from Ujiji. Two days sufficed for the coast of Ujiji, the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Urundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward, the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearances impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks which rise abruptly out of the lakes, a most wonderful scene would be presented to us. We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from 5,000 to 7,000 feet deep, with the large island of Ubwari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it; for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is near 3,000 feet deep. Only two miles from shore I sounded, and though I let down 620 feet of line, I found no bottom. Livingstone sounded when crossing the Tanganyika from the westward, and found no bottom with 1,800 feet of line. The mountains around the northern half of the Tanganyika fold around so close, with no avenue whatever for the escape of waters, save the narrow valleys and ravines which admit rivers and streams into the lake, that were it possible to force the water into a higher altitude of 500 feet above its present level, its dimensions would not be increased very considerably. The valley of the Malagarazi would then be a narrow deep arm of the lake, and the Rusizi would be a northern arm, crooked and tortuous, of sixty

or seventy miles in length. The evening before we saw the Rusizi, a freedman of Zanzibar was asked which way the river ran—cut of the lake or into it? The man swore that he had been on the river but the day before, and that it ran out of the lake. Here was an announcement calculated to shake the most sceptical. I thought the news too good to be true. I should certainly have preferred that the river ran out of the lake into either the Victoria or the Albert. The night we heard this announcement made so earnestly, Livingstone and myself sat up very late, speculating as to where it went. We resolved, if it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza, to proceed with it to that lake, and then strike south to Unyanyembe, and if it flowed into the Albert Lake, to proceed into the Albert and cruise all around it, in the hope of meeting Baker.

“As there was war between the rival tribes inhabiting the banks of Rusizi, the King Mokamba advised us to proceed to his brother's village in Mugihewa by night, which was situated about 800 yards from the river, on the right bank. Just after dark we started, and in the morning we arrived at Mugihewa. After a cup of coffee we manned our canoe, and having prepared our guns we started for the mouth of the river. In about fifteen minutes we were entering a little bay about a mile wide, and saw before us to the north a dense brake of papyrus and matete cane. Until we were close to this brake we could not detect the slightest opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldly up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be



the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was vanished at once and for ever before that strong brown flood, which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should ever be able to ascend; but, after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling, the river broadened, and a little higher up we saw it widen into lagoons on either side. The alluvial plain through which the river makes its exit into the lake is about twelve miles wide, and narrows into a point after a length of fifteen miles, or a narrow valley folded in by the eastern and western ranges, which here meet at a distance of a couple of miles. The western range, which inclines to the eastward, halts abruptly, and a portion of it runs sharply north-westward, while the eastern range inclines westward, and after overlapping the western range shoots off north-westward, where it is lost amid a perfect jumble of mountains.

“The chief Rubinga, living at Mugihewa, is the principal chief in Usige. He is a great traveller. Born in Urundi, he has been to Karagwa and Ruanda, and came to Usige when quite a young man. Though a pleasant cynic in his manner, he shared in our enthusiasm as if he had been an Associate of the Royal Geographical Society, and entered very readily into a discussion about the mooted points which still remained unsolved. Briefly, he said that the Rusizi rose from the Lake Kivo, a lake fifteen miles in length, and about eight in breadth. Kwansibura was the chief of the district in north-eastern Urundi, which gives its name to the lake. Through a gap in the mountain the river Rusizi escaped out of Lake Kivo. On leaving Kivo Lake it is called Kwangeregere;

it then runs through the district of Unyambungu, and becomes known as the Rusizi, or Lusizi. A day's march from Mugiher, or say twenty miles north of the mouth, it is joined by the Luanda or Ruanda, flowing from a north-westerly direction, from which I gather that the river Luanda is called after the name of the country—Ruanda, said to be famous for its copper mines. Besides the Luanda, there are seventeen other streams which contributed to the Rusizi; these are the Mpanda, Karindwa, Wa Kanigi, Kanginissi, Kaburan, Mohira, Niama-gana, Nya Kagunda, Ruviro, Rofuba, Kavimvira, Mujove, Ruhuhha, Mukindu, Sange, Rubirizi, Kiriba. Usige, a district of Urundi, occupying the head of the lake, extends two marches into the north, or 30 miles; after which comes what is called Urundi Proper for another two days' march; and directly north of that is Ruanda, a very large country, almost equal in size to Urundi. Rubinga had been six days to the northward. There were some in his tribe who had gone further, but from no one could we obtain any intelligence of a lake or of a large body of water, such as the Albert Nyanza, being to the north. Sir Samuel Baker has sketched the lake as being within one degree north of the Tanganyika; but it is obvious that its length is not so great as it is represented, though it might extend thirty or forty miles south of Vacovia. Ruanda, as represented to us by Rubinga, Mokamba, chiefs of Usige, and their elders, is an exceedingly mountainous country, with extensive copper mines. It occupies that whole district north of Urundi Proper, between Muntumbi on the west, and Urundi on the east, and Itara north-east. Of the countries lying north of Ruanda we could obtain no information.

West of Urundi is the extreme frontier of Manuyema, which even here has been heard of. In returning to Ujiji after the satisfactory solution of the river Rusizi, we coasted down the western shore of the Tanganyika, and came to Uvira at noon of the following day. We were shown the sandy beach on which the canoes of Burton and Speke had rested. Above, a little south, of this, rises the lofty peak of Sumburizi, fully 4,500 feet above the level of the lake. Mruti, the chief of Uvira, still lives in the village he occupied when Burton and Speke visited his dominions. A day's march, or fifteen miles south of this, Uvira narrows down to the alluvial plains formed by the numerous streams which dash down the slopes of the western range; while the mountainous country is known as Ubembe, the land of the cannibals, who seldom visit the canoes of the traders.

“South of Uvira is Usansi, peopled by a race extremely cannibalistic in its taste, as the Doctor and myself had very good reason to know. I think if we had had a few sick or old men among our party, we could have disposed of them to advantage, or we might have exchanged them for vegetables, which would have been most welcome to us.

“From Usansi we struck off across the lake, and rowing all night, at dawn we arrived at a port in Southern Urundi. Three days afterwards we were welcomed by the Arab traders of Ujiji, as we once more set foot on the beach near that bunder.

“We have thus coasted around the northern half of the Tanganyika, and I might inform you of other tribes who dwell on its shores; but the principal subject of my paper was to show you how we settled that vexed question,

‘Was the Rusizi an affluent or an influent?’ There is, then, nothing more to be said on that point. But, gentlemen, I must ask you permission to deliver a message from your great associate Livingstone, who long before this has left Unyanyembe, and is proceeding to the scene of his late discoveries. He told me to tell you that he wants no companion now; he requires no more stores; that, when he has satisfied himself of the sources of the Nile, he will come home and give you such reports as will satisfy you.

“With plenty of stores, and over seventy good men well armed and equipped, he is now *en route* to Ufipa, healthy and strong, and as enthusiastic as ever.

“Having delivered my message, I conclude with thanking you for the attention with which you have listened to me.” (Prolonged cheering.)

For some days after the reading of this paper, people talked of little else besides Mr. Stanley; the newspapers discussed little else than his marvellous journey. Letter after letter appeared in the daily journals, and everyone who had ever been mixed up with African exploration, seemed to take a side, and either attack or defend the discoverer of Livingstone. To some of these attacks Mr. Stanley replied. A “Barrister-at-Law” had written to the *Times* in disparagement of the monetary assistance afforded by Mr. Stanley to the Relief Expedition sent to Dr. Livingstone on his return to the coast. Mr. Stanley replied as follows:—

21 August, 1872.

“A ‘Barrister-at-Law’ states, in a letter printed in your issue of yesterday, that ‘the armed force was sent up, not by Mr. Stanley, as generally stated and supposed, but all that gentleman did was to kindly lend his experience in selecting the force; and the arms, pay, and equipment were supplied by Lieutenant Henn, on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society.’

“For the correction of this and other inaccuracies, perhaps you will permit me to make a plain statement of the origination of the supply expedition, as it seems still to have some interest for the public. After arriving at Zanzibar I appointed a day to pay off the men engaged on the *New York Herald* Expedition. On that day I induced twenty-five of my own men to return within three weeks to the American consulate to receive their advance for the new expedition I was requested by Dr. Livingstone to send to him to Unyanyembe. I also chose the best of them to drum up volunteers from their own class—viz., freemen, whom they knew to be good and faithful men. Long before the three weeks expired I had contracted with fifty good men, who appeared at the office of the consulate to serve Dr. Livingstone for two years, their time to begin from the day they should arrive at Unyanyembe.

“I had an order for 500*l.* from Livingstone, with which to furnish and equip this new expedition, but when Dr. Kirk and Mr. Oswell Livingstone informed me that there was enough money with them to pay for the equipment of this expedition, I tore the draft up in presence of Dr. Kirk and the American Consul, and I drew orders for money as it was needed on Mr. Livingstone, all of which

orders were immediately honoured by him. The stores required by Dr. Livingstone were purchased by me at the several shops where they were sold, and the bills for these were settled by me out of the money furnished by Mr. Oswell Livingstone. In preparing these stores for the journey, I gave orders for the packing boxes, received all the letters for Dr. Livingstone from Mr. Oswell Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, and packed everything up in hermetically sealed boxes. About the time this new expedition was ready to start, I sent a letter to Mr. Oswell Livingstone advising him of the fact, and asking him if he was ready to start. In answer, Mr. Oswell Livingstone sent a letter regretting that he was unable to take charge of the expedition, for reasons which appeared to him just and sufficient. In the absence of a white man as leader, it then remained for me to obey Dr. Livingstone's instructions—viz., to procure a 'good Arab.' Upon the Sultan failing to recommend one in whom he had perfect confidence, I applied to Sheik Hashid, one of the wealthiest Arabs at Zanzibar. He brought a young Arab to me, and on his recommendation I engaged him, drawing up articles of contracts, copies of which I have by me now. Sheik Hashid promised to hold himself responsible for anything the Arab failed to perform. The 100 dollars advanced to him were given to me out of the Livingstone fund by Mr. Oswell Livingstone.

“Two days before the departure of the expedition from Zanzibar I informed Dr. John Kirk that if the steamer which I and others had chartered to convey us to Seychelles sailed before I could despatch the expedition for the Doctor from Zanzibar, I should be compelled to leave the charge of it in his hands. The reply of Dr. Kirk



THE TOWNS OF ZANZIBAR, AS SEEN FROM THE LAND.





was as follows:—‘If you do so, I shall be compelled to decline the charge of it. I shall do nothing more for Dr. Livingstone in a private capacity. That is all broken up now. Officially I will do for him as I would for any other man. I am not going to expose myself to needless insults again.’ These words were spoken to me in the presence of the American Consul and a Mr. Sparhawk. Though I tried to reason the point with him, Dr. Kirk refused to see that Dr. Livingstone was justified in complaining, and that the formal complaint I sent to him from the Doctor was not an insult.

“Fearing to leave the expedition, all equipped as it was, at Zanzibar, I chartered a dhow, and, having collected all the men together at the American Consulate, I marched them all down to the beach, and saw them all, to the number of fifty-seven souls, on board under charge of the Arab, and Johari, the chief dragoman of the American Consulate. Johari, the dragoman, had orders from myself and the American Consul not to come back until the expedition had crossed the Kingani river.

“After arriving at Aden the following letters were put into my hands:—

“Zanzibar,

“June 1, 1872.

“My dear Mr. Stanley,—I have only a moment before the mail closes to forward to you the good news that Johari had just returned from Bagomoyo, and reports your expedition having all safely crossed the Kingani river.—I remain, &c.,

“JOHN F. WEBB, *United States Consul.*”

“ ‘Zanzibar,

“ ‘June 1, 1872, 8 o'clock, evening.

“ ‘My dear Mr. Stanley,—Johari has just now returned from Bagomoyo. He says that the party you sent with supplies to Dr. Livingstone left Bagomoyo on Thursday morning, and reached the river Kingani in the afternoon at the ferry. He saw the entire party cross on Friday morning and then he returned to the coast for Zanzibar, according to instructions.—Yours sincerely,

“ ‘JAMES CHRISTIE, M.D.’

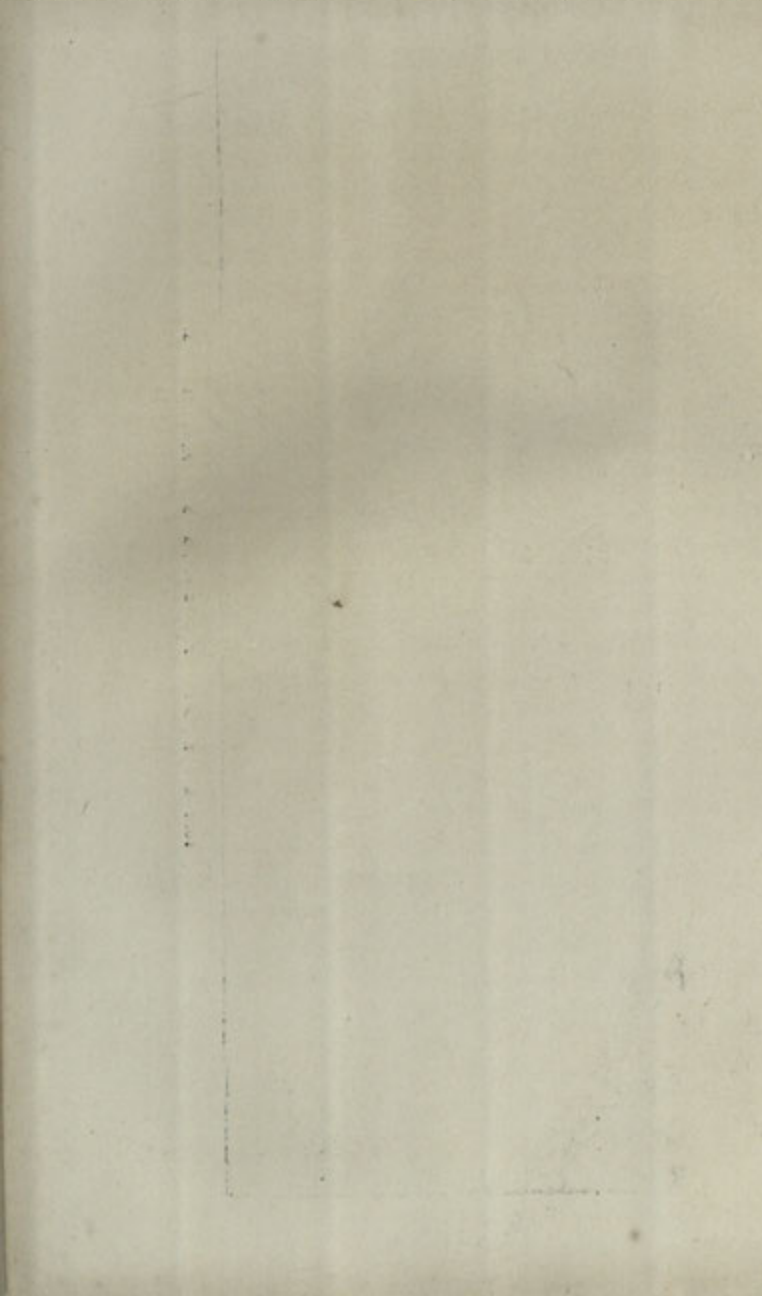
“ ‘If the expedition crossed the Kingani most of the trouble is over, because it was between the Kingani river and Bagomoyo that the wide waste of waters lay that daunted the commanders of the English ‘Search Expedition.’ Between any stray member of that new expedition and the coast lies the Kingani and an inundated plain; before them lies a dry, smooth, easy path to Unyanyembe, and I have not the least doubt of their having reached Dr. Livingstone, and I feel confident that to-day Dr. Livingstone is at least 200 miles from Unyanyembe *en route* to finish his discoveries.

“ ‘The ‘Barrister-at-Law’ is wrong in his statement that the arms, pay, and equipment were supplied by Lieutenant Henn. I never had any correspondence with that gentleman upon any subject that I can remember. The ‘arms, pay, and equipment,’ were paid for by Mr. W. O. Livingstone from the funds so generously furnished by the British public, and I must give Mr. Livingstone the credit of having assisted me whenever I requested his assistance.

“ ‘HENRY M. STANLEY.’



PORT AND HARBOUR OF ZANZIBAR, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA.



On the 27th of August, Mr. Stanley, in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, made a long and general reply to certain fault-finders in the weekly press.

## MR. STANLEY AND HIS CRITICS.

Sir,

The following is from one of the London papers published weekly—the *Spectator* :—

“ Mr. Stanley is very angry because some incredulous people decline to believe in the literal accuracy of his stories about Dr. Livingstone. He has some right to be angry, for he has done a great deed, and all his more important statements have been corroborated by Dr. Livingstone’s letters and other evidence, but he should remember that it is very difficult to apprehend all at once a change so considerable as appears to have passed over the great traveller. For example, Mr. Stanley writes to the *Herald*—we quote the paragraph from the *New York Nation*—that when he told Dr. Livingstone of Mr. Greeley’s candidature for the Presidency, the Doctor said : ‘ Hold on ! You have told me stupendous things, and with a confiding simplicity I was swallowing them peacefully down ; but there is a limit to all things. I am a simple, guileless, Christian man, and unacquainted with intemperate language ; but when you tell me that Horace Greeley is become a Democratic candidate, I cast the traditions of my education to the winds, and say, I’ll be ——to all eternity if I believe it. [After a pause] My trunk is packed to go home, but I shall remain in Africa, for these things *may* be true, after all ; if they

are, I desire to stay here and unlearn my civilisation.' The Dr. Livingstone of 1856 would not, we think, have uttered those sentences, and it is by their recollections of the Doctor as he was that the sceptics—very unfairly—judge Mr. Stanley's account of him as he is."

