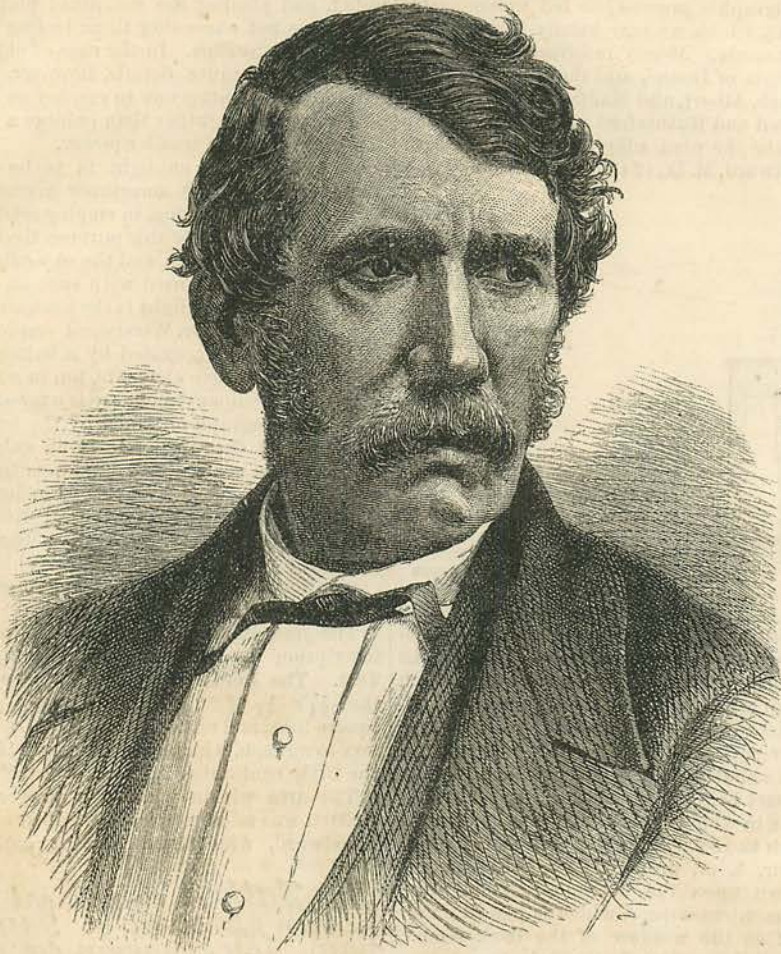


## THE LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.\*



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE world owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay to the faithful servants who, through dangers and against obstacles which the imagination can but faintly picture, bore the dead body of their friend and master, with all the precious records of his wanderings and discoveries, from the little village where he breathed his last to the sea-coast at Zanzibar. But for their affectionate devotion these records would have been lost; and with the exception of what was contained in the diary intrusted to the

care of Mr. Stanley, all knowledge of the important discoveries made by the great traveler during the last seven years of his life would have perished. Thanks to the fidelity of these poor ignorant men, in the narrative now given to the world, covering seven years of continuous travel and discovery, not a break occurs. "We have not," says the editor of this deeply interesting work, "to deplore the loss, by accident or carelessness, of a single entry from the time of Livingstone's departure from Zanzibar, in the beginning of 1866, to the day when his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala, at the end of April, 1873." The preservation of these documents appears almost miraculous when we consider the nature of the perils through which they were borne to a place of safety. The little

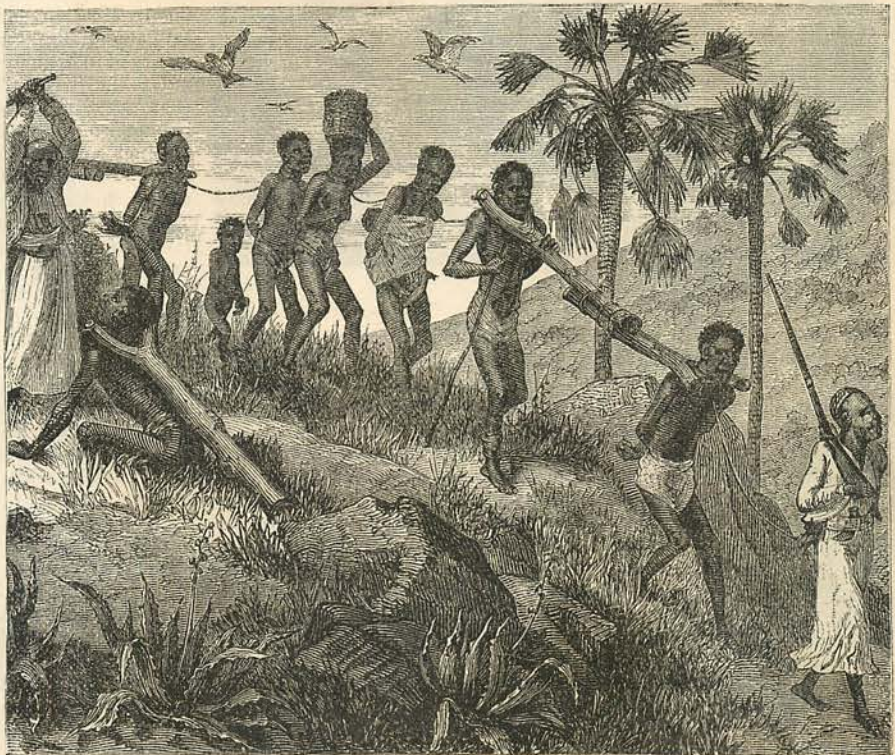
\* *The Last Journals of David Livingstone, in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his faithful Servants Chuma and Sui.* By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S., Rector of Twywell, Northampton. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.



band of faithful servants had to make their way with their precious burden hundreds of miles through a wild and terrible country, through lands where the debased and superstitious tribes would have torn them in pieces had it become known that they were carrying a dead man, over rivers swollen into raging torrents, across mountains, and through dense forests, where dangers lurked in every thicket. Yet although at every step beset with perils, suffering oftentimes from hunger and thirst, and sometimes almost dead with fever, the dreaded scourge of equatorial Africa, they remained faithful to their sacred trust, and gave an example of fidelity and heroism that should never be forgotten.

