Special Commemorative Biography on the 25th anniversary of KwaZulu-Natal Missionary & Bible College

DAVID
LIVINGSTONE

THE MAN OF AFRICA

1813 - 1873

INDEX

INTRODUCTION

The greatest figure in the dramatic story of African exploration and missions was David Livingstone, the Scottish medical missionary who devoted more than thirty years of his life to pioneering on the Dark Continent.

The story of Livingstone's life reveals a man completely dedicated to the things in which he believed. The Lord Jesus Christ was the driving force in his life, as well as exploration and natural history. Livingstone was a dedicated, hard working man. He laid no blame on others, making up for their shortcomings with his own resolution and an unwavering belief that God would aid in achieving whatever he set out to do. This was not an unreasonable attitude, since no unworthy motives ever entered his head.

Livingstone's journeys in Africa, his work as a missionary and as a doctor, his anti-slavery activities, and the impact he had on local affairs play an important part in the history of Africa.

Livingstone lived and died for Africa, doing what he thought was in the long-term interest of the continent.

CHRISTIANITY TODAY - the following was said:

With four theatrical words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" which Henry Morton Stanley rehearsed in advance, David Livingstone became immortal. Stanley stayed with Livingstone for five months and then went off to England to write his bestseller, HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE. Livingstone, in the meantime, got lost again – in a swamp literally up to his neck. Within a year and a half, he died in a mud hut, kneeling beside his cot in prayer.

His African friends, former slaves he had freed, buried his heart under an mpundu tree 70 miles from the shore of Lake Bangweulu. Then they carried his body back to his own people, an eleven-month journey through equatorial jungle and open seas.
All Britain wept. The whole civilized world wept. They gave him a 21-gun salute and hero's funeral among the saints in Westminster Abbey.

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HAND OVER LAND AND SEA, his tombstone reads,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE:
MISSIONARY, TRAVELLER, PHILANTHROPIST,
FOR THIRTY YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN AN UNWEARIED EFFORT TO EVANGELIZE THE NATIVE RACES, TO EXPLORE THE UNDISCOVERED SECRETS AND ABOLISH SLAVE TRADE.

In the century and a quarter since his death, no missionary/explorer has been more constructed, deconstructed, psychoanalyzed ("a congenital manic depressive", says one scholar) and turned into a stained-glass saint. There are well over 100 books about him, and African cities bear his name.

He was such an important figure that the history of southern Africa can be divided into B.L. (before Livingstone) and A.L. (after Livingstone). When he arrived in 1841, Africa was as exotic as outer space, called the "Dark Continent" and the "White Man's Graveyard". Although the Portuguese, Dutch and English were pushing into the interior, African maps had blank, unexplored areas – no roads, no countries, no landmarks.

Livingstone helped redraw the maps, exploring what are now a dozen countries, including South Africa, Rwanda, Angola and the Republic of the Congo (formerly Zaire). He is the stuff of legend, indeed.

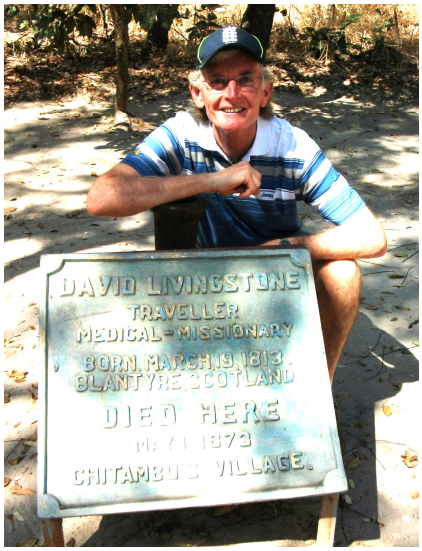
BUT what can we presume about Livingstone today? ……read on…….

Hope you find it helpful……..

Warwick Cole-Edwardes

After 25 years since I started the KwaZulu-Natal Missionary & Bible College, I wanted to produce this biography on David Livingstone, because more than any other man he has inspired me to do something in AFRICA.

Here I am at the place where he died …



CHAPTER ONE

CALLED TO AFRICA

David Livingstone was born in poverty in Blantyre, Scotland, on 19th March 1813 – the year after Napoleon's retreat, from Moscow.

David Livingstone was the second son of Neil Livingston (the 'e' was added later) and Agnes Hunter. The Livingstone's were originally crofters from the island of Ulva, by Mull. His grandfather, also Neil, emigrated with his family in 1792 to Clydebank, where the industrial revolution was drawing impoverished crofters into dark mills and soul-destroying wage-slavery. His father became an itinerant tea-vendor. He was also an intensely religious man, and distributed tracts along with packets of tea.

The family home was a single room, fourteen feet by ten, in a three-storey tenement. There were two beds, each in a recess, one for the parents, and the other for the children. Here Agnes and Neil Livingston procreated, raised, fed, cleaned and cared for seven children, two of whom died in infancy. Space must have been found for books, for all were great readers. The words "poor" and "pious" which he caused to be inscribed on their tombstone epitomized their lives.

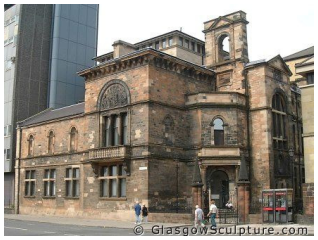
At the age of ten, David went to work as a cotton piecer. With his first week's wages, he bought a Latin grammar book. He propped it up on the frame of a spinning-jenny and memorized sentences as he walked to and fro tying broken ends of thread. He worked incredibly long hours, 6 am to 8 pm, with two breaks for meals. He kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this he owed his power of "completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children or the dances and songs of savages."

He continued his Latin studies from 8pm to 10pm under a schoolmaster. After ten, at home, he would start his dictionary chart of his studies. These continued until about twelve o'clock unless his mother interfered by jumping up and snatching the books out of his hands.

In his rare holidays, he would roam the countryside collecting specimens of plants, insects and fossils, thus laying the foundations of a knowledge of natural history. This was to remain his lifelong pleasure.

At the age of twenty he experienced what cannot be called a conversion, since religious beliefs implanted in infancy had never wavered; rather it was the dawn of a conviction that he himself, as an individual Christian, should actively and personally enter into the service of God. David resolved to qualify as a doctor, and go as a medical missionary to China.

While continuing to work as a cotton-spinner in summer, for two winters he attended lectures in Medicine, Greek and Divinity at Anderson's College in Glasgow, for a fee of twelve pounds a year. James Young, the assistant to the professor of Chemistry, became his closest friend.



St. Anderson's College, Glasgow

In 1837, he applied to the London Missionary Society for employment and was accepted on probation a year later. His apprenticeship was served at Chipping Ongar in Essex.

While his sincerity and devotion were never in question, Livingstone was a clumsy preacher with a rough, sometimes indistinct voice, and received at the end of his probation an adverse report. Only a single vote on the Society's Board of Directors won him a further period of probation. The Principal's final report, while not enthusiastic, sufficed to get this rough diamond of a Glaswegian the benefit of the doubt:

> Mr. Livingstone gives me pleasure in some important respects. The objection I mentioned, His heaviness of manner, united as it is with a rusticity, not likely to be removed, still strikes me as having importance, but he has sense and quiet vigour; his temper is good and his character substantial, so that I do not like the thought of his being rejected. Add to his stock of knowledge and then I trust he will prove after all an instrument worth having – a diligent, staunch, single-hearted labourer. If the decision were now coming on I should say accept him.

After finishing at Ongar, he took lodgings in Aldersgate Street in London and continued his medical studies in order to qualify as a doctor, working partly at the Charing Cross and Moorfields hospitals. His ideas were still centered on China, but an opium war there was holding matters up. The turning-point of Livingston's career came when he made the acquaintance of Robert Moffat, one of the great missionaries of Africa, who stayed for a short time at the Aldersgate Boarding house.

In November 1840, Livingstone qualified as a Licentiate of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow, but could only spend one night at Blantyre before starting on the journey from which he might never return. On the morning of 17 November, his sister wrote, "we got up at five o'clock, my mother made coffee. David read the 121 and 135 Psalms and prayed. My father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer". Father and son never met again.

Three days later, David was ordained in Albion Chapel, London Wall, a ceremony to which, curiously enough, he was indifferent; "I do not attach any importance on Ordination." On 8th December 1840, he embarked in the sailing ship, George, for the Cape. On the voyage, the Captain taught his how to use the quadrant and to fix positions by the stars, a skill which was to prove indispensable in his travels. From Port Elizabeth a journey by ox-wagon of more than seven hundred miles brought him and a fellow novice across the Orange River, and so to Kuruman in Bechuanaland (now Botswana).


R. Moffat

Kuruman, controlled since 1823 by Robert Moffat, was the 'ultima Thule' of missionary endeavour in South Africa. Beyond lay 'the smoke of a thousand villages' – souls awaiting redemption: the Kalahari Desert that no white man had crossed; and beyond that, all of

unknown Africa. David Livingstone was then twenty eight years old; a qualified doctor as well as a clergyman; his salary, 75 pounds a year;
his deepest ambition "to preach beyond man's lines." Moffats's advice had sunk in, no doubt, because it accorded so completely with his own desires. He wanted to be the first missionary to carry the Word of God into new lands. Within two months Livingstone was off in an ox-wagon with a colleague and two native converts on a trek of seven hundred miles to the north-east.
Here he began to learn some of the hard truths of his calling. He wrote to an Ongar friend: "Don't expect to find chiefs friendly to missionaries. In general they are hostile, and when friendly it is generally for the purpose of "milking" them." He added: "Don't forget a good gun and how to use it. Also some carpentry – with tools."
After a short stay at Kuruman, he set out again with two ox-drivers and two converts and camped among the Bakwena, one of the numerous Bechuana tribes. "Here, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, I cut myself off from all European society for about six months, and gained by this ordeal, an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws and language, which has proved of incalculable advantage in my intercourse with them ever since." During this time, he also gained a knowledge of their diseases and people who had come for treatment would besiege his wagon.
A second object of this journey, which covered about one thousand miles, was to select a site for a new mission station. South Africa, he concluded was "overstocked" with missionaries, while to the north lay the vast unknown where no missionary had ever been.
Early in 1843, he camped at the village of the paramount chief of the Bakwena, whose only son was sick with dysentery, which Livingstone was able to cure. This begun a fruitful friendship between the missionary and this remarkable chief, Sechele.
When his ox-drivers refused to go further north for fear of Matabele raiders, Livingstone was "reduced to the necessity of either giving up my tour and returning, or going forward on ox-back. I chose the latter…." It was not a comfortable mode of travel. An ox could not be saddled, and with a sweep of his wide horns could, and often did, catch his rider a smart blow in the side or stomach. Livingstone rode about four hundred miles sitting bolt upright as a dragoon to avoid the horns. He went hungry and thirsty, living on locusts and honey and on moisture sucked through reeds from under the sand. By evening campfires, he listened to tribal tales and intermingled the story of the cross with their conversation. This was his true initiation into the realities of African travel.
In 1843, having selected a mission site at Mavotsa, about 220 miles north of Kuruman, he made his camp, with a colleague, Roger Edwards, and started to build a large hut and dig a watercourse. Before it was complete he joined a party of Bechuana on a hunt for lions that had come preying on their cattle. The sequel is best told in his own words:

"In going round the end of the hill, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush and fired both barrels into it….

I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people said "Stop a little till I load again". When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height: he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below, together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening, It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivore; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels: the lion immediately left me and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was lifting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead.....I had on a tartan jacket on this occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb."

It was typical of Livingstone to dismiss the affair as of small account, but his bone had been crunched to splinters, and he was left with eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of his arm. The bone fragments did not unite quickly and every motion of the body produced a grating irritation which reacted on the wounds. For the rest of his life, he was never able to raise his left arm above the shoulder, nor support one of the heavy double-barrelled muzzle-loaders of the day with his damaged arm.
When he was well enough to travel, he returned to Kuruman where the Moffats took him under their care. It fell mainly to their eldest daughter, Mary, to nurse him.

During January 1844, Livingstone proposed to Mary. Marriage, in January 1845 brought an automatic rise in salary – to 100 pounds a year. With this Livingstone built their first home at Mabotsa; a mud-walled shed, fifty-two feet by twenty, roofed by reeds. Their stay there was brief. A quarrel flared up with Edwards and Livingston left the new station to his colleague. They moved about forty miles north to Sechele's headquarters at Chonuane and built another rough dwelling. It was here that their first child, Robert Moffat, was born in 1846. He was only a few months old when the family set out by ox-wagon in an easterly direction to survey the mission field. They encountered their first fear and hostility among the people when they crossed the headwaters of the Limpopo River. The Bagalaka (another Bechuana tribe) mistook them for the Boers who were taking possession of their land and springs, claiming the whole country as their own. From the start, Livingstone was up in arms against the Boers who, in his opinion, were enslaving Africans by a combination of forced unpaid labour, and of downright pillage. They did not regard Africans as fellow human beings.

Their second child, Agnes, was born back at Kuruman in 1847. Not long afterwards the family made another move. This time to a site on the Kolobeng River, about forty miles further north from Chonuane. Sechele moved his whole village there.

Kolobeng proved healthier but hardly peaceful as rhinos would come charging through the town. It was a hard, self-sufficient life for the family.

By this time Livingstone had learnt that to be a missionary in Africa, he would spend a great deal more of his time as a rough carpenter, joiner, blacksmith, mason and jack-of-trades than as a saver of souls. He grudged the time spent on these routine and sometimes physically painful tasks, and was saddened by the fact, which he faced with characteristic honesty, that his message fell on almost wholly deaf ears. However, there was one bright spot and that was Sechele, who had been genuinely moved by the Christian message. Wisely, his white mentor did not try to hurry his conversion. It was seven years, after a distressing lapse involving one of his many wives whom the chief was obliged to return to her parents, before Sechele was baptized. He was almost the only whole-hearted convert Livingstone made.

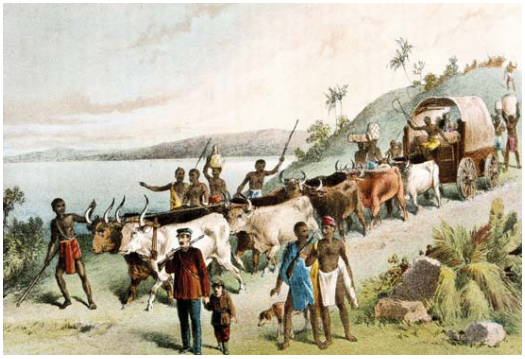
In April 1849, at Kolobeng, a third child was born and named Thomas Steele.

CHAPTER TWO
A PATH TO THE INTERIOR

Sechele urged Livingstone to visit a powerful and benevolent ruler, Sebetwane, who lived beyond the Kalahari Desert. This was the first time Livingstone considered the thought of crossing the desert to Lake Ngami. The existence of this large lake was known to Europeans only by repute as none had actually seen it.

The Kalahari was called a desert only because it has no springs and few wells. Normally it was covered with grass, bush and a variety of creeping plants. There was game in abundance. There were only to kinds of human inhabitants – the Bushmen and a degenerate Bechuana tribe, the Bakalahari. The people survived on the tuberous roots of large plants, which stored water. During exceptionally wet seasons a kind of water-melon carpeted whole tracts of country and delighted every species from elephants to mice with its succulent juices. The Bakalahari women sucked subterranean water through reeds into ostrich eggshells, which they buried and dug up to sustain themselves during long droughts. The Kalahari Desert is an incredibly hot place.

In 1845, Livingstone met a young man on leave from India, William Cotton Oswell; His brief acquaintance with Livingstone was a prelude to a lifelong friendship between the two men.