For a serious journal to publish the above as having really emanated from my pen, is as astonishing to me as its formerly expressed unbelief in my very existence, least of all in my "discovery of Livingstone."

I do not think it possible for a man to be more misrepresented than I have been. First of all, Lieutenant Dawson sends a telegram from Zanzibar to the Royal Geographical Society to the effect that "Livingstone is determined to stay two years longer, in order to discover some underground villages in Rua!" My answer is that he certainly did not derive that information from me.

Secondly. I cannot remember in what place or before what assembly I ever uttered such nonsense as "I had to get there; I got there; there was a deal of killing."

Thirdly. The *Saturday Review*, in its accustomed strain, says, "Mr. Stanley is not justified in resenting his not being taken for what he does not pretend to be. Nobleness of resolution is not necessarily accompanied by a scientific understanding."

I may ask what special "scientific understanding" was manifested by Dr. Beke, Sir H. Rawlinson, Captain Grant, and others, who chose to deliver themselves of their unwise theories respecting Livingstone's discoveries before the Geographical Section of the British Association. I assure you I fail to see a particle of "scientific understanding," and I am only an "interviewer," as the *Saturday Review* wishes people to understand. And

though I have industriously read all the diverse criticisms about the "sources of the Nile," I have seen nothing yet that I would not after deliberation attribute to an "unscientific understanding." The only member of the Royal Geographical Society who seems to have a fair idea as to how the problem of the Nile will be eventually terminated is Mr. Findlay. Dr. Beke's letters to the *Times* are unscientific, illogical, and unworthy the impression I had conceived of the man. Though Sir Henry Rawlinson is great in cuneiform inscriptions and Assyrian history, his ideas respecting Central African rivers and watersheds are wild, absurd, and childish—to use the mildest terms.

The *Saturday Review* states that, "Mr. Stanley brought back what his employers wanted, which was certainly not geography." Now, how can any man know anything relating to Central African geography, unless he has been exploring that unknown region, or unless he has acquired his knowledge of it from the books of travellers who have explored it? Can any writer on the staff of the *Saturday Review* tell me where the river Kisengo is? or where the important province of Mbogo is? Can the *Saturday Review* inform me how many affluents the Tanganyika receives. Where the Rusizi rises? How many thousand square miles does Tanganyika drain? In what part of Central Africa does the Wami rise? What is the extent in square miles of Unyamwezi? What countries separate the Northern Watuta from the Southern Watuta? What is the difference between the Loke river and the Loeki river? Who is Suniba-mwemri, and who is Nondo? What countries do they govern? Where is Ubanarama?

What are its products? If any writer on the *Saturday Review* can prove that I cannot answer the above questions, or any other question about the geography of that belt of country extending from long.  $30^{\circ}$  E. to long.  $39^{\circ}$  E., between latitude  $5^{\circ}$  and  $6^{\circ}$  S., I will admit that I brought to England "nothing of geography." If the *Saturday Review* wishes to know what I do resent, let it be understood that I resent all manner of impertinence, brutal horse-laughts at the mention of Livingstone's name, or of his sufferings; all statements that Livingstone is either insane or irritable, that he has no right to complain of being neglected, after such neglect has cost him 2,000 miles of hard marching and consequent fatigue, after being harassed and baffled by the miserable slaves sent to him "instead of men;" all insinuations that I have written, interpolated, or suggested one word, phrase, or quotation in Livingstone's letters to the *New York Herald*; all statements that I am not what I claim to be—an American; all gratuitous remarks, such as "sensationalism," as directed to me by that suave gentleman, Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.G.S., who evidently is no friend to Dr. Livingstone or to myself; and all such nonsense as the *Spectator* has seen fit to attribute to my pen.

*Apropos* of this article from the *Spectator*, the following is one clipped from the *Observer*, which is the very defence that I would offer:—

"Now, in the first place, the *Nation* does not say that Mr. Stanley writes to the *Herald*. Its words are, 'here is what Dr. Livingstone says to Mr. Stanley;' nor does it say whence it takes its extract. In the second place, Mr. Stanley's letter which appears in the *Herald*



of the 10th instant, announcing his discovery of Livingstone, is dated Ujiji, November 23, 1871. Now, Mr. Greeley's candidature was the May marvel of 1872; in 1871 no one had so much as dreamed of it. And, even if Mr. Stanley were as incautious as the *Spectator* seems to hold him, he would certainly know better than to write to the *Herald* how, in the November of 1871, he told Livingstone of Greeley's candidature in 1872. The fact—which the *Spectator* does not see—is that the story in question, whether concocted in the *Nation* office or copied from some other paper, is—as its context in the *Nation* clearly shows—a grim joke. It is the essence of an American joke that it should read like a dry, solemn statement of fact. And it is no small credit to the inventor of this noble story that he should have taken in the *Spectator*. We are reminded of Mark Twain's imaginary review of his own 'Innocents Abroad' by 'the London *Saturday*,' the point of which is that the *Saturday* reviewer treats his jokes *au sérieux*, adding after each, 'This is obviously untrue.'

I expect to see next in either the *Spectator* or the *Saturday Review* a statement that Dr. Livingstone did really and positively write that humorous letter in last week's *Punch*.

I think myself that Dr. Livingstone is far happier pursuing the noble course he has taken, than he would be in England exposed to the taunts levelled at him by some of the "scientists" of the Royal Geographical Society, and such arrogant champions of it as the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. Moreover, I think he has done perfectly right in not exposing his journal, his discoveries and geographical information to the captious emendations

of easy-chair geographers. I know well that I am giving mortal offence to those for whose benefit this letter is written; but I shall not cry *peccavi*. I stand by Livingstone.—Yours, &c.,

Aug. 26.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Post-scriptum.—You are probably not aware that I had two parties in the Royal Geographical Section at Brighton to please, viz., those who, like Mr. Galton, desired nothing but technical geography, and those who, like a friend of mine, also an F.R.G.S., did not care one whit about the unpronounceable names of Central Africa, and only wished a few more incidents connected with their friend, Dr. Livingstone. All honour to those men! They humanised me; for I was beginning to think that the Royal Geographical Society did not care whether he was dead or alive, but only desired to acquire possession of his geographical discoveries. What do you think cared that large body of English men and women who came to hear me read my paper about the “northern head of Lake Tanganyika,” compared with what they thought I would have to tell them about Livingstone, their countryman? Why did they applaud? Were they thrilled with the geographical facts?

H. M. S.

On the 27th of August, Mr. Stanley's labours met with most gracious recognition from Her Majesty, who had commanded Lord Granville to write to the gallant traveller expressing her high appreciation for the service he had rendered. The letter was accompanied by a

“memorial” in the shape a gold snuff-box richly set with brilliants, and ought to go far to console Mr. Stanley for the many slights to which he has been subjected since his arrival in England. The following is the letter referred to :—

“Foreign Office,

“August 27th, 1872.

“Sir,

“I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, Her Majesty’s high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and so relieving Her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller. The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with Her Majesty’s congratulations on your having so successfully carried out the mission which you so fearlessly undertook.

“Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

“GRANVILLE.

“H. M. Stanley, Esq.”

This royal letter was immediately followed by a request from Her Majesty, that Mr. Stanley would visit her at Balmoral.

On the 2nd of September, good news reached our traveller

concerning the men he had despatched to Dr. Livingstone just before leaving Zanzibar for Europe. He himself told the good news in a letter to the *Times* in which he says:—

“I received the following letter from a gentleman at Zanzibar whom I requested, before leaving there, to forward me any particulars of the expedition forwarded to Dr. Livingstone before I left this island:—

“Zanzibar, July 22, 1872.

“My dear Mr. Stanley,—I am very glad to be able to forward to you some intelligence from your last expedition, although I fear it is not, perhaps, what you may expect, but you know an Arab is *now* doing slowly what you formerly accomplished with despatch.

“A messenger bringing letters from one Amer-bin-Salim, a relative of Sheikh Hashid's, who is in charge of a “sofari” (caravan) of his, written at Unyanyembe fifty days ago, June 2, on business matters, reached here four days since, and reports passing your expedition at a place called Mpwa-pwa; that all the people were all right, and had lost no men or goods. He says he reached the coast ten days after passing them. If this is so, they have made slow progress. He may have made a mistake in his count; you can judge, however, from the place they had reached. Amer-bin-Salim writes that the Doctor was “at Unyanyembe all right.” I have not heard that any letters have been received from him. All Zanzibar friends are well.

“I have extracted from the letters such news as I

thought would interest your readers. Mpwa-pwa is the village in Usagara where my Scotch assistant Farquhar died. It is the half-way place to Unyanyembe for a loaded caravan. It is on the verge of the sterile region. According to the messengers they were met on the 6th of July. Within twenty-five days from Mpwa-pwa the caravan could easily reach the Doctor. We will say, then, that on the 1st of August the Doctor received his stores and letters, and, what is as important, his men. My friend means when he says 'had lost no men,' that none had deserted. The Doctor intended to have stopped ten days at Unyanyembe after getting his stores, and then pursue his journey, which would make it the 10th of August when he left Unyanyembe. Within twenty days, allowing for all contingencies, he must be somewhere near Mrera, Central Ukonongo.

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S FIRST LETTER.

On reaching Marseilles, Mr. Stanley sent to his friend, Mr. Gordon Bennett, the following profoundly interesting letter from Dr. Livingstone. It is the one which he wrote to express his earnest thanks to the American editor, whose enterprise and generosity, seconded by Mr. Stanley's courage and energy, have, to speak the truth, saved the life of the traveller.

“Ujiji-on-Tanganyika, Nov., 1871.

“My dear Sir,

“It is, in general, somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an

abstract idea; but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

“If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves, sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the truly woful sights I had seen of “man’s inhumanity to man” reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say, that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me, that I was alive and waiting for the goods and men; but

as for morality, he is evidently an idiot; and, there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said 'that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.' After that, the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, it is out of the question.

"Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him;' and off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling; the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health

I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and copies of *Punch* for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866—and information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1,000 to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last.

“The watershed of South Central Africa is over 700 miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the watershed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins in  $10^{\circ}$ — $12^{\circ}$  south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? ‘We drink our fill, and let the rest run by.’ The Portuguese who visited Cazembe, asked for slaves, ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned until almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

“My last work, in which I have been greatly hindered from want of suitable attendants, was following the



central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyema, or shortly, Manyema. This line of drainage has four large lakes in it.

“The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It is from one to three miles broad, and never can be waded at any point or at any time of the year. There are two western drains.

“The Lufira, or Bartle Frere’s river, flows into it at Lake Kamolondo. Then the great River Lomame flows through Lake Lincoln into it too, and seems to form the western arm of the Nile on which Petherick traded.

“Now I know about 600 miles of the watershed, and, unfortunately, the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole, for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and each of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river.

“Two of these run north to Egypt, Lufira and Lomame, and two run south into Inner Ethiopia, as the Liambai, or Upper Zambezi, and the Kafue.

“Are these not the sources of the Nile mentioned by the secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais, to Herodotus? I have heard of them so often, and at great distances off, that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, I wish to finish up by their re-discovery.

“Five hundred pounds’ worth of goods have again unaccountably been entrusted to slaves, and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months.

“I must go to where they lie (Unyanyembe), at Mr.

Stanley's and your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work ; and if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slaving should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.

“ Now that you have done with domestic slavery for ever, lend us your powerful aid towards this great object.

“ This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave dealers.

“ I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am gratefully yours,

“ DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

“ James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Junior.”

On Saturday the 27th of July, 1872, the following deeply-interesting letter was published in the *New York Herald*. It was addressed to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the late proprietor of that spirited journal, who would have been much gratified if he had lived to hear from the great explorer himself:—

## DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND LETTER.

“ South-Eastern Central Africa,

“ *February, 1872.*”

“ My dear Sir,—I wish to say a little about the slave trade in Eastern Africa. It is not a very inviting subject, and to some I may appear as supposing your readers to be very much akin to the old lady who relished her paper for neither births, deaths, nor marriages, but for good racy bloody murders. I am, however, far from fond of the horrible—often wish I could forget the scenes I have seen, and certainly never try to inflict on others the sorrow which being a witness of ‘man’s inhumanity to man’ has often entailed on myself.

“ Some of your readers know that about five years ago I undertook, at the instigation of my very dear old friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., the task of examining the watershed of South Central Africa. The work had a charm for my mind, because the dividing line between North and South was unknown, and a fit object for exploration. Having a work in hand, I at first recommended another for the task; but, on his declining to go without a handsome salary and something to fall back on afterwards, I agreed to go myself, and was encouraged by Sir Roderick saying, in his warm, jovial manner, ‘You will be the real discoverer of the sources of the Nile.’ I thought that two years would be sufficient to go from the coast inland across the head of Lake Nyassa to the watershed, wherever that might be, and, after examination, try to begin a benevolent mission with some tribe on the slopes reaching towards the

coast. Had I known all the time, toil, hunger, hardships, and worry involved in that precious water-parting, I might have preferred having my head shaved, and a blister put on it, to grappling with my good old friend's task. But, having taken up the burden, I could not bear to be beaten by it. I shall tell you a little about the progress made by-and-by. At present, let me give you a glimpse of the slave trade with which the search and discovery of most of the Nile fountains has brought me face to face. The whole traffic, whether on land or ocean, is a gross outrage of the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the untold evils it inflicts, it presents almost insurmountable obstacles to intercourse between the different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, and partly to ignorance among the more civilized of mankind of the blight which lights chiefly on the more degraded. Piracy on the high seas was once as common as slave-trading is now. But as it became thoroughly known, the whole civilized world rose against it. In now trying to make the Eastern African slave trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope that I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the good time coming yet, when slavery as well as piracy shall be chased from the world.

“Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and on the authors of the atrocities. Most people imagine that negroes, after being brutalized by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate more favoured races, are fair average specimens of the African man.

“Our ideas are derived from the slaves of the West

Coast, who have for ages been subjected to domestic bondage and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and trade rum have ruined their moral natures.

“Not to discriminate the difference is monstrous injustice to the main body of the population living free in the interior under their own chiefs and laws—cultivating their own farms, catching the fish of their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forests, which in more recent continents can only be reached in rocky strata or under perennial ice.

“Winwoode Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large round black eyes, full luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the West Coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in.

“Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast, at Zanzibar and elsewhere—are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow-men. But the low retreating foreheads, prognathous jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast negroes, always awaken the same feelings of aversion as those with which we view specimens of the ‘Bill Sykes’ and ‘bruiser’ class in England.

“I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk; but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen,

and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the Continent are, as a rule, fair average specimens of humanity.

"I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded with the finely-shaped heads.

"Insama himself, who had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others; he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bulbous' below the ribs.

"I don't know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good many English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

"Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cat's teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Ornaments are

scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on "women's rights?" But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour, and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazembe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the tip of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth; and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take *Punch's* motto for Cazembe, 'Niggers don't require to be shot here,' as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but, whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense.

Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe.

An Arab, Said-bin-Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do where the natives have no guns, Said-bin-Habib's elder brother carried

matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and, pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran a muck at all indiscriminately in a large district.

“Let it not be supposed that any of these people are like the American Indians—insatiable, bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers.

“Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ba Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relatives kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilized or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture, and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said-bin-Habib close to the point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the great River Lualaba out of Lake Moero. And here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the dif-



ference between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gangs by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere, but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, on seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, 'seeing they had plenty to eat.' I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not unusually cruel. They were callous—slaving had hardened their hearts.

“When Said, who was an old friend of mine, crossed the Lualaba, he heard that I was in a village where a company of slave traders had been furiously assaulted for three days by justly incensed Babemba. I would not fight, nor allow my people to fire if I saw them, because the Babemba had been especially kind to me. Said sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village by night, and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slaving ‘hardens all within, and petrifies the feel-

ings.' It is bad for the victims, and ill for the victimizers.

"I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country—Lunda or Londa, of which Cazembe is chief or general. They were loaded with large, heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women, having in addition to the yoke and load a child on the back, have said to me on passing, 'They are killing me; if they would take off the yoke I could manage the load and child, but I shall die with three loads.' One who spoke thus did die, and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I interceded for some; but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was gently blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted. The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. 'Hallo!' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state;' and I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or to leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a

ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, 'Yes, we are going away to Manga (abroad, or white man's land) with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death, and we shall return to haunt and kill you.' The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man of at least 104 years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered,—

Oh, oh, oh!  
 Bird of freedom, oh!  
 You sold me, oh, oh, oh!  
 I shall haunt you, oh, oh, oh!

The laughter told not of mirth, but of the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. 'He that is higher than the highest regardeth.'

"About north-east of Rua we have a very large country called Manyema, but by the Arabs it is shortened into Manyema. It is but recently known. The reputation which the Manyema enjoyed of being cannibals, prevented the half-caste Arab traders from venturing among them.

"The circumstantial details of the practices of the men eaters given by neighbouring tribes were confirmed by two Arabs, who two years ago went as far as Bambarre, and secured the protection and friendship of Moenekuss—lord of the light-grey parrot with scarlet tail—who was a very superior man.

