DAVID LIVINGSTONE

MISSIONARY EXPLORER OF AFRICA

by

Jessie Kleeberger

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A DEAD (?) EXPLORER

Once more back in Africa! None but a brave heart would have attempted it. "I propose to go inland, north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavor to commence that system on the East which has been so eminently successful on the West Coast," Livingstone said, "a system combining the repressive efforts of Her Majesty's cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions." He had accepted the offer of five hundred pounds ($2,433) each from the English Government and the Geographical Society. Then there were some profits from his book, *The Zambesi and Its Tributaries*, besides an extra thousand pounds from some of his friends. But this was not much for starting out on such an expedition, which might extend over a number of years.

Returning by way of Bombay, he stopped there to dispose of the Lady Nyassa. He sold her for twenty-three hundred pounds ($11,191.80), though she had cost him six thousand ($29,196). Following the advice of friends, he invested the money in an Indian bank which failed a year or two later. Imagine the disappointment! However, at a lecture on Africa which he gave in Bombay a subscription of nearly a thousand pounds ($4,866) was taken for him. This money he wished to have the Bombay merchants use in setting up a trading station in Africa at a place which he himself would choose.

The voyage from Bombay to Zanzibar, Livingstone made in the Thud, a steamer which he was to present to the Sultan of Zanzibar in the name of Sir Barrel Freer and the Bombay Government. After twenty-three days of rocking and rolling the vessel arrived at Zanzibar. The Sultan being ill with a toothache, the steamer was presented through his commodore. Later Livingstone received

a letter from the Sultan to the Arab traders with orders for them to assist him in any way possible. This letter proved to be of much service to him. The two months Livingstone spent at Zanzibar waiting for a vessel to take him to the mainland were tiresome. But he saw enough of the dreadful slave traffic to renew his efforts against it.

On the nineteenth of March, Livingstone set sail in the Penguin for the mouth of the Rovuma. But they found that the river had so changed its course as to make it inaccessible, and they had to make a landing twenty-five miles north of its mouth.

The company now consisted of thirteen Indian sepias, ten Johanna men (from the Coroner Islands), nine Nassick boys (African lads educated in Nassick, India, by the English Government), two Shupanga men, and two boys of the Waiyau tribe. Some of these men had been with Livingstone on former journeys, and of others we shall hear more later. Two of them, Susi and Chuma, followed their master faithfully to the end of his journeys.

Livingstone had also brought with him six camels, three tame buffaloes and a calf, two mules, and four donkeys. He wished to try them out to see if they could withstand the bite of the tsetse fly. The poor animals all died, but it was difficult to tell whether the tsetse-fly or the cruel treatment of the sepias had caused their death.

Starting out again on a journey into the interior of Africa, Livingstone was in high spirits, as though he did not know that a thousand perils awaited him.

They had not gone far until the most sickening sights met his eyes. Whole villages had been depopulated and the region was strewn with slavesticks. In some cases the poor slaves were left dying in these yokes. On passing through this same region on a former journey Livingstone had found it fertile and thickly populated; but now it was nearly impossible to find anything to eat. It was all the result of the accursed slave-trade.

Inland some distance they came to a splendid district three thousand four hundred feet above sea-level which would have been ideal for a settlement, but it took four months to reach it. As they neared Lake Nyassa slave parties became more common.

On Aug. 8, 1866, they reached the lake. To Livingstone it seemed like an old friend, and he thanked GOD as he bathed once more in its refreshing waters.

He had hoped to cross the lake, but the *dhows* (boats) were in the hands of the slave-traders, who refused him passage. He found, too, that on account of the cruelties of the slave-traders the people had become so fierce that it would be unsafe to travel among them. So he had to go around the southern end of the lake. Here he lived over again some of his bitterest griefs. He wrote: "Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now. instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake, slave-dhows prosper!"

Livingstone spent some time at the lake making observations. Then resuming the painful march he turned his face toward Lake Tanganyika where he believed he would find an outlet to the coast more practicable than any he had yet found.

Going on through the country of the hostile Mazitu, he found all sorts of difficulties awaiting him. Famine was on every hand. No guides could be procured. And then sometimes his own interpreters changed the meaning of his words so much that he often found himself in serious difficulties with the chiefs. Yet Livingstone never let his men forget that he was a Christian. Every Sunday was a day of rest unless starvation forced them to march on and even then religious services were held when they made camp. Besides, he was always willing to go out of his way to care for the sick or to do whatever good he could do.

Before leaving the Waiyau country, Wikatani, a Waiyau lad, met his brother and found that he had other relatives living near by. He wanted to return to them, and Livingstone gave his permission. Livingstone had been accused of freeing slaves only to make them his own, and now he had opportunity to disprove the charge.

