# DAVID LIVINGSTONE

MISSIONARY EXPLORER OF AFRICA

by

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

## RECALLED

"How are you going to make iron swim?" asked the astonished natives when they examined the steel sides of the Lady Nyassa and were told that it was a boat which would sail upon the lake.

As soon as he was able after Mrs. Livingstone's death, Dr. Livingstone resumed the work on the boat. By the end of June it was completed, but then the rainy season was over, and the boat could not be taken to the lake till December. Meanwhile he would explore the Rovuma in the hope of finding a waterway which would be free from the interference of the Portuguese. Little, however, was gained in the trip up the Rovuma. On one occasion the natives made a fierce attack. And then only 156 miles from the mouth of the river Livingstone's party encountered cataracts which made the passage of the river impossible. So they returned to the Zambesi.

All this time the Portuguese situation was growing more serious.

Apparently Livingstone's discoveries had stimulated the Portuguese slave-trade rather than checking it. And the local Portuguese officials who were supposed to use their influence in putting down the slave-trade were really encouraging it. They went so far as to declare that anyone interfering with the slave-trade would be counted as a robber. They had also contradicted some of Livingstone's claims to discoveries. But Livingstone wrote letters to some of the Portuguese officials both in Africa and at home defending his position.

After going to Johanna for provisions and to discharge some of his crew whose terms had expired, Livingstone sailed on again up the river, towing the Lady Nyassa. But such sights as met their eyes! In the morning the paddles of the boat had to be cleared of human corpses which had collected during the night. Human skeletons were seen in every direction. All this was the result of raids by Marianno, a Portuguese slave-trader.

In passing on, Dr. Livingstone's heart was saddened at the sight of the Bishop's grave, then at the news of other members of the Mission who had succumbed to fever. About this time Livingstone had a severe attack of fever himself, and Dr. Kirk and Mr. C. Livingstone were so weakened by illness that they decided to return to England. Livingstone was left then with only two other members of the expedition.

The Lady Nyassa was again taken apart to be carried around the rapids. And the difficulties they had were enough to try one's patience severely.

About this time he received word intimating that the expedition had been recalled. At this he was not greatly surprised, for with the hindrances the Portuguese were causing it was almost useless to try to develop trade. The slave-traders had even followed in their footsteps, taking advantage of the friendship Livingstone had made with the natives and calling themselves his children.

Writing to a friend at this time, Livingstone said:

"I don't know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf. If the Lady Nyassa is well sold, I shall manage. There is a Ruler above, and his providence guides all things. He is our Friend, and has plenty of work for all his people to do."

No blame was laid on Livingstone, but the expedition had been more expensive than was first counted upon. And then, through the opposition of the Portuguese Government, it had failed to accomplish the desired results. One of the greatest disappointments to Livingstone was that the recall came before he was able to launch the steamer on the lake and thus prove its value. Again, the government made no allowance for the Lady Nyassa upon which he had expended about 6,000 pounds ($29,196) of his book money.

It takes a brave man to be cheerful under such circumstances as Livingstone had been meeting.

His expedition had been recalled, his years of labor in Africa had evidently aided the slave-trade instead of stopping it; in regions where the missionary prospect had once been bright he had been witnessing the most heart-sickening scenes; some of his most capable fellow missionaries slept beneath African soil. And, saddest of all, his beloved wife had found her resting-place there. He was left almost without white friends in the country. His body was weakened with fever. And now, added to his almost daily annoyances was the disappointment that the Lady Nyassa could not be floated on the waters for which she had been built. On her he had expended much of his small fortune. Was it all in vain?

In spite of all these things and of a score of dangers that confronted him, Livingstone decided to make one more attempt to explore the region of the lake. He would have to go much of the way on foot and might face starvation or death by wild animals or by fierce natives. With one white man and a few natives he started out for the northern end of the lake to find out whether any large river flowed into it from the west. At one time the two white men were lost three days in the woods without food. But some poor natives at last gave them food.

Once they could procure no guides when they could scarcely get along without them. The land was cut by deep gullies and rocky ravines that could be scaled only in certain known places. Then, being taken for slave-traders, they barely escaped a fierce attack by the natives.

In spite of all his troubles, Livingstone took a great interest in the geography and geology of the country. He was surprised to learn that the country had had no stone age. At least, no flint weapons were found. It seemed as if the natives had always used iron.

Livingstone was eager to finish his explorations around the lake; but orders came from the government that he must get the Pioneer down to sea while the river was high. Then, too, one of his native companions died as a result of the cold of the highlands. As he went on down to the river he noticed the villages were all deserted and the reeds along the banks were crowded with fugitives. This he knew told that the slave-traders had been there. And he was likely to be taken again for a slave-trader. Indeed, his party was once pursued by the natives, and the report reached England that he had been killed. "Don't become pale," he wrote to a friend a little later, "on getting a letter from a dead man."

More than his own recall Livingstone regretted the news which he received from Bishop Tozer, Bishop Mackenzie's successor. He had decided to abandon the Universities Mission and transfer his work to Zanzibar. Livingstone had hoped that this Mission might carry on the work that he had started. He begged the Bishop to reconsider the matter for the sake of Africa, but in vain. It seemed so like the blighting of his last hopes that he wanted to sit down and cry.

But what should be done with those boys and helpless old people who remained with the Mission? They were some of the slaves who had been rescued. "You will not leave them here at the mercy of the Portuguese, will you?" Livingstone asked, "these people whom Bishop Mackenzie promised to protect? Would you have him break his word? Besides, it would be a discredit to the good name of England."

But the Bishop could not decide to keep them, for fear he would incur trouble with the Portuguese. Therefore, Livingstone made himself responsible for them and turned them over to Mr. E. D. Young to care for during his absence. They were taken to the Cape. There, sometime later, one of the most efficient teachers to be found in St. George's Orphanage was one of these black girls who had been rescued first by Bishop Mackenzie and again by Livingstone.

Looking back over the six years that had passed, Livingstone faced enough discouragements. But he could point with satisfaction to some good results.

There was the discovery of the Kongone Harbor and the exploration of the Zambesi River. Then he had learned much about the soil, had found that it was adapted to the production of indigo, cotton, castor-oil, and sugar. He had also found that the highlands were free from tsetse flies and mosquitos. But all the good things he had learned about the country were overbalanced by the thought of the wretched slave-trade carried on there. His expedition, however, had been successful in exposing the very source of .the slave-trade.

Livingstone did not regard the African, as do many people, a different species from the rest of the human family. And he believed these black men were capable of becoming as good

Christians as their white brothers, if only they were given a chance. It was the slave-trade carried on by the Portuguese that was keeping them down.

Livingstone was leaving them now. But his heart would still be in Africa and his prayers and efforts would be to free that land from Slavery's chain.

~ end of chapter 12 ~

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