"The minute details of cannibal orgies given by the Arabs' attendants erred through sheer excess of the

shocking. Had I believed a tenth part of what I was told I might never have ventured into Manyema; but, fortunately, my mother never frightened me in infancy with 'Bogie' and stuff of that sort, and I am not liable to fits of bogiophobia, in which disease the poor patient believes everything awful if only it is attributed to the owner of a black skin. I have heard that the complaint was epidemic lately in Jamaica, and the painters' mothers have much to answer for. I hope that the disease may never spread in the United States. The people there are believed to be inoculated with common sense.

"But why go among the cannibals at all? Was it not like joining the Alpine Club in order to be lauded if you don't break your neck where your neck ought to be broken? This makes me turn back to the watershed, as I promised.

"It is a broad belt of tree-covered upland, some 700 miles in length from west to east. The general altitude is between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea, and mountains stand on it at various points which are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the ocean level. On this watershed springs arise which are well-nigh innumerable—that is, it would take half a man's lifetime to count them. These springs join each other and form brooks, which again converge and become rivers, or say streams, of twenty, forty, or eighty yards, that never dry. All flow towards the centre of an immense valley, which I believe to be the Valley of the Nile.

"In this trough we have at first three large rivers. Then all unite into one enormous lacustrine river, the central line of drainage, which I name Webb's Lualaba. In

this great valley there are five great lakes. One near the upper end is called Lake Bemba, or, more properly, Bangwe'lo, but it is not a source of the Nile, for no large river begins in a lake. It is supplied by a river called Chambezi and several others, which may be considered sources; and out of it flows the large river Luapula, which enters Lake Moero and comes out as the great lake-river Lualaba to form Lake Kamolondo. West of Kamolondo, but still in the great valley, lies Lake Lincoln, which I named as my little tribute of love to the great and good man America enjoyed for some time and lost.

“One of the three great rivers I mentioned—Bartho Erere's, or Lufira—falls into Kamolondo, and Lake Lincoln becomes a lacustrine river, and it, too, joins the central line of drainage, but lower down, and all three united form the fifth lake, which the slaves sent to me, instead of men, forced me, to my great grief, to leave as the ‘unknown lake.’ By my reckoning—the chronometers being all dead—it is five degrees of longitude west of Speke's position of Ujiji; this makes it probable that the great lacustrine river in the valley is the western branch—or Petherick's Nile—the Bahar Ghazal, and not the eastern branch, which Speke, Grant, and Baker believed to be the river of Egypt. If correct, this would make it the Nile only after all the Bahar Ghazal enters the eastern arm.

“But though I found the watershed between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $12^{\circ}$  south—that is, a long way further up the valley than any one had dreamed—and saw the streams of some 600 miles of it converging into the centre of the great valley, no one knew where it went after that departure out of

Lake Moero. Some conjectured that it went into Tanganyika, but I saw that to do so it must run up hill. Others imagined that it might flow into the Atlantic. It was to find out where it actually did go that took me into Manyuema. I could get no information from traders outside, and no light could be obtained from the Manyuema within—they never travel, and it was so of old. They consist of petty headmanships, and each brings his grievance from some old feud, which is worse than our old Highland ancestors. Every head man of a hamlet would like to see every other ruling blockhead slain. But all were kind to strangers; and, though terrible fellows among themselves, with their large spears and huge wooden shields, they were never known to injure foreigners, till slavers tried the effects of gunshot upon them and captured their women and children.

“As I could get no geographical information from them, I had to feel my way, and grope in the interminable forests and prairies, and three times took the wrong direction, going northerly, not knowing that the great river makes immense sweeps to the west and south-west. It seemed as if I were running my head against a stone wall. It might after all turn out to be the Congo; and who would risk being eaten and converted into black man for it? I had serious doubts, but stuck to it like a Briton; and at last found that the mighty river left its westing and flowed right away to the north. The two great western drains, the Lufira and Lomame, running north-east before joining the central or main stream—Webb's Lualaba—told that the western side of the great valley was high, like the eastern; and as this main is reported to go into large reedy lakes, it can scarcely be

aught else but the western arm of the Nile. But, besides all this—in which it is quite possible I may be mistaken—we have two fountains on probably the seventh hundred mile of the watershed, giving rise to two rivers—the Liambai, or Upper Zambezi, and the Kafue, which flow into Inner Ethiopia; and two fountains are reported to rise in the same quarter, forming Lufira and Lomame, which flow, as we have seen, to the north. These four full-grown gushing fountains, rising so near each other, and giving origin to four large rivers, answer, in a certain degree, to the description given of the unfathomable fountains of the Nile by the secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais in Egypt, to the father of all travellers, Herodotus.\* But I have to confess that it is a little

\* The following is the passage in Herodotus alluded to by Dr. Livingstone:—

“With regard to the sources of the Nile, not one of the Egyptians, or Libyans, or Greeks, professed to know anything, excepting the guardian, *γραμμαιιστής*, of the precious things consecrated to Minerva in Sais, a city of Egypt. But this individual, in my opinion at least, did but joke when he asserted he was perfectly acquainted with them. He gave the following account:—‘That there are two peaked mountains situate between Syene and Elephantis, the names of which mountains are Krophis and Memphis, and that accordingly the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless, come from between those two mountains; that one half of the water flows into Egypt and towards the north, while the other half flows into Ethiopia. That the sources are bottomless, Bammetticus, the King of Egypt,’ he said, ‘proved, for having caused a cable to be twisted many thousand ogyæ in length, he cast it in, but could not reach the bottom.’”

The Rector of Stone thus compares the old with the modern version. He says:—

“Herodotus speaks of two peaked mountains between which lie the sources of the river; Livingstone, of an earthen mound and four fountains as the source of the river. Herodotus writes that one half of the water flows north into Egypt; Livingstone, two of these run north to Egypt—Lufira and Lomame. Herodotus again, the other half flows into Ethiopia;

presumptuous in me to put this forward in Central Africa, and without a single book of reference, on the dim recollection of reading the ancient historian in boyhood. The waters were said to well up from an unfathomable depth, and then part, half north to Egypt and half south to Inner Ethiopia. Now I have heard of the fountains afore-mentioned so often I cannot doubt their existence, and I wish to clear up the point in my concluding trip. I am not to be considered as speaking without hesitation, but prepared, if I see reason, to confess myself wrong. No one would like to be considered a disciple of the testy old would-be geographer, who wrote 'Inner Africa Laid Open,' and swore to his fancies till he became blue in the face.

"The work would all have been finished long ago had the matter of supplies of men and goods not been entrusted by mistake to Banians and their slaves, whose efforts were all faithfully directed towards my failure.

"These Banians are protected English subjects, and by their money, their muskets, their ammunition, the East African Moslem slave trade is mainly carried on. The cunning East Indians secure most of the profits of the slave trade, and adroitly let the odium rest on their Arab agents.

"The Banians will not harm a flea or a mosquito, but my progress in geography has led me to the discovery

Livingstone, and two run south into Inner Ethiopia, as the Liambai, or Upper Zambezi, and the Kafue. Again, the father of history is confirmed by modern research, and the information which the great Doctor has obtained almost in the immediate neighbourhood of the object of his ambition shows how carefully the curious old traveller of 2,300 years ago must have pursued his inquiries and recorded the results, although he puts it upon record that he thought the man of letters or notary was joking with him."



that they are by far the worst cannibals in all Africa. They compass, by means of Arab agents, the destruction of more human lives for gain in one year than the Manyema do for their flesh-pots in ten.

“The matter of supplies and men was unwittingly committed to these our Indian fellow-subjects, who hate to see me in their slave market, and dread my disclosures on the infamous part they play. The slaves were all imbued with the idea that they were not to follow but force me back; and after rioting on my goods for sixteen months on the way, instead of three, the whole remaining stock was sold off for slaves and ivory.

“Some of the slaves who came to Manyema so baffled and worried me, that I had to return between 500 and 600 miles.

“The only help I have received, except half a supply which I despatched from Zanzibar in 1866, has been from Mr. Stanley, your travelling correspondent, and certain remains of stores which I seized from the slaves sent from Zanzibar seventeen months ago, and I had to come back 300 miles to effect the seizure.

“I wait here—Unyanyembe—only till Mr. Stanley can send me fifty free men from the coast, and then I proceed to finish up the geographical part of my mission.

“I come back to the slavery question, and if I am permitted in any way to promote its suppression, I shall not grudge the toil and time I have spent. It would be better to lessen human woe than discover the sources of the Nile.

“When parties leave Ujiji to go westwards into Manyema, the question asked is not what goods they have,

but how many guns and kegs of gunpowder. If they have 200 or 300 muskets, and ammunition in proportion, they think success is certain.

“No traders having ever before entered Manyuema, the value of ivory was quite unknown. Indeed, the tusks were left in the forests, with the other bones, where the animals had been slain; many were rotten, others were gnawed by a rodent animal to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes.

“If civilly treated, the people went into the forests to spots where they knew elephants had been killed either by traps or spears, and brought the tusks for a few copper bracelets. I have seen parties return with so much ivory that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed.

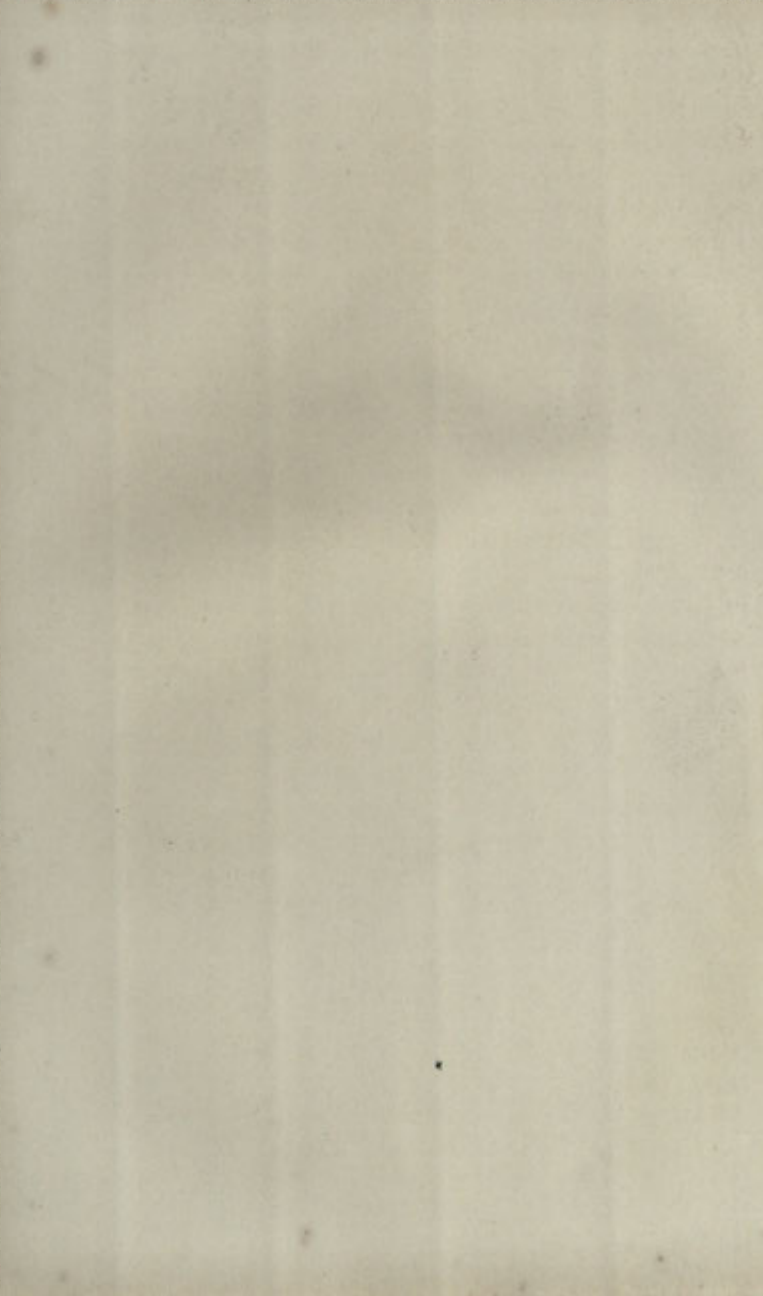
“The Manyuema were found to be terrified by the report of guns; some, I know, believed them to be supernatural, for when the effect of a musket-ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

“Many of the Manyuema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light coloured and lovely. It was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resemble the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious iron-founder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, ‘Oh, if we had Manyuema wives, what pretty children we should get!’

“Manyuema men and women were all vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had ac-



BASIN OF KISANGA.



quired by wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall, strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyuema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, 'Were it not for firearms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.'

"If a comparison were instituted, and Manyuema, taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyuema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look woefully scraggy. But though the 'inferior race,' as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals. It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of the canine teeth of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human.

"For many a month all the evidence I could collect amounted only to what would lead a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'not proven.' This arose partly from the fellows being fond of a joke, and they like to horrify any one who seemed incredulous. They led one of my people, who believed all they said, to see the skull of a recent human victim, and he invited me in triumph. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla—here called Soko—and for the first time I became aware of the existence of the animal there.

“The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything planted in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months it yielded one hundred and twenty fold; three measures of seed yielded three hundred and sixty measures. Maize is so abundant that I have seen forty-five loads, each about 60 lbs., given for a single goat. The ‘maize-dura’—or *holcus sorghum* *Tennisetum cassava*—sweet potatoes, and yams, furnished in no stinted measure the farinaceous ingredients of diet; the palm oil, the ground nuts, and a forest tree afford the fatty materials of food; bananas and plantains, in great profusion, and the sugar-cane yield saccharine; the palm toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco and bange, *canabis sativa*, form the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and sokos, or gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to see why they should be cannibals.

“New Zealanders, we were told, were cannibals because they had killed all their gigantic birds (moa, &c.), and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs. But the Manyuema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. Into the reasons for their cannibalism I do not enter. They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributed to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain.

“The religion of Christ is unquestionably the best for man. I refer to it not as the Protestant, the Catholic, the Greek, or any other, but to the comprehensive faith which has spread more widely over the world than most people imagine, and whose votaries, of whatever name, are better men than any outside the pale. We have, no doubt, grievous faults, but these, as in Paris, are owing to the want of religion.

“Christians generally are better than the heathens, but often don't know it, and they are all immeasurably better than they believe each other to be.

“The Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far, in order to have something to sell.

“Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain, and sweet potatoes, exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish, and other relishes; fowls, also pigs, goats, grass cloth, mats, and other articles change hands.

“All are dressed in their best—gaily-coloured, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee. When 2,000 or 3,000 are together they enforce justice, though chiefly women, and they are so eager traders, they set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other.

“The Bayenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish for farinaceous food with the

women on the east of the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishery. The Manyema have always told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities, the women passed through from one market to another unharmed; to take their goods, even in war, was a thing not to be done. But at these market-women the half-castes directed their guns. Two cases that came under my own observation were so sickening, I cannot allow the mind to dwell upon or write about them. Many of both sexes were killed, but the women and children chiefly were made captives. No matter how much ivory they obtained, these 'Nigger Moslems' must have slaves, and they assaulted the markets and villages, and made captives chiefly, as it appeared to me, because, as the men run off at the report of guns, they could do it without danger. I had no idea before how bloodthirsty men can be when they can pour out the blood of fellow-men in safety. And all this carnage is going on in Manyema at the very time I write. It is the Banians, our protected Indian fellow-subjects, that indirectly do it all. We have conceded to the Sultan of Zanzibar the right, which it was not ours to give, of a certain amount of slave trading, and that amount has been from 12,000 to 20,000 a year. As we have seen, these are not traded for but murdered for. They are not slaves, but free people made captive. A sultan with a sense of justice would, instead of taking head-money, declare that all were free as soon as they reached his territory. But the Banians have the custom-house and all the Sultan's revenue entirely in their hands. He cannot trust his Mahometan subjects, even of the better class, to farm his income, because, as



they themselves say, he would get nothing in return but a crop of lies. The Banians naturally work the custom-house so as to screen their own slaving agents; and so long as they have the power to promote it, their atrocious system of slaving will never cease. For the sake of lawful commerce, it would be politic to insist that the Sultan's revenue by the custom-house should be placed in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. By this arrangement the Sultan would be largely benefited, legal commerce would be exalted to a position it has never held since Banians and Moslems emigrated into Eastern Africa, and Christianity, to which the slave trade is an insurmountable barrier, would find an open door.

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

“James Gordon Bennett, Esq.”

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## DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DESPATCHES.

1870, 1871, and 1872.

Despatches addressed by Dr. Livingstone, Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa, to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in 1870, 1871, and 1872.