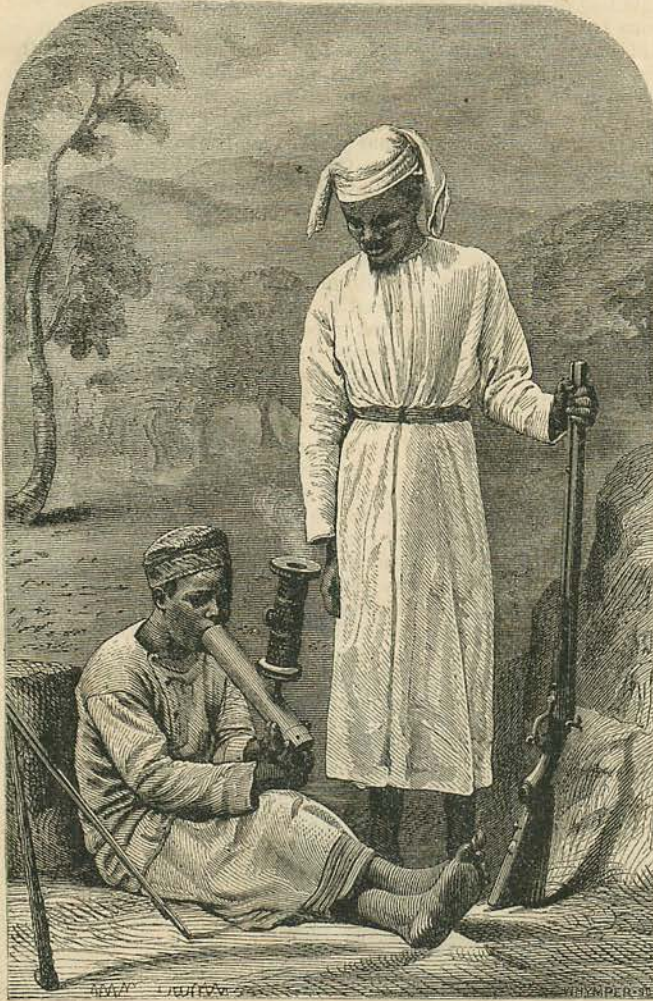
Before proceeding to sketch, in a necessarily brief manner, the last years of Dr. Livingstone's life, a word should be said in regard to the nature of the notes and journals thus wonderfully preserved. Our readers will remember that when Mr. Stanley left him in 1872 Dr. Livingstone intrusted to his care a very large diary, sealed up and consigned to the safe-keeping of his daughter, Miss Agnes Livingstone. When the rumor of his death was confirmed this book was examined, and found to contain a considerable part of the notes he had made during his travels previous to his meeting with

Mr. Stanley. It was his custom always to have in use metallic note-books, in which the day's jottings were recorded. When time and opportunity served, these were carefully entered in the larger volume. It seems, however, that during the last three or four years of his life this rule had to give way to the toils of travel and the exhaustion of distressing sickness. While in the Manuema country he ran out of note-books, ink, and pencils, and had to resort to shifts which at first made it very doubtful whether the most diligent attempt at compilation would succeed in bringing order out of what appeared to be inextricable confusion. Such pocket-books as remained at this period of his travels were utilized to the last inch of paper. In some of them were found lunar observations, the names of rivers, the height of mountains, advancing toward the middle from one end, while from the other the itinerary grows day by day interspersed with map routes of the march, botanical notes, and carefully made drawings. But in the mean time the middle portion of the book was filling up with calculations, private memoranda, words intended for vocabularies, and extracts from books, while here and there the stain of a pressed flower causes indistinctness. Yet the thread of the narrative runs throughout, and nothing



SLAVERS REVENGING THEIR LOSSES.





OHUMA AND SUBL.

but his invariable habit of repeating the month and year in each date prevents hopeless confusion. At last pocket-books gave out, and old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewn together, and a substitute for ink was improvised. Loving patience at length accomplished the laborious task of deciphering this portion of the journals. On comparing this great mass of material with the journal intrusted to Mr. Stanley, it was found that a great deal of most interesting matter could be added. In the hurry of writing and copying dispatches previous to his companion's departure, Dr. Livingstone had rapidly entered up from his note-books as much as time permitted. Fortunately he carried the original note-books up to the time of his death, so that they were forth-coming with his other effects. His faithful men had saved every

line, as well as all his maps, which now for the first time come to light.

It would be impossible to overstate the importance of Dr. Livingstone's researches and discoveries. By his own exertions, beset with perils and obstacles which would have driven back a man less courageous and determined, he has filled up a great space in the map of Africa; he was the first European whose eyes beheld vast inland seas whose existence had been vaguely conjectured from native reports; he laid down the course of hundreds of new rivers, and noted their volume and the velocity of their flow. Most important among the facts recorded in his journals is the discovery that Lake Nyassa belongs to a totally distinct system of waters from that which holds Lake Tanganyika and the rivers running north and west. With regard to the latter lake he leaves an

interesting problem to be solved by future explorers. It may be taken for granted that he would hardly venture the surmise that Tanganyika may have a subterranean outlet without having duly weighed the probabilities in the scale with his elaborate observations. But whether this lake really pours its waters through the caverns of Western Kabogo into the vast rivers flowing northward is a problem which must soon be determined by actual exploration.

Besides geographical information of importance, these journals contain innumerable notes on the habits of animals, birds, and fishes; on phenomena of every kind that came under the keen, searching eye of the great traveler as he moved through some of the grandest and most beautiful scenes in the world; descriptions of native life and habits; and sketches of personal adventure,



KILLING SOKOS.



told with the natural modesty of a great man, whose thoughts were more on his work than on himself.

In preparing these journals for publication, the editor, a life-long friend of Dr. Livingstone, and for some time his companion in Africa, received valuable assistance from the doctor's faithful men, Chuma and Susi, to whom the world is indebted for the pres-

ervation of his manuscripts. They were with the editor for four months. Among other good services, they aided the artist by reproducing in exact fac-simile the hut in which Dr. Livingstone died, besides making models of the "kitanda" or traveling cot on which he was carried during his last journey, and of the village in which his body lay for fourteen days.