On 1st June 1849, a party set out from Kolobeng consisting of Oswell, his friend Mungo Murray a trader – J.H.Wilson, Livingstone, eight Hottentots and about thirty Bakwena, equipped with several wagons, eighty oxen, twenty horses and supplies for a year. On the first part of the journey they lost the way and would have died of thirst had they not spotted a Bushman woman whom Oswald headed off on horseback and who led them to a spring. About halfway across, they came to abroad river, the Zouga, and learned that it flowed out of a lake to the north-east. They followed it up in dug-out canoes, while the wagons advanced with difficulty along the forested bank. On paddling past the mouth of a tributary, Livingstone was told that it came “from a country full of river, so many no one can tell their number – full of large trees”. He was so excited by this unexpected information that when they actually reached Lake Ngami, the discovery seemed of little importance.

Lake Ngami, first seen on 1 August 1849, was a shallow, reed-fringed sheet of water, about seventy miles in circumference and was gradually drying up. In the course of the next century, it was to shrink to a residual swamp. The lake lay on a route to the unexplored interior that might be opened up. It was this prospect that Livingstone immediately seized upon. If the Bakalahari were right, far to the north lay a fertile land of rivers, forests and people, many people, quite unvisited by Europeans. Here indeed were souls awaiting salvation "beyond another man's lines." Livingstone's immediate goal, Sebetwanes"s country, was still a further 200 miles north. They needed supplies, but unfortunately, a surly lakeside chief refused to supply guides or food and the frustrated expedition, unable to proceed without them, had to make its laborious way back to Kolobeng.

On his second attempt to reach Sebitwane, Livingstone took his family, although Mary was pregnant again and the children were aged only four, three and just over one year. Livingstone was much criticized about this, and knew that dangers and hardships lay ahead but he also knew that Mary was accustomed to both.

On 26th April 1850 they left, accompanied by Sechele, but not Oswell. They made for the north bank of the Zouga River where progress was difficult and slow. The 1 200 mile journey lasted four months and ten days. At times they would travel night and day for want of water. When they reached the lake, the unfriendly chief fell in love with Livingstone's favourite gun, and it was bartered for a promise of guides.

Livingstone's two elder children went down with fever the day they were due to depart for Sebetwane's. The following day nearly all his men were sick. The lake region had proved to be infested with mosquitoes of a particularly venomous kind. It was here that he proved the worth of his remedy for malaria which he evolved by trial and error. The fever subsided and everyone got back to Kolobeng safely.

In August Mary gave birth to their fourth child. Soon afterwards she had a stroke which partially paralysed her face. The paralysis subsided, but for some time her legs were stiff and painful. Worse still, the baby, a girl, contracted inflammation of the lungs. They couldn't apply the remedies because she was so young. She uttered a piercing cry, and went away to the King in His beauty.

Eight months later, although Mary was pregnant yet again, the whole family set out on a third attempt to reach the Makololo chief. Livingstone was more than ever anxious to find a healthy site for a mission station north of Kolobeng and out of the range of the Boers. Boer threats to wipe out Kolobeng were a potent reason for again exposing his family to the risks of a journey into the unknown.

After much hardship they reached at last the vast, swampy regions of the central watershed where Sebitwane's territory lay. The chief himself came four hundred miles to greet them. The meeting took place on an island in the Chobe River. Sebitwane killed an ox for them, gave them honey and welcomed them. A fortnight later Sebitwane died from pneumonia.

While they were waiting in camp for the permission of Sebitwane's to proceed on their journey, Livingstone came to a decision that determined the future course of his life. While lying in the Chobe River he suddenly announced his intention of going down to the west coast. They were about 1800 miles off it.

A site for a mission station still had not been found and the two men decided to make a reconnaissance further to the north-east. On 4th August 1851, Livingstone discovered a great river that was not previously known to exist at all. Even at the driest time of the year, it was four or five hundred yards wide and flowing deeply. Livingstone had discovered the Zambezi River.

There was no site here for a permanent mission. But, the missionary had already resolved to return alone to make a final search, and to "open up the interior by a path either to the east or the west coast." They left the banks of the Chobe on 13th August 1851 and reached Cape Town seven months later, a journey of some fifteen hundred miles.

Livingstone had decided to send the whole family back to Britain. There the family, he believed would be properly cared for, and he expected his Society to help in their support. The simplicity of Livingstone's faith imparted a strength of will that did at times seem superhuman. As for Mary and the children, they were in God's hands and He would look after them. To doubt this would be to doubt divine goodness and mercy. His only doubts were of his own worthiness.

His salary was still only 100 pounds a year, and by the start of 1852 it was all spent, and more, on bare necessities. They arrived in Cape Town penniless and almost in rags. But Oswell had gone ahead and placed money at their disposal to enable them to cut a decent figure in this sophisticated colonial capital.

This was Livingstone's first return to civilization for eleven years. At long last he was able to get attention for a swollen uvula that had caused him constant discomfort, sometimes reducing his voice to a painful croak.

On 23rd April 1852, Mary and the four children sailed from the Cape. "My heart yearns incessantly after you", he wrote a fortnight later. "I never show my feelings: but I can truly say, my dearest, that I loved you when I married you, and the longer I lived with you, I loved you the better." While in Cape Town, he took lessons from Thomas Maclear, the Astronomer Royal, who became a fast friend to whom he was to send back a continual flow of observations made during future journeys. He bought what few provisions he could afford and started back for Kolobeng in June 1852.

He never reached it. At Kuruman he was delayed while repairs were carried out to a broken wagon. In this he saw, once again, the hand of God; had it not been for the delay, he would have been at Kolobeng when the long-expected Boer raid took place. A large, well-armed commando smashed the place to bits, carried off all the furniture and equipment that was worth having, destroyed books and medicines and attacked Sechele's town, killing sixty of the Bakwena. Livingstone would have been unlikely to survive since the purpose of the raid was to destroy him. As it was, he lost everything he possessed, and remarked with typical stoicism that now he would travel all the lighter and had no need to make a will. Angry about the senseless destruction of the books and medicines. Sechele and his people lost all their corn and cattle as well as their houses and in some cases their lives.

He left Kuruman in December 1852. He had three ox-drivers, a single wagon and bare minimum of provisions. He was expected to be away for about two years. This was a hard journey and time of soul-searching. Night after night by the campfire, often plagued by insects, drenched by rain, bleeding from thorn gashes, he filled his journal with observations of nature mingled with inner anxieties.
When he arrived at Linyanti, six or seven thousand tribesman turned out to greet Sebitwane's white friend. They had planted a garden for him in the hopes of his return. From the start he loved the "very confiding and affectionate" Makololo, and continued to do so despite their faults. Their new chief Sekelutu, proved just as anxious as his uncle had been to help the missionary. On 23 May 1853 Livingstone succumbed to a severe attack of "African Fever" – amazingly, his first after twelve years in Africa.

As soon as he recovered, he tried to interest the Makololo in his message, but with scant success. "They listen, but never suppose that the truth must become embodied in actual life." Less experienced missionaries would have despaired, but as for him, "Our dreams must come true, even though they are no more than dreams. The world is rolling on to a golden age……" But in the short term it seemed to be rolling backwards into darkness, for the slave-trade was even then beginning to thrust its tentacles into Barotseland. The year before, on their first visit to Sebitwane's, Livingstone and Oswell had heard that a tribe to the west, the Mambari, who had Portuguese blood, had begun to barter guns for boys – one boy, one gun.

This was Livingstone's first contact with the slave-trade then creeping in from both sides of Africa, mainly through the agency of half-caste Portuguese and Arab traders. After his first visit to Linyanti, he wrote to his Directors in London: "You will see from the accompanying sketch what an immense region God in His Providence had opened up. If we can enter in and form a settlement we shall be able in the course of a very few years to put a stop to the slave trade in that quarter." So germinated in his mind the idea which was to become his life's purpose. This limited objective of 1851, to stop the trade from spreading along the Zambezi, was to grow into the grand general aim of exterminating it throughout the whole continent of Africa.

The question of a site for a mission station further north was still unsettled. Sekelutu accompanied him on his search and they set out with a retinue of 160 warriors in full battle attire and a herd of oxen. They reached the Zambezi and proceeded in a fleet of thirty-three canoes, propelled by young men standing upright to wield their paddles with bravura as the Barotse do today. As they proceeded through Barotseland, Livingstone grew more and more depressed by the crude manifestations of savagery he was obliged to witness. "To endure the dancing, roaring, singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had met with……"

Malaria is a notoriously depressing sickness and seven severe attacks in nine weeks cast down even his indomitable spirit. "The more intimately I become acquainted with barbarism, the more disgusting does heathenism become. It is inconceivably vile… They need a healer, may God enable me to be such to them!"

The fever left him emaciated, weak and subject to giddy spells, and again he had failed to find a mission site. "I thus had a fair excuse of coming home and saying that "the door was shut because the Lord's time had not yet come." Needless to say, he did no such thing. Livingstone returned to Linyanti and recruited twenty seven volunteers to accompany him into the unknown.

The preparations for a departure which all recognized might be forever in his world were simple. Livingstone gave his journal to Sekelutu with instruction to send it to Moffat at Kuruman if he should fail to return. His wagon and few remaining goods he left with the Chief. Then he wrote his farewell letters. To his father;

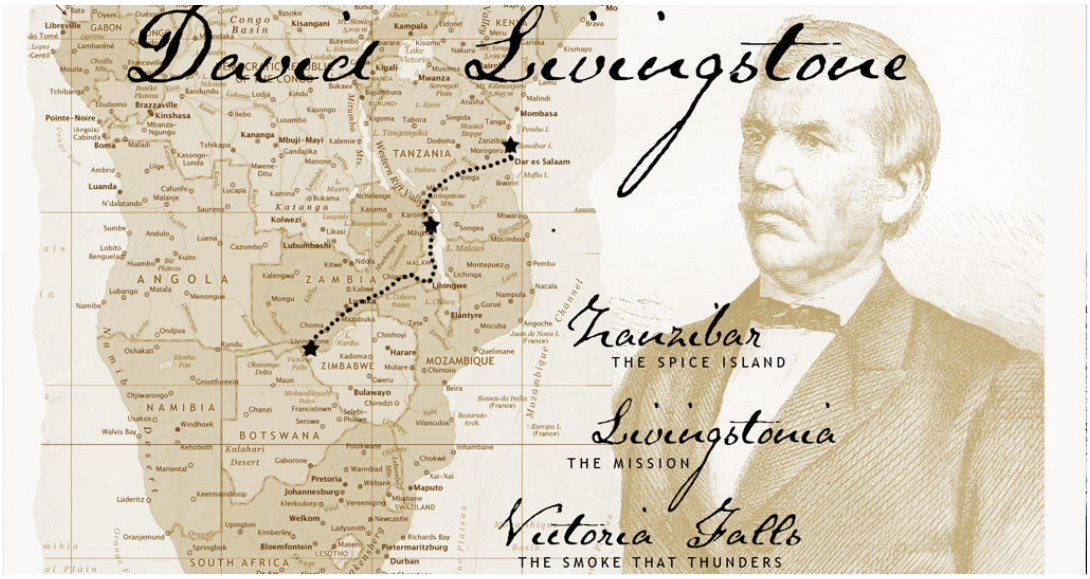
> The conversion of a few, however valuable their souls may be, cannot be put into the scale against the knowledge of truth spread over the whole country….. My blessing on my wife. May God comfort her. If my watch comes back after I am cut off, it belongs to Agnes. If my sextant, it is Robert's. The Paris medal to Thomas. Double-barrelled gun to Zouga. Be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, for Jesus sake.

He left Linyanti on 11 November 1853. With him he had the twenty seven volunteers, three muskets, a rifle and double-barrelled shotgun: a few pounds of coffee, tea and sugar, and twenty pounds of beads: a small tent: chronometers: sextant and thermometer; a magic lantern to illustrate his religious talks; and two canisters, one for medicines and a few books, the other for decent clothes to wear if he ever reached Luanda, capital of Angola on the west coast. His reading matter consisted of the Bible, a nautical almanac, a set of logarithm tables and a Sechuana Pentateuch.

So ended the first stage of his career, which had spanned twelve years and taken him to the age of forty: that of an itinerant missionary preaching the Gospel to a handful of indifferent Africans.

Now his life moved into the wider sphere of geographical discovery, made with the sole purpose of opening ways to the interior by which civilization, bearing Christianity on its back as a snail bears its shell, would advance to save souls and to free their owners from the growing menace of the slave trade.

The next stage of his career would be the greatest single contribution to African geography which has ever been made.



CHAPTER THREE
NEW HIGHWAYS
FOR OLD

They started in canoes, paddling up the broad Zambezi River. They passed villages where Sekelutu's friendship assured them of provisions from local chiefs. In return, Livingstone showed his magic lantern slides of biblical scenes, some of which startled his audience.

Every morning, the party was away by five to paddle in the cool of the day, and at eleven halted to rest and eat a biscuit with honey. Often Livingstone was too weak from fever to shoot for the pot and in the evening they had coffee and a biscuit or a piece of coarse bread made of maize meal. When Livingstone was well he sometimes could not bring himself to destroy the graceful animals.

Attacks of malaria were severe and frequent. "In the cold stage I vomit all matters contained in the stomach. In the sweating stage…. the ugly phantoms, which are often seen in continued fever, appear and prevent sleep. I awake in the morning exhausted and wet with perspiration. No appetite, and a feeling of great lassitude and disinclination to speak." Through all of this he still led his Makololo forward, negotiated with village headmen, who became less friendly, the further they proceeded, and filled his notebooks with detailed observations of plants and animals, geology and the habits of the native tribes. He described thirty unfamiliar varieties of birds and was the first to identify a species of plover that cleans crocodile's teeth by pecking in their open jaws. Whenever he was able, he took bearings by the moon and the stars, fixed the latitude and longitude, and drew sketch-maps with an accuracy which was to astonish geographers of the outside world.

It had been generally assumed, until this journey that the Kalahari Desert continued northwards to become one with the Sahara. Livingstone was the first European to find that, on the contrary, north of the Kalahari lay a great network of waterways and a soil so fertile that it would, he believed, "yield grain sufficient to feed the multitudes". The land was also rich in cattle, game and ivory, and people anxious for trade. It was also very beautiful.

As they travelled northwards, it grew wetter and the going heavier. Continuous rain held them up for days at a time, their clothes were always soaked and they could find nowhere dry to pitch camp. They had reached the fringes of the great rainforests of central Africa, still unknown to geographers.

In the forests, food grew short and January 1854, they were reduced to a few unpalatable roots of cassava, raw fungi and small rodents, including "a light blue mole". The Makololo had to hack a way, with axes, through thick, dripping,

undergrowth that might conceal suspicious tribesmen, armed with poisonous arrows. Here Livingstone first came upon a sight that was to become only too familiar in years ahead. Beside the camp of two half-caste Portuguese traders, a gang of newly purchased young women were hoeing the ground – in chains.

The central African kingdoms deep in the forest, with their idols and stockaded villages, were quite different from anything Livingstone had seen in the south. No one had seen a white man before and the poverty of this traveller, his small number of attendants and his lack of goods must have been sorely puzzling. Even half-caste traders marched with drums, trumpets and armed guards. A chief finally provided guides, food and extra men to carry four elephant tusks of Sekelutu's which Livingstone was taking to the coast "to test the market".

They were travelling on foot now or, in Livingstone's case, on the back of his riding-ox, Sinbad. Rain continues unabated, their gunpowder was sodden, the scientific instruments rusty, their clothes mildewed. The closer they approached to civilization, in the shape of Portuguese trading posts, the harder it became to get food; the people demanded payment, and Livingstone's party had little left to offer. To avoid demands for slaves, they left the route followed by the slavers to find a new way of their own further north, through boggy country flooded by swollen streams. Livingstone was again troubled with fever, sometimes even a coma. Continual fever had reduced him almost to a skeleton, and his skin, tightly stretched over the projecting bones, was chafed raw by friction from Sinbad's back. At this time the Makololo, not surprisingly, announced that they were turning back. In that case, replied Livingstone, he would continue alone; and he retired into the remnants of his tent to pray and record in his journal. After a day of indecision, one of the Makololo poked his head through the tent to say: "we will never leave you; wherever you lead we will follow".