## No. I.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO LORD STANLEY.—(*Received**August 1, 1872.*)

*Bambarre, Manyuema Country, say about 150' W. of Ujiji.  
November 15, 1870.*

MY LORD,

As soon as I recovered sufficiently to be able to march from Ujiji, I went up Tanganyika about sixty miles, and thence struck away north-west into the country of the Manyuema or Manyema, the reputed cannibals. My object was to follow down the central line of drainage of the Great Nile Valley, which I had seen passing through the great Lake Bañgweolo, and changing its name from Chambezi to Luapula; then again, on passing through Lake Moero, assuming the name Lualaba, and after forming a third lake, Kamolondo, becoming itself a great

riverain lake, with many islands in it. I soon found myself in the large bend which this great lacustrine river makes by flowing west about 180 miles, then sweeping round to the north. Two hours were the utmost I could accomplish in a day; but by persevering I gained strength, and in July came up to the trading party of Muhamad Bogharib, who, by native medicines and carriage, saved my life in my late severe illness in Marungu. Two days before we reached Bambarre, the residence of the most sensible of the Manyema chiefs, called Moenkuss, we met a band of Ujijian traders carrying 18,000 lbs. weight of ivory, bought in this new field for a mere trifle in thick copper bracelets and beads. The traders had been obliged to employ their slaves to collect the ivory, and slaves with guns in their hands are often no better than demons. We heard but one side of the story; the slave version, and such as would have appeared in the newspaper, if they had one, "the Manyema were very bad, were always in the wrong;" wanted in fact to eat the slaves, and always gave them just reason to capture women and children, goats, sheep, fowls, and grain. The masters did not quite approve of this, but the deeds had been done, and then masters and men joined in one harmonious chorus, "The Manyema are bad, bad, bad, awfully bad, and cannibals!"

In going west of Bambarre, in order to embark on the Lualaba, I went down the Luamo, a river of from 100 yards to 200 yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend of the Lualaba. When near its confluence, I found myself among people who had lately been maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same

tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your "back up." The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head trader's name, to look at my colour, and see if it were the same as his, she replied, with a bitter little laugh, "Then you must be his father!" The worst the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and show us out of their districts. Glad that no collision took place, we returned to Bambarre, and then, with our friend Muhamad, struck away due north; he to buy ivory, and I to reach another part of Lualaba and buy a canoe.

The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light grey granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half-an-inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side, for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with moisture, which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be

only a thread of water at the bottom, but the mud, mire, or (*scottice*) "glaur" is grievous; thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In other cases the Muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass-cloth is woven, and called by the same name, "lamba," has taken possession of the valley. The leaf stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off and block up all passage, save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.

Every now and then the traders, with rueful faces, stand panting; the sweat trickles down my face, and I suppose that I look as grim as they, though I try to cheer them with the hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephant's enormous weight; the deep hole is filled with mud, and one taking it all to be about calf deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flaps on to a seat, soft enough, but not luxurious; a merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, though I have no other reason for it than that it is better to laugh than to cry.

Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges—a

species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow, the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by Manyema "kintefwetefwe," as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous, the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake.

The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes, ox-like, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good shot-gun does no harm to parrots or guinea fowls on their tops; and they are often so closely planted that I have heard gorillas, here called "sokos," growling about 50 yards off without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our Cushat dove. Here the "soko" sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it; but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as to build a house and not go beneath it for shelter.

Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile, the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of Californian gold fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde numbering 600 muskets, all eager for the precious tusks. These had been left by the Manyema in the interminable forests where the animals had been slain. The natives knew where they lay, and, if treated civilly, readily brought them, many half-rotten, or gnawed by a certain rodent to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already in this journey two severe lessons that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marunga I had pneumonia, the illness to which I have referred, and that was worse than ten fevers—that is, fevers treated by our medicine, and not by the dirt supplied to Bishop Mackenzie at the Cape as the

same. Besides being unwilling to bear the new comers' company, I feared that by further exposure in the rains the weakness might result in something worse.

I went seven days south-west, or a little backwards, to a camp formed by the head men of the ivory horde, and on the 7th of February went into winter-quarters. I found these men as civil and kind as I could wish.

A letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, which I owe to the kind offices of Sir Bartle Frere, has been of immense service to me with most of his subjects. I had no medicine but rest, shelter, boiling all the water I used, and a new potato, found among the natives, as restorative, soon put me all right.

The rains continued into July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful; and it laid up some of the strongest men, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory.

I lost no time, after it was feasible to travel, in preparing to follow the river; but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave women, whose husbands were away from the camp on trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves and freemen say, "No one will ever attack people so good" as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times over. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten.



I was at the mercy of those who had been Moslem slaves, and knew that in thwarting me they had the sympathy of all that class in the country; and as many others would have done, took advantage of the situation.

I went on with only three attendants; and this time north-west, in ignorance that the great river flows west and by south: but no one could tell me anything about it.

A broad belt of buga or prairie lies along the right bank. Inland from this it is all primeval forest, with villages from eight to ten miles apart. One sees the sun only in the cleared spaces around human dwellings. From the facilities for escaping the forest, people are wilder and more dangerous than those on the buga lands.

Muhamad's people went further on in the forest than I could, and came to the mountainous country of the Balegga, who collected in large numbers, and demanded of the strangers why they came. "We came to buy ivory," was the reply; "and if you have none, no harm is done, we shall return." "Nay," they shouted, "you came to die, and this day is your last; you came to die—you came to die." When forced to fire on the Balegga, the terror was like their insolence—extreme. And next day, when sent for to take away the women and children who were captured, no one appeared.

Having travelled with my informants, I knew their accounts to be trustworthy. The rivers crossed by them are numerous and large. One was so tortuous they were five hours in water waist, and often neck, deep, with a man in a small canoe, sounding for places which they could pass. In another case they were two hours in the water, and they could see nothing in the forest, and

nothing in the Balegga country but one mountain, packed closely to the back of another, without end; and a very hot fountain in one of the valleys.

I found continual wading in mud grievous; for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly, as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. The people were invariably civil, and even kind; for curiously enough the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally, because they never made slaves.

A trading party passed us, and one of their number was pinned to the ground by a spear at dead of night, while I was sleeping with my three attendants at a village close by. Nine villages had been burned, and, as the author of the outrage told me, at least forty men killed, because a Manyema man tried to steal a string of beads; the midnight assassination was the revenge for the loss of friends there. It was evident that reaction against the bloody slaving had set in.

The accounts, evidently truthful, given by Muhamad's people showed that nothing would be gained by going further in our present course, and now being very lame, I limped back to Bambarre, and here I was laid up by the eating ulcers for many months; they are common in the Manyema country, and kill many slaves. If the foot is placed on the ground blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever.

I have been minute, even to triviality, that your Lordship may have a clear idea of the difficulties of exploration in this region. Satisfactory progress could only be made in canoes with men accustomed to work. I tried hard to get other men at Ujiji, but all the traders were eager to secure the carriers for themselves, and circulated the report that I would go from Manyema away to my own country and leave my people to shift for themselves, like Speke; they knew perfectly that Speke's men left him first. It was like the case of certain Makololo who left me on the Shire, and refused to carry back the medicine to their chief, for which they had come. I was afterwards accused by men similar to the Ujijians of having abandoned them, though I gave them cattle, even after they deserted me; these being the wealth that they value most highly.

Failing to obtain other men at Ujiji, I might have waited in comfort there till those for whom I had written should come from the coast, and my great weakness almost demanded that I should do so; but I had then, as now, an intense desire to finish the work and retire. But on learning some parts of the history of the Lewale, or Arab Governor, of Unyanyembe, I had grave suspicions that my letters would be destroyed. He conducted the first English expedition from Zanzibar to Ujiji and Uvira, and back again to the coast, and was left unpaid till the Indian Government took the matter up and sent him \$1,000. He seems to be naturally an ill-conditioned mortal — a hater of the English. When I sent a stock of goods to be placed in depôt at Ujiji to await my arrival, the Banyamwezi porters, as usual, brought them honestly to Unyanyembe; the

Governor then gave them in charge to his slave Saloom, who stopped the caravan ten days in the way hither, while he plundered it and went off to buy ivory for his master in Karague. It was evident that he would do what he could to prevent evidence of the plundering from going to the coast; and his agent at Ujiji, who knew all this, though I did not, after I had paid him in full all he asked, to send the packet with about forty letters, returned it back to me with the message that "he did not know what words these letters contained." Two of my friends protested strongly, and he took the packet. When I learned the character of the Governor, I lost hope of any letters going to the coast, and took back my deserters, making allowance for their early education, and for the fact that they did well after Muza fled up to the time that a black Arab, who had long been a prisoner with Cazembe, joined us. He encouraged them to desert and harboured them, and when they relented on seeing me go off to Bañgweolo with only four followers, and proposed to follow me, he dissuaded them by the gratuitous assertion that there was war in the country to which I was going; and he did many other things which we think discreditable, though he got his liberty solely by the influence I brought to Cazembe. Yet, judged by the East African Moslem standard, as he ought to be, and not by ours, he is a very good man, and as I have learned to keep my own counsel among them, I never deemed it prudent to come to a rupture with the old "ne'er-do-well."

Compelled to inactivity here for many months, I offered \$1,000 to some of the traders for the loan of ten of their people; this is more than that number of men ever

obtain, but their imaginations were inflamed, and each expected to make a fortune by the ivory now lying rotting in the forests, and none would consent to my proposition till his goods should be all expended and no hope of more ivory remained.

I lived in what may be called the Tipperary of Man-yema, and they are certainly a bloody people among themselves. But they are very far from being, in appearance, like the ugly negroes on the West Coast. Finely formed heads are common; and, generally, men and women are vastly superior to the slaves of Zanzibar and elsewhere. We must go deeper than phrenology to account for their low moral tone. If they are cannibals, they are not ostentatiously so. The neighbouring tribes all assert that they are men-eaters, and they themselves laughingly admit the charge: but they like to impose on the credulous, and they showed the skull of a recent victim to horrify one of my people. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla or soko—the first I knew of its existence here—and this they do eat.

If I had believed a tenth of what I heard from traders, I might never have entered the country. Their people told tales with shocking circumstantiality, as if of eye-witnesses, that could not be committed to paper, or even spoken about beneath the breath. Indeed, one wishes them to vanish from memory. But, fortunately, I was never frightened in infancy with "bogie," and am not liable to attacks of what may almost be called "bogie-phobia:" for the patient, in a paroxysm, believes everything horrible, if only it be ascribed to the possessor of a black skin.

I have not yet been able to make up my mind as to

whether the Manyema are cannibals or not. I have offered goods of sufficient value to tempt any of them to call me to see a cannibal feast in the dark forests, where these orgies are said to be held, but hitherto in vain. All the real evidence yet obtained would elicit from a Scotch jury the verdict only of "not proven."

Although I have not done half I hoped to accomplish, I trust to your lordship's kind consideration to award me your approbation, and am, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,  
*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

No. 2.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

*(Received August 1, 1872.)*

*Ujiji, November 1, 1871.*

MY LORD,

I became aware of Mr. Young's search expedition only in February last, and that by a private letter from Sir Roderick Murchison. Though late in expressing my thankfulness, I am not the less sincere in now saying that I feel extremely obliged to Her Majesty's Government, to the Admiralty, to Captain Richards, to Sir Roderick Murchison, to Mr. Young, and all concerned in promoting the kind and rigorous inquiry after my fate. Had the low tone of morality among the East African Maho-

metans been known, Musa's tale would have received but little attention. Musa is perhaps a shade better than the average low-class Moslem, but all are notorious for falsehood and heartlessness.

When on the Shire we were in the habit of swinging the vessel out into midstream every evening in order that the air set in motion by the current of the river might pass through her entire length the whole night long. One morning Musa's brother-in-law stepped into the water in order to swim off for a boat to bring his companions on board, and was seized by a crocodile; the poor fellow held up his hand as if imploring assistance in vain. On denouncing Musa's heartlessness, he replied, "Well, no one tell him go in there." At another time, when we were at Senona, a slave woman was seized by a crocodile; four Makololo rushed in, unbidden, and rescued her, though they knew nothing about her. Long experience leads me to look on these incidents as typical of the two races. The race of mixed blood possesses the vices of both parents, and the virtues of neither. I have had more service out of low-class Moslems than any one else. The Baron Van der Decken was plundered of all his goods by this class in an attempt to go to Nyassa. As it was evidently done with the connivance of his Arab guide, Seyed Majid ordered him to refund the whole. It was the same class that by means of a few Somauli ultimately compassed the Baron's destruction. In Burton's expedition to Ujiji and Uvira, he was obliged to dismiss all his followers of this class at Ujiji for dishonesty. Most of Speke's followers deserted on the first appearance of danger, and Musa and companions fled on hearing a false report from a half-caste Moslem like

themselves that he had been plundered by Mazitu at a spot which, from having accompanied me thither and beyond it, they knew to be 150 miles, or say twenty days distant, and I promised to go due west and not turn northward till far past the beat of the Mazitu. But in former journeys we came through Portuguese, who would promptly have seized deserters; while here, at the lower end of Nyassa, we were on the Kilwa slave-route, where all their countrymen would fawn on and flatter them for baffling the Nazarenes, as they call us Christians.

As soon as I turned my face west, they all ran away, and they had no other complaint but "the Mazitu." All my difficulties in this journey have arisen from having low-class Moslems, or those who had been so before they were captured. Even of the better class, few can be trusted. The Sultan places all his income and pecuniary affairs in the hands of Banians from India. When the gentlemen of Zanzibar are asked why their Sultan entrusts his money to aliens alone, they readily answer it is owing to their own prevailing faithlessness. Some, indeed, assert with a laugh that, if their Sovereign allowed any of them to farm his revenue, he would receive nothing but a crop of lies. In their case, religion and morality are completely disjoined. It is, therefore, not surprising that in all their long intercourse with the tribes on the mainland, not one attempt has ever been made to propagate the Mahometan faith. I am very far from being unwilling to acknowledge and even admire the zeal of other religionists than the Christian; but repeated inquiries among all classes have only left the conclusion that they have propagated syphilis and the domestic bug alone. Any one familiar with the secon-



dary symptoms will see at a glance on the mainland the skin diseases and bleared eyes which say that unlimited polygamy has been no barrier to the spread of this foul disease. Compared with them, the English lower classes are gentlemen.

I am unfeignedly thankful for the kindness that prompted and carried out the search expedition, and am, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

P.S. *November 15.*—I have just learnt that Musa and companions, after breaking their engagement to serve for twenty months, which was formally entered into before Mr. Sunley, went to that gentleman, and after solemnly assuring him that I had been murdered, demanded pay for all the time they had been absent, and received it. They received from me advance of pay and clothing amounting to £40 sterling. I now transmit the particulars to Dr. Kirk, the political agent, and demand that the advances and also the pay should be refunded; for if they are allowed to keep both as the reward of falsehood, the punishment enjoined to be inflicted by Lord Stanley will only be laughed at.

D. L.

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No. 3.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

*(Received August 1, 1872.)**Ujiji, November 1, 1871.*

MY LORD,

I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ultimo, and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than 400 miles beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in body and mind by being forced back by faithless cowardly attendants that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend, but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyanyembe when entrusted to the care of the Lewale or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates, and give in this as much as I can recall.

I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between 10° and 12° south latitude, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points which, though not apparently very high, are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over 700 miles

in length, from west to east. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable, that is, it would take a large part of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the head of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down, the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four large lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas "Melapo," in the north, by Arabs, "Wadys;" both words meaning the same thing—river-bed in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches, and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the numbers of lichens which make the upland forest look like the mangrove swamps on the coast.

In passing over sixty miles of latitude, I waded thirty-

two primary sources from calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge; this would give about one source to every two miles.

A Suaheli friend, in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into  $11^{\circ}$  south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in  $12^{\circ}$  south. I tried to cross it in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. "They would come back for me in a few days truly," but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft if they should leave me in this wide expanse of water, and being 4,000 feet above the sea, it was very cold; so I returned.

The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, 150 miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapula; yet lakes are in no sense sources, for no large river begins in a lake: but this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and unlike the Okara, which, according to Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza, gives out a large river, which, on departing out of Moero, is

still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that of the three or four lakes there, only one, the Okara, gives off its water to the north.

The "White Nile" of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb's Lualaba, of from 2,000 to 6,000 yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped, but they are so far from the sources and send no water to any part of the Nile; they could never have been meant by the correct ancient explorers, from whom Ptolemy and his predecessors gleaned their true geography, so different from the trash that passes current in modern times.

Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about 600 miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression that in the last hundred miles the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of

Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not like all the rest from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound, and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the north-east of the mound becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain rising on the north-west, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loëki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the south-west, Palmerston's, becomes the Liambia or Upper Zambezi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue, and falls into Zambezi in Inner Ethiopia.

More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years, but had I left when the money was expended I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave-trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinates of their last so-called expedition, I learnt that it was believed that the Luapula went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most

intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow uphill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your Lordship will approve, that makes me remain and, if possible, finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage down, I have a sore longing for home; have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts, and an endless succession of beautiful man; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge outflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion.\* When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza, he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, "20,000 square miles of water," confused by sheer immensity.

Ptolemy's small lake "Coloc" is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north; its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant

from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash or Neibash is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between 400 and 500 miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splended achievement of following the river down took them further and further from the sources they sought. But for devotion to the foregone conclusion, the sight of the little "White Nile," as unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

The next explorer, Baker, believed as honestly as Speke and Grant, that in the Lake River Albert he had a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came further up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between 600 and 700 miles short of the *caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile Slave Trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one



should come after me and find sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.

But all that can in modern times and in common modesty be fairly claimed is, the rediscovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about B.C. 600. He was not believed because he reported that in passing round Libya he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from East to West, stamps his tale as genuine.

The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region, for in the second century of our era he gave, in substance, what we now find to be genuine geography.

