

## DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LETTER.

The interest generally felt in the travels and explorations of Dr. David Livingstone, the African traveller, has been largely increased by his reported discovery in the wilds of Africa, by Mr. Stanley, and since then every line about the Doctor has been read with avidity. During the last few weeks, our readers have seen that the telegraphic dispatches have contained several letters or extracts of letters, said to have been written by Mr. Livingstone; they are also aware that some of these have been so garbled that portions of them became unintelligible. Some of our late eastern exchanges contain copies of seven *bona fide* letters, written by the Doctor from the interior of Africa to Dr. Kirk, British consul at Zanzibar, and to the British foreign office, and delivered to the parties for whom they were designed by Mr. Stanley. These letters are far too lengthy to admit of republication in the News, but as the interest felt in Livingstone is so general, we have no doubt that the following synopsis will be read with pleasure.

Letter No. 1, written to Lord Stanley, Nov. 15, 1870, from Bambarre, in the Manyema country, says that when the writer had recovered sufficiently to be able to leave Ujiji, he went northwest to the country of the Manyema or Manyema—reputed cannibals. The object of this journey was to follow the central line of drainage of the Great Nile Valley, which the traveller had seen when passing through Lake Bangweolo, and in other portions of his travels. Owing to his feeble health, two hours a day was as much as the Dr. could manage, but he gradually gained strength, and was soon able to make longer journeys. Two days before he reached the country of the supposed cannibals, he met a band of Ujiji traders with 18,000 pounds of ivory, bought of the cannibals for a mere trifle in copper bracelets and beads. These traders gave a very discouraging account of the Manyema—they were “bad, bad, bad, awfully bad, and cannibals.” The Dr. and his party, however, reached Bambarre, the place where resided Moenkuss, whom our traveller says was the most sensible chief of the man eaters. The Doctor and his party received no bad treatment from him or his people, but westward of that place they found people who had been ill-treated by the Ujiji traders, or rather by the slaves accompanying them, and they, believing that the Dr. and his party were of the same character, would not allow them to stay there. Pretty sharp abuse from the women was the worst they got there, but the men, armed with wooden shields and long spears, showed them out of their district of country, and they returned to Bambarre. The country was extremely beautiful, but hard to travel over, because of having to make their way through grass, the stalks of which were half an inch in diameter and ten or twelve feet high. The leaves of this grass were armed with small spears which, in a few hours, made the hands and faces of the travellers sore. The Dr. and his band were travelling through this region in November—the commencement of the rainy season, and contact with the leaves of this grass, which were full of water, would speedily “wet them to the bone.” The unpleasantness of travelling would also be increased by their pathway being all the time now, like walking through slush and mud, and sometimes nearly impassable, by a pulpy mass composed of the stalks of the muale palm, trampled under the feet of elephants and buffaloes. Occasionally they would go to the top of the thigh into holes filled with mud, caused by the subsoil giving way beneath the weight of the elephant.

Some of the numerous rivers in the Manyema country are covered with what the Dr. calls living vegetable bridges, composed of a dark, glossy leaved grass, the roots and eaves of which matted together, cross the streams, forming a rude substitute for, and made to answer the purpose of bridges. When crossing these bridges they yield twelve or fifteen inches every step, the water rising that high on the leg of the traveller, and each step in advance he must lift his foot high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. Holes more than six feet deep are frequently met with in these masses of herbage, which greatly increase the danger and difficulty of this method of crossing the streams.

Between each district of the Manyema country there stands a large belt of the primeval forest, the trees in which are so high that parrots and guinea fowls in their tops cannot be reached with a gun, while they are so thick that

the gorilla, which is plentiful, can be heard growling within fifty feet of the traveller, who is unable to see him.

