

## Letter to Benjamin T. Pyne, 28 May 1846

*Livingstone, David, 1813-1873*

Published by Livingstone Online ([livingstoneonline.org](http://livingstoneonline.org))

[0001]

Kolobeng 28<sup>th</sup> May 1846

My very Dear Friends

It is no task to write to you - I would write indeed if I took up my pen every time I think & about you But time is not allowed one for I wish to do so you must take my efforts as all can give to show that I am still the same as ever am at present out at our garden which by the way no nearer than forty miles from our residence have very little water at Chonuane & cannot this year. The past season has been one unwonted drought even in this thirsty land fountains are quite dried up and the corn of the natives is nearly an entire failure scarcity of water compels us to look for corn so we sought for a fountain elsewhere & after some toil have made a watercourse & sowed English corn. Where we ploughed is all over by footsteps of the Elephant Rhinoceros & buffalo. We have disturbed them in their pasture the lion too seems to think we have no right for they have growled enough at us lately both night & day. - this absence from home prevents using the best paper I have for you. But will excuse me I know. I go over on to see my wife & child & preach on We depart at daylight & reach the house about hour after dark - this notwithstanding the work the whole day on oxback which not a great deal quicker than a native walks child is growing - little Robert Moffat if he lives see you yet. this I shall never while here earth. How pleasant it would be to have tea with you But no - never. M<sup>rs</sup> ( L ) has to write you several times but never one good enough for M<sup>rs</sup>Pyne I not wonder at this for she has very time. She must attend to everything almost everything has to be made from the raw . She dreams about you which shews thoughts are frequently turned "youwards"

[0002] manages her house very well and I have much for gratitude for comfortsto which I was a stranger. She teaches some of the Bakuenes [*Note: The Bechuana, a South African people. Robert Moffat worked for the Bechuana mission.*] come for instruction sewing & reading But are not yet fairly settled One of the chiefs wives beautifully after a very little instruction is now making a patch work waistcoat for husband Did I ever thank you for patchwork ? If not I now do. I gave one lately to a who assisted to a loaf of bread on occasion when I had tasted none for weeks before. You mention some box or sent these have not yet arrived so cannot speak of the contents. We sent £26 you lately & told M<sup>r</sup> ( P ) how to do with the sum it came safely to hand. We are favoured Indian visitors occasionally. they come to for game & health - of the former they plenty and we are better off now than Mabotsa - the chief is very liberal & scarcely week passes without a present of meat sent to us. One of our visitors this year M<sup>r</sup>Oswel from Tinnevely knows Ongar well. is a judge & collector of customs - shewed us kindness last year and this year brought cows for Robert. We have agreed to travel to the Bamapela [*Note: Bamapela, a Matabele people of South Africa. See Livingstone's, <i>Missionary travels and researches in South Africa</i> (1857), chapters 6 and 10.*] a very powerful of Matibele about 10 days East of us

M<sup>rs</sup> L. will go too. If spared we shall furnish with some account of our journey M<sup>r</sup>Arkwright descended from him who the spinning jenny has passed us too his way northward after game - the prodigious of between 20 & 30 different kinds of game probably attract more of the sporting religious world here We like to see them is always a novelty to us to see strangers M<sup>r</sup>Methuen concerning whom I gave you few particulars has we hear published an of his trip.

It will be a sporting I presume. If you see it let me know

[0003] he says about missionaries. Our sister Ann to see us at Mabotsa and in returning homewards people lost some sleeping skins. Two of them to seek them and took the only gun with . Ann was left thus with the waggon driver & only one servant - a female. A lion attacked the while still daylight. She saw him kill one - then cooly eat it and as the people did not return the gun she lay in the waggon listening to impudent brute coming every now & then the waggon sides & giving a roar as much as say "Disturb me if you dare." In the morning all the oxen fled back to Mabotsa Poor Ann about forty miles back. the sun burned skin off her face and every bush seemed contain a lion - To add to the misfortune found we had gone off to Chonuane - & could only find a few potatoes to eat knew nothing of her being there and except corn the potatoes were the only food got until they brought the waggon back Mary like this to be her position? -

We have no news here. We endeavour to saving knowledge - sometimes our are bright. Our hearts elated - at other our sorrows are abundant and our hearts sore. M<sup>r</sup>Inglis is snug in my house at

Mabotsa. He tried to remove the Bahurutse [*Note: Bahurutse, a South African people. See Livingstone's, <em>Missionary travels and researches in South Africa</em> (1857), Chapter 4.] an unpleasant locality to a better were not cordial one party wished to go the other him. In moving the dissaffected party invited Koranas [*Note: Koranas, a South African people.*] to attack the moving party. M<sup>r</sup> ( I.) assisted party with ammunition and about 28 of Koranas [*Note: Koranas, a South African people.*] perished - they vow vengeance against M<sup>r</sup>Inglis & [...] crown the whole the party whom was instrumental in separating from fellows have left M<sup>r</sup> ( I.) and gone away the boers. It is probable they will settle there M<sup>r</sup>Inglis being thus left came to Mabotsa & suppose is very well content to settle down my house & garden although ten times than I am and of course much*

[0004] able to commence a new station than I was would be much better if missionaries would go fearlessly to the tribes beyond

I think I mentioned that Sechele attacked the of Bube & dispersed the tribe. He our entreaty acted a magnanimous part the occasion of a portion of the people to remove to him. But the rest believing he would always be hindered by his from shedding blood heaped upon him untill he could bear it longer and their dispersion was the result

[*Note: page folds into envelope and has address, sideways in middle of page*] they beat some of his people shamefully - this was last deed for Sechele keeping the object of expedition a profound secret from us & killed about a dozen of what were people of Bube - the remained fled to Mabotsa & I found there the wife of Bube my friend. Another wife burst into tears when saw me. And Khake the successor of

Bube came about ten miles along the road me to Chonuane. Poor people they not what they do. Will you post letter to my brother Charles for me? They are lost if posted in this country this favour at the last is like a lady's letter - the object to be found the Post script. Many & cordial thanks for your letters long short &

Poor Maclellan - dead. We must hard now for soon the cometh. Moore at home too

Care of ( Rev)<sup>d</sup> D<sup>r</sup>Philip

Cape Town

Benjamin Pyne Esq<sup>re</sup>

Wildingtree

Ongar

Essex

May 28 1846