The springs of the Nile, rising in  $10^{\circ}$  to  $12^{\circ}$  south latitude, and their water collecting into two large lacustrine rivers, and other facts, could have been learned only from primitive travellers or traders,—the true discoverers of what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know and longed in vain.

In a letter of November 1870, now inclosed,\* I have tried to give an idea of the difficulties encountered in following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyema or Manyema. I found it, a year afterwards, where it was left. Other letters had made no further progress to the coast; in fact, Manyema country is an entirely new field, and nothing like postage exists, nor can letters be sent to Ujiji except by large trading parties who have spent two or three years in Manyema.

\* No. 1.

The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb's Lualaba, in the centre of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least 180 miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west of about 120 miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to north-east, receives the Lomame, or Loēki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it, but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for, assuming Speke's longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika 2,880 feet high. Respect for Speke's memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same, but from the habit of writing the *Annum Domini* a mere slip of the pen made him say 1,844 feet; but I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling points, and they make Tanganyika over 3,000 feet, and the lower part of Central Lualaba one inch lower, or about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro.

Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick's branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the smaller eastern arm, which Speke, Grant, and Baker took to be the river of Egypt.

The Manyema could give no information about their country, because they never travel. Blood feuds often prevent them from visiting villages three or four miles off, and many at a distance of about thirty miles did not know the great river, though named to them. No trader had gone so far as I had, and their people cared only for ivory.

In my attempts to penetrate further and further I had but little hope of ultimate success; for the great amount of westing led to a continual effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile, and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of "not proven." They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am

glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

Markets are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are light-coloured, have straight noses, finely formed heads, small hands and feet, and perfect forms. They are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle and joke, and laugh and cheat, seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.

Near Lomame, the Bakuss, or Bakoons, cultivate coffee, and drink it highly scented with vanilla. Food of all kinds is extremely abundant and cheap. The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore, and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves, and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears among them; no prognathous jaws, barn-door mouth, nor lark-heels are seen. Their defects arise from absolute ignorance of all the world; besides, strangers never appeared among them before. The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema seems to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gun-shot on a goat was shown, in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship; they looked up to the skies, and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down; and afterwards, when the traders tried



A NATIVE HEAD-DRESS.



TSETSE (*glossina morsitans*).



CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.



ONE OF THE MAKOLOLOS PADDLING.



AFRICAN HEAD-DRESSES.



A DANGEROUS BRAMBLE.



to force a passage which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi's followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity, and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the firearms not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would ever leave their country.

There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos—there is no political cohesion; not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely we found them everywhere very honest. When detained at Bambarre we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages, to prevent them being all stolen by the Zanzibar slaves; the slave-owners had to do the same.

Manyema-land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as "lambas" or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the "Muale" palm.

They call the good spirit above "Ngulu," or the Great One, and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, "Mulambu." A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes.

Your, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

## No 4.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO EARL GRANVILLE.

*(Received August 1, 1872.)**Ujiji, November, 14, 1871.*

MY LORD,

In my letter dated Bambarre, November 1870, now inclosed,\* I stated my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing paper, intended to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyamwebe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banians of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent, he pilfers from his employers, be they Banians or Arabs; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a Magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most; and as the subject of a Sultan who intrusted him because he had no power on the mainland to supersede him, he robs his superior shamelessly. No Arab or native ever utters a good word for him, but all detest him for his injustice.

The following narrative requires it to be known that his brother, Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid, is equally notorious for unblushing dishonesty. All Arabs and Europeans

\* No. 1.



who have had dealings with either speak in unmeasured terms of their fraud and duplicity. The brothers are employed in trade, chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar.

It is well known that the Slave Trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banians advance the goods required and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading or rather murdering, and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast, the Arabs sell the slaves. The Banians pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents. As a rule, no travelling Arab has money sufficient to undertake an inland journey. Those who have become rich imitate the Banians, and send their indigent countrymen and slaves to trade for them. The Banians could scarcely carry on their system of trade were they not in possession of the Custom-house, and had power to seize all the goods that pass through it to pay themselves for debts. The so-called Governors are appointed on their recommendation, and become mere trade agents. When the Arabs in the interior are assaulted by the natives they never unite under a Governor as a leader, for they know that defending them or concerting means for their safety is no part of his duty. The Arabs are nearly all in debt to the Banians, and the Banian slaves are employed in ferreting out every trade transaction of the debtors, and when watched by Governors' slaves and Custom-house officers it is scarcely possible for even this cunning deceitful race to escaped being fleeced. To avoid this, many surrender all the ivory to their Banian creditors, and are allowed to keep or sell the slaves as their share

of the profits. It will readily be perceived that the prospect of in any way coming under the power of Banian British subjects at Zanzibar is very far from reassuring.

The packet above referred to was never more heard of, but a man called Musa Kamaah had been employed to drive some buffaloes for me from the coast, and on leaving Ujiji the same day the packet was delivered for transmission, I gave him a short letter, dated May 1869, which he concealed on his person, knowing that on its production his wages depended. He had been a spectator of the plundering of my goods by the Governor's slave Saloom, and received a share to hold his peace. He was detained for months at Unyanyembe by the Governor, and even sent back to Ujiji on his private business, he being ignorant all the while that Kamaah possessed the secreted letter. It was the only document of more than forty that reached Zanzibar. It made known in some measure my wants, but my cheques on Bombay for money were in the lost packet, and Ludha, the rich Banian, was employed to furnish on credit all the goods and advances of pay for the men required in the expedition. Ludha is, perhaps, the best of all the Banians of Zanzibar, but he applied to Ali-bin-Salem, the brother of his agent, the Governor, to furnish two head men to conduct the goods and men to Ujiji and beyond it, wherever I might be there reported to be. He recommended Shereef Boshier and Awathe as first and second conductors of the caravan. Shereef, the Governor, and the Governor's brother, being "birds of one feather," the consequences might have been foretold. No sooner did Shereef obtain command than he went to one Muhamad Nassur, a Zanzibar-

born Banian or Hindoo, and he advanced twenty-five boxes of soap and eight cases of brandy for trade. He then went to Bagamoyo on the mainland, and received from two Banians there, whose names are to me unknown, quantities of opium and gunpowder, which, with the soap and brandy, were to be retailed by Shereef in the journey. In the Bagamoyo Banian's house Shereef broke the soap boxes, and stowed the contents and the opium in my bales of calico, in order that the pagazi or carriers paid by me should carry them. Other pagazi were employed to carry the cases of brandy and kegs of gunpowder, and paid with my cloth. Henceforth all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my property, and while retailing the barter goods of his Banian accomplices he was in no hurry to relieve my wants, but spent fourteen months between the coast and Ujiji, a distance which could easily have been accomplished in three. Making every allowance for detention by sickness in the party, and by sending back for men to replace the first pagazi, who perished by cholera, the delays were quite shameless. Two months at one spot, two months at another place, and two at a third, without reason except desire to profitably retail his brandy, &c., which some simple people think Moslems never drink, but he was able to send back from Unyanyembe over £60 worth of ivory—the pagazi again paid from my stores. He ran riot with the supplies, all the way purchasing the most expensive food for himself, his slaves, his women, the country afforded. When he reached Ujiji his retail trade for the Banians and himself was finished, and in defiance of his engagement to follow wherever I led, and men from a camp eight days beyond

Bambarre went to Ujiji and reported to him that I was near and waiting for him, he refused their invitation to return with them.

The Banians who advanced their goods for retail by Shereef had in fact taken advantage of the notorious East African Moslem duplicity to interpose their own trade speculation between two Government officers, and almost within the shadow of the Consulate supplant Dr. Kirk's attempt to aid me, by a fraudulent conversion of the help expedition to the gratification of their own greed. Shereef was their ready tool, and having at Ujiji finished the Banian trade, he acted as if he had forgotten having ever been employed by any one else. Here the drunken half-caste Moslem tailor lay intoxicated at times for a whole month; the drink—palm-toddy and tombe—all bought with my beads, of course.

Awathe, the other head man, was a spectator of all the robbery from the coast onwards, and never opened his mouth in remonstrance or in sending notice to the Consul. He had carefully concealed an infirmity when engaged, which rendered him quite incapable of performing a single duty for me, and he now asserts, like the Johanna deserters, that he ought to be paid all his wages in full. I shall narrate below how seven of the Banian slaves bought by Shereef and Awathe imitated their leaders, and refused to go forward, and ultimately, by falsehood and cowardice, forced me to return between 400 and 500 miles; but here I may mention how Shereef finished up his services. He wrote to his friend, the Governor of Unyanyembe, for permission to sell the *débris* of my goods, "because," said he, "I sent slaves to Manyema to search for the Doctor, and they returned

and said that he was dead." He also divined on the Koran, and it told the same tale.

It is scarcely necessary to add that he never sent slaves in search of me, and from the people above mentioned that returned from a camp in front of Bambarre, he learnt that I was alive and well. So, on his own authority and that of the Koran, he sold off all the remaining goods at merely nominal prices to his friends for ivory and slaves for himself; and I lately returned to find myself destitute of everything except a very few articles of barter which I took the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need.

I have stated the case to Dr. Kirk, Acting Political Agent and Consul at Zanzibar, and claim as simple justice that the Banians, who are rich English subjects, should, for stepping in between me and the supplies sent, be compelled to refund the entire expenses of the frustrated expedition, and all the high interest, 20 or 25 per cent. thereon, set down against me in Ludha's books; if not also the wages of my people and personal expenses for two years, the time during which, by their surreptitious agent, Shereef, my servants and self were prevented from executing our regular duty.

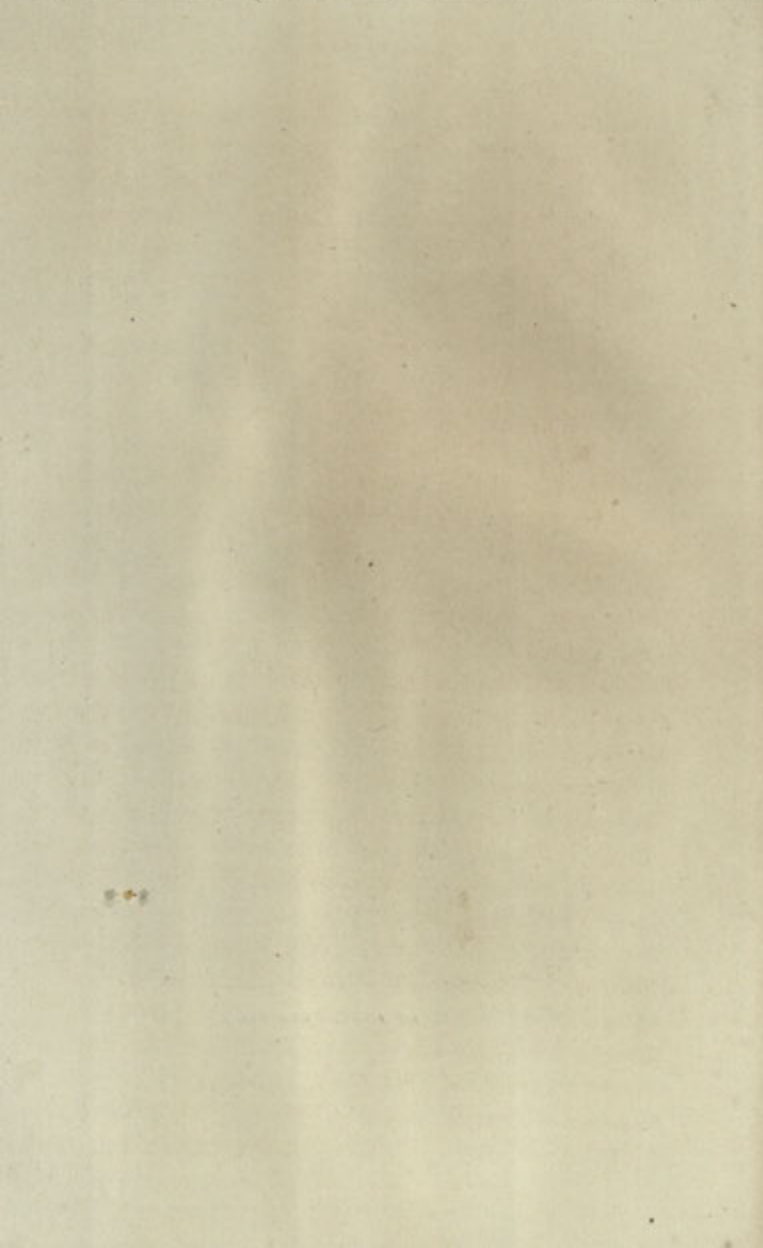
The late Sultan Seyed Majid compelled the Arab who connived at the plunder of all the Baron Van der Decken's goods in a vain attempt to reach Lake Nyassa, to refund the whole. It is inconceivable that the dragoman and other paid servants of the Consulate were ignorant of the fraud practised by the Banians on Dr. Kirk and me.

All the Banians and Banian slaves were perfectly well aware of Muhamad Nassur's complicity. The villany

of saddling on me all the expenses of their retail venture of soap, brandy, opium, and gunpowder was perpetrated in open day, and could not escape the notice of the paid agents of the Consul; but how this matter was concealed from him, and also the dishonest characters of Syde-bin-Ali Buraschid and Shereef, it is difficult to conceive. The oft-repeated asseveration of Shereef that he acted throughout on the advice of Ludha, may have a ray of truth in it. But a little gentle pressure on Seyd Burghash, the present Sultan, will probably ensure the punishment of Shereef, though it is also highly probable that he will take refuge near the Governor of Unyanyembe till the affair blows over. If the rich Banian English subjects be compelled to refund, this alone will deter them from again plundering the servants of a Government which goes to great expense for their protection.

I will now proceed to narrate, in as few words as possible, how I have been baffled by the Banian slaves sent by Ludha instead of men. They agreed to go to Ujiji, and having there ascertained where I was to be found, were to follow me as boatmen, carriers, woodmen, or in every capacity required without reference to the customs of other expeditions. Each, on being engaged, received an advance of thirty dollars, and a promise of five dollars a month afterwards. This was double to Zanzibar freemen's pay. They had much sickness near the coast, and five died of cholera. While under Shereef and Awathe, they cannot be blamed for following their worthless leaders; these leaders remained at Ujiji, and Shereef's three slaves and his woman did the same.

After two months' delay, these seven Banian slaves





AN AFRICAN WARRIOR.



came along with the men returning past Bambarre, as mentioned above. They came on the 4th February, 1871, having left Zanzibar in October 1869. I had been laid up at Bambarre by irritable eating ulcers on both feet, which prevented me from setting a foot on the ground from August, 1870, to the end of the year; a piece of malachite rubbed down with water on a stone was the only remedy that had any effect; I had no medicine; some in a box had been unaccountably detained by the Governor of Unyanyembe since 1868, though I sent for it twice, and delivered calico to prepay the carriers. I have been uncharitable enough to suspect that the worthy man wishes to fall heir to my two guns in the same box. Shereef sent by the slaves a few coarse beads, evidently exchanged for my beautiful and dear beads, a little calico, and in great mercy some of my coffee and sugar. The slaves came without loads, except my tent, which Shereef and they had used till it was quite rotten, and so full of holes, it looked as if riddled with small shot. I never used it once. They had been sixteen months on the way from Zanzibar instead of three, and now, like their head men, refused to go any further. They swore so positively that the Consul had told them to force me back, and on no account to go forward, that I actually looked again at their engagement to be sure my eyes had not deceived me. Fear alone made them consent to go, but had I not been aided by Muhamad Bogharib, they would have gained their point by sheer brazen-faced falsehood. I might then have gone back and deposed Shereef and Awathe, but this would have required five or six months; and in that time, or perhaps less time, at least I had good reason to

hope that the exploration would be finished, and my return would be up Albert Lake and Tanganyika, instead of the dreary part of Manyema and Guha I already knew perfectly. The desire to finish the geographical part of my work was, and is, most intense every time my family comes into mind. I also hoped that, as usual, ere long, I should gain influence over my attendants, but I never had experience with Banian Moslem slaves before, who had imbibed little of the Muhamadan religion but its fulsome pride, and whose previous employment had been browbeating Arab debtors somewhat like the lowest class of our Sheriffs' officers.

As we went across the second great bend of the Lualaba they showed themselves to be all accomplished cowards, in constant dread of being killed and eaten by Manyema. Failing to induce me to spend all the goods and return, they refused to go beyond a point far down the Lualaba, where I was almost in sight of the end towards which I strained. They now tried to stop further progress by falsehood, and they found at a camp of Ujijian and mainland Arabs a number of willing helpers to propagate the slander "that I wanted neither ivory nor slaves, but a canoe to kill Manyema." Can it be wondered at that people who had never seen strangers before, or even heard of white men, believed them? By this slander, and the ceremony of mixing blood with the head men, the mainland and Ujijian Arabs secured nine canoes, while I could not purchase one. But four days below this part narrows occur, in which the mighty river is compressed by rocks, which jut in, not opposite to each other, but alternately; and the water rushing round the promontories forms terrible whirl-

pools, which overturned one of the canoes, and so terrified the whole party that by deceit preceded me, that they returned without ever thinking of dragging the canoes past the difficulty. This I should have done to gain the confluence of the Lomame, some fifty miles below, and thence ascend through Lake Lincoln to the ancient fountains beyond the copper-mines of Katanga, and this would nearly finish my geographical work. But it was so probable that the dyke which forms the narrows would be prolonged across country into Lomame, that I resolved to turn towards this great river considerably above the narrows, and where the distance between Lualaba and Lomame is about eighty miles.