Travelling in the rainy season afflicted all the members of the party, causing loss of flesh and choleraic symptoms, so the Dr. finally gave it up, and in February he went into winter quarters in a camp formed by Ujiji traders for ivory. The rain continued until July, fifty eight inches falling in all. The mud from the clayey soil was awful, laying up some of the stoutest of the traders. This camp, with the slaves they brought along, numbered six hundred, all armed with muskets. The ivory of which they were in search, was in the depths of the forests of the so-called cannibal country, left just where the natives had killed the animals, and if the natives were treated kindly and civilly, the Dr. says they would fetch it to the traders, some of it half rotten, or gnawed by a “certain rodent, to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes.”

As soon as the weather permitted, the Dr. set out again on his travels, accompanied only by three attendants, the rest on a variety of pretexts deserting him. The party traveled northwest, in ignorance that the course of the great river was west by south. On this journey, on account of constantly travelling in mud, the Dr. says, for the first time in his life his feet failed him, and irritable eating ulcers fastened on each of them; but the natives everywhere were kind and civil, owing to the reports of the Zanzibar people, that the Dr. and the English people generally were very good, and never made slaves. While in this region a Manyema man tried to steal a string of beads from the Ujiji traders, and the latter in return set fire to nine villages and killed about forty persons. One night just after the above, while the Doctor and his men were sleeping at a Manyema village, one of these traders was pinned to the ground with a spear by a Manyema. The ulcers in his feet being very bad the Dr. limped back to Bambarre, and was laid up there many months. He says that these ulcers are very common in the Manyema country. If the foot is placed to the ground blood flows, and every night the ulcers discharge a bloody ichor, and are so painful as to prevent sleep. These ulcers eat through flesh and bone, and cause many deaths, and in every camp may be heard the wailing of those afflicted with them.

During his long stay in the Manyema country he never saw anything to prove that the people were cannibals. They had the reputation of being so among the tribes for a long distance around, and when taxed with it they would laughingly admit it, but although he offered them a considerable reward to take him along with them to one of their cannibal orgies, said to be always held in the depths of the forest, he could never induce them to do so. The doctor says that on one occasion some of them, to prove that they were cannibals, showed to his attendants the skull of one of their victims; but he examined the skull and found that it was that of a gorilla, or “soko,” the name given that animal by the Manyema, and the gorilla is commonly eaten by them; but the charge of cannibalism, with all the evidence he had of it, if presented to a Scottish jury, would elicit, says the Dr., the verdict, “Not proven.”

Letter No. 2, is written to Lord Clarendon, and is dated Ujiji, Nov. 1, 1871. It is brief, and in part, consists of expressions of gratitude from the writer to the British Government, and to personal friends for the interest they had manifested in organizing and dispatching from England, the expedition in search of him. The remainder of the letter is chiefly devoted to a description of the character of the East African Muslims, who, from the Doctor's account, are hard cases, being notorious for their cowardice, treachery, untruthfulness, and the low grade of their morality. The man Musa, who reported, at Zanzibar, the account of Livingstone's death, was one of this class. They are of mixed blood—Arabian and Negro, and are said to possess the vices of both races, but the virtues of neither. The Dr. says that when he turned his face west they all deserted him, their only complaint being “the Mazitu,” although they were twenty days distant from the Mazitu, and had been assured by him that he would not go near them. He ascribes all his troubles to these low-class Muslims of Zanzibar, very few of whom, even of the better class, can be trusted. The Sultan of Zanzibar himself will not trust them to attend to his pecuniary matters, preferring aliens from India, and when the natives are asked why this is the case, they acknowledge that if he trusted them, instead of getting money he would only have a crop of lies. Owing to their very low status the Mohammedans have never attempted to spread their faith among the Zanzibarians; and the conclusion reached, says the Doctor, by an inquiry among all classes of natives is, that the efforts of other religionists have only

resulted in the propagation of the “domestic bug and syphilis;” any one familiar with the “secondary symptoms” can see abundant evidence thereof in the bleared eyes and skin diseases common among the people, compared with whom “the English lower classes are gentlemen.”

