Pursuing his course, first up the Leeambye and then up the Leeba, he made, at the outset, comparatively rapid progress, and was not a little delighted while gliding over the broad expanse of those noble streams in his swift canoe. But at length he was compelled to exchange this pleasant mode of transit for that most tedious and toilsome one—the back of an ox. Thus he slowly tracked his course for more than 300 miles northward, until he reached the latitude of Loando, the Portuguese city on the coast, whither he was bound, when he turned and travelled towards the west. But the personal discomfort and delay thus caused would have been unimportant, had other circumstances proved favorable. It was, however, the season of heavy rains. He was constantly drenched with such showers as compelled him to deposite his chronometer watch (so essential to his observations) in his arm-pit, while his lower extremities were wetted twice or thrice daily in crossing marshy streams. During this part of his journey, he and the natives were also compelled to live almost entirely upon the manioc root, which, being chiefly composed of starch, induced an affection of the eyes, which greatly impaired their vision. But these causes brought not merely discomfort but disease; for night after night had he to stretch himself in his damp clothes upon the saturated ground, suffering from fever, which deprived him of rest, undermined his strength, and rendered the labor of each succeeding day more difficult. But in referring to his circumstances at this period, he says; "These privations, I beg you to observe, are not mentioned as if I considered them in the light of sacrifices. I think the word ought never to be mentioned in reference to any thing we can do for Him, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

While thus pursuing his toilsome path, now across flooded plains, and now "through dense tangled forests, which no wagon could penetrate," he was still delighted with the country, concerning which he says, "the luxuriant loveliness of many a spot will remain in my imagination forever." But that which, amidst his difficulties and sufferings, cheered and sustained him most, in addition to Divine consolations, was the extreme kindness of the people of Balonda.

On arriving at the latitude of Loando, the party pursued a westerly course; but from this point, the native tribes bordering upon the Portuguese province of Angola had become so demoralized by contact with Europeans, and their connection with the Slave-trade, that it was with no slight difficulty or danger Dr. Livingston was able to proceed. Fines, tolls, and payments were demanded upon the most frivolous pretences, and both he and the Makololo were forced to part with every thing they could dispense with, even to their clothes, in payment for food, fines, and ferries; and after they had parted with their all, rapacious mobs still surrounded them, demanding what they had not to give, and threatening violence upon their refusal. But the judgment and courage of Dr. Livingston triumphed, although repeatedly more than an ordinary measure of these virtues were called into exercise. Still he and his party were at this time reduced to great straits, and no small amount of suffering, from toil, want, and disease.

But the gracious Providence which had watched over his steps thus far did not now forsake him. Having reached the river Quango, he happily met with a Portuguese settler, through whose kind and valued aid he and his party were safely escorted to Cassange. From this point he was treated with unbounded kindness and hospitality by the Portuguese authorities, and by the population generally, until he reached Loando. And it was a merciful thing that he was thus treated, for so extreme were his sufferings towards the termination of his journey, from repeated attacks

of fever, and from dysentery, that he could not sit upon his ox longer than ten minutes at a time, and when he entered the much-desired city, he was reduced almost to a skeleton. But here warm-hearted friends awaited him, the most valuable of whom was Edmund Gabriel, Esq., Her Majesty's Commissioner at Loando, and the only Englishman in the place. By him he and his twenty -seven companions were most generously received. "I shall never forget," says Dr. Livingston, "the delicious pleasure of lying down on his bed after sleeping six months on the ground, nor the unwearied attention and kindness through a long sickness, which Mr. Gabriel invariably showed. May God reward him!"

We have now traced the Missionary traveller through a series of exploratory journeys of vast extent and almost inappreciable importance; and, had he been an ordinary man, he would, at this point, have terminated his toils and dangers. But this was not his design. Though his past sufferings had been severe, and he was now lying emaciated upon a sick bed—though he had been separated from his family for more than two weary years, and the tempting opportunity of speedily rejoining them in England was presented to him, he nevertheless resolved to retrace his steps to Linyanti, and, having rested there for a season, to commence new explorations towards the east. Two principal inducements led him to this determination. First, he felt that his honor as an Englishman and a Christian Missionary was pledged to do his utmost to convey back to their country the confiding people who had accompanied him to Loando, and who had faithfully fulfilled their engagement with himself. This motive would have sufficed; but there were other, and, in some respects, still higher considerations, which shut him up to this course. He had not yet secured the great object of all his previous labors. That object, as we have seen, was to open from the coast a pathway into the heart of Africa for Commerce and Christianity. Such a pathway, indeed, he had now discovered; but it was one so beset with difficulty and danger, as to preclude the hope that, by its means, the future elevation and happiness of the people whom it was his aim to benefit, would be secured. He felt, therefore, that his work was not done, and he prepared to press back, through hostile tribes and pestilential swamps, that, if possible, he might attain the summit of his sacred ambition. "I feel," he writes, "that the work to which I set myself is only half accomplished. The way out to the eastern coast may be less difficult than I have found that to the west. If I succeed, we shall, at least, have a choice. I intend, God helping me, to go down the Zambese or Leeambye to Quillemane. . . . If I cannot succeed I shall return to Loando, and thence embark for England."

These were the plans and purpose which largely occupied Dr. Livingston's thoughts during his constrained sojourn at Loando. But many weeks of suffering passed, ere he could prepare for the great achievement upon which his heart was set. Meanwhile his native companions patiently awaited his recovery. But during this detention they had enough to engage their thoughts and time in the new world by which they were surrounded. For some time, indeed, before they reached Loando, their faith in Dr. Livingston had been rather shaken by the warnings of the people west of Cassange, that the white man was taking them to the sea to sell them for food to those who came there in ships. When, therefore, they saw the city, and still more when they were taken on board the British cruisers lying in the harbor, they were at first filled with awe approaching to dread. Though unwilling to believe that the friend of their chief and their own friend could prove their deceiver and destroyer, they could not for a time shake off their fears. But on going on board the vessels, those

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