A friend, named Dugumbe, was reported to be coming from Ujiji with a caravan of 200 guns, and nine under-traders, with their people. The Banian slaves refused duty three times, and the sole reason they alleged for their mutiny, fear of going where "there were no Moslems." The loss of all their wages was a matter of no importance to any one except their masters at Zanzibar. As an Englishman they knew I would not beat or chain them, and two of them frankly avowed that all they needed for obedience was a free man to thrash them! The slave-traders all sympathized with them, for they hated my being present to witness their atrocities. The sources of the Nile they knew to be a sham; to reveal their slaving was my true object, and all dread being "written against." I therefore waited three months for Dugumbe, who appeared to be a gentleman, and offered 4,000 rupees, or £400, for ten men and a canoe on Lomame, and, afterwards, all the goods I believed I had at Ujiji, to enable me to finish what I had to do without

the Banian slaves. His first words to me were, "Why, your own slaves are your greatest enemies! I hear everywhere how they have baffled you." He agreed to my proposition, but required a few days to consult his associates.

Two days afterwards, or on the 13th of June, a massacre was perpetrated which filled me with such intolerable loathing that I resolved to yield to the Banian slaves, return to Ujiji, get men from the coast, and try to finish the rest of my work by going outside the area of Ujijian bloodshed instead of vainly trying from its interior outwards.

Dugumbe's people built their huts on the right bank of Lualaba, at a market-place called Nyangwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, [they] were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him and make an impression in the country in favour of their own greatness by an assault on the market people, and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves. Tagamoio, the principal under-trader of Dugumbe's party, was the perpetrator. The market was attended every fourth day by between 2,000 and 3,000 people. It was held on a long slope of land which, down at the river, ended in a creek capable of containing between fifty and sixty large canoes. The majority of the market people were women, many of them very pretty. The people west of the river brought fish, salt, pepper, oil, grass-cloth, iron, fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, in great numbers, to exchange with those east of the river for cassava grain, potatoes, and other farinaceous products.

They have a strong sense of natural justice, and all unite in forcing each other to fair dealing. At first my presence made them all afraid, but wishing to gain their confidence, which my enemies tried to undermine or prevent, I went among them frequently, and when they saw no harm in me became very gracious; the bargaining was the finest acting I ever saw. I understood but few of the words that flew off the glib tongues of the women, but their gestures spoke plainly. I took sketches of the fifteen varieties of fish brought in, to compare them with those of the Nile further down, and all were eager to tell their names. But, on the date referred to, I had left the market only a minute or two when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market-place, but had refrained by attributing it to ignorance in new-comers—they began to fire into the dense crowd around them; another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods, the men forgot their paddles, the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprang into the water. The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island a mile off; to gain it they had to turn the left shoulder against a current of between a mile and a-half to two miles an hour. Had they gone diagonally with the current, though that would have been three miles, many would have gained the shore. It was horrible to see one head after another disappear, some calmly, others throwing their arms high up towards the Great Father of all, and going down. Some of the men who

got canoes out of the crowd paddled quick, with hands and arms, to help their friends; three took people in till they all sank together. One man had clearly lost his head, for he paddled a canoe which would have held fifty people straight up-stream, nowhere. The Arabs estimated the loss at between 400 and 500 souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of thirty canoes which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One lady refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them, next day, home; many escaped and came to me, and were restored to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's band began their assault on the people on the west of the river, and continued the fire all day. I counted seventeen villages in flames, and next day six. Dugumbe's power over the underlings is limited, but he ordered them to cease shooting; those in the market were so reckless they shot two of their own number. Tagamoio's crew came back next day in canoes, shouting and firing off their guns as if believing that they were worthy of renown.

Next day about twenty head men fled from the west bank and came to my house. There was no occasion now to tell them that the English had no desire for human blood. They begged hard that I should go over with them and settle with them, and arrange where the new dwellings of each should be. I was so ashamed of the bloody Moslem company in which I found myself that I was unable to look at the Manyema. I confessed my grief and shame, and was entreated, if I must go, not to leave them now. Dugumbe spoke kindly to them,

and would protect them as well as he could against his own people; but when I went to Tagamoio to ask back the wives and daughters of some of the head men, he always ran off and hid himself.

This massacre was the most terrible scene I ever saw. I cannot describe my feelings, and am thankful that I did not give way to them, but by Dugumbe's advice avoided a blood feud with men who, for the time, seemed turned into demons. The whole transaction was the more deplorable, inasmuch as we have always heard from the Manyema that though the men of the districts may be engaged in actual hostilities, the women pass from one market-place to another with their wares and were never known to be molested. The change has come only with these alien bloodhounds, and all the bloodshed has taken place in order that captives might be seized where it could be done without danger, and in order that the slaving privileges of a petty sultan should produce abundant fruit.

Heartsore, and greatly depressed in spirits by the many instances of "man's inhumanity to man" I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body, and it is no over-statement to say that almost every step of between 400 and 500 miles was in pain. I felt as if dying on my feet, and I came very near to death in a more summary way. It is within the area of bloodshed that danger alone occurs. I could not induce my Moslem slaves to venture outside that area or sphere. They knew better than I did. "Was Muhamad not the greatest of all, and their prophet?"

About midway back to Bambarre we came to villages

where I had formerly seen the young men compelled to carry a trader's ivory. When I came on the scene the young men had laid down the tusks and said: "Now we have helped you so far without pay, let the men of other villages do as much." "No, no, take up the ivory;" and take it up they did, only to go a little way and cast it into the dense vegetation on each side the path we afterwards knew so well. When the trader reached his next stage he sent back his men to demand the "stolen" ivory; and when the elders denied the theft they were fired upon and five were killed, eleven women and children captured, and also twenty-five goats. The remaining elders then talked the matter over, and the young men pointed out the ivory and carried it twenty-two miles after the trader. He chose to say that three of the tusks were missing, and carried away all the souls and goats he had captured. They now turned to the only resource they knew, and when Dugumbe passed, waylaid and killed one of his people. In our return we passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema, who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji, and goods back again. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birth-places. As all the Arabs have been enjoined by Seyed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough, but there were no





A VILLAGE IN K'HUTU.



Europeans to see it. The maltreated men, now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest with vegetation so dense that by stooping down and peering towards the sun we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the rank vegetation was a spear thrown from the shadow of an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it; this detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an anthill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down towards me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming "Peace, peace! you will finish your work in spite of all these people, and in spite of everything." I, too, took it as an omen of good that I had three narrow escapes from death in one day.

The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear, and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now, but in

running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies, all eager to signalize themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiments entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not.

On coming to the cleared plantations belonging to the next group of villages, all lay down to rest, and soon saw their head man walking unarmed in a stately manner towards us. He had heard the vain firing of my men into the dense vegetation, and came to inquire the cause. When he had consulted his elders, he sent an offer to me in the evening to collect all his people, and if I lent him my people who had guns he would bring me ten goats instead of three milch ones I had lost. I again explained the mistake under which his next neighbours laboured, and as he understood the whole case, he was ready to admit that my joining in his ancient feud would only make matters worse. Indeed, my old Highland blood had been roused by the wrongs which his foes had suffered, and all through I could not help sympathizing with them, though I was the especial object of their revenge.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

Inclosure in No. 4.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO DR. KIRK.

*Ujiji, October, 30, 1871.*

SIR,

I wrote on the 25th and 28th current two very hurried letters, one for you and the other for Lord Clarendon, which were forwarded to Unyanyembe. I had just reached this place thoroughly jaded in body and mind, and found that your agent Shereef Boshier had sold off all the goods you sent for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran and found that I was dead. He also wrote to the Governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and he wished the permission of the Governor to sell the goods. He, however, knew from men who came from me in Manyema that I was near Ujiji at Bambarre, and waiting for him and supplies; but when my friends here protested against the sale of my goods he invariably answered, "You know nothing about the matter. I alone know that the Consul ordered me to remain one month at Ujiji, and then sell off and return." When I came he said that Ludha had so ordered him.

From the Banian slaves you sent, I learn that Ludha went to Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid, a person notoriously dishonest, and he recommended Shereef Boshier as leader of the caravan. No sooner did he obtain command than he went to Muhamad Nassur, who furnished twenty-five boxes of soap and eight cases of brandy to be retailed

in the course of the journey inland. At Bagamoyo, Shereef got a quantity of opium and gunpowder from two Banians there whose names are unknown to me. In their house Shereef broke the soap-boxes, and stowed the contents in my bales; the brandy cases were kept entire, and pagazi employed to carry them and the opium and gunpowder, and paid out of my bales. The Banians and Shereef had interposed their own trade speculation between two Government officers, and thenceforward all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my supplies, and Shereef was able to send back to his accomplices five frasilahs of ivory from Unyanyembe, value some £60; the pagazi again paid by me. He was in no hurry to aid me, but spent fourteen months in traversing a distance that could easily have been accomplished in three. If we deduct two months for detention by sickness, we have still twelve months, of which nine were devoted to the private interests of the Banians and Shereef. He ran riot with my goods, buying the best provisions and drink the country afforded; lived in my tent till it was so rotten and full of holes I never could use it once; remained two months at three several places retailing brandy, opium, gunpowder, and soap; and these being finished, on reaching Ujiji he would go no further. Here it is commonly reported he lay drunk for a month at a time; the dura pombe and palm toddy all bought with my fine samsam beads. He issued twenty-four yards of calico per month for himself, eight yards for each of his slaves, eight yards for his woman, and eight yards for Awathe, the other head man; and when he sent seven of the Baniyan slaves employed by Ludha to me at Bambarre, he would not allow me more than two

frasilahs of the very coarsest beads, evidently exchanged for my fine samsams, a few pieces of calico, and in great mercy half the coffee and sugar. The slaves came without loads. Shereef finished up, as above stated, by selling off all except the other half of the coffee and sugar and one bundle of unsaleable beads. He left four pieces of calico, and went off from this, but hearing of disturbance at Unyanyembe deposited his ivory in a village near, and coming back took the four pieces of calico, and I received of all the fine calico and dear beads you sent not a single yard or string of beads.

Awathe, the other head man employed, was a spectator of all the plunder by Shereef from the coast onwards, and never opened his mouth in remonstrance or in sending back a report to his employer. He carefully concealed an infirmity from you which prevented him from performing a single duty for me. He had his "sheepa" long before he was engaged, and he stated to me that the large fleshy growth came up at once on reaching Ujiji. It is not hydrocele but sarcocele, and his own statement proved that the pain he feigned had entirely ceased, when Dugumbe, a friend of mine, offered to convey him by short easy stages to me. He refused, from believing that the Banians have so much power that he will be paid in full for all the time he has been dishonestly devouring my goods, though quite unable to do any duty. Dugumbe also offered to convey a packet of letters that was delivered to Shereef here as my agent, but when he told him that he was about to start it was not forthcoming. It was probably destroyed to prevent my seeing the list of goods you sent by one Hassani to Unyanyembe.

With due reference to your judgment, I claim all the expenses incurred as set down against me in Ludha's books from the Banians who, by fraud, converted a caravan to help me into the gratification of their own greed. Muhamad Nassur can reveal the names of the other Banian accomplices of Shereef who connived in supplanting help for me into a trade speculation. They ought also to pay the slaves sent by Ludha, and let them (the Banians) recover from Shereef. I report this case to Her Majesty's Government as well as to you, and believe that your hands will thereby be strengthened to see that justice is done and that due punishment be inflicted on the Banians, on Shereef and Awathe, and on the Banian slaves who baffled and thwarted me instead of fulfilling the engagement entered into in your presence. A note is enclosed to His Highness Seyed Burghash which you will please present.

In entrusting the matter of supplies and men for me to the Banian Ludha, you seem to have been unaware that our Government forbids its servants to employ slaves. The Commissioner and Consul at Loanda, on the West Coast, sent all the way to St. Helena for somewhat stupid servants, rather than incur the displeasure of the Foreign Office by using very clever Portuguese slaves within call.

In the very trying circumstances you mention during the visitation of cholera, and in the absence of instructions I had inclosed, to employ freemen and not slaves, as also in the non-appearance of the cheques for money inclosed in the same lost packet, the call on Ludha was, perhaps, the easiest course, and I trust that you will not consider me ungrateful if I point out that it involved a



grave mistake. Ludha is polite enough, but the slave trade, and, indeed, most other trade, is carried on chiefly by the money of Banians, British subjects, who receive most of the profits, and adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on the Arabs. They hate us English, and rejoice more over our failures than successes. Ludha sent his own and other Banian slaves at sixty dollars a year, while the usual pay of freemen at Zanzibar is only from twenty-five to thirty dollars a year. He will charge enormous interest on the money advanced, from twenty to twenty-five per cent. ; and even supposing Shereef's statement, that Ludha told him not to go beyond Ujiji, but after one month sell off all and return, to be quite untrue, it is passing strange that every one of the Banian slaves employed stoutly asserted that they were not to follow but to force me back. I had no hold on people who knew that they would not be allowed to keep their wages. It is also very remarkable that the objects of your caravan should be so completely frustrated by Banians conniving with Shereef almost within the shadow of the Consulate, and neither dragoman nor other paid officials under your orders gave any information. The characters of Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid and his "chum" Shereef could scarcely have been hid from them. Why employ them without characters ?

Yours, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

P.S. *November 16, 1871.*—I regret the necessity of bringing the foregoing very unpleasant subject before you, but I have just received letters and information which

make the matter doubly serious. Mr. Churchill informed me by a letter of September 19, 1870, that Her Majesty's Government had most kindly sent £1,000 for supplies, to be forwarded to me. Some difficulties had occurred to prevent £500 worth from starting, but in the beginning of November all were removed. But it appears that you had recourse to slaves again, and one of these slaves informs me that goods and slaves all remained at Bagamoyo four months, or till near the end of February, 1871. No one looked near them during that time, but a rumour reached them that the Consul was coming, and off they started, two days before your arrival, not on their business, but on some private trip of your own. These slaves came to Unyanyembe in May last, and there they lay till war broke out and gave them, in July, a good excuse to lay there still.

A whole year has thus been spent in feasting slaves on £500 sent by Government to me. Like the man who was tempted to despair when he broke the photograph of his wife, I feel inclined to relinquish hope of ever getting help from Zanzibar to finish the little work I have still to do. I wanted men, not slaves, and freemen are abundant at Zanzibar; but if the matter is committed to Ludha instead of to an energetic Arab, with some little superintendence by your dragoman or others, I may wait twenty years and your slaves feast and fail. D. L.

I will just add that the second batch of slaves had, like the first, two freemen as the leaders, and one died of small-pox. The freemen in the first party of slaves were Shereef and Awathe. I inclose also a shameless overcharge in Ludha's bill of 364 dollars 6½ cents.

D. L.

No. 5.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO EARL GRANVILLE.

*(Received August 1, 1872.)**Ujiji, December 18, 1871.*

MY LORD,

The despatch of Lord Clarendon, dated 31st May, 1870, came to this place on the 13th ultimo, and its very kindly tone and sympathy afforded me a world of encouragement. Your Lordship will excuse me in saying that with my gratitude there mingled sincere sorrow that the personal friend who signed it was no more.

In the kind wish expressed for my return home I can join most cordially; indeed I am seized with a sore longing every time my family, now growing up, comes into my mind; but if I explain, you will not deem me unreasonable in making one more effort to make a feasible finish up of my work. I know about 600 miles of the long watershed of South Central Africa pretty fairly. From this the majority of the vast number of the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise, and form great mains of drainage in the great Nile valley, which begins in latitude  $10^{\circ}$  to  $12^{\circ}$  south. But in the seventh hundred miles four fountains are reported, which are different from all I have seen, in rising from the base of an earthen mound as full-grown gushing springs, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river. I have heard of this remarkable mound 200 miles distant on the south-west. Again, 300

miles distant on the south, Mr. Oswell and I heard that the Upper Zambezi, or Liambai, rose at (this) one point. Then intelligent natives mentioned it 180 miles off on the east, and again 150 from it on the north-east, and also in the Manyema country 100 miles north-north-east. Intelligent Arabs who had visited the mound and fountains spoke of them as a subject of wonder, and confirmed all my previous information. I cannot doubt of their existence, and I have even given names by anticipation to the fountains whose rivers I know.

But on the next point, which, if correct, gives these fountains a historic interest, I speak with great diffidence, and would fain apologize for mentioning, on the dim recollections of boyhood, and without a single book of reference, to hazard the conjecture that these fountains, rising together and flowing two north into the Nile, and two south to Inner Ethiopia, are probably the sources of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais in Egypt. The idea imparted by the words of the ancient historian was that the waters of the sources welled up in unfathomable fountains, and then parted, half to Egypt, and the other half to Inner Ethiopia.

The ancient traveller or trader who first brought the report down to Egypt would scarcely be so precise as to explain of waters that seemed to issue from nearly one spot flowed on to opposite slopes of the watershed [*sic*]. The north-east fountain, Bartle Frere's, flows as the large river Lufira into Kamolondo, one of four large lakes in Webb's Lualaba. The centre line of drainage then, that on the north-west of the mound, Young's (Sir Paraffin) fountain flows through Lake Lincoln, and as the River

Lomame joins Webb's Lualaba before the fourth large lake is formed, of which the outflow is said to be into Petherick's branch: two certainly flow north, and two as certainly flow south; for Palmerston's fountain on the south-west is the source of the Liambai or Upper Zambezi, and Oswell's fountain, on the south-east, is the Kafue, which far down joins the same river in "Inner Ethiopia." I advance the conjecture merely for what it is worth, and not dogmatically. The gentlemen who stay at home at ease may smile at my assurance in recalling the memories of boyhood in Central Africa: but let these be the sources of the ancients or not, it seems desirable to rediscover them, so that no one may come afterwards and cut me out by a fresh batch of sources.

