

Miscellaneous.

EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA—
THE LIVINGSTON EXPEDITION.

At a meeting of the English Geographical Society recently, the following letter from Dr. Livingstone, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, was read; it is dated Ugomano, May 18:

MY LORD:—When we could not discover a path for camels through the mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Rovuma, we proceeded about 25 miles to the north of the river, and at the bottom of the Milkindamy Bay, entered a beautiful land-locked harbor, called Kindayon-Pemba. The entrance seems not more than 300 yards wide, and of these 150 are deep, the reef on each side of the channel showing so plainly of a light color that no ship ought to touch. The harbor is somewhat the shape of the "spade" on cards, the entrance being the short handle. There is a mile nearly from 10 to 14 fathoms, while the northwestern portion is shallow and rocky. It is a first class harbor for Arab dhows, the land rising nearly all around from 200 to 300 feet. The water is so calm that they can draw their craft to the shore to discharge and take in cargo. They are also completely screened by the masses of trees growing all around it from seaward observation. The population consists of coast Arabs and their slaves. The six villages in which they live are dotted all round the shore, and may contain 300 souls in all. They seemed to be rather suspicious, and but for our having been accompanied by her Majesty's ship *Penguin*, would have given trouble. The ordinary precaution of placing a sentry over our exposed goods caused a panic, and the sirker or head man, thought that he gave a crushing reply to my explanation when he blustered out, "But we have no thieves here."

Our route hence was S. S. W. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which *Pioneer* turned in 1861. We traveled over the same plateau that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain of hills from 400 to 600 feet high. Except where the natives, who are called Makonde, reside, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle.

The trees in general are not large, but planted so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be said to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climes. They gave the impression of being remnants of the carboniferous period referred to by geologists, and the huge pachydermata of that time were the only beings that could wriggle through them. Trade paths had already been made, but we had both to widen and lighten them for camels and buffaloes. The people at the sea coast had declared that no aid could be got from the natives. When we were seven miles off we were agreeably surprised to find that for reasonable wages we could employ any number of carriers and wood cutters we desired. As they were accustomed to clearing away the gigantic climbers for their garden ground, they whittled away with their tomahawks with remarkable speed and skill.

Two days' continuous hard labor was as much as they could stand. It is questionable whether any people, except possibly the Chinese, who are not meat-eaters, can endure continuous labor of a kind that brings so many muscles into violent action as this work did. French navvies could not compete with the English until they were fed exactly like the latter. The Makonde have only fowls, a few goats, and the chances of an occasional gorge of the wild hog of the country. Little can be said about the appearance of the country. By the occasional glimpses we got it seemed to be covered with great masses of dark green foliage, except where the bamboo gave a lighter tint, or a *sterculia* had changed its leaves to yellow in anticipation of winter. The path we followed sometimes went along or across a "wady," in which we were smothered by the grass overhead. Such rocks as we could see were undisturbed grey sandstone, capped by ferruginous conglomerate. Upon this we often stumbled against blocks of silicified wood,

that any one would be unwilling to believe at sight that they were not stones.

There is a sure indication here of coal being underneath, and pieces of it are met in the sands of the river. When about 90 miles from the mouth of the Rovuma, the geological structure changes, and with this change we have more open vegetation. The chief rock is now ayenite, and patches of fine white dolomite lie upon it in spots. Granite masses have been shot up over the plain which extends in front all the way to Ugamano—the conflux of the Rovuma or Louma and Loendi. In the drier country we found that one of those inexplicable droughts had happened over the north bank of the Rovuma, and a tribe of Mazite or Mazitu, probably Zulus, had come down like a swarm of locusts and spread away all the food above and in the ground. I had to make forced marches with the Makonde in quest of provisions for my party, and am now with Matumora or Machumora, the chief at Ugomano, and by sending some 20 mules to the southwest, I shall soon succor them. This is the point of confluence, as the name, Tugsmano or Ugomano, implies, of the Louma and Loendi. The Loendi is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the southwest, where, in addition to some bold granite peaks, the dim outline of distant high land appears. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact that this is about 30 miles beyond our former turning point, and the threshold of the unexplored.