Less than a week later they emerged from the forest to see below a broad sunlit, beautiful valley which reminded Livingstone of the vale of the Clyde. It was however on a much larger scale: a hundred miles broad, with the river Cuango at the bottom. Livingstone was so weak he had to be held up by his companions.

The local tribesmen refused to sell them food. The destitute party crept away and a six-hour march brought them to the bank of the Cuango River, which marked the eastern extremity of Portuguese domains. But, how to cross it? The chief demanded, as usual, payment of a man. Livingstone's blanket, all he had, was angrily refused. In this predicament, a young half-caste sergeant of militia appeared. Despite musket fire from the angry chief's men, he got the destitute party safely across the river to Portuguese-held territory, and "all our difficulties with the border tribes were at an end".

One of the ironies of Livingstone's career was that the people who most befriended him were those he was striving to destroy. No one could have treated this foreign anti-slavery crusader with greater generosity than the Portuguese. The sergeant of

Militia, Cypriano, took him and his bedraggled men to his house, feasted them all and placed before the leader a magnificent breakfast.

While rain held them up, he “bared his garden” for them without a hint of payment. On 13 April 1854, they arrived at Cassenge after three days of marching through wet grass towering two feet above their heads. Cassenge was the easternmost Portuguese station in Angola. They received a very warm welcome. At Cassenge, Livingstone sold Sekelutu’s tusks which, faithful to his promise, he had managed to transport. He obtained a highly satisfactory price – one tusk produced enough calico to pay their way down to the coast, still three hundred miles away. Fever had reduced Livingstone to a point at which “I forget the days of the week, the names of those about me and think, had I been asked, I could not have told my own”. On the last stage of the journey, he suffered so horribly from dysentery that he could not stay on Sinbad’s back for more than ten minutes at a time.

On 31 May 1854, there was the sea. They were all overwhelmed as they approached Luanda, Livingstone was seized with panic. “In a population of twelve thousand souls, there was but one genuine English gentleman”, would he be friendly, or “one of those crusty mortals one would rather not meet at all?” He need not have worried; the English gentleman was Edmund Gabriel, British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade. Mr. Gabriel made him welcome and nursed him with devotion through a combined onslaught of dysentery and malaria, which would almost certainly have killed him, had not three British cruisers dropped anchor in the harbour, one with a naval surgeon on board.

The “exhilarating presence” of the ships’ officers delighted Livingstone, especially as their task was to blockade the port against slave-trading vessels. He made particular friends with Lieutenant Norman Bedingfield, whom he subsequently invited to join his expedition of 1858-63. The sailors made him a new tent. The captain of the "Polyphemus” offered him a free passage to England and pressed him to accept, and the temptation to rejoin his wife and children was great. Nevertheless, he refused. This decision must have been all the harder to make because there had been a sad disappointment at Luanda: no letters from Mary: and although he put off his departure for a month in the hope of hearing from her, nothing arrived. When he could delay no longer, the Portuguese merchants presented each of his men with a suit of clothing, provided a horse (which died en route) and a complete colonel’s uniform for Sekelutu, and added two donkeys. Livingstone bought muskets, plenty of cloth and a collection of plants and seeds to introduce into Barotseland. After handing over letters, dispatches, maps and part of his journal for conveyance to England, he left for Linyanti on 20 September 1854.

Livingstone stayed with Colonel Pires, the richest merchant in Angola, until the end of 1854. Then he set out again up the Cuango valley. It rained incessantly. Six months after leaving Luanda, Livingstone succumbed to a severe attack of rheumatic fever brought on by crossing “an extensive plain covered with water”. For eight days Livingstone lay in great pain. A native trader with whom they had been travelling

caught up with them and applied leeches to the head and loins, which eased the pain.
Livingstone, who must have been half dead from prolonged fever, vomiting of blood, pain and starvation, continues on his way – only to be almost blinded by a blow from a branch, which inflamed the cornea. Despite this, plus renewed hunger and his twenty-seventh bout of fever, in May he sent Maclear an elaborate map of the Cuango river with many sheets of trigonometrical calculations.

In June 1855, as they approached Lake Dilolo, the truth that had been gradually forming in his mind took final shape. This little lake, surrounded by a level plain, "by giving a portion to the Kasai and another to the Zambezi, distributes its waters to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans". So here, after all, was the watershed: not a mountain but a plain.

This discovery of the first geographical importance, must have seemed to make the whole enterprise worthwhile. As weak as he was, Lake Dilolo delighted him.
Once back in the Zambezi valley, old acquaintances greeted and feasted them and treated them as heroes. But they were also back among tsetse-flies, and although a man carrying a branch followed Sinbad everywhere, the ox was bitten, and his doom sealed. Somewhat heartlessly, he proposed to kill and eat his mount. His men intervened and took Sinbad along with them to die in his own time from the infection.
As they advanced through Barotseland, their welcome became more and more excited. Chiefs slaughtered oxen, woman sang and danced. Livingstone held thanksgiving services to which everyone came. The Makololo put on their white European suits and red caps, which they had somehow managed to keep intact. To return all twenty-seven of his men to their homes was one of his most remarkable achievements. They had suffered, as he had, from frequent and often severe illnesses and injuries, but his doctoring, care and imperturbable courage had pulled them through.

On 10 September 1855, almost a year after leaving Luanda, they reached Linyanti. Here they found provision, mail and newspapers – eighteen months old – sent by Moffat, news of a Gold Medal from the Royal Geographical Society and a eulogy from Thomas Maclear. There was one bitter blow: no letters from Mary. What became of all she must have written during those two years remains a mystery.

CHAPTER FOUR
PRIVATION
TO
PROSPERITY

On 3 November 1855, Livingstone and a large party left for the East Coast. The party consisted of 114 volunteers under a reliable headman, Sekwebu. Sekelutu gave him generous parting presents – beads and hoes for currency, fresh butter, honey, fifteen oxen and twenty-one tusks.

They paddled in great style down the Chobe River to the Zambezi and on towards the great Falls on which both chief and missionary had often heard but which neither had visited. On 17 November, they approached the Falls in light canoes at a speed, which made Livingstone a bit uneasy. They disembarked on an island at the lip of the falls and Livingstone lay face-downwards, overwhelmed at the majesty of the sight, deafening roar of the waters hurling themselves into a fissure only eighty feet wide, the leaping clouds of spray, iridescent with rainbows, condensing in vapor over the lush vegetation.

He named the Falls after his Queen – Victoria, the only English name he affixed to any part of the country.

Having feasted his eyes on their beauties, he set about taking measurements. But his line broke, he had forgotten how to measure a river with a sextant and his estimates turned out later to be much too low.

Three days later he parted from Sekeluto and set off north eastwards along a tributary of the Zambezi. They had over six hundred miles to cover to get to Tete, the most westerly Portuguese garrison in Mozambique, and another three hundred miles to the coast of Quilemane.

This march was much easier than the westward one and far less depressing. They had access to better food and more of it. Livingstone had brought wheat flour to bake bread, and took more care to build proper shelters at night. The climate was also much healthier. This re-awakened hopes that at last he might have found that elusive mission site. He filled his journal with natural history notes and listed over fifty herbal remedies used by witch doctors – the first of such medical collections made in Africa. After passing through what he described as perfect paradise (now part of Zimbabwe) swarming with game, they reached the country of the Batonga, a tribe to which many of his own men belonged.

The Batonga went about stark naked and their method of salutation was to throw themselves to the ground and roll about from side to side yelling loudly and slapping their thighs. When Livingstone suggested that they wear some form of clothing they laughed at him.

After fording the Kafue, they crossed a plain where he saw game in greater quantities than ever before. At the start of 1856 they were back on the Zambezi, and felt again the baleful influence of the slave-trade. An Italian slaver had been raiding up the river. The tribesmen were hostile and, for the first time since leaving Sekelutu's, armed. Warriors gathered in large numbers near their camp by the confluence of the Zambezi and the Luangwa Rivers, clearly intending to attack as they started to cross. Nearby were the ruins of an old church, with a cross and a broken bell. This evidence of a bygone failure of the faith, combined with the menacing behaviour of the tribesmen, brought on one of Livingstone's moods of gloom.

The next morning the situation was even tenser. Armed tribesmen stood round while goods, cattle and men were embarked in batches in the single canoe they had managed to get hold of and ferried to an island in the middle of the Laungwa river. The leader, last to embark, distracted the warrior's attention by showing them his watch, burning lens and other novelties. It was touch and go until he stepped into the canoe. Then the tension eased, and the crisis was over. Once again his unshaken nerve, resolution and restraint had brought them safely through without bloodshed.

Up to now, they had been travelling along the north bank of the river, but after passing the abandoned Portuguese settlement of Zumbo, they were advised to cross to the south bank, where the route to Tete was shorter and easier. By now their provisions had run out and all the oxen were dead. They foraged in the bush for roots and honey and went hungry to bed. Yet Livingstone's entries in his journal were remarkable cheerful, perhaps because he was free from fever. Eight miles from Tete, too exhausted to go further, he sent ahead a letter to the Commandant. At three o'clock in the morning, he was woken by a party of soldiers sent by the Commandant, Major Secard, with the "materials of a substantial breakfast" and a hammock. Revived by the breakfast, he spurned the hammock and marched into Tete on 2 March 1856.

Portuguese hospitality in Angola was matched by that in Mozambique. Major Secard placed his house and board at Livingstone's disposal, provided a canoe for the final stage of the journey to Quilemane and settled the Makololo at Tete where he gave them land to cultivate, new clothing and permission to hunt elephants until their leader should return. However, Livingstone's fever recurred, his spleen and stomach swelled enormously, and once again Portuguese kindness probably saved his life. A trader took him aboard a large sailing launch in whose comfortable cabin the mosquitoes could be kept at bay.

On 20 May 1856, almost four years to the day after leaving Cape Town, he arrived at Quilemane. He lodged with yet another hospitable Portuguese, Colonel Nunes. There was mail from home awaiting him, but still no word from Mary.

His reflections while waiting for the vessel which the Royal Navy was sending to fetch him were sober and without trace of self-praise. The next step must be to plant inland, in healthy situations, permanent settlements of Europeans who would develop the country's resources and build up trade which would end forever the agonies of the yoked slaves.

Bekelutu had wanted all the 114 Makololo volunteers to go to England. Livingstone had regretfully to refuse, but he took the headman, Sekwetu. However, the waves, the storms and the tossing of the brig "Frolic" so alarmed this unhappy man that his mind gave way, and off Mauritius he threw himself over-board and was drowned. The 'Frolic' left Quilemane on 12 July 1856 and took Livingstone to Mauritius where he stayed to recuperate from his enlarged spleen. In Cairo, he learned of the death of his father. He reached England on 9 December 1856, after an absence of almost exactly sixteen years, to find himself, to his astonishment and perplexity, a national hero.

The honors came thick and fast. Before he had been in England a week, he received a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society and a eulogy from its President, Sir Roderick Murchison, extolling not only his discoveries but also his honorable conduct in refusing to abandon the Makololo in Luanda, thereby showing the world what stuff an English Christian was made of. The London Missionary Society honored him the following day. Soon after came the Freedom of the City of London and later, when his book was written, other Freedoms, honorary degrees, presentations and two Fellowships he valued highly: that of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow, and to him, the highest award of all – Fellowship of the Royal Society.

After centuries of neglect by the British public, Africa had, almost suddenly it seemed, become fashionable. People no longer yawned when the topic was raised, or laughed as they had at James Bruce's stories about his discovery of the sources of the Blue Nile half a century earlier. Instead they reached for encyclopedias, studied half-completed maps, raised funds for missionary societies, and when Livingstone brought out 'Missionary Researchers and travels in South Africa' late in 1857, bought thirteen thousand copies in advance, at a guinea each, obliging John Murray to reprint seven times in quick succession.

Now at last he was reunited with his own family. Almost every letter he had written Mary, or she him, had miscarried, and he cannot have known how desperate her plight had been during his four and a half years absence. It is certain that she was dreadfully poor, at one time very seriously ill, almost friendless, and that she fell out, at an early stage, with the Livingstone's in

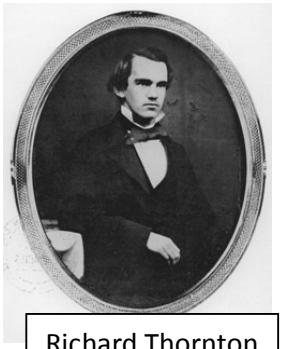
Hamilton, and had no help from them. Since her marriage, she had lived an independent, self-reliant life with her husband in the wilds, undisputed mistress of her little world; her four children, one born literally in an ox-wagon, were accustomed to the freedom, interest and sunshine of bush and desert; to remake her life in the cold, grey outskirts of Glasgow on a bare pittance and under the censorious eye of elderly in-laws and two spinster sister-in-laws must have been almost impossible. In their Chelsea lodgings, the Livingstones spent the last months of domestic life as a family that they were to enjoy. In the woods at Barnet the prodigal father romped with his children.

The members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce cross-questioned him about commercial prospects in central Africa. Livingstone enumerated twenty-five new kinds of fruit he had brought back, and described to them oils, fibers, dyes and other products they had never heard of. They passed a unanimous resolution calling on the Government to give him "facilities for further explorations in the interior of Africa." Soon a movement was under way to send the explorer back with official and financial support.

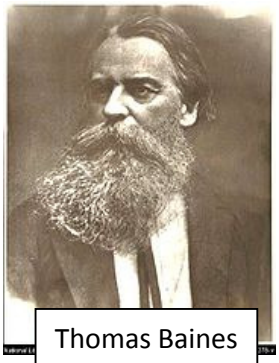
Unfortunately, while waiting in Quilemane for a passage home, he had received a letter from his directors in which they pointed out that the Society could not continue indefinitely to finance "plans connected only remotely with the spread of the Gospel."

Almost as soon as he landed, he had returned a dignified but pained reply, and wrote later to a friend: "I will follow out the work in spite of the veto of the Board. If it is according to the will of God, means will be provided from other quarters."

Sir John Kirk



Richard Thornton



Thomas Baines

Sir Roderick Murchison took him to see the Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Clarendon. This was followed by a memorandum from Livingstone outlining a plan "to make the Zambezi a path for commerce in the Interior and thus end the salve trade."

In December 1857 Parliament voted that 5000 pounds be made available. The orders were placed for a shallow, draught paddle-steamer and an iron house for stores, both to be taken out in sections. Appointments were settled for a staff of six besides the leader. These included Commander Norman Bedingfield, as navigator; a twenty year old geologist, Richard Thornton, from the School of Mines; a brilliant

young Scots doctor and botanist, John Kirk; the older Thomas Baines, already known for his Australian paintings, as artist and store-keeper; a Scots ships engineer, George Rae. Finally as ""oral agent" and general assistant, there was the leader's brother Charles, who was described as having "had experience of cotton" in the United States – though hardly, one would think in the parish of which he was pastor at Lakeville, New York. His age was thirty-six: he had graduated in Divinity at Oberlin College, Ohio, was married with a family, and gave up a salary of 750 pounds a year for one of 350 pounds to join his brother's team.

The paddle-steamer was designed and built at a cost of only 1200 pounds, within five weeks. She was seventy-five feet long, capable of carrying thirty-six men and twelve tons of freight and powered by a twelve horse-power wood-burning engine.