I am very unwilling to attach blame to any one, and I can only ascribe it to ignorance at Zanzibar of our Government being stringently opposed to its officers employing slave labour, that some £500 or £600 worth of my goods were entrusted to Ludha, a concealed slave-dealer, who again placed the supplies in the hands of slaves under two dishonest freemen, who, as I have described in my letter of the 14th ultimo, caused me a great loss of time, and ultimately of all the goods.

Again £500 of goods, this being half of £1,000 kindly sent by Her Majesty's Government to my aid, was by some strange hallucination handed over to Ludha again, and he again committed them to slaves and two freemen. All lay feasting on my stores at Bagamoyo on the mainland opposite Zanzibar from the latter part of October, 1870, to the latter part of February, 1871, and no one looked near them. They came on to Unyanyembe, a point from twenty days to a month east of this; and lay there

till a war broke out in July, and gave them a good excuse to continue there still. Ludha is a very polite and rich Banian, but in this second bill he makes a shameless overcharge of 364 dollars. All the Banians and Arabs hate to see me in the slave mart, and dread exposure. Here, and in Manyema, I have got into the good graces of all the Arabs of position. But the Banian hatred of our interference in the slave trade manifests itself in the low cunning of imbuing the minds of the slaves sent with the idea that they are not to follow me, but, in accordance with some fabulous letter, force me back. This they have propagated all through the country, and really seem to believe it. My letters to the coast having been so often destroyed, I had relinquished hope of ever obtaining help from Zanzibar, and proposed when I became stronger to work my way down to Mteza or Baker for help and men.

A vague rumour reached Ujiji in the beginning of last month that an Englishman had come to Unyanyembe with boats, horses, men, and goods in abundance. It was in vain to conjecture who this could be; and my eager inquiries were met by answers so contradictory that I began to doubt if any stranger had come at all. But, one day, I cannot say which, for I was three weeks too fast in my reckoning, my man Susi came dashing up in great excitement, and gasped out, "An Englishman coming: see him!" and off he ran to meet him. The American flag, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of £4,000, to obtain correct information about me, if living: and, if dead, to bring home my bones. The kind-

ness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude.

I had been left nearly destitute by the moral idiot Shereef selling off all my goods for slaves and ivory for himself. My condition was sufficiently forlorn, for I had but a very few articles of barter left of what I had taken the precaution to leave here, in case of extreme need. The strange news Mr. Stanley had to tell to one for years out of communication with the world were quite reviving. Appetite returned, and in a week I began to feel strong. Having men, and goods, and information that search for an outlet of the Tanganyika was desired by Sir Roderick Murchison, we went for a month's cruise down to its northern end.

This was a pleasure trip, compared to the weary tramping of all the rest of my work; but an outflow we did not find.

On returning, on the 13th current, Mr. Stanley received a letter from the American Consul at Zanzibar, of 11th June last, and Aden telegrams of European news up to 29th April. My mail was dated November, 1870, and would not have left the slaves had not Mr. Stanley accidentally seen it, and seized it for me. What was done by the American Consul could have been done by the English Consul, but for the unaccountable propensity to employ a slave-trader and slaves.

Seeing no hope of even the third £500, or last half of the Government £1000, being placed in any other hands but those of the polite Ludha, I have taken the liberty of resolving to return a full month eastward to secure the dregs of my goods from the slaves there, and accept those that Mr. Stanley offers, hire freemen at Unyanyembe

with them, and then return back to the watershed to finish the little I have to do.

In going and returning from Unyanyembe I shall lose three or four months. The ancient fountains will require eight months more; but in one year from this time, with ordinary health, the geographical work will be done.

I am presuming that your Lordship will say, "If worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." All my friends will wish me to make a complete work of the sources of the ancient river. In that wish, in spite of the strong desire to go home, I join, believing that it is better to do so now than afterwards, in vain.

Trusting that your Lordship will kindly make allowances for what, to some who do not know how hard I have toiled to accomplish six-sevenths of the work, may appear obstinacy, I have, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

P.S.—The mortality by small-pox in this region is so enormous that I venture to apply to Government for a supply of vaccine virus to meet me on my return, by one portion being sent in the Governor's mail-bag to the Cape, and another portion by way of Bombay, all convenient haste being enjoined. Many intelligent Arabs have expressed to me their willingness to use it. If I remember rightly, Lady Mary W. Montagu brought the knowledge of inoculation from Turkey. This race, though bigoted, perhaps more than the Turks, may receive the superior remedy; and, if they do, a great boon will be conferred, for very many thousands perish annually, and know no



preventative. The reason for my troubling you is, I do not know any of the conductors of vaccination in London, and Professor Christison, of Edinburgh, who formerly put the virus up in capillary tubes, may not now be alive. The capillary tubes are the only means of preserving the substance fresh in this climate I have seen; and if your Lordship will kindly submit my request to vaccinators to send these tubes charged with matter, I shall be able at least to make an effort to benefit this great population.

D. L.

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No. 6.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO EARL GRANVILLE.

(*Received August 1, 1872.*)

Unyanyembe, near the Kazeh of Speke.

*February 20, 1872.*

MY LORD,

My letters to and from the coast have been so frequently destroyed by those whose interest and cupidity lead them to hate correspondence as likely to expose their slaving, that I had nearly lost all heart to write; but being assured that this packet will be taken safely home by Mr. Stanley, I add a fifth letter to four already penned, the pleasure of believing that this will really come into your Lordship's hands overpowering the consciousness of having been much too prolix.

The subject to which I beg to draw your attention is the part which the Banians of Zanzibar, who are pro-

tected British subjects, play in carrying on the slave trade in Central Africa, and especially in Manyuema, the country west of Ujiji; together with a proposition which I have very much at heart,—the possibility of encouraging the native Christians of English settlements on the West Coast of Africa to remove, by voluntary emigration, to a healthy spot on this side the Continent.

The Banian British subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave trade; their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slaving, of the nature of which every Banian is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called "butchee," or Banian trading, is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow-subjects. The cunning Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on their Arab agents. As a rule, very few Arabs could proceed on a trading expedition unless supplied by the Banians with arms, ammunition, and goods. Slaves are not bought in the countries to which the Banian agents proceed,—indeed, it is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji slave "trade" at all,—the captives are not traded for, but murdered for; and the gangs that are dragged coastwards to enrich the Banians are usually not slaves but captive free people. A Sultan anxious to do justly rather than pocket head-money would proclaim them all free as soon as they reached his territory.

Let me give an instance or two to illustrate the trade





A VILLAGE ON THE MRIMA, OR "HILL-LAND," NEAR ZANZIBAR.

of our Indian fellow-subjects. My friend Muhamad Bogharib sent a large party of his people far down the great River Lualaba to trade for ivory about the middle of 1871. He is one of the best of the traders, a native of Zanzibar, and not one of the mainlanders, who are lower types of man. The best men have, however, often the worst attendants. This party was headed by one Hassani, and he, with two other head men, advanced to the people of Nyangwe twenty-five copper bracelets to be paid for in ivory on their return. The rings were worth about 5*s.* at Ujiji, and it being well known that the Nyangwe people had no ivory, the advance was a mere trap; for, on returning and demanding payment in ivory in vain, they began an assault which continued for three days. All the villages of a large district were robbed, some burned, many men killed, and about 150 captives secured.

On going subsequently into Southern Manyema I met the poorest of the above-mentioned head men, who had only been able to advance five of the twenty-five bracelets, and he told me that he had bought ten tusks with part of the captives, and having received information at the village where I found him about two more tusks, he was waiting for eight other captives from Muhamad's camp to purchase them. I had now got into terms of friendship with all the respectable traders of that quarter, and they gave information with unrestrained freedom, and all I state may be relied on. On asking Muhamad himself afterwards near Ujiji the proper name of Muhamad Nassur, the Indian who conspired with Shereef to interpose his own trade speculation between Dr. Kirk and me, and defray all his expenses out of my goods, he promptly

replied, "This Muhamad Nassur is the man from whom I borrowed all the money and goods for this journey."

I will not refer to the horrid and senseless massacre which I unwillingly witnessed at Nyangwe, in which the Arabs themselves computed the loss of life at between 300 and 400 souls.\* It pained me sorely to let the mind dwell long enough on it to pen the short account I gave, but I mention it again to point out that the chief perpetrator, Tagamoio, received all his guns and gunpowder from Ludha Damji, the richest Banian and chief slave-trader of Zanzibar. He has had the cunning to conceal his actual participation in slaving, but there is not an Arab in the country who would hesitate a moment to point out that, but for the money of Ludha Damji and other Banians who borrow from him, slaving, especially in these more distant countries, would instantly cease. It is not to be overlooked that most other trade as well as slaving is carried on by Banians, the Custom-house and revenue are entirely in their hands, the so-called governors are their trade agents; Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid, the thievish Governor here, is merely a trade agent of Ludha, and honesty having been no part of his qualifications for the office, the most shameless transactions of other Banian agents are all smoothed over by him. A common way he has of concealing crimes is to place delinquents in villages adjacent to this, and when they are inquired for by the Sultan he reports that they are sick. It was no secret that all the Banians looked with disfavour on my explorations and disclosures as likely to injure one great source of their wealth; knowing this, it almost took away my breath when I heard that the great but

covert slave-trader, Ludha Damji, had been requested to forward supplies and men to me. This and similar applications must have appeared to Ludha so ludicrous that he probably answered with his tongue in his cheek. His help was all faithfully directed towards securing my failure. I am extremely unwilling to appear as if making a wail on my own account, or as if trying to excite commiseration. I am greatly more elated by the unexpected kindness of unknown friends and the liberality and sympathy of Her Majesty's Government than cast down by losses and obstacles. But I have a purpose in view in mentioning mishaps.

Before leaving Zanzibar in 1866, I paid for and despatched a stock of goods to be placed in depôt at Ujiji; the Banyamwezi porters, or pagazi, as usual, brought them honestly to this Governor or Banian agent, the same who plundered Burton and Speke pretty freely; and he placed my goods in charge of his own slave Musa-bin-Saloom, who about midway between this and Ujiji stopped the caravan ten days while he plundered as much as he chose, and went off to buy ivory for his owner Karague. Saloom has been kept out of the way ever since: the dregs of the stores left by this slave are the only supplies I have received since 1866. Another stock of goods was despatched from Zanzibar in 1868, but the whole was devoured at this place, and the letters destroyed so that I should know nothing about them. Another large supply sent through Ludha and his slaves in 1869-70 came to Ujiji, and except a few pounds of worthless beads out of 700 lbs. of fine dear beads, all were sold off for slaves and ivory by the persons selected by Ludha Damji. I refer to these wholesale

losses because, though well-known to Ludha and all the Banians, the statement was made in the House of Lords (I suppose on the strength of Ludha's plausible fables) that all my wants had been supplied.

By coming back in a round-about route of 300 miles from Ujiji, I did find, two days ago, a good quantity of supplies, the remains of what had been sent off from Zanzibar sixteen months ago. Ludha had again been employed, and the slaves he selected began by loitering at Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar, for nearly four months. A war here, which is still going on, gave them a good excuse for going no further. The head men were thieves, and had I not returned and seized what remained, I should again have lost all. All the Banian slaves who have been sent by Ludha and other Banians were full of the idea that they were not to follow but force me back.

I cannot say that I am altogether free from chagrin in view of the worry, thwarting, baffling, which the Banians and their slaves have inflicted. Common traders procure supplies of merchandize from the coast, and send loads of ivory down by the same pagazi or carriers we employ, without any loss. But the Banians and their agents are not their enemies. I have lost more than two years in time, have been burdened with 1,800 miles of tramping, and how much waste of money I cannot say, through my affairs having been committed to Banians and slaves who are not men. I have adhered, in spite of losses, with a sort of John Bullish tenacity to my task, and while bearing misfortune in as manly a way as possible, it strikes me that it is well that I have been brought face to face with the Banian system that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India who see



only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly, very naturally conclude that all Cutchees may safely be entrusted with the possession of slaves. But I have been forced to see that those who shrink from killing a flea or mosquito are virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their flesh-pots in ten; and could the Indian gentlemen who oppose the anti-slave trade policy of the Foreign Office but witness the horrid deeds done by the Banian agents, they would be foremost in decreeing that every Cutchee found guilty of direct or indirect slaving should forthwith be shipped back to India, if not to the Andaman Islands.

The Banians, having complete possession of the Custom-house and revenue of Zanzibar, enjoy ample opportunity to aid and conceal the slave trade and all fraudulent transactions committed by their agents. It would be good policy to recommend the Sultan, as he cannot trust his Moslem subjects, to place his income from all sources in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. He would be a check on the slave trade, a benefit to the Sultan, and an aid to lawful commerce.

But by far the most beneficial measure that could be introduced into Eastern Africa would be the moral element which has worked so beneficially in suppressing the slave trade around all the English settlements of the West Coast. The Banians seem to have no religion worthy of

the name, and among Muhamadans religion and morality are completely disjoined. Different opinions have been expressed as to the success of Christian missionaries, and gentlemen who judge by the riff-raff that follow Indian camps speak very unfavourably, from an impression that the drunkards who profess to be of "master's caste and drink brandy" are average specimens of Christian converts. But the comprehensive Report of Colonel Ord presented to Parliament (1865) contains no such mistake. He states that while the presence of the squadron has had some share in suppressing the slave trade, the result is mainly due to the existence of the settlements. This is supported by the fact that, even in those least visited by men-of-war, it has been as effectually suppressed as in those which have been their most constant resort. The moral element which has proved beneficial all round the settlements is mainly due to the teaching of missionaries. I would carefully avoid anything like boasting over the benevolent efforts of our countrymen, but here their good influences are totally unknown. No attempt has ever been made by the Mahometans in East Africa to propagate their faith, and their trade intercourse has only made the natives more avaricious than themselves. The fines levied on all traders are nearly prohibitive, and nothing is given in return. Mr. Stanley was mulcted of 1,600 yards of superior calico between the sea and Ujiji, and we made a detour of 300 miles to avoid similar spoliation among people accustomed to Arabs. It has been said that Moslems would be better missionaries than Christians, because they would allow polygamy; but nowhere have Christians been loaded with the contempt the Arabs have to endure, in addition

to being plundered. To "hongas" originally meant to make friends. It does so now in all the more central countries, and presents are exchanged at the ceremony, the natives usually giving the largest amount: but on routes much frequented by Arabs it has come to mean not "black mail" but forced contributions impudently demanded, and neither service nor food returned.

If the native Christians of one or more of the English settlements on the West Coast, which have fully accomplished the objects of their establishment in suppressing the slave trade, could be induced by voluntary emigration to remove to some healthy spot on the East Coast, they would in time, frown down the duplicity which prevails so much in all classes that no Slave Trade Treaty can bind them. Slaves purchase their freedom in Cuba, and return to unhealthy Lagos to settle as petty traders. Men of the same enterprising class who have been imbued with the moral atmosphere of our settlements would be of incalculable value in developing lawful commerce. Mombas is ours already; we left it, but never ceded it. The mainland opposite Zanzibar is much more healthy than the island, and the Sultan gives as much land as can be cultivated to any one who asks. No native right is interfered with by the gift. All that would be required would be an able, influential man to begin and lead the movement; the officials already in office could have passages in men-of-war. The only additional cost to what is at present incurred would be part of the passage-money on loan, and small rations and house-rent, both of which are very cheap, for half a year. It would be well to prevent

Europeans, even as missionaries, from entering the settlement till it was well established.

Many English, in new climates, reveal themselves to be born fools, and then blame some one for having advised them, or lay their own excesses to the door of African fever. That disease is in all conscience bad enough, but medical men are fully aware that frequently it is not fever but folly that kills. Brandy, black women, and lazy inactivity are worse than the climate. A settlement once fairly established and reputed safe will not long lack religious teachers, and it will then escape the heavy burden of being a scene for martyrdom.

If the Sultan of Zanzibar were relieved from paying the heavy subsidy to the Ruler of Muscat, he would, for the relief granted, readily concede all that one or two transferred English settlements would require. The English name, now respected in all the interior, would be a sort of safeguard to petty traders while gradually supplanting the unscrupulous Banians who abuse it. And lawful trade would, by the aid of English and American merchants, be exalted to a position it has never held since Banians and Moslems emigrated to Africa. It is true that Lord Canning did ordain that the annual subsidy should be paid by Zanzibar to Muscat. But a statesman of his eminence never could have contemplated it as an indefinite aid to eager slave-traders, while non-payment might be used to root out the wretched traffic. If in addition to the relief suggested the Sultan of Zanzibar were guaranteed protection from his relations and others in Muscat, he would feel it to be his interest to observe a Treaty to suppress slaving all along his coast.