Dr. Livingstone's point of departure on his last journey was the island of Zanzibar, where he arrived from Bombay on the 26th of January, 1866. A letter from Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, addressed to his Highness Sejuel Majid, Sultan of Zanzibar, to whose consideration and friendly aid the great traveler was warmly commended, procured for him many tokens of kindness from that petty sovereign, but, owing to the delays that seem to be inseparable from dealings with the people of Eastern countries, his preparations for starting were not completed until the 18th of March. He sent forward to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, a portion of his supplies, consisting of beads, cloth, flour, tea, coffee, and sugar, consigned to the care of an Arab trader at that post named Thani bin Suelim. This man turned out to be a great rascal. On the 19th of March he left Zanzibar in the *Penguin* for Rovuma Bay, at the mouth of the river of that name. His live stock, consisting of six camels, three buffaloes, two mules, four donkeys, and a calf, was sent off in a dhow, the name given to the coasting vessels of East Africa and the Indian Ocean. His party was made up of thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyaus, Wakatani and Chuma. Several of these men had previously been employed by Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi and Shiré; thus Musa, the Johanna man, was a sailor on the *Lady Nyassa*, while Susi and Amoda were engaged at Shupanga to cut wood for the *Pioneer*. The two Waiyau lads, Wakatani and Chuma, were liberated from the slavers by the Doctor and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, and lived for three years with the mission party at Chibisa's before they were engaged by Livingstone. The Nassick lads were entire strangers, and were trained in India.

Rovuma Bay was reached on the 22d of March, and until the 6th of April the time was busily occupied with preparations for the march into the interior. The doctor was in high spirits and full of courage.

Leaving Rovuma Bay on the 6th of April, he started southward with his little caravan. On the evening of the next day the buffaloes and camels were severely bitten by the tsetse fly, a pest of an insect, whose bite will usually lay the foundation of a disease that destroys animals in a few weeks. This was the beginning of misfortunes. Sickness assailed the men, who were obliged often to cut a way through dense jungles of thorn climbers, one species of which gave them a great deal of trouble. It bears some resemblance to the scabbard of a dragoon's sword, but along the middle of the flat side runs a ridge from which springs up, every few inches, a bunch of inch-long straight sharp thorns. It hangs straight for a couple of yards, but as if it could not give its

thorns a fair chance of mischief, it suddenly bends on itself, and all its cruel points are now at right angles to what they were before. It really seems to be eager for mischief, stretching out its prickly fingers in all directions to inflict injury upon every one who comes within reach—a clear case of natural depravity.

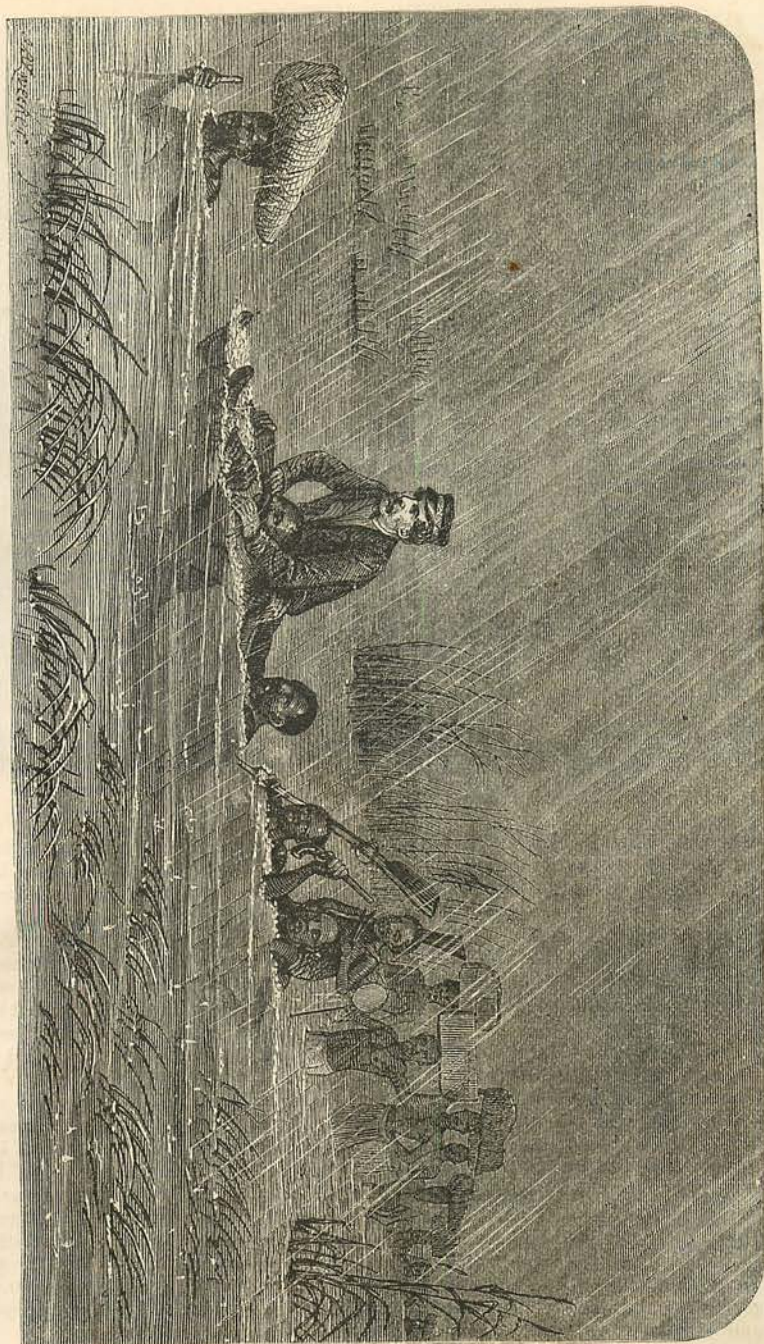
The route pursued by Livingstone followed the general course of the Rovuma. As the little caravan ascends the river, sometimes marching along the bank, and sometimes over or around the flanking hills, thriving villages are passed, surrounded by cultivated fields, where rice and tobacco are grown. The Sepoys proved very troublesome. They beat the animals so brutally when the Doctor was not in sight that several fell sick and had to be left behind. On the 1st of May the party reached a country comparatively free of wood, and were able to move on without the perpetual cutting and clearing that hitherto had delayed their progress. The brutality of the Sepoys grew worse and worse, and their habitual laziness gave the Doctor no end of trouble. They would sit down and smoke, leaving the animals standing loaded in the hot sun. They refused to carry their belts and bags, and their powers of eating and vomiting were astounding. They would eat a hearty breakfast, and an hour afterward they would sit down to gorge again, unless Dr. Livingstone was on hand to keep them moving. It is not surprising that the supplies of food soon gave out, and as it was difficult to buy new stores, the party soon began to suffer from hunger.