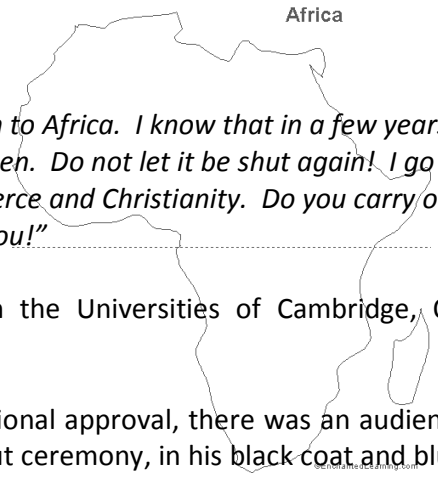
She was called the "Ma-Robert", the Bechuana name for Mary Livingstone. The personnel was mustered and everything assembled – the launch and iron house in sections, the stores, medicines, instruments and tools, bales of cloth, cotton seed to be distributed to chiefs, all the host of things needed for a two years expedition – within three months.

An official British expedition was about to make its way up a river and into a hinterland where Portuguese sovereignty prevailed. Naturally, the Government in Lisbon had to be, at the very least, informed. It was remarkable that Clarendon entrusted to the forthright missionary the task of drawing up a diplomatic memorandum.

The fly in the ointment was the slave-trade. Portugal had not lagged behind other European nations in signing treaties and issuing proclamations to suppress it: they had dismissed many officials for failure to enforce these undertakings: but the trade obstinately continues, and some Portuguese officials undoubtedly took part. The only remedy, to pay its agents in Africa well enough to enable them to live decently without trading, was perhaps beyond the nation's resources: at any rate, it was not applied. The last thing the Portuguese wanted was an expedition under Livingstone's command poking about their colony and exposing all sorts of weak spots and dubious practices. The Portuguese knew that when the British conscience was aroused on a humanitarian issue it could be a formidable and often alarming phenomenon. However, they also knew that they could not prevent a project with such worthy humanitarian and scientific aims.

Before the expedition got away, Livingstone delivered the most famous of his lectures to a packed audience in the Senate Hose at Cambridge on 4 December 1857. It was not so much a lecture as a jerkily delivered series of observation on the peoples, languages and geography of central Africa, "expressive of thoughts which

he could not arrange in set periods". But when he reached his peroration, he shouted out the final sentence and abruptly sat down. After a few moments of stunned silence there was great applause and cheering.



Livingstone had declared*:*

"I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. Do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make a path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry on the work which I have begun? I leave it with you!"

From this lecture was born the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, Dublin and Durham.

Finally, to set the seal of national approval, there was an audience with the Queen. Livingstone attended "without ceremony, in his black coat and blue trousers", but he had exchanged the "plain midshipman's cap" which for the last sixteen years had covered his head when on his travels, for a consul's cap, much the same but with a band of gold lace round it. For half an hour the Queen conversed affably with the explorer and was amused; she laughed heartily when he told her that the Bechuana informed, that Livingstone's own chief was very rich, asked how many cows she had. And, so with royal approval, official backing and high hopes, the steamship 'Pearl' left Liverpool on 12 March 1858 on an expedition that was to last six years instead of the intended two; to embrace triumph and disaster, but more of disaster; to confound many cherished hopes; and eventually to add to the British Empire a large slice of fertile, and as yet unknown Africa.

CHAPTER FIVE
THE
ZAMBEZI
EXPEDITION

Once they had been at sea for a few days, Livingstone read the Foreign Office's general instructions. "The main object of the Expedition is to extend the knowledge already attained of the Geography and mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa." They were also to make contacts with Chiefs, to establish the best possible relations with the native peoples and set them an example of orderly Christian living. A plan of operations approved by Lord Clarendon, read:

The Expedition is to pass rapidly through the unhealthy area of the Lower Zambezi, deposit its heavy baggage at Tete, visit the leading chiefs above Tete, and proceed to the Kerabasa Rapids to discover whether the launch would be able to steam up there when the river is high. The iron house is then to be erected on a suitable site above the confluence of the Zambezi, and the Kafue to serve as a central depot. Further exploration is then to be undertaken towards the source of the Zambezi and up the rivers flowing into it from the north, in order to ascertain whether the network of waters reported by the natives exists or not.

Tete

Livingstone had no administrative experience. Delegation, like team-work, was something he can have known little about. He was accustomed, under God, to absolute self-reliance, believing that if he did his duty to the utmost, God would see that "all will come right in the end." He was not dictatorial, but the reverse; he felt that people of intelligence knew best how to do their job in their own way. His standards were very high, and his modesty prompted the belief that if he could do a thing, or put up with discomfort, or overcome an obstacle, others could do so just as well. This was far from the case.

Mary and the six year old Oswell sailed with him from Liverpool. The first disappointment was that Mary was desperately seasick, and found to be pregnant again. Apparently merely aggrieved at the loss of an unpaid nurse, more probably his true feelings were revealed when he wrote, after leaving her at the Cape, "it was a bitter parting with my wife, like tearing the heart out of one."

The Moffats were in Cape Town. The Governor gave Livingstone a grand dinner and he was presented with a silver box containing eight hundred guineas raised by public subscription. This was quite a contrast with the hostility and suspicion he had met with from colonial officials six years earlier. Livingstone handed his wife over to her parents, who took her to Kuruman where, in the following November, she gave birth to a daughter, Anna Mary. It was arranged, in so far as such arrangements could be made, that husband and wife would meet at Linyanti in about a year's time, when Livingstone would go up the river to restore the Makololo to the chief, and fetch Mary down to join him in the Ma-Robert.

The mouth of the Zambezi is a delta with four main channels, and the expedition's first discovery was that even the deepest of these was too shallow and blocked with mangroves to be navigated by a vessel of ordinary draught such as the Pearl. So Livingstone's basic premise, that the river would become "God's highway" for the passage of Christianity and commerce into the far interior, was put to question at the start. Far from being able to convey the heavy stores three hundred miles inland to Tete, the Pearl could get no further than an island in a mosquito-ridden swamp, forty miles from the bar. There was nothing to do but to unload the sections of the Ma-Robert, put them together and establish a depot at this spot – Expedition Island – instead of Tete.

This was a serious setback, for it meant that all the stores would have to be taken up-river in installments in the small, wood-burning and, as it turned out, ill-constructed launch, causing long delays in the hot, malarial, coastal swamps. The health of the expedition was Livingstone's first concern. A daily dose of two grains of quinine in half a glass of sherry was prescribed for all members from the day they reached the river's mouth in May 1858. This did not offer protection, but it would, the doctor believed, make the fever, once contracted, easier to bring under control when treated with his famous mixture, followed by repeated doses of quinine until the symptoms of deafness and singing in the ears appeared.

It was vital to get the expedition as quickly as possible through the mangrove swamps. To this he sacrificed one of his most cherished principles, and everyone worked throughout a Sunday. The Ma-Robert was assembled, stores unloaded, the iron house erected on Expedition Island and the Pearl sailed away. The first load of stores was taken in the Ma-Robert to establish a base at Shupanga, about seventy miles upstream, clear of the delta, but still some five hundred miles below the Zambezi's junction with the Kafue where they hoped to be.

Troubles soon assailed the Expedition almost as thickly as mosquitoes. Commander Bedingfield was the first casualty. On closer acquaintance he proved to be a touchy, self-important character who, as an officer in the Royal navy, did not happily accept a missionary's orders. Livingstone reacted sharply to the arrogance of the former friend he now called "an unmitigated muff, (who) thought we could not move a mile without him and assumed all manner of airs." Bedingfield went home not to nurse his dignity but to justify his conduct and blame his former leader. After an inquiry, Livingstone was upheld, and Bedingfield's superior at the admiralty wrote a private letter that he did not consider him any great loss to the Expedition.

Bedingfield's departure left the Expedition without a navigator, but Livingstone "mounted the paddle-box" and took over. He would have been more at home, he said driving a cab in a London fog in November, and was liable to call out "starboard" when he meant "port". But he navigated the launch successfully for over sixteen hundred miles.

The next member of the Expedition to disappoint Livingstone's hopes was the Ma-Robert herself. She devoured prodigious quantities of wood, which took far too many laborious hours to cut; four hours were needed for her underpowered engines to get up steam, and she proceeded at a slower speed than a canoe. She chuffed and wheezed so much that she was quickly re-named the Asthmatic. She would go back and forth, taking up supplies at first at Shupanga, where the ever-helpful Major Secard had put a good house at their disposal, and later on to Tete. Unfortunately fever soon incapacitated the Europeans, especially Baines, who became repeatedly delirious, and Charles Livingstone. Kirk and Rae accompanied Livingstone to Tete, which they reached on 8 September, to receive an ecstatic welcome from the surviving Makololo whose faith in their leader's return had never faltered. But thirty men had died of smallpox and six had been killed on the orders of the chief.

Before taking them back to Sekelutu's, the Kerbrabasa rapids had to be investigated. Livingstone knew by now that they were a formidable obstacle but believed that they could be made navigable by blasting out the rocks. Early in November, accompanied by Kirk, Rae, a naval quartermaster who had joined the Expedition and some Makololo volunteers, he entered the gorge on foot. It was a fantastic, awe-inspiring place with great, contorted, polished-looking rocks, towering eighty to a hundred feet above the river. Two days were spent clambering over rocks as hot as to blister the skin, and they returned to Tete exhausted and bitterly disappointed. It was clear that no amount of blasting would overcome this impediment.

Morale at Tete was beginning to flag. Everyone had incessant fever and tempers were frayed. Livingstone developed an irritating skin disease and fell into one of his moods of despair, which he concealed from his colleagues but confided to his journal: "the Kebrabase is what I never expected. No hint of its nature ever reached my ears….What we shall do if this is to the end of the navigation I cannot now divine, but here I am, and I am trusting in Him who never made ashamed those who did so." What he did was to go back and look at the rapids again. Though the gorge might be impassable while the river was low, when floods came down in the wet season it might yet be navigable. In fact, it had to be navigable; his whole plan depended on it; God's highway could not be closed.

So Livingstone went with Kirk, four Makololo and some reluctant guides. The rocks were perpendicular, scorching hot and rent by dangerous crevices. The first day they climbed fifteen hundred feet and descended a thousand feet, at this point the guides and three of the Makololo fell out. Livingstone, Kirk and one of the men scrambled on and took three hours to go a mile. The rocks were literally too hot to touch and Kirk persuaded his leader, who was like a man possessed, to return to camp and make a fresh attempt in the morning. They slept beside the river which, they calculated would rise eighty feet when in flood. The next day they struggled on, taking the whole morning to reach the next bend. Beyond the bend lay yet another cataract confined between steep, inaccessible walls. There was nothing for it but to return, defeated, to the launch. But Livingstone did not give in. In a dispatch to the Foreign Office, he gave his opinion that a suitable vessel, one with more power, would pass up the rapids "without difficulty in January or February", and asked the Foreign Secretary to supply one. If the Government refused, then he would get a vessel built and pay for it himself. He wrote his old friend James Young authorizing him to spend up to 2 000 pounds on the project.

Since nothing more could be done until anew vessel arrived, Livingstone decided to explore the Zambezi's tributaries in the hope that one of these might offer an alternative way to the interior. Livingstone chose the Shire, which joined the Zambezi between Sena and Shupanga and whose waters were "clean and black" instead of muddy – indicating, surely, some highland birth-place. An added attraction was that it had never been explored by the Portuguese. On New Year's Day 1859, Livingstone and Kirk entered the Shire River in the launch on the start of an exploration that was to lead to momentous discoveries darkened by tragedy. After little more than a week's progress they found their way again flocked by rapids, which they called after Sir Roderick Murchison, and were informed by a friendly chief, Chibisa, of two lakes that lay beyond, which no white man had visited. So they returned to Tete to bring up reinforcements and make an assault on the lakes. By now the launch was leaking as well as wheezing and been pronounced unriverworthy by the engineer, Rae. Thornton, Baines and Charles Livingstone had been prostrated off and on by fever and had to remain at Tete, with Charles in charge. Accompanies by Kirk, two petty officers and fourteen Makololo, Livingstone got the Ma-Robert down the river and up the Shire to the Murchison cataracts, where they moored her near Chibisa's village. From there, Kirk and Livingstone marched northeast for a fortnight and were rewarded by the sight of a beautiful lake

cupped by mountains. This was Lake Shirwa. "Lake Ngami is a mere pong to it", Livingstone noted, but Shirwa was a mere pond to another lake beyond, known to the Manganja as "the lake of the stars". Leaving the discovery, they rejoined the Ma-Robert and took her down to the Kongone in the hope of finding mail and stores, but there was nothing, so, with frequent stops for wooding, they wheezed and puffed up again to Tete.

Livingstone found his colleagues in a sorry state. All through the unhealthy rainy season they had been victims of fever. Baines had been frequently delirious and Thornton had succumbed to several attacks of hysteria "resembling exactly that met with in females". Charles had proved an incompetent, selfish leader and everyone had quarrelled. Fresh food had often been short, downpours continual, and both doctors had been away. Charles Livingstone did not get on with anyone on the team. He was particularly set against Baines. Deficiencies in the stores come to light, and Baines accused of having misappropriated them and sold them to the Portuguese. Baines, denied the charge indignantly and the main evidence seems to have been a "confession" that Charles (and Charles alone) claimed to have heard while Baines was delirious. But David sided against Baines and threatened dismissal. The dispute dragged on, concerning itself with matters as a missing length of canvas and five cases of loaf-sugar, until November 1859, when Baines was sent home. For the next seven years he continued to protest his innocence. Meanwhile, Richard Thornton had also been dismissed. At his own request, he rejoined the Expedition eighteen months later, and died of fever at Chibisa's in April 1863, at the age of twenty-six.

For these and other troubles the leader was inevitably blamed. The contrast between his tact and patience with Africans and his sometimes dour and unsympathetic treatment of fellow-whites has often been remarked upon. Europeans demanded so much more than African tribesmen. He had no wish, far from it, to offend anyone's susceptibilities. But he lacked the light touch, the art of administering a rebuke gracefully and the spirit of camaraderie. Duty was duty, and always the stern daughter of the voice of God. At a later stage of the Expedition, Charles attacked his brother for failing to give a lead to the others, who were "always at a loss how to act".

In mid-July 1859, Livingstone with his brother, Kirk and Rae, plus two seamen, and some Makololo, left Tete in the now disintegrating launch, which they patched up as best the could by tying canvas bags stuffed with clay over the many holes in her hull. More insatiable than ever in her appetite for wood, she crawled back up the Shire to Chibisa's (now Chikwawa). Many of Kirk's botanical specimens were ruined by wet or eaten by cockroaches, which also nibbled the men's legs at night and caused sores. They were thankful to leave the launch at Chibisa's and start overland for the "lake of stars".

The expedition marched across part of the Shire highlands. Everyone was delighted by the beauty, fertility and potential wealth. The people smelted iron and there

were forges and furnaces everywhere. There was also cotton, corn, indigo, oilseeds and sugar cane. Moreover it was cool and healthy, rising to seven thousand feet on Mt Zomba. Here at last was the region that had been sought so long and so diligently, the ideal region for European settlements. Livingstone's spirits revived. They marched for three weeks through country whose inhabitants were suspicious and at times threatening, and on 17 September 1859, set eyes on Lake Nyasa (now Malawi) – probably the Expedition's major geographical find.

They also discovered something of greater importance to the leader: a hitherto unsuspected focus of the slave-trade. On their way to the lake, they encountered gangs of captives whose necks were fastened into forked sticks, the other end of each stick being held by the slave immediately behind. The slavers were Arabs or Swahilis based in Zanzibar. One of the villages offered to sell a man to the explorers for a fathom (six yards) of red cloth. They came also upon the slaver's spoor: burnt villages, rotting corpses and vulture-picked skeletons. The southern end of Lake Nyasa was a meeting place for several slave routes. Livingstone immediately conceived a plan to stop the trade by putting an armed launch on the lake itself and arranging to buy up all available supplies of ivory: for it was "only by the ivory being carried by the slaves that the latter do not eat up all the profits of a trip". It was an imaginative plan and its author wasted no time in urging it upon the others, but wrote at once to the invaluable Young to ask him to get a suitable vessel built and commissioned at a cost of up to 6 000 pounds of his own money.