Letter No. 3, is the same date, same place, and written to the same gentleman as the preceding. In this the writer says he has ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland, between ten and twelve degrees south latitude, from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 700 miles long from west to east. Upon it, at several points, stand mountains between 6,000 and 7,000 feet high. The springs rising on this watershed are so numerous that it would take a man most of his lifetime to count them, and they are the primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. In passing over sixty miles the Doctor waded, calf to waist deep, through thirty-two of these springs, each one requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross the streams and the spongy soil bordering them. The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. The remainder of this letter is devoted chiefly to matters pertaining to the Nile watershed, and the mistakes made by other explorers in relation thereto, the substance of which has already appeared in the telegrams.

Towards the close of the letter, the Doctor expresses his unqualified belief that the Manyema are certainly cannibals; but they eat only enemies killed in battle, to which they seem instigated by revenge, and they do not like a stranger to see them at these disgusting orgies. The Doctor says that some intelligent men told him the meat was not nice, and that it made those who ate of it dream of the dead. Women never participate in these feasts. Markets are held among these people, which are largely attended by women dressed in their best. They are light colored, have straight noses, well shaped heads, perfect forms, and small hands and feet, and one of their chief enjoyments seems to be to laugh, haggle with and cheat each other.

A tribe called the Babus, or Bakoons, near Lomani, cultivate coffee, and drink it, highly scented with vanilla. The men are fine, tall, strapping fellows, devoid of the preposterous jaws, band-door mouths, and lark heels of the negroes of the west coast. They are clever iron and copper smiths, and expert in making ornaments from these metals. Their great defect is their utter ignorance of everything beyond their own surroundings. They were terrified at the firing of guns, and offered ivory for the “charm” by which lightning was drawn down. There are no great chiefs among the Manyemas, yet all are independent. The people everywhere are industrious, cultivate the soil largely, and are very honest. This is the only country in Africa visited by the Dr. in which cotton was not grown, spun and woven, the clothing worn by the people is that which, in Madagascar, is called “lambas,” or grass cloth, and is made from the leaves of the “muale” palm. The Manyema are very honest. They call the good spirit above “Ngutu,” or the Great One, and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, “Mulambu.” A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes.

The fourth letter is to Earl Granville, and is dated Ujiji, Nov. 11, 1871, most of it being a narration of the way in which the unfortunate writer was swindled by the slaves whom he hired to accompany him on his journeyings, showing that he had fallen among a set of heartless thieves, and was unable to help himself.

The traveller relates a mass ore which occurred while he was on the banks of the Luabala, on the 13th of the June preceding. The people of Dugumbe, a chief who was a friend of Livingstone, had built their huts on the right bank of the river, near a market place called Nyamue. They became disgusted with a slave trader at Ujiji, who, to get canoes cheap, had “mix a blood” with the Bagenya, a people on the left bank of the Luabala, and they resolved to make an assault on them when the market people were assembled, which they did every fourth day, to the number of two or three thousand at a time. On the 13th of June, while thus congregated, most of them women, the people of Dugumbe, without any warning or giving any intimation of their purpose, commenced firing on them, causing a panic, and before the people of Dugumbe ceased, about five hundred of the market people and those on the left bank of the river were shot and drowned. This was the most horrible massacre that the Doctor ever saw in Africa, and sickened and disgusted with the sight he started back for Ujiji, passing again through Bambarre on his way thither.

When halfway to the latter place he relates another circumstance illustrative of native life and manners in the interior of Africa. At the point above indicated was a village where, the Doctor says, he saw young men compelled to carry ivory for a trader. When they reached this village they laid down the ivory, saying, we have helped you so far without pay, let the men of other villages do as much. “No, no,” said the trader, “take up the ivory.” They did so, carried it for a short distance, and then threw it into the dense vegetation on each side of the path. When the trader reached his next stage he sent back men to demand the “stolen” ivory, and when the elders denied the theft they were fired upon, and

five of them killed, and eleven women and children, and twenty-five goats captured. The men of the village then took the matter over, and the young men finally showed where they had thrown the ivory; but when it was found the trader said three tusks were missing, and because of that he carried away his captives—the women, children and goats. The Manyema men, enraged at this, waylaid the party while passing through a dense forest, tried to set it on fire, and to spear some of their enemies, and in the melee, one or two were killed, the Doctor, among others, having a very narrow escape.