As Livingstone pressed further into the interior the horrors of the slave-trade became more and more apparent. One day he passed the dead body of a woman tied by the neck to a tree. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not recover to be the property of any one else. Others tied in a similar manner were seen further on. There is a double purpose in these murders. The terror inspired in the minds of the survivors spurs them on to endure the hardships of the march. One day one of Dr. Livingstone's men wandered from the party and came upon a number of slaves yoked together with slave-sticks, like those shown in a preceding illustration. They had sickened for want of food, and had been abandoned and left to die. When found they were too weak to speak. Some of them were mere children.

On the 15th of July Livingstone reached Mataka, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa. The town, which numbers at least a thousand houses, and is surrounded by small villages, is situated in an elevated val-



THE LATE SETTLERS AND DWARVES.



ley overlooked by lofty mountains. The chief, Mataka, kept the party waiting for some time in the veranda of his large square house, but at length appeared with a broad smile on his good-natured face. He was about sixty years old, dressed as an Arab, and as his remarks were frequently greeted

with laughter, he was judged to be a wit. He gave the party a very hospitable reception. They had marched for eight days on a meagre diet of porridge and rice, and the change from hard and scanty fare made several of them sick. The natives of this region, the Waiyaus, are described as being far





THE LAST MILE OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

from handsome. Their heads are of a round shape, with compact but not particularly receding foreheads. The lips are full, and with the women a small lip-ring just turns them up to give additional thickness. Their style of beauty is exactly that which was in fashion when the stone deities were made in the caves of Elephanta and Kenora, near Bombay.

Livingstone remained at Mataka until the 29th of July, when he started for Lake Nyassa. The march for a part of the way was through a depopulated country. The natives differ as to the cause. Some say slave wars, and assert that the Makoa from the vicinity of Mozambique played an important part in them; others say famine; others that the people have moved to and beyond Nyassa. Certain it is, from the potsherds strewed over the country, and the still remaining ridges on which beans, sorghum, maize, and cassava were planted, that the departed population was prodigious. The Waiyans, who are now in the country, came from the other side of the Rovuma, and they probably supplanted the Manganja, an operation which we see going on at the present day. The lake was reached, at the confluence of the Misinjé, on the 8th of August. "It was," says Livingstone, "as if I had

come back to an old home I had never expected again to see; and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roll of the sea, and dash in the breakers." The head man there, Mokalaosé, was very friendly, and presented millet, porridge, cassava, and boiled hippopotamus meat. He had his little domestic afflictions, and confided them to Livingstone. One of his wives had recently run away. Livingstone asked how many he had left, and on being told twenty in all, the Doctor remarked that was nineteen too many. He gave the usual answer, "But who would cook for strangers if I had but one?" He was a great toper of beer, and his manner of drinking was curious. As he emptied the contents of a huge jug down his capacious throat, a slave girl put both hands round his waist below the short ribs, and gradually drew them round in front, as if to make the liquor go equally over the stomach.

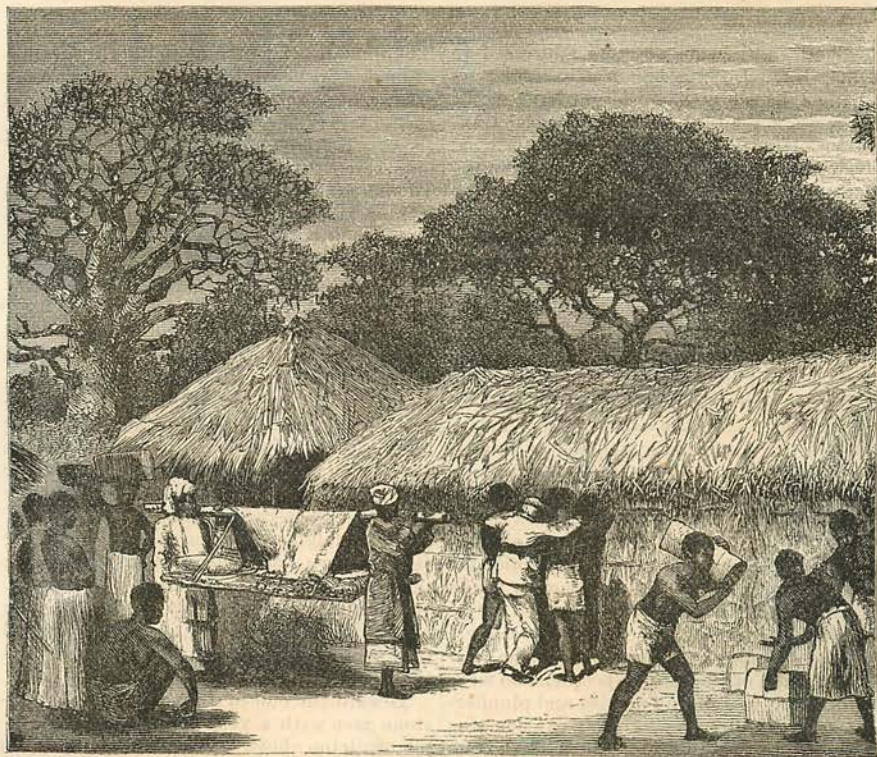
Livingstone now crossed the Shiré, which flows into Nyassa at the southern end of the lake, and continued his journey on toward the Mazitu country. The way was rendered doubly laborious by the immense "earth sponges" frequently encountered. They consist of black porous earth covered with a hard wiry grass and a few other damp-lov-