When he got back to Chibisa's, he was a sick man, displaying symptoms of the disorder, bleeding from the bowels, which would ultimately kill him. After foot-slogging for 250 miles on very poor food, the others were exhausted too. But they took the decrepit launch down to the delta where they found a warship with mail and stores. She took off the unfortunate Baines who had been brought down from Tete. Shortly afterwards, Rae went home to supervise the building of the new vessel, to be called the Lady Nyassa and launched upon the lake of her name. Rae had "behaved exceedingly well all the time he has been with us", and even offered to invest his savings in the new vessel; on the way home he was shipwrecked and lost all he possessed. The Ma-Robert, eating up more wood than ever, wheezed her way with difficulty back to Tete, her company reduced to eating salt beef and rotten pork, because the slave raiders had so denuded the riverine population that nothing could be bought.

The time had come for Livingstone to redeem his promise to the Makololo. The Makololo were not enthusiastic. Most of them had taken local wives, bred children, made gardens and settled comfortably into their new surroundings. At Linyanti their former wives would certainly have remarried. About one third either refused to leave Tete or decamped during the first few days.

It was not only the Makololo who disillusioned Livingstone. "My brother, keeping up his sulks", he wrote on 9 June. This was his first reference in the journal to Charles's abrasive behavior. But now David admitted: "I am at a loss how to treat him. As an

assistant he has been of no value. Photography very unsatisfactory. Magnetism still more so. Meteorological observation not creditable, and writing the journal in arrears. In going up with us now he is useless, as he knows nothing of Portuguese or the native language." His worst fault seems to have lain in backbiting and making trouble between his brother and other members of the team. Anyone else would have been sent packing long ago. Once away from the launch and all its worries, however, his spirits rose and the naturalist in him took over.

They passed again the ruins of Zumbo with their reminder of human failure and, much more depressing, the failure of God's message to change the hearts of men. Slavery had been added tot he toll of man's inhumanities to man. It was about this time that his own actions were spreading the slave-trade instead of destroying it. Until his coming, Portuguese subjects had not attempted to penetrate the upper Zambezi or the Shire valleys, and so the trade in which they were, as Livingstone now realised, deeply involved, had not spread to those regions. But now that they had shown the way it was the slavers, not Christianity and beneficial commerce, who were following. By now his previous euphoric feelings about the Portuguese had been replaced by an implacable enmity – not towards individuals, who for the most past remained friendly and hospitable, but towards Portuguese misrule, corruption, immorality and above all connivance, at the very least, in the trade. He was, moreover, convinced that the Government in Lisbon, while promising to support the Expedition, had sent secret instructions to Mozambique to do no such thing. The Expedition had become altogether too political for their liking, and its leader more and more outspoken in condemning all things Portuguese.

Within three months, the party was back at the Victoria Falls, admiring, re-measuring and unexpectedly encountering a solitary white man, under hut arrest by the local chief because he had swum in the river: the chief feared that crocodiles would eat the white man and he would get the blame when the English returned. The errant swimmer turned out to be a Mr. Baldwin from Natal, who had walked there, guided by a compass, to see what Livingstone had discovered. Now here was the discoverer in person, who quickly had Mr. Baldwin set free.

Distressing news reached them. The mission sent to the Makololo was destroyed. Robert Moffat had advised against sending a party of young missionaries without a doctor and without previous experience to such a distant and unhealthy spot. In the disregard of his advice, no doubt reliance on Livingstone's favourable reports about the Makololo, and about Sekelutu's helpfulness, had played a decisive part. Two young couples, one with four children and one with a baby, set out from Kuruman expecting to find Livingstone at Linyanti, although he had given no firm undertaking. At lease Sekelutu, they felt sure, would welcome them. Sekelutu did no such thing. He robbed them of their food and clothing and even of their wagon, and kept them in the malarial swamps instead of conducting them to the healthy Batonga highlands where Livingstone had recommended that the mission should go. Inevitable, fever attacked them, and everyone died except one of the men and two, now orphaned children who, managed to struggle back to Kuruman.

At Shesheke, Sekelutu told his friend a very different story: how he had liked and helped the leader, Mr. Helmore and "wished to be acquainted with him – a very natural desire – before moving to the highlands, and hence the delay which ended so fatally." Livingstone simply could not believe that his friend the chief and his beloved Makololo could behave in such a way. Because Sekelutu again welcomed Livingstone so cordially, even offering to set aside a part of his country for Europeans, he thought the Chief loved and welcomed all white men, and certainly all missionaries. But it was David Livingstone the chief loved, not the white men in general, and not the Helmore's party whom he has virtually killed.

The return journey from Linyanto to Kebrabasa was uneventful as African travel goes, except when Charles kicked one of the escorts provided by Sekelutu and was nearly speared. But at Kebrabase the journey almost ended in that ill-omened cataract. Livingstone's men were by now experienced in the art of shooting rapids in canoes and embarked confidently o the upper reaches rather than scramble with difficulty over the rocks. But things went wrong, there was a general mix-up and all the canoes overturned, hurling their occupants against the rocks to be sucked under the surging waters. Their escape was quite miraculous. No one drowned, but almost everything was swept away, including all Kirk's specimens and notes, virtually the whole botanical harvest of the Expedition.

At last, their clothes in rags, their boots worn through, they reached Tete, almost six months after leaving it and after a march of fourteen hundred miles.

CHAPTER SIX

THE FIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY

When they reached Tete on 23 November 1860, good news awaited them. A vessel to replace the Ma-Robert was already on its way. Although his two years commission had expired, the Expedition was to continue, and with increased support. A letter from the Bishop of Cape Town informed him that the Universities mission to Central Africa was sending out a party headed by a bishop to start work in the highlands he had so glowingly described.

The whole party at Tete set out for the coast without delay in the Ma-Robert, now barely holding together. A few days before Christmas, she grounded on a sandbank and this time no amount of plugging and bailing could save her. She heeled over and sank. No one was sorry to see the last of her. They spent the next week in torrential rain getting the stores down to Senna in canoes lent by a helpful Portuguese. Three weeks later HMS Sidon arrived with a Pioneer, their new vessel, followed on 30 January 1861, by HMS Lyra, with the Bishop and four assistants. Charles Mackenzie, aged only thirty-six and the first missionary bishop to be consecrated, was an immediate success with everyone.

Unfortunately there was another disappointment: the Pioneer was soundly built but her five-foot draught was too much fir these shallow waters. They got only thirty miles up the Rouvuma River and then had to turn back and proceed, after all, up the Zambezi and into the Shire. The Pioneer continually grounded and had to be hauled off mud bank after mud bank, a single one of which took a fortnight to overcome. Six weeks were occupied with anchor and cable in coaxing the vessel the last fifty miles to Chibisa's village. They left the Pioneer thankfully at Chibisa's on 9 July 1861, and started the march up-country to find a mission site.

This moment in the Expedition's saga was later singled out by Livingstone as the summit of its fortunes. After so many tribulations, the way, at last, seemed clear ahead. Official backing, the healthy highlands found, a smiling country, the mission with its splendid Bishop on its way and Mary Livingstone shortly due to rejoin her husband: the future looked bright. It was from this moment, however, that everything started to go wrong: slowly at first, then an avalanche of disaster ending in death for some and defeat for all.

The main reason was that old, ugly enemy, the slave-trade. Hitherto it had disgusted and spurred on the explorers, but they had never become directly involved. Theirs was the long-term strategy of opening a way for the legitimate trade that would up plant it, not the short-term tactic of driving off slavers and rescuing their prey.

A week after the party left Chibida's, a gang of yoked and manacled slaves approached the village where they were resting. "Shall we interfere?" the white men asked each other. Livingstone reminded his companions the Government property left at Tete might well be destroyed in retaliation if they free the slaves. But anger and compassion were too strong: with open eyes they resolved to intervene. The gang ran away when they saw the Englishmen approach. Soon knives were at work cutting the women and children loose. The men were most difficult to free because of the stout wooden poles with forked ends into which their necks were fastened. The gang's leader, who escaped with the rest, turned out to be a former slave of Major Secard, which clinched the matter, for Livingstone, of Portuguese complicity, although he exonerated the Major himself from any blame.

The English party was jubilant. At last they had struck out directly against the hated trade and saved eighty-four human beings. In doing so, they had declared was against the slavers and, indirectly, against the Portuguese.

From that time, July 1861, they freed all the slaves they came upon. Retaliation by the raiders was only a matter of time. When the smoke of burning huts and the screams of women warned them that a raid was taking place, "the Bishop engaged us in fervent prayer, and on rising from our knees we saw a long line of Ajfawa warriors", who shortly afterwards "closed upon us with bloodthirsty fury" and were driven off by musket fire. Livingstone had advised the Bishop not to get involved in tribal disputes.

A good site for the mission was selected about sixty miles north-east of Chibisa's at Magomero. It was surrounded on three sides by a river and shaded by tall trees. However, its altitude was lower than Livingstone thought desirable for the health of the Europeans. However, the missionaries now had over a hundred freed slaves to look after and, if they moved further on, they would leave the Manganja at the mercy of the Ajawa. So soon they were cheerfully at work laying out a village, bringing up stores, building houses, starting a school. There Livingstone left them to make an exploration of Lake Nyasa. With him went Kirk and the surly Charles.

A four-oared gig from the Pioneer was carried past the Murchison cataracts, paddled up the papyrus-fringed river above and, on 2 September 1861, entered Lake Nyasa.

Never before had Livingstone seen such a densely populated and closely cultivated region as the lake shores. The people were excessively inquisitive.

If the Africans were on the whole friendly, the lake was not. Sudden storms gathered its waters into mountainous waves that all but overwhelmed their little gig. The heat was intense, and they were plagued by clouds of midges which the local people caught by night and pressed into cakes.

The lake-shore population thinned out and yielded to a region where slavers had all but stripped the country of its inhabitants. The shores were littered with skeletons; there was no more cultivation and only a few fishermen who cowered among the rocks. There was no food to be bought. Livingstone then abandoned the boat and led them over the steep, Rocky Mountains that cupped the lake. They ran into a party of armed warriors who threatened them, and once more his calm saved their lives. They lost touch with the boat, and four days and nights almost without food and quite without shelter demoralized the men. Storms, hunger and the collapse of Kirk with fever forced them to turn back. They travelled five-sevenths of the way up the lake and reached Nkata Bay.

They reached the Pioneer on 8 November 1861, in a very weak condition. It had been just over three months after leaving her at Chibisa's. Although they had failed to circumnavigate and survey the lake as they had intended, Livingstone had, as usual, made valuable observation of the world, the hitherto unrealized ravages and extent of the slave trade organized from Zanzibar. In 1859 there had been continuous cultivation and thriving villages, there was now a stretch of 120 miles devoid of any human being. The slaughter was appalling, and not one in ten of the captives, Livingstone calculated, survived to reach the journey's end.

Bishop Mackenzie was at Chibisa's and full of energy; had had twice taken action against the Ajawa and freed more slaves. Unexpectedly, a white man arrived in a canoe: another young missionary, Mr. Burrup, who with two others had made his way from Quilemane to reinforce the Magomero team. He brought the news that the HMS Gorgon was due shortly at the Kongone bringing his own wife, Mary Livingstone, the Bishop's elderly sister and her companion. The missionaries went back to Magomero while the explorers set out in the Pioneer for the Kongone. Twenty miles below Chibisa's she stuck for five whole weeks on mud banks in a malarial region and as a result the first death took place among the Europeans: a carpenter's mate lent by the Navy.

After further delays and troubles, they sighted HMS Gorgon on 30 January 1862. On board was a steamship. The steamship was the vessel Livingstone had commissioned, built at a cost of 6 000 pounds from his own pocket, and named by him, the Lady Nyassa. With her came the faithful Rae.

The Lady Nyassa had come out in sections and now these had to be loaded into the Pioneer and taken to Shupanga for re-assembly. There was also a great quantity of stores. The task proved slow and difficult.

But at least Mary was with him, re-untied after three unhappy years. Homeless, lonely still hard-pressed for money and left to cope, single-handed with her children's education, it was no wonder that her religious faith had given way and she had been plunged into "spiritual darkness." We do not know if it was dispelled on the Zambezi. However, during her brief time there, her faith in God'' benevolence, received another shattering blow. Captain Wilson of the Gorgon had volunteered to take the Bishop'' sister and Mrs. Burrup up the Shire to join their menfolks. With Kirk as a guide, and a detachment of bluejackets they reached Chibisa'' on 4 March 1862, to hear that the Bishop was dead, and Burrup desperately ill at Magomero. Kirk and Captain Wilson hurried to the mission but arrived to find that Burrup, too, had died. Wilson and Kirk nearly followed suit, literally staggering back to Chibisa's in the grip of acute fever, with another of the Mogomero missionaries more dead than alive.

The broken party of survivors made their way down river and sailed away on 4 April 1862. Livingstone was shocked when he heard the news. He foresaw that support in England for the mission would be weakened, perhaps, withdrawn, and his dream of a civilized Christian community arising in the Shire highlands brought to nothing.

There was a heavier blow to come. On 21 April Mary went down with fever and was moved from the Pioneer to the house at Shupanga. Her husband and Kirk applied their remedies in vain. She sank into a coma on 27 April 1862; she died at the age of forty-one. She was buried at Shupanga under a Baobab tree. Although he never doubted that they would meet again in the glorious presence of God, he wrote in a letter: "I feel as if I had lost all heart now…I shall do my duty still, but it was with a darkened horizon that I shall set about it." Lonelier and more withdrawn than ever, more gruff and unapproachable, the only outlet for his need for love lay in long and frequent letters to his children at home, especially to Agnes.

Burial site of Mary Moffat Livingstone in Chupanga, Mozambique

Assembly of the Lady Nyassa, which had been expected to take a few weeks, took nearly six months strenuous toil. By the time she was ready, the waters of the Shire had fallen, and they had to wait until January 1863, to move her. A whole year had been lost. Livingstone took the Pioneer to sea and, with his companions, sailed her to Johanna, one of the Comoro islands where there was a naval base and a British consul to help him replenish his supplies.

Instead of returning straight to Shupanga, he decided in September, to make another attempt to get up the Rovuma, though everyone else knew this to be a futile exercise. The found the river's level to be even lower than before. Nevertheless, up the river they must force their way in two whaleboats, with Kirk and Charles. Day after day the boats were dragged and shoved over mud-shoals, rocks and shallows. Before long, they were attacked by tribesmen who had guns as well as arrows – four musket-balls went through the sail of Livingstone's boat, and had to return the fire.

To his great distress, Kirk killed a man. Even then, Livingstone would not listen to reason. "Dr L. is a most unsafe leader. All he cares for is accomplishing his object as any risk whatever. It is useless making any remark to him." This was the first sign – later there were to be many – that he had crossed that indeterminate border dividing the balanced from the obsessed. Nothing mattered to him now except refusal to surrender. Perhaps the truth was that he no longer really cared whether he lived or died, and his sense of responsibility towards those under his command had weakened almost to vanishing point. He had made up his mind long ago that he was going to die in Africa. At last Livingstone realized that the only route to Lake Nyasa was by way of the Zambezi.