Letter No. 5, to Dr. Kirk, is brief and, like the former part of the preceding one, is a recital of the way in which the unfortunate traveller was victimized and swindled by his attendants.

Letter number seven, written from Ujiji, Dec. 18, 1871, is to Earl Granville. The writer says he was anxious to get home, but he was also anxious to make one more effort to finish his work. He then knew, pretty fairly, six hundred miles of the watershed of South Central Africa, and he says that from there “the vast number of the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise.” In the seventh hundred miles he had heard there were four fountains rising from the base of an eastern mound, each of which, at no great distance, became a large river. He had heard of these fountains from so many sources that he could not doubt their existence. He believed them to be the sources of the Nile, mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais in Egypt.

The Doctor again indulges largely in complaints about the way in which he had been swindled out of his goods by the parties to whom they were given to forward to him; and this is followed by an account of the arrival of Mr. Stanley, of the N. Y. Herald.

The Doctor says a rumor reached him at Ujiji in the beginning of November, 1871, that an Englishman had reached Unyamwebe, with boats and abundance of horses, men and goods. With all his inquiries, he failed to learn anything of the stranger, but one day one of his men named Susi, came to him in great excitement, and gasped out, “An Englishman coming, see him,” and he, Susi, ran off to meet him. The Doctor looked in the direction his man ran and saw a cavalcade approaching, at the head of which the stars and stripes were flying. This was Stanley and his expedition, and Livingstone says the sight made his whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude. Stanley's news revived our traveler, and had such an excellent effect upon him that his appetite returned and in a week he began to feel strong. Learning from Mr. S. that Sir Roderick Murchison desired him to search for the outlet of the Tanganyika, they together searched for it for a month, but failed to find it. The Doctor concludes this letter by saying that having accomplished six-sevenths of the work he had commenced—the discovery of the sources of the Nile, he wished to finish it, which, with other geographical work he desired to do, would take nearly two years.

The seventh letter, written to Earl Granville, is dated Unyamwebe, Feb. 20, 1872. In this the writer calls the attention of the British Government, to the fact that the slave trade in Central Africa is mainly supported by the Banians of Zanzibar, who are British subjects. He also suggests the advisability of encouraging the native Christians in English settlements on the west coast to remove to healthy places on the other side of the continent. He relates instances illustrating the horrors of the slave trade in Central Africa, which show that that abominable traffic flourishes there, and that there is as much need to-day for the power of enlightened governments to be used for its suppression as there ever was in the past; and it is to be hoped that one result of the Stanley discovery will be early and strenuous efforts having that end in view. The money, guns and supplies, used on these slave catching expeditions, are furnished by the wealthy Banian residents of Zanzibar, and these men, as stated above, are subjects of Queen Victoria, but the government officials, being native, are so venal, that for a few bribes they wink at and permit the atrocities of which the Dr. so loudly complains. He says, the operations of the slave cause more deaths in one year than the cannibals of Manyema do in ten. The Dr. is of the opinion that the moral element created by the teachings of the missionaries has done more towards suppressing the slave traffic in African settlements, where it has been suppressed, than anything else. The presence of a squadron has effectually done this in some places, but it has been as effectually extirpated in others never visited by a squadron, where this moral element has existed; and the voluntary emigration of native Christians from the west coast to Central Southern Africa would be as successful as it has been where they are now located.

Mr. L. says many of the English in new climates prove themselves to be born fools. In Africa they blame the climate and African fever for many of the ills they have to endure, but they ought to blame braudy, black women and lazy inactivity.

The arrival of Stanley seems to have had a wonderfully good effect on the Dr., for he says, towards the close of this letter, “though sorely ‘knocked up,’ ill and dejected, on arriving at Ujiji, I am now com-