ing plants. When one treads on the black earth, though little or no water appears on the surface, it is frequently squirted up the limbs, and gives the idea of a sponge. In the paths that cross them the earth readily becomes soft mud, but sinks rapidly to the bottom again, as if of great specific gravity: the water in them is always circulating and oozing. The places where the sponges are met with are slightly depressed valleys, without trees or bushes, in a forest country where the grass, being only a foot or fifteen inches high, and thickly planted, often looks like a beautiful glade in a park. They are from a quarter of a mile to a mile broad, and from two to ten or more miles long. The water of the heavy rains soaks into the level forest lands: one never sees runnels leading it off, unless occasionally a foot-path is turned to that use. The water, descending about eight feet, comes to a stratum of yellow sand, beneath which there is another stratum of fine white sand, which at its bottom cakes so as to hold the water from sinking farther. Livingstone had previously found the same thing in the Kalahari Desert when digging for water for his cattle. The water is guided by the fine sand stratum into the nearest valley, and here it oozes forth on all sides through the thick mantle of black porous earth which forms

the sponge. In the desert it appears to damp the surface sands in certain valleys, and the Bushmen by a peculiar process suck out a supply. When he had dug down to the caked sand there years before, the people begged him not to dig farther, as the water would all run away, and he desisted, because he saw that the fluid poured in from the fine sand all round the well, but none came from the bottom or cake. Two stupid Englishmen afterward broke through the cake in spite of the entreaties of the natives, and the well and the whole valley dried up.

On the 24th of September Livingstone reached the large village of Marenga, situated at the extremity of the "heel" of the lake. The people collected in great numbers to gaze at the stranger. The chief was ill, but his brother was present, and asked a few questions. Livingstone took the occasion to be a good one for telling him something about the Bible and the future state. The men said that their fathers had never told them aught about the soul, but they thought that the whole man rotted and came to nothing. What Livingstone said was very nicely put by a volunteer spokesman, who seemed to have a gift that way, for all listened most attentively, and especially when told that our Father in heaven



EVENING—ILALA.





VILLAGE WHERE THE BODY WAS PREPARED.

loved all, and heard prayers addressed to Him. Here Livingstone was deserted by all the Johanna men, who went back to the coast and spread a report of the great traveler's death, which filled the whole civilized world with sorrow, until Mr. Edward Young made a journey to Nyassa, and ascertained the story to be merely an invention.

Still pushing northward, Livingstone reached Kimsusa's on the 28th of September. Kimsusa, an old friend, gave him a most hearty welcome, and fairly loaded him down with provisions. When Livingstone was ready to start on, Kimsusa accompanied him a part of the way, his numerous wives acting as porters. The lack of means of transportation was the cause of much delay. Obligated to avoid places stripped of provisions, the party pursued a zigzag course, like a ship baffled with foul winds. The people, too, were unable to give information about others at a distance from their own abodes. An intelligent smith, who acted as guide for a portion of the way, did not know a range of mountains about twenty miles off. "It was too far away for him to know the name." Another source of annoyance was the hostile attitude of the Mazitu people, who were sending out marauding parties and plundering in every direction. Great caution was necessary to avoid falling into the hands of any of these parties, while their spoliations

had made it very difficult to obtain supplies of food. On nearing one village the travelers were mistaken for Mazitu raiders, and the villagers issued out in force to attack them. The true character of the party was discovered in season to prevent bloodshed. To add to their discomforts, four goats were lost or stolen. Livingstone felt this loss very keenly, for whatever kind of food he had, a little goat's milk made it all right, while without it the coarse fare was very hard of digestion.

Among the numerous notes of natural history scattered through this part of his journal we find mention of the honey-guide, an extraordinary bird that flies from tree to tree in front of the hunter, chirruping loudly, and will not be content till it arrives at the spot where the bees have made their nest. It then waits quietly till the honey is taken, and feeds on the broken crumbs of comb that fall to its share. While resting one day two honey-hunters came up with the party. They stopped to talk and smoke, and the honey-guide they were following waited quietly on a neighboring tree until they were ready to go on, when it again took the lead.

Toward the end of January, 1867, Livingstone met with a very serious loss, that of his medicine chest. Two Waiyau servants deserted. They had been very faithful, and



knowing the language of the country well, were extremely useful. Their uniform good conduct had inspired confidence, and they were more trusted than any of the other servants. But they deserted in a dense forest, taking with them the medicine chest and several valuable packages. The forest was so dense that there was no chance to get sight of the fugitives, and a heavy rain coming on, their foot-prints were entirely obliterated. Livingstone felt as if he had received the sentence of death.

On the 1st of April, 1867, Livingstone reached the southeastern end of the body of water called Lake Liemba, which subsequently proved to be the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. The first view was obtained from an elevation of about 2000 feet. The lake appeared to be eighteen or twenty miles broad, and they could see about thirty miles up toward the north. Livingstone was enchanted with the place, and remained there some time. The lake lies in a deep basin whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees were then all green: down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not two miles from the perpendicular. The village (Pambété) at which they first touched the lake is surrounded by palm-oil trees—not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a bunch of the ripe fruit. In the morning and evening huge crocodiles were observed quietly making their way to their feeding-grounds; hippopotamuses snorted by night and at early morning.

A few days after arriving at this beautiful spot Livingstone had an alarming fit of insensibility. He found himself floundering outside of his hut and unable to get in. He tried to raise himself by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but lost his grasp when nearly upright, and fell back, striking his head heavily against a box. Some hours elapsed before he could recognize where he was. Not many days afterward he experienced another attack of the same kind. The loss of the medicine chest was sorely felt.

Livingstone remained about six weeks on the shore of the lake trying to pick up some flesh and strength. The natives showed him many acts of kindness, and gave him valuable information about the movements of the Arabs who had come into that country in search of ivory, and were fighting their way. This induced him to go south around the district infested by these marauders. When he had traveled about sixty miles he heard that the head-quarters of the Arabs were twenty-two miles further on.