I am thankful in now reporting myself well supplied with stores ample enough to make a feasible finish-up of the geographical portion of my mission. This is due partly to the goods I seized two days ago from the slaves who have been feasting on them for the last sixteen months, but chiefly to a large assortment of the best barter articles presented by Henry M. Stanley, who, as I have already informed your Lordship, was kindly sent by James Gordon Bennett, jun., of New York, and who bravely persisted in the teeth of the most serious obstacles till he found me at Ujiji, shortly, or one month after my return from Manyema ill and destitute. It will readily be believed that I feel deeply grateful for this disinterested and un-looked for kindness. The supplies I seized two days ago after a return march of 300 miles, laid on me by the slaves in charge refusing to accompany Mr. Stanley to Ujiji, were part of those sent off in the end of October, 1870, at the instance of Her Majesty's Government, and are virtually the only stores worthy of the name that came to hand besides those despatched by Dr. Seward and myself in 1866. And all in consequence of Ludha and Banian slaves having unwittingly been employed to forward an expedition opposed to their slaving interests. It was no doubt amiable in Dr. Kirk to believe the polite Banians in asserting that they would send stores off at once, and again, that my wants had all been supplied; but it would have been better to have dropped the money into Zanzibar harbour than trust it in their hands, because the whole population has witnessed the open plunder of English property, and the delinquents are screened from justice by Banian agents.

The slaves needed no more than a hint to plunder and baffle. Shereef and all the Banian slaves who acted in accordance with the views of their masters are now at Ujiji and Unyanyembe by the connivance of the Governor, or rather Banian trade agent, Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid; who, when the wholesale plunder by Shereef became known, wrote to me that he (the Governor) had no hand in it. I never said he had.

However, though sorely knocked up, ill, and dejected on arriving at Ujiji, I am now completely recovered in health and spirits. I need no more goods, but I draw on Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar for £500 of the £1,000 placed at his disposal for me by Her Majesty's Government, in order that Mr. Stanley may employ and send off fifty free men, but no slaves, from Zanzibar. I need none but them, and have asked Seyed Burghash to give me a good honest head man, with a character that may be inquired into. I expect them about the end of June, and after all the delay I have endured, feel quite exhilarated at the prospect of doing my work.

Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Pambette; thence resuming the south-west course to cross the Chambezi and proceed along the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude  $12^{\circ}$  south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From them it is about ten days north to Kataŋga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. The

malachite ore is described as so abundant, it can only be mentioned by the coalheaver's phrase "practically inexhaustible."

About ten days north-east of Katañga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for all having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katañga, twelve days N.N.W., take to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomame, and into Webb's Lualaba and home. I was mistaken in the information that a waterfall existed between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza. Tanganyika is of no interest, except in a very remote degree, in connection with the sources of the Nile. But what if I am mistaken, too, about the ancient fountains? Then we shall see! I know the rivers they are said to form—TWO NORTH, and TWO SOUTH—and in battling down the central line of drainage, the enormous amount of westing it made caused me at times to feel as if running my head again a stone wall. It might after all be the Congo; and who would care to run the risk of being put into a cannibal pot and be converted into black man for anything less than the grand old Nile? But when I found that Lualaba forsook its westing and received through Lake Kamolondo Bartle Frere's great river, and that afterwards further down it takes in Young's great stream through Lake Lincoln, I ventured to think that I was on the right track.

Two great rivers arise somewhere on the western end of the watershed, and flow north—to Egypt (?) Two

other large rivers rise in the same quarter, and flow south as the Zambezi or Liambai, and the Kafue into Inner Ethiopia. Yet I speak with diffidence, for I have no affinity with an untravelled would-be geographer who used to swear to the fancies he collected from slaves till he became blue in the face.

I know about 600 miles of the watershed pretty fairly. I turn to the seventh hundred miles with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the watershed with the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may have only dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on the division of labour in dreaming, and each discovered one or two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far, I went two years and six months without once tasting tea, coffee, or sugar; and except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort; and have come to believe that English roast beef and plum pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beefsteaks and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation, on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy!

I send home my journal by Mr. Stanley, sealed, to my daughter Agnes. It is one of Letts's large folio diaries, and is full except a few (five) pages reserved for altitudes,



which I cannot at present copy. It contains a few private memoranda for my family alone, and I adopt this course in order to secure it from risk in my concluding trip.

Trusting that your Lordship will award me your approbation and sanction to a little longer delay, I have, &c.,

(Signed)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*

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## LETTER TO SIR BARTLE FRERE.

The following has been received by Sir Bartle Frere from the adventurous doctor:—

Unyanyembe, July 1, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR BARTLE,—I embrace the opportunity of a native going to the coast to send a sketch-map and a number of astronomical observations towards the Cape Observatory; copies of the same were sent long ago (1869), but disappeared at this place of the 'longnebbed' name, and almost everything else sent subsequently vanished in the same way. I am now between two fires or dangers; for if I take my journal, map, and observations with me in my concluding trip, I am afraid that in crossing rivers and lakes they would be injured or lost. There is a danger, too, of losing them between this and the coast; but the last is the homeward route. I intrusted my journal to Mr. Stanley for like reasons; and now I have but a short trip in prospect to make a feasible finish up of my work. It is to go round south, about all the sources, while actually shaping my course towards the ancient fountains.

I perpetrate a heavy joke at the geographers by offering a prize for the best explanation of the structure and economy of the watershed, in correlation with the great lakes and lacustrine rivers, in producing the phenomena of the Nile; and now they will turn the laugh against me if I have put in fountains which have no existence. The rivers that rise near the west end of the watershed I know, and they give me good hopes that the reports I

have heard so often are true. I have a copy of Ptolemy's map with me, copied by a young lady at Bombay. It does not contain the fountains referred to, but it contains the *Montes Lunæ*, and as I found the springs of the Nile rising at the base of certain hills on the watershed in Ptolemy's latitude, I am bracing myself up to call every one who won't believe in his *Lunæ Montes* a Philistine.

After Katañga copper mines, which are eight days north of the fountains, I go ten days north-east to extensive underground excavations, used as places of retreat and safety. One I came near, but was refused an entrance. It was sufficient to receive the inhabitants of a large district with all their gear. A burrowing race seems to have inhabited Africa at a very remote period. Big feet are the only sculpture I have seen, and they are like the footprints of Adam on the mountain in Ceylon. Returning to Katañga, I propose to go twelve days north-north-west to the head of Lake Lincoln, and then turn back along Lake Kamalondo homeward.

The Banians and their agents have hindered us greatly by palming off their slaves on Dr. Kirk and me as freemen. If I can but make this short trip successfully I shall frustrate their design of baffling all my progress. I complained to Kirk against them, and he, unfortunately, took it as a covert attack on himself, which was never my intention, and makes me sorry. I think that the delinquents should be punished. In fear of a third batch of slaves being imposed on us, I desired Stanley, if he met any such, to turn them back, no matter how much had been expended on them. This led to the resignation of the naval officers in charge. I had not the remotest

suspicion that a Search Expedition was coming, and am very much grieved to think that I may appear ungrateful. On the contrary, I feel extremely thankful, and from the bottom of my heart thank you and all concerned for your very great kindness and generosity. I wish they had thought of Lake Victoria when not needed here.

By an original and perhaps absurd plan, I tried to get a longitude for the great central line of drainage out of a dead chronometer. I have submitted it to Sir Thomas Maclear. He is used to strange things. Ladies have come asking to have their futures told them by the stars. My horoscope tells me that in latitude  $49^{\circ}$  south the Lualaba runs between  $26$  and  $27^{\circ}$  east. Never mind about the truth of it; it makes this great river less likely to be the Congo. Surely I may joke about it when others get angry when they talk about Inner Africa, which they never saw. In a speech of yours, reported in an *Overland Mail* that came to hand yesterday, you say, if I read it right, that the Government has given £300 to my daughters. I read it over and over again to be sure, for it seemed too good news to be true. If there is no mistake, my blessing upon them. I have only been trying to do my duty like a Briton, and I take it as extremely kind that me and mine have been remembered by her Majesty's Ministers.

I am distressed at hearing no tidings of Sir Roderick, except that he had been ill. It awakens fears for the dearest friend in life.

With kind salutations to Lady and Miss Frere, I am, affectionately yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

## LETTER TO EARL GRANVILLE.

The last letter from Dr. Livingstone which we shall give is of a most gratifying character. It shows that the differences with Dr. Kirk had all been set right, and that they were fast friends once more, and that the Doctor was in excellent health and spirits:—

Unyanyembe, July 1, 1872.

MY LORD,—It is necessary to recall to memory that I was subjected to very great inconvenience by the employment of slaves instead of freemen. It caused me the loss of quite two years of time, inflicted 1,800 or 2,000 miles of useless marching, imminent risk of violent death four several times, and how much money I cannot tell.

Certain Banians, Indian British subjects, headed by one Ludha Damji, seemed to have palmed off their slaves on us at more than double freemen's pay, and all the slaves were imbued with the idea that they were not to follow, but to force me back.

By the money and goods of these Banians nearly all the slave trade of this region is carried on. They employed dishonest agents to conduct the caravans, and this has led to my being plundered four several times. No trader is thus robbed. I sent a complaint of this to Dr. Kirk, and in my letter of the 14th November last I enclosed a copy, in the hope that, if necessary, his

hands might be strengthened by the Foreign Office in administering justice ; and I was in hopes that he would take action in the matter promptly, because the Banians and their dishonest agent, Shereef, placed a private trade speculation between Dr. Kirk and me, and we were unwittingly led into employing slaves, though we all objected to Captain Fraser doing the same on his sugar estate.

I regret very much to hear, incidentally, that Dr. Kirk viewed my formal complaint against Banians as a covert attack upon himself. If I had foreseen this I should certainly have borne all my losses in silence. I never had any difference with him, though we were together for years, and I had no intention to give offence now. But the public interest taken in this expedition enforces publicity as to the obstacles that prevented its work being accomplished long ago.

I represented the Banians and their agents as the causes of all my losses, and that the Governor here is their chief trade agent. This receives confirmation by the fact that Shereef and all the first gang of slaves are now living comfortably with him at Mfutu, a village about twelve miles distant from the spot at which I write.

Having, as I mentioned in my above letter, abundant supplies to enable me in a short time to make a feasible finish-up of my work, and the first and second gangs of slaves having proved so very unsatisfactory, I felt extremely anxious that no more should come, and requested Mr. Stanley to hire fifty freemen at Zanzibar, and should he meet a party of slaves coming, by all means to send them back, no matter what expense had been incurred. I would cheerfully pay it all. I had no idea that this

would lead to the stoppage of an English expedition sent in the utmost kindness to my aid.

I am, really and truly, profoundly grateful for the generous effort of my noble countrymen, and deeply regret that my precaution against another expedition of slaves should have damped the self-denying zeal of gentlemen who have not a particle of the slave spirit in them.

As I shall now explain, but little good could have been done in the direction in which I propose to go, but had we a telegraph, or even a penny post, I should have advised work in another direction that would have pleased the Council.

A war has been going on here for the last twelve months. It resembles one of our own Caffre wars in miniature, but it enriches no one. All trade is stopped, and there is a general lawlessness all over the country. I propose to avoid this confusion by going southwards to Fipa, then round the south end of Tanganyika, and crossing the Chambeze, proceed west along the shore of Lake Bangweolo.

Being then in latitude  $12^{\circ}$  south, I wish to go straight west to the ancient fountains reported at that end of the watershed, then turn north to the copper mines of Katañga, which are only about ten days south west of the underground excavations. Returning thence to Katañga, twelve days south-south-west leads to the head of Lake Lincoln. Arrived there, I shall devoutly thank Providence, and retire along Lake Kamolondo towards Ujiji and home. By this trip I hope to make up for the loss of ground caused by the slaves. I was forced back from near the confluence of the Lomam with Webb's Lualaba.

Lomame is the prolongation of Lake Lincoln into the lacustrine central line of drainage—Webb's Lualaba. The route indicated utilises my return tramp by going round outside, or say south, about all the sources together; and this, going back through Manyema to take up the thread of exploration, would not do. It also takes me outside the area of the Ujijian or mainland slaving and bloodshed, which the Manyema are learning to revenge.

If I retired now, as I wish with all my heart I could do with honour, I should be conscious of having left the discovery of the sources unfinished, and that soon some one else would come and show the hollowness of my claim, and worse than that by far, the Banians and their agents, who I believe conspired to baffle me, would virtually have success in their design. I already know many of the people among whom I go as quite friendly, because I travelled extensively in that quarter in eliminating the error into which I was led by the Chambeze being called, by the Portuguese and others, the Zambesi.

I should very much like to visit the Basaño, who are near my route, but I restrict myself to six or eight months to undo the losses I sustained.

About five generations ago, a white man came to the highlands of Basaño, which are in a line east of the watershed. He had six attendants, who all died, and eventually their head man, called Charura, was elected chief by the Basaño. In the third generation, he had sixty able-bodied spearmen as lineal descendants. This implies an equal number of the other sex. They are very light in colour and easily known, as no one is



allowed to wear coral beads, such as Charura brought, except the royal family. A book he brought was lost only lately. The interest of the case lies in its connection with Mr. Darwin's celebrated theory on the "Origin of Species;" for it shows that an improved variety, as we whites modestly call ourselves, is not so liable to be swamped by numbers as some have thought.

Two Mazitu chiefs live near the route. I would fain call and obtain immunity for Englishmen such as has been awarded to the Arabs of Seyed Majid, but I am at present much too rich to go among thieves. At other times I could have gone safely, because, to use a Scotch proverb, "No one can take the breeks off a Highlander." With ordinary success I hope to be back at Ujiji eight months hence. If anyone doubts the wisdom of my decision, or suspects me of want of love to my family in making this final trip, I can confidently appeal for approbation to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society as thoroughly understanding the subject.

Had it been possible for me to know of the coming of the late search expedition, I should certainly have made use of it as a branch expedition to explore Lake Victoria, for which the naval officers selected were no doubt perfectly adapted. The skeleton of a boat left here by Mr. Stanley would have served their purpose, and they would have had all the merit of independent exploration and success. I travelled for a considerable time in company with three intelligent Suaheli who had lived three, six, and nine years respectively in the country east of the Victoria Lake, there called Okara, but on this side of Mkara. They described three or four lakes, only one of which sends its waters to the north. Okara seems to be Lake

Victoria proper; about its middle it gives off an arm eastwards called Kidette, in which many weirs are set and many fish caught. It is three days in length by canoe, and joins Lake Kavirondo, which may not deserve to be called a lake, but only an arm of Okara. Very dark people live on it and have cattle. The Maisai are further east. To the south-east of Kavirondo stands Lake Neibash or Neybash; they travelled along its southern bank for three days, and thence saw Mount Kilimanjaro also in the south-east. It had no outlet. Away far to the north of Kavirondo they described Lake Bariñgo (not Bahr Ngo). A river or rivulet called Ngare na Rogwa flows into it from the south or south-east. Its name signifies that it is brackish. Bariñgo gives forth a river to the north-east called Ngardabash. The land east and north of Bariñgo is called Burukinegge, and Gallahs with camels and horses are reported; but my informant did not see them. I give their information only for what it may be worth; their object was plunder, and they could scarcely be mistaken as to the number of lakes, where we suppose there is only one; the Okara or Lake Victoria proper is the largest and has many very large islands in it. I have not the faintest wish to go near it, either now or at any future time. In performing my one work I desire to do it well, and I think that I may lay claim to some perseverance. Yet, if ordered to go anywhere else, I should certainly plead "severe indisposition" or "urgent private affairs." I have been reported as living among the Arabs as one of themselves; that only means that I am on good terms with them all. They often call me the "Christian," and I never swerved from that character in any one respect.

An original plan of getting the longitude, which I submit to Sir Thomas Maclear, of the Royal Observatory at the Cape, gives  $27^{\circ}$  east as the longitude of the great River Lualaba, in latitude  $4^{\circ} 9'$  south. It runs between  $26^{\circ}$  to  $27^{\circ}$  east, and is therefore not so far west as my reckoning, carried on without watch through dense forests and gigantic grasses, made it. It is thus less likely to be the Congo, and I ought to meet Baker on it. In reference to the ancient fountains, I already know the four rivers that unquestionably do arise near or on the western end of the watershed. Mr. Oswell and I were told about 1851, that the Kafue and Liambai (Upper Zambesi) arose at one spot, though we were then some 300 miles distant. The two rivers Lomame and Lufira come from the same quarter: the only point that remains doubtful is the distances of their fountain-heads, and this I am very anxious to ascertain. I send astronomical observations and a sketch-map to Sir Thomas Maclear, by a native. The map is very imperfect, from want of conveniences for tracing, and no position is to be considered settled or published until it is recalculated at the Observatory.

There is a good deal of risk in so doing, but not so much danger as if I entrusted it to my friend the governor. A former sketch-map, a multitude of astronomical observations, and nearly all my letters always disappeared here; but it is better that they run the risk in the hand of a native than go with me over waters innumerable. The fear of losing my journal altogether led me to entrust it to Mr. Stanley, to be kept by my daughter till I return, and I hope it has arrived safely. I am waiting here only till my fifty men arrive. The natural anxiety

I feel for the safety of my son Oswell coming through the feverish districts between this cold highland and the coast would have been threefold increased had the naval gentlemen come. In conclusion, let me beg your lordship to offer my very warmest thanks to them, to the Council and Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, and to all who kindly contribute in any way towards securing my safety. I really feel that no one in this world ought to be more deeply grateful than your most obedient servant,

(Signed)            DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

*Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.*



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gazem Rotanox*