Not until January 1863 did the Pioneer and the Lady Nyassa set out from Shupanga for Chibisa's where the latter vessel had to be dismantled again and carried past the cataracts. Less than three years before, the Shire valley had been a land of milk and honey, thickly populated and well cultivated. Now:

> *Dead bodies floated past us daily, and in the mornings the paddles had to be cleared of corpses caught by the floats during the night…..it made the heart ache to see the widespread desolation; the riverbanks once so populous, all silent; the villages burned down and an oppressive stillness reigning where formerly crowds of eager sellers appeared……..The sight and smell of dead bodies was everywhere. Many skeletons lay beside the path…..Ghastly living forms of boys and girls, with dull dead eyes, were crouching beside some of the huts.*

Amid these grisly scenes, they progressed at the rate of half a mile a day. On top of all this, the missionaries at Magomero were dying one by one and also running out of food, which prompted Richard Thornton, now back in the Pioneer, to volunteer to march overland and bring back sheep and goats from Tete. On his return, exhausted by a gruelling journey, he collapsed with fever and dysentery which he was too weak to overcome. So died the first – and youngest – of the original team. By then both Kirk and Charles were seriously ill from the same diseased and Livingstone agreed to let them go. Livingstone became so seriously ill that for a month the faithful Kirk stayed on to nurse him. Then he and Charles departed in May 1863 leaving of the original six only Rae. It was by now obvious that the Expedition had run its course and must soon be recalled. In July, that recall reached the Pioneer in a fashion that Livingstone resented. A man sent on ahead from an approaching party, which included Bishop Tozer to replace Mackenzie. The dispatch from the Foreign Secretary was couched in impeccable diplomatic phrases but in short said that they would no longer be paid from December.

The Expedition had lasted three times as long as had been planned, and cost a great deal more than three times as much. The orders were to deliver the Pioneer over to the Navy at the Kongone by the end of the year. Rather more than five months remained. Most men would have called it a day and started to move the stores and the two vessels down to the sea. But not Livingstone. He had he reckoned, until early December, when the annual flooding of the river would make the downward passage easy, to put to a useful purpose. He resolved to spend the time in further exploration of the lake and its shores.

They left Chibisa's on 19 August 1863, walked up the lake as far as Kota-Kota and then struck westward, climbing to a tableland 3 500 feet high where winds were bleak and one of the men died. This was a watershed, and the inhabitants told him of a large river further on which fed a lake called Bamba, and beyond that of another lake, Mwero, and another river, the Lualaba - always further on. He was hearing of the region where, ten years later, he was to die.

Livingstone turned back reluctantly and reached Chibisa's and the Pioneer on 1 November 1863. As soon as the river rose sufficiently, they set out for the coast to hand over to the Captain of HMS Orestes. With them went the Lady Nyassa, never to be launched on the lake of her name. With them also went some forty of the freed slaves who had been settled at the Magomero mission. For the final and most hurtful blow of all had fallen. At least one concrete good had been achieved – Livingstone always discounted the importance of his geographical discoveries – and one of his aims, the most important, had been realized: the planting of the UMCA mission in the Shire valley. Now this too, collapsed. Bishop Tozer decided that Magomero was too unhealthy, and too much at the mercy of the slavers, to be maintained, and that the whole mission must be withdrawn to Zanzibar. Livingstone was too involved and too heart-broken to accept the decision. In his view, the Bishop had ignominiously turned tail and fled, and with the departure of the missionaries went the last hope for this downtrodden people.

Two British cruisers were standing off the Kongone and they took the Pioneer and Lady Nyassa, in tow, and proceeded to Mozambique. The little Lady Nyassa with her three-foot draught stood up so well to the rough weather at sea that Livingstone decided to embark on one of the most remarkable, and quite the most unexpected of his journeys. He wanted to sell the vessel, but not to the Portuguese who might use her to transport slaves. Failing to find a buyer in Zanzibar, he decided to sail her across the Indian Ocean to Bombay.

Livingstone reckoned he had eighteen days to get her to Bombay before the breaking of the south-west monsoon closed the ocean to sailing craft for two months. He was now aged fifty and looked more –"very old and gray, and face wrinkled like a gridiron". Leaving Zanzibar on 1 May 1864, the vessel ran into adverse conditions: first contrary currents, and then for several weeks she was all but becalmed and could make only forty or fifty miles in twenty-four hours. Bilious fevers attacked the men and one of the breezes sprang up, but the vessel proved to be very sluggish. Despite his inexperience at sea, the master could enter with confidence in his logbook their exact distance from Bombay.

On their forty-third day at sea, they sighted land, 115 miles south of Bombay. The next morning, in a thick haze, he steered right into Bombay. The vessel was so small that at first no one noticed their arrival. When they did, everyone was kind. He did not sell the Lady Nyassa. He paid off his men and on 24 June embarked for England, which he reached on 23 July 1864.

CHAPTER SEVEN
ZANZIBAR
TO
UJIJI

When Livingstone arrived in London, he called on the Murchisons and was swept off, just as he was, to a grand reception given by Lady Dunmore; then on to the Duchess of Wellington's reception. Much to his surprise, he was being lionized again. Not only was he too modest to expect acclaim but this time he was returning as a failure, at least in his own eyes. But it was only his particular purpose that had failed. The general object of the Expedition, as laid down in his instructions had most certainly been attained. He had set an example of courage and endurance in the face of overwhelming hardships that made his countrymen feel proud and grateful. He had sought no riches for himself, but only the good of humanity. So his unpolished manners, his difficult speech, his lack of social graces were not insignificant. No one expected a great explorer to look and behave like a tame poodle.

Russell was "very cold, as all the Russell's are". This was scarcely surprising. For six years the Foreign Secretary had been bombarded by lengthy dispatches urging him to bully the Portuguese into drastic action against the slave-trade. For various reasons he would not go to the lengths Livingstone demanded. His Consul in Quilemane had become a most irritating thorn in his side. Now the thorn had at last been plucked out, he was not going to give it any encouragement.

Although Livingstone disliked public speaking, he accepted an invitation to address the annual meeting of the British Association, and lashed out to an audience of 2 500 at Bath against the Portuguese and their connivance at the slave-trade. Outraged, the Portuguese hit back and accused him of trying to oust them from East Africa in favour of his own nation.

Once again he directed attention to Africa, and for the second time settled into the uncongenial task of writing a book to keep alive the interest he had aroused. First he went to Hamilton visit his family which included the five year old daughter Anna Mary, whom he had never seen. He gave her a doll – a black one which she did not like.

Livingstone's tirelessness was as remarkable on paper as on the march. He kept up a vast correspondence with people from all walks of life, but most important were his children.

Livingstone had once rescued a man by the name of Webb, when he was seriously ill in the bush and brought him to Kolobeng to recover. Now Webb invited Livingstone to Newstead for an indefinite stay. At first Livingstone declined the offer but later accepted. There Livingstone settled in to write his "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries" and stayed for eight months, probably the happiest in his life since his wife's death, despite the toil of writing.

There was talk at this time, of public recognition. Lord Palmerston sent a scout to Newstead to sound him out in the usual roundabout fashion. Was there anything the Prime Minister could do for him? The answer was a definite YES. Livingstone wanted a treaty with the Portuguese Government guaranteeing free access for all the nations to the Shire highlands. No honor was offered, nor did the Queen invite a further audience. He was not exactly in disgrace but his attacks on Portugal had been blunt and embarrassing.

In order that his brother should enjoy the American royalties on his book, Livingstone linked Charles's name with his own on the title page. On 15 April 1865, he summoned Agnes to write FINIS. Although the freshness of his earlier work was lacking, it sold nearly five thousand copies on the day of publication and ten thousand in the first five weeks.

Livingstone's mind was set on going back to Africa. His thoughts at this stage were turning back towards his first and true vocation, that of an itinerant preacher and healer. Murchison persuaded the Royal Geographical Society to allocate 500 pounds, and the Government to match it, towards the cost of another expedition. James Young doubled the stake, By any standards, 2 000 pounds was a very meager sum to send even the least demanding of explorers into the depths of central Africa, probably for several years. But it was enough for Livingstone who was counting on a substantial sum from the sale of the Lady Nyassa. He invited Kirk to join him, but Kirk was getting married and declined the offer.

In June, David heard that his mother was sinking and went to Hamilton, where news reached him of his eldest son's death from wounds, at the age of eighteen, in a prisoner-of-war camp in North Carolina. Robert's short life had not been happy.
In mid-August 1865, Livingstone looked his last on England. He went to Bombay to sell the Lady Nyassa and collect men and stores. For the vessel he got only 2 300 pounds, little more than a third of what she had cost him; he invested the money in an Indian bank which failed within the year, and not a penny remained. While in India he recruited some men to go with him.

The small party disembarked at Mikindani on 24 March 1866. His year in England had restored his health and morale, and he was happy to be back in Africa.

With an extra twenty four porters to carry loads, the little expedition set out on 6 April 1866, along the Rovuma. They were making first for Lake Nyasa and then for all that unknown, unmapped country beyond which the great watershed, whose secrets Murchison had charged his friend to unravel, was presumed to lie. Even at this

stage, he had at the back of his mind the belief that if he could determine precisely the river system he had already primed, he would be able to settle the origins of the three great African rivers; the Zambezi, the Congo and the Nile.

Before long they found themselves in the wake of slave-raiders and the all too familiar difficulties recurred. There was no food. The porters became so weak from hunger that they could scarcely stagger on. It had never been his way to issue orders, still less to enforce them by blows or the whip. He had relied on force of character and moral persuasion which, had never failed before. They failed now. Then some refused even to carry their own kit; all he did was to reproach them and then to increase their pay. In June the porters refused to go any further; he paid them off, and henceforth had to hire men, when he could, from village to village. He brought himself at last to order the boys to carry light loads under threat of flogging. The effect of this soon wore off, and a boy who was carrying the tea threw nearly all of it away.

The gruesome trail of the slavers oppressed their spirits: corpses tied to trees or lying on the path, starving orphans cowering in fireless huts.

Owing to the raiders' devastations, he turned south-west towards the southern tip of Lake Nyasa, hungry still and with the boys lagging behind. Near the town of a Yao chief he fell in with an Arab slave-trader who gave him flour and meat which was extremely welcome to the famished men. This was the first of many occasions when he was fed, helped without payment and restored to health by the very Arabs whose trade was of the devil: a case of hating the sin but loving the sinner indeed. Now they had reached a land of plenty, among the men who sold their fellows; cloth was abundant, food very dear. The boys got completely out of hand and Livingstone at last screwed himself up to the point of dismissing them, paying them off with sixty-six yards of calico and arranging to send them back with a "respectable Arab trader". On 8 August 1866 they reached Lake Nyasa. Livingstone felt as if he had come back to an old home and was exhilarated by a bathe in its waters. Hoping to hire an Arab to cross the lake, he found "the fear which the English have inspired in the Arab slave-traders is rather inconvenient. All flee from me as if I had the plague, and I cannot in consequence transmit letters to the coast, or get across the lake". So Livingstone had to march along the mountainous Eastern shore, up and down steep ridges, mapping the rivers as they struggled on. He ran out of ink, and made a good substitute from the juice of berries.

On 15 September they reached the Shire. By the heel of the Lake, the Johanna men walked off in a body, leaving their loads on the ground and reducing the party to eight surviving boys. The Johanna men had been inveterate thieves. They had stolen cloth, beads, gunpowder, everything, and headman Musa had shared the loot.

Musa was a rogue and his subsequent behaviour must be briefly related. In Zanzibar, he convinced Consul Kirk, with a cleverly concocted story, that Livingstone had been murdered near the north end of Lake Nyassa. Flags were flown at half-mast, and in London obituary notices filled the newspapers. But a former lieutenant

in HMS Gorgon who had taken the Lady Nyassa up the Shire, Edward Young, remembered Musa as one of his crew, and as an inveterate thief and liar. He disbelieved the story and volunteered to go to Lake Nyassa and discover the truth. With the backing of Sir Roderick Murchison, a small steel boat was built and within nine months of Musa's arrival in Zanzibar, she was afloat on Lake Nyassa, on 8 September 1867. Young had a little difficulty in picking up Livingstone's trail south of the Lake and disproving Musa's story. Soon afterwards, the first letters in the explorer's own hand to reach the outside world were brought to Zanzibar, nearly a year after they were written. They told in full the story of Musa's desertion, and the Sultan of Johanna sentenced him to eight months in irons.

By the time Young reached Lake Nyasa, Livingstone was five hundred miles away at the most westerly point of his zigzagging journeys. In the last three months of 1866, he and his retinue, reduced to nine, climbed the Dedza plateau (in modern Zambia) and dropped down into the Loangwa valley. Rain, Mazitu raiders and constant hunger impeded them, and they could average only three of four hours march each day. They climbed the north western wall of the Loangwa valley and the Machinga Mountains. Crossing deep ravines and trudging through forests of dripping bamboos that obscured the sunlight. Two falls by the man carrying the chronometers altered the instruments rates and resulted, later on, in an error of about twenty miles in calculations of longitudes. Hunger worsened.

Disaster, unfortunately, was never far off. Livingstone had taken on two escaped slaves as temporary porters. He thought them reliable, but now the decamped in the middle of the forest, taking their loads. One had been carrying the load on which Livingstone's life literally depended: his medicine chest. "I feel as if I had now received a sentence of death", he wrote: as indeed he had, although its execution was to be delayed by six years. Yet nothing could happen except "by the permission of One who watches over us with tender care".

In a sorry state they came, at the end of January 1867, to the Chambezi River, which by flowing into the Banguelo marshes becomes one of the remote headwaters of the Congo. Without knowing it, Livingstone had reached the immense watershed of the Congo River system which he was to spend the rest of his life attempting to unravel, suspecting it to be that of the Nile. It is a complex system and the story of his wanderings equally so.

Soon after crossing the Chambezi, they encountered a party of Swahili traders heading for the coast, and for the first time he was able to send out letters. He asked the Consul in Zanzibar to dispatch, to await him at Ujiji, some reliable porters and a fresh supply of medicines, together with some coffee, soap and candles, and a cheese in a tine, French preserved meat and half a dozen bottles of port wine.

Despite attacks of rheumatic fever so severe that at times he could scarcely walk, on 1 April 1867, he looked down on the southern tip of Lake Tanganyika, nine years after the visit of Burton and Speke. He found it, as they had done, of surpassing beauty. Then he lapsed into unconsciousness, and it was nearly a month before he was able to move. Instead of making for Ujiji, where he would at least have been in touch with the outside world, he decided to work his way up the western side of Tanganyika, a region that had not been visited by Europeans, to find out whether the lake narrowed. He still had frequent fainting fits.

Livingstone was warned that raiders were leaving waste the country to the north-west of the lake. In making the decision to press on in that direction instead of Ujiji, he seems to have crossed the dividing line between the intrepid and the foolhardy.
At Chitamba's, a village near the south end of the lake, he fell in with a large party of Arabs whose principal, Hamees, gave him food, beads, cloth and information. By now he had decided that if the way north was blocked by raiders, then he would go due west to look for Lake Mweru, of which he had heard in 1863. Lake Mweru, he believed, must form part of the "central line of drainage" he was investigating, either of the Nile or of the Congo. This was the question, Nile or Congo, to which he was to seek an answer for the rest of his days.

On 30 August 1867, his small party left Chitamba's in the company of the Arabs with a caravan of 450 carriers and slaves. It was not until 8 November that he stood, the first white man to do so, on the northern shore of Lake Mweru, through which the boundary between Zambia and Zaire now runs. From Arab and African sources he had pieced together a picture of this part. The Chambezi flowed into Lake Banguelu, out of it at as Luapula into Lake Mweru, and out of Lake Mweru, the River Lualaba flowed north-west into the unknown.