They had found ivory very plentiful and cheap, and had pushed on toward the west till attacked by a chief named Nsama, whom they beat in his own stockade. They were now at a loss which way to turn. On reaching Chitimba's village Livingstone came upon them. They were about six hundred in number. On presenting a letter he had from the Sultan of Zanzibar he was immediately supplied with provisions, beads, and cloth. They approved of his plan of passing to the south of Nsama's country, but advised waiting till the effects of punishment, which the Bäulungu had resolved to inflict on Nsama for breach of public law, were known. It was anticipated that Nsama might flee: if to the north, he would leave Livingstone a free passage through his country; if to the south, he might be saved from walking into his hands. But it turned out that Nsama was anxious for peace. He had sent two men with elephants' tusks to begin a negotiation; but treachery was suspected, and they were shot down. Another effort was made with ten goats, and repulsed. This was much to the regret of the head Arabs. It was fortunate that the Arab goods were not all sold, for Lake Moero, which Livingstone was anxious to visit, lay in Nsama's country, and without peace no ivory could be bought, nor could he reach the lake. The peace-making between the people and Arabs was, however, a tedious process, occupying three and a half months—drinking each other's blood.

Passing to the north of Nsama, and moving westward, Livingstone reached the north end of Moero on the 8th of November, 1867. There the lake is a goodly piece of water twelve or more miles broad, and flanked on the east and west by ranges of lofty tree-covered mountains. The range on the west is the highest, and is part of the country called Rua-Moero; it gives off a river at its northwest end, called Lualaba, and receives the river Kalongosi (pronounced by the Arabs Karungwesi) on the east near its middle, and the rivers Luapula and Rovukwe at its southern extremity. The point of most interest in Lake Moero is that it forms one of a chain of lakes, connected by a river some five hundred miles in length. First of all, the Chambezé rises in the country of Mambwé, northeast of Molemba. It then flows southwest and west till it reaches latitude  $11^{\circ}$  S., and longitude  $29^{\circ}$  E., where it forms Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo; emerging thence, it assumes the new name Luapula, and comes down here to fall into Moero. On going out of this lake it is known by the name Lualaba, as it flows northwest in Rua to form another lake, with many islands, called Urengé or Ulengé. When Livingstone crossed the Chambezé the similarity of names led him to imagine that this was a branch of the Zambesi. The natives



said, "No; this goes southwest, and forms a very large water there." Subsequent explorations proved the correctness of this information.

Adjacent to the upper end of Lake Moero lies Casembe's town, which Livingstone visited near the end of November. The town covers a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being dotted over that space. Some have square inclosures of reeds, but no attempt has been made at arrangement: it might be called a rural village rather than a town. No estimate could be formed by counting the huts, they were so irregularly planted, and hidden by cassava; but Livingstone's impression from other collections of huts was that the population was under a thousand souls. The court or palace is a square inclosure of three hundred yards by two hundred yards, surrounded by a hedge of high reeds. Inside, where Casembe honored the traveler with a grand reception, stands a gigantic hut for Casembe, and a score of small huts for domestics.

On this occasion Casembe sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins. He was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs, and head were covered with sleeves, leggings, and cap made of various-colored beads in neat patterns; a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. Each of his head-men came forward, shaded by a huge ill-made umbrella, and followed by his dependents, made obeisance to Casembe, and sat down on his right and left; various bands of musicians did the same. When called upon Livingstone rose and bowed, and an old councilor, with his ears cropped, gave the chief as full an account as he had been able to gather of the English in general and the great traveler's antecedents in particular. The fact that Livingstone had passed through Lunda to the west of Casembe, and visited chiefs of whom he scarcely knew any thing, excited most attention. He then assured Livingstone that he was welcome to his country, to go where he liked, and do what he chose. A display of the presents intended for the chief closed the interview. The Casembe (the word signifies general) visited by Livingstone was a usurper, and on coming into power, about five years before, had ruled with such barbarity—cropping ears, lopping off hands, and selling children—that many of his subjects had taken refuge in neighboring countries. His favorite mode of punishing his ministers was cropping their ears. The public executioner, who generally attended him, carried a pair of sharp shears for this purpose.

While in this region Livingstone heard

stories of wonderful under-ground dwellings in the Rua Mountains. These caverns or excavations extend for a distance of twenty miles, and are capable of housing a population of ten thousand souls. Provisions are stored in them for use in case of war, and a perennial rivulet flows inside. In some cases the doorways are on a level with the plain, in others they are reached by means of ladders. On one occasion, when the main entrance was besieged by an enemy, some one who knew all the intricacies of the excavations led a party out by a secret passage, surprised the besiegers, and drove them off with heavy loss. Livingstone thinks that these under-ground dwellings may have been dug out by the original burrowing race, as the present natives know nothing of their origin, and have no traditions concerning it.

After many tedious delays, Livingstone started from Casembe's on the 11th of June, 1868, on his way south to discover Lake Bemba, or more properly Lake Bangweolo, Bemba being the name of the country in which it lies. On his way he crossed a wide grassy plain, through which flows the Luongo, a deep river embowered in a dense forest. The trees were covered with lichens, some flat, others long and thready, "like old men's beards," and waving in the wind as they do on the mangrove swamp trees on the coast. A company of slaves passed, singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks about their necks; but on asking the cause of their mirth, Livingstone was told that they were rejoicing at the idea of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them into slavery. Their song ran, "Oh, you sent me off to Manga" (sea-coast), "but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, in which the name of each trader was repeated. It told not of mirth, but of the bitterness and tears of the oppressed.

On the 18th of July Livingstone reached the shore of the lake, one of the largest in Central Africa. He records the fact with characteristic modesty: "Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither." He was unable, from obstacles thrown in his way by the natives, to make a thorough exploration of the lake; but from information gleaned from canoe-men, he judged its dimensions to be not less than one hundred and fifty miles in length by eighty in width. It contains four large islands, the largest of which sustains a thriving population and flocks of sheep and goats.

Livingstone started back on the 30th of



July, and on the 7th of August reached Kombokombo's stockade, in the Imbozhwa country, where, on account of the disturbed condition of the country, he was obliged to remain a long time. His Arab associates of the last few months had taken up Casembe's cause against the devastating hordes of Mazitu, who had swept down on these parts, and had repulsed them. But now a fresh complication arose. Casembe and Chikumbi, chief of the district, became alarmed lest the Arabs, feeling their own power, should turn upon them and take possession of the whole country; so they joined forces and made an attack on Kombokombo, one of the leading Arabs. The assault was repulsed, but the Arabs felt that they could no longer remain in security, and accordingly united their forces in order to effect a safe retreat. This was accomplished on the 23d of September, Livingstone and his little party going with them. Kombokombo soon parted from his associate, Syde bin Omar, with whom Livingstone kept until the cataracts of the Kalongosi were reached.