I propose to make this my headquarters till I have felt my way around Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to other quarters for fresh supplies; but it is best to say little about the future. Matumora is an intelligent man, and one well known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his character gives him. The Makonde are all independent of each other, but not devoid of a natural sense of Justice. A carrier stole a shirt from one of my men. Our guide pursued him at night, seized him in his own house, and the elders of his village made him pay about four times the value of the article stolen. No other case of theft occurred. No dues were demanded, and only one fine—a very just one—was levied. Attempts have been made to make the Arabs pay, but they have always been resisted. So much has been said about Arab proselytism that it was with interest inquiries were made about their success in converting the Mokonde to the Makometan faith. Here, as elsewhere, no attempts to teach had been made. Some Arabs asserted that it would be useless, for the Mokonde had no idea of the Deity. On making inquiries about the gum copal digging, I was shown a tree from which the gum was actually dropping; but they do not dig under the trees at present living. They choose the vicinity in the belief that near the modern trees those which yield what is now considered fossil gum must have grown. Here they dig, "and," said the spokesman, "the first and second days we may labor in vain, but God may give it us after that." To this acknowledgment of a Deity all responded: "It is as He wills it." The experiment with the buffaloes and tsetze has not been satisfactory; one buffalo and two camels died.

Had we not been in a tsetze country, I would have ascribed this to overwork and bruises received on board the dhow which brought them from Zanzibar. The symptoms were not those I have observed in oxen and horses when stung by gadflies. Blood of the arterial color flows from the point. This may be the effect of the tsetze, for when an ox, known to be bitten, was killed, its blood was all of the arterial hue. I had but four buffaloes for the experiments, and as yet, as three remain, I remain in doubt. Hoping that this short sketch, which I write in haste for an Arab who is passing down the coast, may be approved, I am, &c.

La France publishes a harrowing description of prevailing distress in Italy. In Venice 30,000 out of 110,000 inhabitants are receiving relief from public charity. A crisis has commenced at Verona. In Sardinia the peasants are reduced to the necessity of eating herbs and roots like wild beasts. The *Unita Cattolica* characterizes the present situation as "Italy is hungry from the Alps to the Adriatic."

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN
ALGERIA.

According to the *Moniteur de l'Algerie*, nearly all the houses of Bilda, at least eighth-tenths, are evacuated. The first shock experienced on Wednesday, Jan. 2, at a quarter past seven, was terrible. The frightened inhabitants had time to fly to the open spaces, and see their houses shaking and tottering on their bases. The violence of the commotion was so great that many persons were thrown down, and considerable damage was caused in every house. The first shock was followed by others more feeble up to half-past nine. At thirty-five minutes past nine a fresh one almost as violent but much more rapid than the first increased the destruction to such an extent that nobody dared to enter any of the houses. The administration, informed by telegraph, sent tents from Algiers, under which the inhabitants bivouacked for the night, despite a heavy rain. The exterior of the houses are cracked in all directions; the interior partitions are thrown down, ceilings destroyed, gaps yawn in the walls indicating the imminence of the peril in case of a fresh commotion. The night of the 2nd and 3rd, and the day of the 3d passed without any sensible shock. Some inhabitants decided upon returning to their houses when, on the night of the 3rd, at a quarter to two, two fresh shocks caused new alarm. Rain was falling in torrents, the persons who were in the houses rushed out into the vacant ground; but soon after, reassured by the weakness of the shocks, the boldest decided upon going to bed again. At a quarter to four, a fresh shock, of excessive violence, but which only lasted a second and a half, brought everybody on foot again. Since that moment all the houses have remained deserted, and the few persons who had been willing to brave the danger, resigned themselves, like the others, to remain out of doors, and in default of tents, they collected in the public squares, despite the drenching rain. The first shock felt at Algiers and Blida, on the 2nd, at a quarter past seven, caused a frightful disaster to the west of Blida, at the foot of Atlas. Three entire villages were completely destroyed—Mouzaiville, Bou Roumi, and Al Efroun. This is the point where the action was most violent. The shock was so powerful, the disaster so instantaneous, that, at the end of a few seconds, the work of destruction was consummated. All the houses were destroyed, burying their inhabitants in the ruins. At Mouzaiville, out of more than 160 houses, the church is alone standing, but so much injured that it cannot be approached without danger, and the authorities have forbidden any attempt to enter it. The deputy-governor has decided upon employing 1,200 soldiers in reconstructing the villages.

THE HABITS OF THE ENGLISH
WORKING CLASSES.