Instead of turning back for Ujiji, he decided to go on, with his six boys to Casembe – the word means king or paramount – lived in savage style, his gateway ornamented by sixty human skulls, surrounded by subjects whose ears and hands had been cut off in punishment for breaches of etiquette. Here Livingstone found himself within striking distance of Lake Banguelu and wanted to go forward to see it; but the rains had started, and a note of weariness crept into his journal: "I am so tired of exploration without a word from home or anywhere for two years, that I must go to Ujiji on Tanganyika for letters before doing anything else." So back he splashed, squelched and waded, often waist deep in water, shivering with cold and delayed by frequent attacks of fever and dysentery. It took him three months to retrace his steps only to find, by March 1868, that heavy rains had made the country towards Lake Tanganyika impassable, and the Arab's departure was indefinitely postponed.
His journal suggests that, from about this time onwards, he became increasingly rudderless, at the mercy of events instead of controlling them. Now, he decided to return to Casembe's and look for Lake Banguelu after all. At this point his followers rebelled, and he scarcely blamed them. Nevertheless he persuaded five out of the nine to change their minds, and started out next day, 14 April 1868. Casembe provided guides, though he thought the whole idea a silly one. On 18 July they

reached the north shore of the great marshy lake. This was another major geographical find.

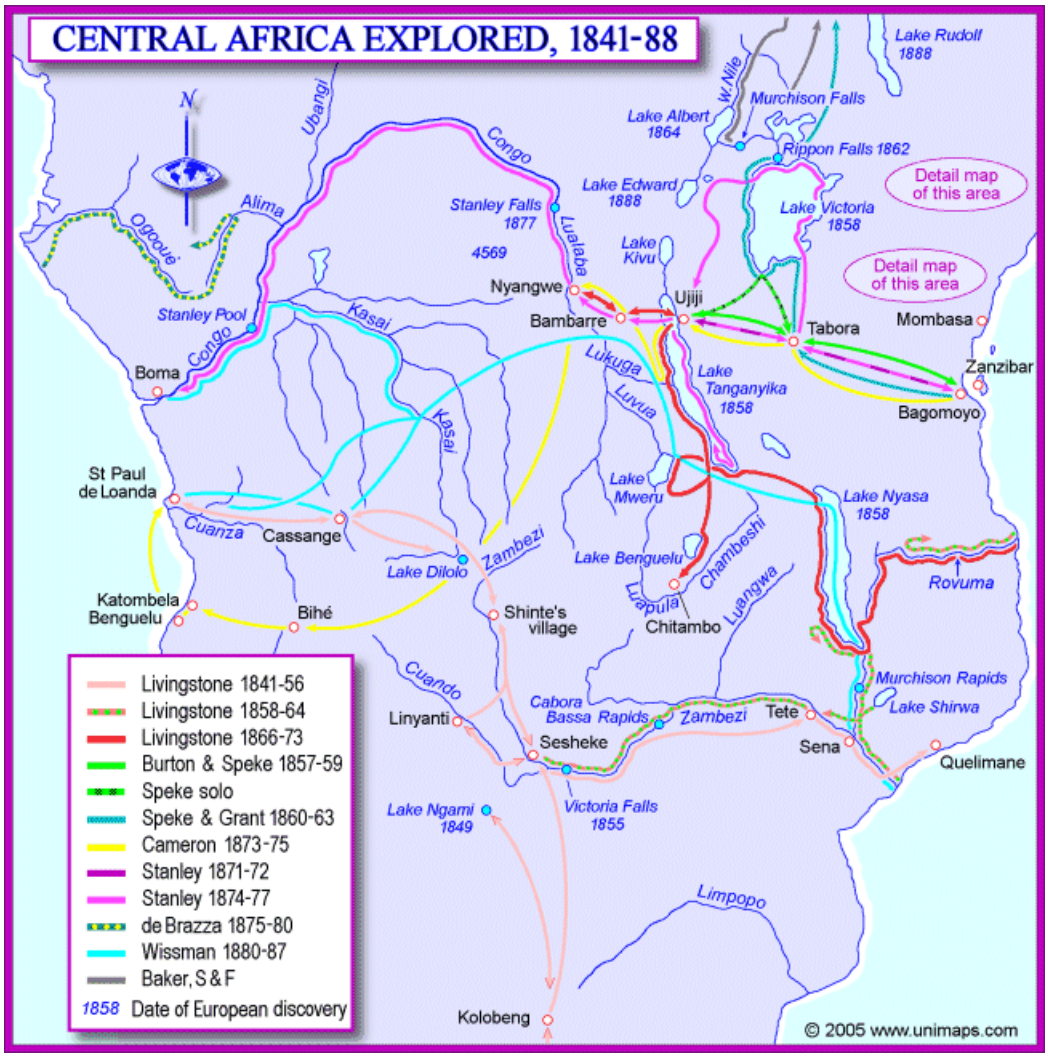
His intention was to hire a canoe and paddle across from north to south, investigating several populated islands on the way. All he had left to pay with was a single fathom of cloth. This, the village headman accepted, and was rewarded by a talk on the Bible, on the evils of slavery and on "what the Queen had done to encourage the growth of cotton on the Zambezi". Only when he embarked on a forty five foot long canoe did he discover that his paddlers had stolen it from the inhabitants of one of the islands. They naturally refused to land there, and Livingstone got no further than an uninhabited island where he spent two cold, uncomfortable nights. Next day they paddled back and Livingstone had nothing left; it had become very cold, and with great reluctance he had to retreat without making the exploration of the lake he had intended.

This was all the more frustrating because the belief had been hardening his mind that this complicated network of rivers and lakes formed the ultimate headwaters of the Nile.

The way was closing, rather, thanks to the renewal of ferocious tribal wars. He could not get back to Casembe's. Rejoining the Arabs, he marched with them to Kabwabwata, near the north east corner of Lake Mweru. Here there was another tedious delay while various Arabs converged upon the spot, from places as far afield as Katanga, to join forces for the march to Ujiji. The whole country was in a state of turmoil, and Bemba warriors who kept up an attack on the Arabs camp for seven hours were driven off only with difficulty by the superiority of musket fire. On 11 December 1868, the caravan at last got under way.

On New Year's Day 1869 he contracted acute pneumonia, coughed blood and fell delirious. His life was saved by the kindest of the Arabs who nursed him, gave him Arab medicines and had a litter made in which he was carried to Lake Tanganyika, reached on 14 February. During the fortnight he waited for a canoe, lent by another Arab, to take him across the lake, he squeezed twenty maggots from his arms and legs. Another sixteen days of discomfort in the canoe – emaciated, coughing, and spitting blood, blistered by the sun – brought him at long last to Ujiji on 14 March 1869. Here he expected to find everything he craved for – medicines, milk, decent food, rest, trade goods, and above everything, letters from home.

At Ujiji there was practically nothing at all.


CENTRAL AFRICA EXPLORED, 1841-88
N
Ubangi
Congo
Alima
Oggoué
Stanley Pool
Congo
Boma
Kasai
Kasai
Stanley Falls
1877
4569
Lualaba
Nyangwe
Bambarre
Lake Edward
1888
Lake Albert
1864
w.Nile
Murchison Falls
Rippon Falls 1862
Lake Rudolf
1888
Lake Victoria
1858
Detail map
of this area
Detail map
of this area
Lake
Kivu
Ujiji
Tabora
Mombasa
Zanzibar
Bagomoyo
Lukuga
Luvua
Lake
Tanganyika
1858
St Paul
de Loanda
Cuanza
Cassange
Lake
Mweru
Lake Nyasa
1858
Lake Dilolo
Zambezi
Lake Benguelu
Chambeshi
Luapula
Luangwa
Rovuma
Katombela
Benguelu
Bihé
Shinte's
village
Chitambo
Murchison Rapids
Lake Shirwa
Cuando
Linyanti
Cabora
Bassa Rapids
Zambezi
Tete
Sena
Quelimane
Sesheke
Victoria Falls
1855
Lake Ngami
1849
Limpopo
Kolobeng
Livingstone 1841-56
Livingstone 1858-64
Livingstone 1866-73
Burton & Speke 1857-59
Speke solo
Speke & Grant 1860-63
Cameron 1873-75
Stanley 1871-72
Stanley 1874-77
de Brazza 1875-80
Wissman 1880-87
Baker, S & F
1858 Date of European discovery
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CHAPTER EIGHT
THE
FINAL YEARS

The medicines, wine and cheese were said to be at Unyanyember, about 150 miles eastward. All the mail had vanished without a trace. A few remnants of the stores and cloth were reluctantly produced and Livingstone found great benefit from the tea and coffee and was grateful to have flannel next to his skin again. An Arab supplied him with milk, he found a house and repaired it, and with his astonishing resilience started to mend. A fortnight after reaching Ujiji, he could walk half a mile, and shortly afterwards had finished writing forty-two letters. These he sewed into a canvas packet and gave to a Swahili trader. None of the letters was seen again. In general the Arabs and Swahili regarded him as their arch enemy.

As soon as he had recovered his health he wanted to be off again. Livingstone wanted to explore the sources of the Nile. He did not expect to be away for more than five months. Then he would return to Ujiji to collect stores, medicines, etc.

Livingstone, though he wouldn't admit it, was now dependent on the Arabs. Formerly he traveled almost alone, almost unarmed, in peace and friendship, he had won the confidence of the fiercest African tribesmen and passed unscathed through regions where peace was unknown, strangers normally put to death and white men unheard of. But the Africa he now had to deal with in the early seventies west of the lake was very different from his Africa of the Zambezi Valley in the fifties. His arrival coincided with a great expansion of Arab commerce. Up until now the Arabs and Swahilis had scarcely penetrated west of the Lakes. Now they were thrusting westward into virgin territory and returning with enormous quantities of ivory and slaves. In their wake the native peoples were angry as a swarm of hornets, and no traveler was safe.

Thus Livingstone and his nine men had to travel under Arab protection. They set out from Ujiji on 12 July 1869. All went well as far as Bambarre. Bambarre was cold and wet and brought on attacks of malaria. While here, Livingstone mentioned a new trouble in a letter to his son Thomas: "I am toothless, and in my second childhood." He described how he had extracted his loose decaying teeth by fastening each one to a stump and striking the twine with a stick to jerk it out.

On 1 November, he left the caravan and started with his nine men for the Lualaba, intending to buy a canoe and explore the river. After three weeks march through the dense, dripping forest they came to a tributary only twenty-five miles from its confluence with the Lualaba. Here "all the people had plundered and some killed……. It was of no use trying to buy a canoe, for all were our enemies." So, by 19 December, he was back at Banbarre waiting for the Arabs to march again. On the 26th they started out in heavy rain, Livingstone suffering from fever, and, a little

further on, from cholera. They went due north, hoping to avoid the disturbed areas and to reach another part of the Lualaba and buy a canoe. Six months later he was back at Banbarre, having failed a second time.

Once again he had left the caravan and for four months struggled on through wet forest, across flooded rivers, soaked by rain, getting progressively weaker from fever, dysentery and bleeding, unrelieved by drugs. After spending a night in pouring rain he came across a village.

Here he had a delicious breakfast. Rest, boiling the water and food soon restored Livingstone's health. On 26 June 1870, with only three attendants, Livingstone set off to the North West for the Lualaba. Finally a new trouble, ulcers on the feet, defeated him. He limped into Bambarre on 22 July in great pain, with ulcers eating into bone and tendon.

At Bambarre he was confined to his hut with these sores for eighty days and only when he tried an Arab remedy did they begin to heal. He read the Bible through four times, and brooded on his quest, recalling legends of the founding of Meroe by Moses on the upper Nile, and Herodotus's speculations about the river's sources. Two passing Swahili traders told him of a spot in Katanga where four rivers rose, two to flow north, two south, with a remarkable mound in between. Might this not be the twin conical hills, Crophi and Mophi, mentioned by Herodotus? Livingstone longed to hire a canoe to reach Katanga up a tributary of the Lualaba. But he was sick at heart as well as in body. He longed for news from home.

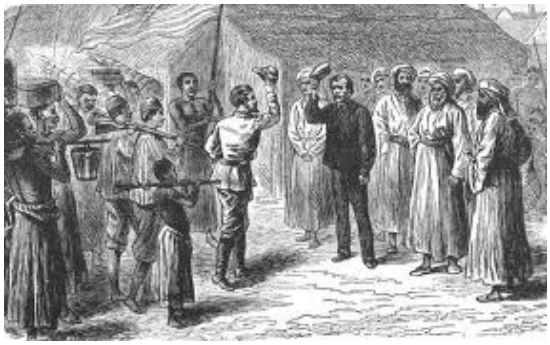
When men arrived at last, there were only ten of them and they had been the slaves of Indian merchants – the riff-raff of Zanzibar. They maintained that they had been sent to fetch Livingstone away, not to go forwards with him, and immediately struck for higher pay. Nearly all the stores had been left behind at Ujiji. Nevertheless, he managed to get away from Bambarre with the quarrelsome and insolent slaves and his ever-faithfully three attendants. On 29 March 1871, they reached the goal. No white man had ever before penetrated so far into central Africa. The headman of the village at Nyangwe gave him shelter. The river, he thought, was getting on for two miles wide and it flowed to the north – towards "Baker's Lake and the Meroe of Moses on the Nile." All he needed was a canoe, which he could not get.

July 15 was a fine morning and about fifteen hundred people came to market. It was a rule that guns were barred, and Livingstone was surprised to see three of the Arab slaves with muskets. He watched the men bargaining for a fowl, and was walking away when shots were fired; then more shots; then panic. Men and women threw down their loads and ran towards the canoes on the river. The canoes jammed in the creek and the armed slaves, surrendering to bloodlust, poured their musket-balls into the crowds. It was a senseless, brutal massacre of hundreds of defenseless people.

Despite the endless examples he had seen of callous human cruelty, this was too much. He had been forming a plant to cross the Lualaba with a caravan and march towards Katanga and the "four fountains" with the mound between. However, he would not go with these "bloodhounds". He saw nothing but to go back to Ujiji for other men. So with his three attendants and the ten surly ex-slaves, he started on the 350 mile journey back.

This was perhaps the worst of all his journeys until the last of all. It was hard, rough going, he was scarcely ever free from pain, sickness and bleeding, often hungry and increasingly weak, and ambushed in the forest by Manyema. One spear grazed his back, another missed him by inches. Almost every step was in pain, the appetite failed, and a little bit of meat caused violent diarrhea. He arrived at Ujiji on 23 October 1871, "a mere ruckle of bones". A cruel blow awaited him. The Swahili headman of the squad of men sent up from Zanzibar had stayed in Ujiji, sold all Livingstone's goods, bought slaves and was living in style on the proceeds, often drunk for a month at a time, and wholly unrepentant. Now truly destitute only the kindness of another Arab saved him from actual starvation.

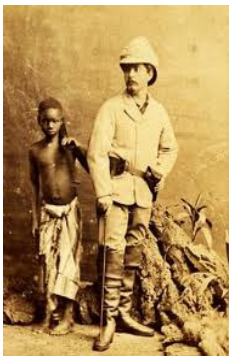
The most publicized meeting in African history was about to take place. On the morning of 10 November 1871, one of Livingstone's attendants came running and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" The American flag at the head of a caravan told Livingstone the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc, made Livingstone think "This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one of his wits' end like me". Henry Morton Stanley had arrived. No words ever fell more sweetly on the hearer's ears than the famous greeting



"Dr Livingstone, I presume". Muskets fired, crowds gathered, people cheered and even wept. Before long, Stanley was on the straw mat covered with a goatskin which was the Doctor's seat on his little mud-built veranda, pouring out news of all that had been happening in the world – the opening of the Suez Canal, the transatlantic cable, General Grant's election, the Franco-Prussion was – while the worn, gray-bearded Doctor in his faded blue cap and red-sleeved waistcoat, a bag with long awaited family letters on his knee, listened in wonder and began to speak of unknown places – Manyma, Casembe's, Mweru, Nyangwe – in his quiet tones. Stanley had forgotten nothing-even two silver goblets and a bottle of champagne to toast the Doctor's health and his own triumph.