It was not long before he lost his Johanna men also. Frightened at a report concerning the Mazitu, they left their loads on the ground and returned to Zanzibar. Then to avoid losing their pay they manufactured a report that Livingstone and all the rest of the party had been cruelly murdered and only they had escaped. They had fled into the thick jungle and had afterward returned to bury their master. So many details did they give and so firmly did they hold to their story that it was actually believed. And soon the newspapers in England were publishing the obituary of Livingstone. However, some of Dr. Livingstone's friends in England did not believe the story.

In spite of his reported death Livingstone was patiently trudging westward. He did not know that an English expedition had been sent out in search of him. In fact, the men did not find him, but they went far enough to learn that there was no truth to the Johanna men's story.

It was almost necessary now to hire porters. But when porters could not be obtained two men were left to guard the extra loads while the others went on and returned again for the baggage. At this time Livingstone was often haunted by dreams of food, only to awake and finding none to suffer terrible pangs of hunger.

"The people have nothing to sell but a little millet porridge and mushrooms," he wrote to his son. In the same letter he mentioned the death of his brave little poodle. In crossing a wide swamp waist-deep the men had forgotten the dog and he had been drowned.

A little glimpse into Livingstone's inner life is caught in his entry in his journal for Jan. 1, 1867:

"May He who was full of grace and truth impress his character on mine! Grace, eagerness to show favor, truthfulness, sincerity, honor - for his mercy's sake!"

On March 28, he reached the ridge which overlooks Tanganyika, too ill to go farther. And he had lost his medicine-chest, upon which he had depended so much in this fever-haunted country. A carrier whom he had hired for a day had slyly added it to his load and had disappeared, probably thinking that he had found something valuable, though it could not be of any use to him.

Five days after his arrival at the ridge, Doctor Livingstone crawled to the top of it and rejoiced at the beautiful sight. There, two thousand feet below him lay the peaceful, shining waters of the lake, surrounded with red clay bluffs and green trees. Here Livingstone's letter from the Sultan

proved a blessing, gaining for him the warm friendship of an Arab trader by whom he sent some letters to the coast.

For six weeks Livingstone remained at the lake trying to regain his strength. During that time he became delirious and some of his boys seeing his condition hung a blanket over the entrance of his hut so that no stranger might see his helplessness.

As soon as he was able he resumed his journey westward toward Lake Moero, passing through the country of Chitimba, where he was delayed for three months and a half on account of the disturbed condition of the country. So it was not till the eighth of November, 1867, that he reached Lake Moero.

Weary with traveling for two years without one word from home, Livingstone felt now that he must go to Ujiji for letters and supplies. He accompanied the Arab traders to Casembe's village. Casembe, he found to be a fierce chief who punished his people for trivial offenses by cutting off their ears or their hands.

However, Livingstone gained some influence with this cruel chief. But now the Arabs and another native chief became involved in a quarrel and Livingstone was delayed for three and a half months awaiting their peacemaking ceremonies. He occupied the time with writing letters, making observations, and reading *Smith's Bible Dictionary*.

His journal for 1867 ends by telling of his weakness and lack of food. He had not yet gone to Ujiji, but had heard reports that made him eager to see Lake Bangweolo. And as circumstances favored his going to the lake, he postponed the trip to Ujiji. At this all but five of his men rebelled. But he treated them so kindly that on his return from the lake they again offered their services. He reached the lake on July 18 and hired some of the natives to row him over to the islands. The natives crowded around him in wonder. They had never before seen such a curiosity as a white man.

Livingstone was still bent on discovering the real source of Africa's great rivers - the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi. And at this time he thought he had found it in the sponges that feed Lake Bangweolo.

Another long delay kept him at the lake, but at last, on Dec. 11, 1868, he started out in company with a slave-party bound for Ujiji.

New Year's Day, 1869, found him ill again, and for ten weeks he suffered great pain. He was carried on in a sort of litter. But without proper food or care he grew worse. He became so ill that he lost count of the days of the week and month. His earnest prayer was that he might reach Ujiji, where he felt sure letters and supplies awaited him. On February 26 he embarked in a canoe on Lake Tanganyika, and on March 14 he actually reached Ujiji. But what was his disappointment to find nothing but a few fragments of his goods. His letters, medicines, and many other things had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days distant. And as a war was raging on the way, the goods could not be sent for yet.

The goods that had reached Ujiji had been so plundered by the Arabs that Livingstone decided to prevent, if possible, another such robbery.

He wrote a letter to the Sultan of Zanzibar thanking him for the benefits he had received through his letter and complaining about the robbery of his goods. Then he asked for the Sultan's assistance in preventing the plundering of a new shipment of goods which he had ordered and asked also that some good porters be selected for him.

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