Livingstone's object was now to reach Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find letters, a good supply of medicines, and stores for trading. Weeks and months of tedious waiting and slow, toilsome travel were before him. The new year, 1869, opened badly. He fell dangerously ill. For some time the entries in his journal failed altogether, and when resumed they were very brief; nor was he able at any time during this seizure to continue the minute maps of the country in his pocket-books, which now for the first time fail. Before reaching the western shore of Tanganyika he became so weak that he was carried, for the first time in his life, in a kitanda, or frame, like a cot. Even this was painful to the sick man. The way was rough; head down and feet up alternated with feet down and head up, while changing shoulders by the bearers, involved a distressing toss from one side to the other of the kitanda. On the 14th of February he reached the western shore of the lake, at the confluence of the river Lofuko. After some delay canoes were procured for the voyage to Ujiji. There, on the 14th of March, the sorely tried and almost dying traveler was landed, to meet with a grievous disappointment. His supplies, which had been left to be transported from Zanzibar by caravan, had been made away with in all directions. Medicines and wines had been left at a place thirteen days' journey east of Ujiji, and of the goods that had reached the latter settlement a large amount had been stolen.

While waiting to recover strength and get fresh supplies Livingstone employed his time in writing letters to his family and friends in England. These letters never reached Zanzibar.

By the 12th of July, 1869, Livingstone felt sufficiently strong to set out for the exploration of the Manyema country, an unknown region lying west of Tanganyika. He found that the country and the people differed in almost every respect from the regions lying nearer the east coast. The Arabs had an inkling of the vast quantities of ivory which might be procured there, and Livingstone went into the new field with the foremost of those hordes of Ujijian traders, who, in all probability, will eventually destroy tribe after tribe by slave-trading and pillage, as they have done in so many other regions. The country is described as surpassingly beautiful. Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind, and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees, many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are every where. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, although isolated by old feuds that are never settled, have attained considerable skill in cultivation.

In this region Livingstone spent nearly a year, making many discoveries of great importance, which must be passed without mention here. He met, as usual, with many difficulties and obstructions, and endured many serious hardships. Finally, toward the end of June, 1870, all his men deserted except Susi, Chuma, and one other; and with these faithful attendants only, he pressed forward toward the Lualaba River, which he was most anxious to explore. The obstacles in his way proved to be too great, and he was at length obliged to retrace his steps. He halted at a place called Bambarré. Here he witnessed a hunt for sokos, an entirely new species of chimpanzee, of which he gives a very interesting description. An extensive grass-burning had forced the creatures out of their usual haunts, and, coming on the plain, they were speared. The soko often goes erect, with a hand to its head as if to steady the body. It is an ungainly beast. Its light yellow face shows off its ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead, villainously low, with high ears, is well in the background of the great dog mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyemas devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking



men and women while at their work, kidnaping children and running up trees with them. It seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in its arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and, as it lifts that, drops the child: the young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko. It seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me!" The soko bit off the ends of his fingers, and escaped unharmed. These animals do not attack unarmed men, and never molest women. If wounded, they will seize the hunter by the wrist and bite off the fingers. They will draw out a spear, but never use it, and stuff leaves into the wound to stanch the blood. Some of the Manyemas think that their buried dead rise as sokos.

At Bamarré Livingstone was rendered helpless for nearly three months by distressing ulcers on the feet. His mind was clear and active, and he occupied himself with his notes, maps, and journals. We find among his notes a vehement protest against "theoretical" discoverers and map-makers, with special mention of one who, in laying down the probable course of the Chambezé, made it run between three and four thousand feet up hill, and called it the "New Zambesi," probably, says Livingstone, because the old Zambesi runs down hill.

At length, on the 16th of February, 1871, he started northward, having received some supplies and a reinforcement of servants. After traversing a wide extent of country, passing through many villages, and crossing many small rivers, he reached the Lualaba River, at the town of Nyaungwé, a short distance below the confluence of the Kunda. Most anxious to explore the great river, which at this point is very deep and not less than three thousand yards across, and to visit a lake formed by the confluence of two rivers west of the Lualaba, to which he had given the name of Lincoln, in honor of the martyr President, Livingstone was baffled by inability to procure canoes, want of supplies, and the disturbed condition of the country. He was witness to a terrible massacre of unoffending people and to the burning of many villages, but was helpless to prevent these atrocities. After weeks of weary waiting he started back for Ujiji on the 20th of July, and after a dangerous and eventful journey, during which on several occasions he narrowly escaped death, he once more found himself at the great Arab trading station on the eastern shore of Tanganyika. He was reduced to a skeleton; but the market being held daily, he

hoped that food and rest would soon restore him. He discovered, however, that during his absence all his goods had been sold by the rascal who had charge of them, leaving him almost a beggar among strangers. It is not surprising that he fell into a despondent state of mind. "I felt," he writes, "as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves;" but when his spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand. One morning Susi came running to him at the top of his speed, and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him coming!" and off he darted to meet him. Livingstone followed. The American flag at the head of a caravan betrayed the stranger's nationality. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made the wayworn and half-starved explorer think, "This must be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wits' end like me."

The stranger proved to be Mr. Henry Moreland Stanley, the energetic and untiring correspondent sent out by the proprietor of the New York *Herald* with orders to obtain accurate information about Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home his bones. Stanley's arrival was most opportune. The fresh supplies of food, the exciting news of the world from which he had been cut off for nearly two years, raised Livingstone at once from his despondency. In a week he began to feel strong again. "I am not," he writes, "of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be—but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity."

Stanley reached Ujiji in the latter part of October, 1871, and remained with Livingstone until the middle of the following March. Meanwhile they made a canoe voyage to the northern end of Tanganyika, and discovered that the river Lusizé, previously supposed to be an outlet, pours its sluggish waters into the lake. The outlet must therefore be sought elsewhere. Livingstone conjectured that its waters might flow off through subterranean channels, or possibly through the Mokungo into the Lobumba River. On returning from this survey the travelers explored the Unyanembe region, and then Stanley took his departure for the coast. He urged Livingstone to return with him and recruit his shattered health before continuing his arduous task. But the brave old man was firm in his determination not to leave Africa until he had made one more effort to solve the grand problem of the Nile sources. At Unyanembe the travelers parted, on the 14th of



March, 1872, Stanley pushing toward the coast with the news for which the whole world was looking with anxious solicitude, and Livingstone waiting at Kwhihara until the arrival of supplies and men, to be sent back by Stanley from the coast, should enable him to set out once more.