I have known English working people in towns and cities pretty intimately for the last fifteen or sixteen years, and I venture to affirm distinctively that their habits are disorderly, that self-indulgence, exceedingly vulgar self-indulgence is their bane, that the men spend habitually the larger portion of their earnings on their pleasures, chiefly in the form of drink, and that the women are an oppressed and helot class, crushed almost to the earth by habitual low feeding and bad treatment, and unable to exert themselves to make their persons neat or their homes endurable. Their children they do manage, indeed, to dress wonderfully well on Sundays; when the grubs come out as butterflies. The maternal instinct will assert itself, and great must be the sacrifices which these wives and mothers make to accomplish the one darling object. But I believe, unhappily, in no self-sacrifice on the part of the males of the working classes generally. They are not trained to habits of order and regularity at home; they grow up reckless and extravagant; and the tree once bent never grows quite straight. Careless they live, and careless they die, habitually denying themselves little, habitually regardless of the wants of others. No matter what they earn, the future rainy day is never thought about. The English workman is indeed generous to his "chums," his fellow-workmen (far more so than the Frenchman, for instance,) and will almost always subscribe to the assistance of a sick brother; but I speak from the closest observation when I say that he lives, comparatively

at least, "on the fat of the land," while the wife and children have nothing but dry bread from Monday morning to Saturday night. The husband and father, in London and other large towns more particularly, is regarded as the bread earner, and consequently as the owner, who has the right to do what he wills with his own. I have seen the most brutal selfishness exhibited in all its forms, selfishness that it would be impossible to exaggerate, or denounce too severely to public indignation. I have seen an artisan, for instance, who earned forty shillings a week, come home to his meat supper night by night, and consume it in his wife and children's presence, without even asking them to share a single morsel, and that when the wife was within two or three days of her confinement, and sinking from want of food. And public opinion in the court—that was the worst of the matter—saw nothing unusual or improper in this arrangement. The man had the right to do what he willed with his own. I have seen a young man, who earned his five-and-thirty shillings a week, living with a sick father, and jaded mother, and half a dozen starving children, and paying his three or four shillings a week for his bed and breakfast, and never dreaming of adding a single penny to the household store, and yet spoken of as a good son by the mother under such circumstances! It seemed so natural to her; his class morally sanctioned this course. A young man must want money for his dress and amusements; he could not be expected to think of his starving brothers and sisters, or his worn-out mother, or of his slowly dying father. Now these are not calamities; they are melancholy and terrible facts, which I could authenticate with name and street, only that it would be very unjust to the individuals, who are fit representatives of their class. To show that these are not exceptional cases, I must add that for two years together I went about for nearly four hours every day in one of the most thickly populated parts of London, from room to room, introducing myself as the parish priest, sometimes, but rarely, treated with impertinence. Almost always I found working men ready to reason and to talk on religion and politics, housing habitually in the closet quarters; spending their earnings at the public house and the gin palace, not by any means devoid of promiscuous knowledge, picked up at unawares, not the ignorant monsters—a kind of South Sea Savages—which city missionaries are so fond of painting (I never met with any such beings,) but cute, cleverish, heard-headed men, endowed with a certain sense of honesty, habitually distrustful of Church and State, and of the clergy as a kind of moral police employed to keep them down, but yet not free from the usual English prejudice in favor of a gentleman, and rather glad to be able to say their say to one, face to face. Thousands of the clergy could corroborate my experience, thousands who have worked hard and far longer than I.—*The Rev. Archer Gurney in Churchman's Family Magazine, London, Eng.*

NOVEL MODE OF MANAGING A RESTIVE HORSE.—On Saturday last a groom, mounted on a high mettled hunter, entered the High street of Coldstream, and when opposite Sir John Majoribank's monument, the horse began to plunge and rear to a fearful extent, swerving to the right and then to the left, but go forward he would not, nor could the exertions of the groom overcome his obstinacy. The street was filled with people, expecting to see the animal destroy himself on the spikes of the iron railing around the monument, when Mr. McDougal, saddler, walked up to the groom and said; "I think, my man, you are not taking the proper method to make the horse go; allow me, if you please, to show you a trick worth knowing." "Well," said the groom, "if you can make him go, its more than I can," when Mr. McDougal took a bit of whip cord, which he tied with a firm knot on the end of the animal's ear, which he bent gently down, fastening the end of the string to the cheek buckle of the bridle, which done, he patted the horse's neck once or twice, and said, "Now let me see you go quietly home like a good horse," and, astonishing to relate, it moved off as gently as if nothing had happened. Mr. McDougal says that he has seen, in London, horses which no manner of force could make go, while this mild treatment was always successful.—[*Kelso Chronicle.*]