This was in every way a most extraordinary meeting. Extraordinary in that it should have happened at all, against all odds of timing and geography. And extraordinary in that when it did, these two men, such poles apart in age, in outlook, in character, in aim, should have found such pleasure in each other's company, and enjoyed four

months of close companionship in harmony. This despite all Livingstone's reserve and solitary habit, his rejection of the values Stanley stood for, and despite Stanley's brashness. It was almost like love at first sight.



Livingstone was overwhelmed with his generosity. Livingstone observed in Stanley a generosity others did not always find. "He laid all he had at my service, divided his clothes in two heaps and pressed one heap upon me; then his medicine chest; then his goods and everything he had; and to coax my appetite of ten cooked dainty dishes with his own hand." With this treatment the sick and worn-out man made the last of his astonishing recoveries. He put on weight and grew almost plump. In fact it was Stanley who was more often sick with bad attacks of fever. It was not only Stanley's medicine chest and good food but his companionship, after six years of loneliness, that proved so therapeutic. And there were letters from his children, from his friends – even copies of Punch.

Only six days after Stanley's arrival, the two men set out in a canoe to explore the

northern end of Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone wanted to discover whether the River Lisize flowed out of it, as the Arabs declared, although none of them had seen it. If they were right, then the Lusize might flow on to enter Lake Albert and so feed the Nile. But the Arabs were wrong; the river flowed into Lake Tanganyika and not out of it, and could have no connection with 'Baker's Lake'.

Back in Ujiji, they prepared to start together for Unyanyembe where Livingstone would collect his stores and letters, and hire porters to go back and complete his work. He was deaf to Stanley's entreaties to go with him down to Zanzibar and then home to rest, recuperate and at least get a set of false teeth.

After a journey of seven weeks, the two men with their retinues, reached Unyanyember on 18 February 1872. For the third time, Livingstone found that these stores had been plundered, though not completely; four flannel shirts were there from Agnes, and from Waller two good pairs of English boots. Stanley more than made up the losses from his own stores. But no porters were to be had. There was nothing for it but for Stanley to go down to the coast, recruit fifty good men from Zanzibar, and send them back at top speed to Unyanyembe. He left on 14 March 1872. It was an emotional parting for them both. After they had walked a little way together, Livingstone turned back. "March!" Stanley cried fiercely to his men. The Doctor never set eyes on a white man again. Stanley never forgot those months with Livingstone.

A tedious, depressing five months at Unyanyembe followed, waiting for the men from Zanzibar. He filled the days as best he could; tarring a tent, making cheese, etc. On 1 May 1872, he finished a letter to the New York Herald with the famous sentence that was to be engraved on his tombstone: "All I can say in my solitude is,

may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone – American, English, Turk – who will help to heal this Open Sore of the World."

Just five months after Stanley's departure, the porters arrived, the best he had ever had. This time he intended to approach the Lualaba from the south. He would go to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and then south-west to Lake Bangula, cross the Chambzi, skirt the southern side of the great marshy lake, then due west to the ancient fountains in Katanaga. Then he would turn north to rejoin his old route on the Upper Lualaba, and follow it down to that still unvisited Lake Chowambe.

On 25 August 1872, the caravan consisting of porters carrying fifty pound loads, the three attendants who had been with him since 1864, ten head of cattle and two donkeys, marched out of Unyanyembe. In his optimism, Livingstone hoped that six or seven months would settle the question, and then he would be ready to retire.
But within a month he was ill again. In October they saw Lake Tanganyika a thousand feet below them, transformed by the sunset into a sea of reddish gold. In November they were slithering in constant rain along muddy paths and going hungry in country pillaged by slavers. At the start of 1873 they were approaching Lake Banguela at the worst time of year when rivers were in flood and the whole country inundated. The lake was, and is, a huge leech-infested morass interspersed by channels of deep water with strong currents in which a man could easily sink and drown.

From cheerless camps in marshes, he wrote many letters home, although he had no way of sending them; they helped to dull the ache of loneliness. So weak had Livingstone become that his men had to carry him across the rivers on their shoulders.
For the first time in all his wanderings, he was lost. The principal cause was not his own confusion but the accident to his chronometers that had occurred five years before, throwing out his longitudes by some twenty or thirty miles. Thus he thought that he was further to the west, and therefore nearer to the lake than he really was. To make matters worse, a small fault in his sextant had developed without his realizing it, and when he was able to make observations, these tended to increase the error. His only course was now to get canoes in which to cross to the south side of the lake. However they could not find the chief who was in possession of large canoes. When his attendants found the chief, the canoes still failed to come. Livingstone led his unfortunate party through the swamp and reached the chief, Matipa, on his island on 3 March. Matipa proved to be an old man. For three weeks frustration followed frustration. At last he could bear it no longer and, with some of his men, took possession of the chief's house and village. Within an hour or so, several canoes appeared. Livingstone embarked with his party in four canoes on 24 March.

It was wetter than ever; everything was soaked. Livingstone's bed was put into bilge, it was bitterly cold and they slept on a windswept, sodden island. The health of a robust young man might well have broken on such treatment; no old, sick man with chronic intestinal bleeding, even Livingstone, could survive.

On 26 March they crossed the Chambezi. Despite his desperate plight and the urge at all costs to go forward, Livingstone halted the party for five days on a south bank while he sent cloth back to Matipa to pay for a broken canoe. It was still raining. On 5 April they started off again, the goods and the leader in canoes, the men on land, or more correctly on marsh and mud. Livingstone found it impossible to imagine why he was still alive. "I am pale, bloodless and weak from bleeding profusely ever since 31st March, an artery gives off a copious stream and takes away my strength…Oh how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work."

On 13 April he noted that the sky was clearing, the wind dropping and that the dry season was beginning. Despite his extreme weakness, he could still chronicle the scene around him with freshness and affection. On 20 April he wrote that he was very weak. On the 21st he fainted and fell off his donkey. His attendants carried him to a hut and then carried him across a flooded plain to the next village. He was suffering acute dysenteric pains. On the 26th Livingstone told one of his attendants to count the bags of beads remaining. He reported twelve. The Doctor instructed him to buy two tusks if the opportunity offered, which they could exchange at Ujiji for cloth to take them on to Zanzibar. The last words he wrote were on the 27th: "Knocked up quite, and remain- recover – sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

On the 29th he was carried, in great pain, across the Lulimala River, near Lake Benguela, while some of his men went ahead to build a hut for him in the village of the chief Chitambo, in the district of Ilala. Here he was laid gently on a bed of sticks and grass, by now in a coma.

A boy was sleeping inside the doorway of his hut, and an hour or so before dawn, on 1 May 1873 summoned his attendants.

Their leader was kneeling by the bedside with his gray head buried in his hands. He had come to the end of his last earthly journey.

The party was now without a leader, without food and without guides. Somehow the men had to get back to Zanzibar, and not only that; they had, as they immediately decided, to take the white man's body with them as proof that they had not murdered or abandoned him.

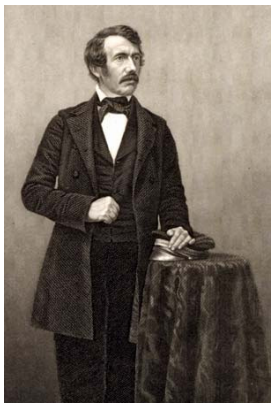
Livingstone's attendants assumed the leadership, helped by Jacob Wainwright, one of the men sent by Stanley, who could read and write. He made an inventory of the goods. The heart and viscera were cut out of the body and buried in a tin box under a large mvula tree. The body itself was roughly but effectively embalmed, wrapped in the bark of a tree, lashed to a pole and hoisted on to the shoulders of bearers for the long march home.

Temporary village where his body was prepared

Nine months later they reached the coast. The body, accompanies by Jacob Wainwright, duly arrived at Southampton and on 18 April 1874 was buried amid national mourning in Westminster Abbey.

Livingstone's old friends Steele, Oswell, Webb, Young, Waller and Kirk acted as pall bearers. Livingstone's attendants were brought to England a few months later to tell their story and to receive their reward.

CHAPTER NINE
CONCLUSION



GENERAL

"*God has taken away the greatest man of his generation, for Dr. Livingstone stood alone".*

So, wrote Florence Nightingale to his sorrowing daughter, and no careful reader of his life can fail to recognize in him one of the grandest heroes not merely of this but of any age.

ESTIMATE OF HIS LIFE

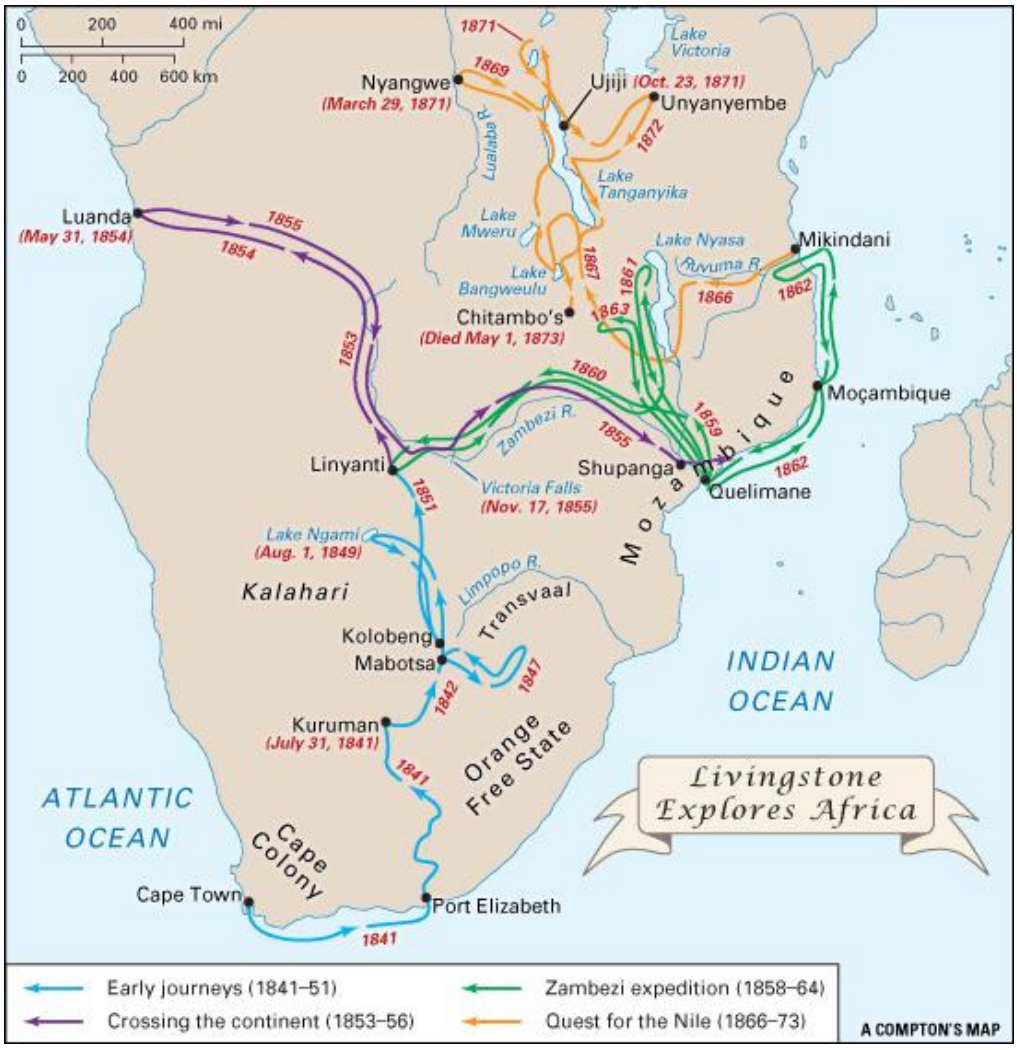
As a missionary explorer he stood alone, travelling 29 000 miles in Africa, adding to the known portion of the globe about a million square miles, discovering lakes N'gama, Shirwa, Nyasa, Moero and Bangweolo, the upper Zambezi and many other rivers, and the wonderful Victoria Falls. He was also the first European to traverse the entire length of Lake Tanganyika, and to travel over the vast water-shed near Lake Bankweolo, and through no fault of his own, he only just missed the information that would have set at rest his conjectures as to the Nile sources. He greatly increased the knowledge of the geography, fauna and flora of the interior, yet never lost sight of the great objects of his life the putting down of the slave-trade, and the evangelization of Africa.

His attainments as a physician were of no mean order. The London Lancet, expressing the hearty appreciation of the medical profession, says:

> *"Few men have disappeared from our ranks more universally deplored as few have served in them with a higher purpose, or shed upon them the luster of a purer devotion".*

During the thirty-three years of Dr. Livingstone's service for Africa, his labors as a philanthropist and a missionary were unceasing. Largely as a result of these labors, that infamous slave-trade, against which he struck the first blow, has now been obliterated along thousands of miles of African coast where once it held full sway, and all Christian nations have banded together to forbid and punish this traffic throughout a vast area in the interior, planting stations for 1 500 miles inland for the enforcement of the law.

As a missionary his immediate success may not have appeared great; he was but a forerunner "preparing the way of the Lord". His was the work of the pioneer, blazing the way, making the rough places smooth for others to follow, opening the country for Christianity to enter in.



But scarcely had the civilized world learned of his death before, inspired by his example, there began a mighty movement on behalf of Africa.

The first fruits of that last dying prayer for the country to which he had given his life were seen in the establishment near Lake Nyasa of a mission founded by the churches of Scotland, henceforth to be known by the name of Livingstonia.

PHOTO GALLERY

Livingstone Museum, Zambia



Victoria Falls


Princess Gardens, Edinburgh

The wooden cross carved from the tree under which Livingstone's heart was buried in Zambia – Housed in the Anglican Cathedral Church of Christ, Stone Town, Zanzibar

Acknowledgement of graphics used in this document:
- Thomas Baines painting
- Livingstone On-Line
- Peter Baxter travels
- Photos.com Thinkstock

I have shown you from his life how David Livingstone was the greatest missionary of all time, especially in Africa. Never in the annals of missionary legend has a man been more lionized than David Livingstone. He was the hero that Victorian England so desperately needed, and the recognition he was accorded fuelled African missions for most of a century. He became a hero for all generations to follow, and "after his death and his burial in Westminster Abbey, David Livingstone's reputation was secure from assault by anyone but the most reckless heretic. Even in the middle of the twentieth century, historians would still acknowledge him as the greatest missionary of them all. For almost a hundred years he would take his place in the pantheon of English-speaking Christians as a figure of inspiring sanctity and devotion, to be considered in the same breath as St Francis of Assisi and St Joan of Arc.

Kenneth LaTourette wrote:

"His purpose was to open the way for the Gospel, for the righting of wrongs, and the healing of social sores. He dreamed of the benefits which Western civilization could bring to Africa. He loved the Africans, dealt with them tactfully and selflessly, and won their confidence. Fearless and with an indomitable will, he drove his body, often racked and spent with fever and dysentery, to incredible exploits. A keen observer, he made voluminous records of what he saw. His Christian faith sustained him, kept him humble and in the end mellowed the native asperity of his character. In his later years he severed his connection with the London Missionary Society, not because he had changed his purpose, but because he believed that he could best fulfill it as an agent of the British Government".

Stephen Neil comments:

"The fame of Moffat has been a little over-shadowed by the superlative greatness of friend and son-in-law David Livingstone (1813-73) Livingstone came from a hardy clan of Scotsmen. Reared in poverty and Godliness, he arrived in Africa in 1841, and for ten years served in the ordinary routine of missionary work, but he, like John Williams, was not a man to be held to one single reef; the mind and impulse of the explorer were in him, and he was always drawn on, in his own words, by 'the smoke of a thousand villages' that had never seen a missionary".