Livingstone was "all but certain" of the existence of "four full-grown gushing fountains" on the water-shed eight days south of Kataŋga, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river; that two of the rivers thus formed flow north to Egypt, the other two south to Inner Ethiopia. Even were these not the fountains of the Nile mentioned by Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva, at Sais, in Egypt, Livingstone deemed them worthy of discovery, as lying in the last hundred of the seven hundred miles of water-shed in which nearly all the Nile springs unquestionably rise. It was his purpose to go from Unyanyembe round the south end of Tanganyika, across the Chambezé and to the south of Bangweolo, then due west to the ancient fountains. By pursuing this route he hoped that no sources of the Nile flowing from the south would escape him. "No one," he writes in his journal, "will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honor to my children, and perhaps to my country and race!"

While waiting thus Livingstone was not without material to afford him occupation. Distances were calculated from native reports, preparations for the coming journey were pushed on, many of his astronomical observations were copied out, and minute records taken of the rain-fall. Still it was a period of trying suspense. It was not until the 14th of August that the stout-hearted old man was gladdened by the arrival of a troop of fifty-seven men and boys. Of his original followers only five remained. These were Susi, Chuma, and Amoda, who joined him in 1864 on the Zambesi—that is, eight years previously—and Mabruki and Gardner, Nassick boys hired in 1866. The new-comers by degrees became accustomed to the hardships of travel, and shared with the old servants all the danger of the last heroic march home. It must not be forgotten that it was to the intelligence and superior education of Jacob Wainwright, one of the new-comers, that the world was indebted for the earliest account of the eventful eighteen months during which he was attached to the party.

Preparations for the journey were now pushed forward with great energy, and on the 25th of August, 1872, Livingstone started south from Unyanyembe. The records in his diary are very brief, and we frequently come across the entry, "Ill." His old enemy was upon him, and he had little strength

for resistance. The men speak of few periods of even comparative health from the date of September 18. Still he pressed on as rapidly as his growing weakness would permit, always looking for the bright side where all seemed dark, and with his mind intent on the grand object of his life. As the party approached Lake Bangweolo the difficulties of the march increased. The surface of the country was traversed by immense "sponges." The men speak of the rest of the march as one continual plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity for using canoes. To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms ever likely to be aggravated by exposure, the effect may be well conceived. It is probable that had Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man would have broken down. His company of followers must have been well led, and under the most thorough control, to endure these marches, for nothing crows the African so much as rain. Livingstone soon became unable to endure the wading, and was carried across the sponges and streams on the shoulders of his faithful servants.

Added to the natural difficulties of the way, there were delays from the treachery of guides and scouts, from the necessity of sending out parties in search of food, and from the rapacity of native chiefs through whose territory the line of march lay. Under the pressure of these harassing obstacles, Livingstone's disorder increased, and his hair all turned gray. Up to April 21 he wrote every day in his journal, though the entries are very brief; from the 22d to the 27th of that month he had not strength to write any thing but the several dates. Under date of April 27 is this entry:

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Mollamo."

These are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. The party was now south of Lake Bangweolo. Since the 21st Livingstone had been unable to ride the donkey he had brought from Unyanyembe, and his servants, in order to carry him with as little pain to him as possible, made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This frame-work was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin for the exhausted traveler. To render the kitanda more comfortable, another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side and allow the air to pass under while the



sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. By this means Livingstone was carried to the river Molilamo, or Lulimala as it stands on the map. Here it was necessary to remain until canoes could be procured for crossing. This was accomplished, and on the 29th Livingstone, with great difficulty and at the expense of excruciating pain, was got over the river and taken to Chitambo's village, a short distance further on. For the first mile or two they had to carry him through dreary swamps, and were glad enough to reach something like dry ground. The village was almost empty, the inhabitants being absent guarding their growing crops, and the men found room and shelter ready to their hand. The rapidly sinking traveler was taken into a vacant house and laid gently on a bed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, and a boy slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night.

The next day he was still weaker. At night-fall some of the men silently took to their huts, while others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 P.M. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Livingstone said, "Are our men making that noise?" "No," replied Susi; "I can hear, from the cries, that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields." About an hour later Susi was again called by Majwara, the boy. On reaching the bed he was directed to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, "All right; you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana; I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muannaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara

said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of the men advanced softly and placed his hands on his cheeks. They were quite cold. Livingstone was dead. It was the morning of May 1, 1873.

The faithful men at once held a consultation as to the best means of preserving the body and the effects of their beloved master. They were in a trying position. Africans have a horror of the dead, and great caution was necessary in preparing the body and conveying it to the coast. We have already alluded to the heroic fidelity with which this was done, and must refer our readers to the book for the deeply interesting narrative of the adventures of these loyal men on their long and perilous journey to the sea-board. Great indeed must have been the love that dared and overcame so much! So long as the name of David Livingstone is known and honored among men, these brave and faithful servants will be remembered with gratitude.

### A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

BLANCHE was all in a cloud of tulle and lace. Lorrimer likened her somehow to his pet mountain peak just tipped with sunshine and draped in rarest mist. The sunshine, of course, was her face: was ever brighter, fairer, more dainty, delicate, and fine? The color glowed in her cheek like a flame, then paled rapidly away. Of what combination was composed that subtle bloom, and whence came that wonderful blue in her eyes?—so blue that no color was ever on his palette like it.

She was even more than fashionably fair, for with all this filigree and fuss about her, there was that in the grace and rhythm of her every movement that appealed to the artistic soul of Lorrimer.

"You will not, you *must* not go," she murmured, and her tones were full of coaxing entreaty; but her glance wandered away to the whirling pairs in the corridors, and her foot beat time to the music.

"How you envy these dancing dervishes!" said Lorrimer.

"No, no," she whispered in return. "You know I would rather talk with you. But was there ever any thing so ravishing as that galop?"

"It is the one dance I hate above all others," said Lorrimer—"a dashing, desperate hand-to-hand conflict, that when you are