

Letter to [? Livingstone], 25 July 1863

David Livingstone

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[0001]

Cataracts of the Shire 25 July [2]
1863

My Dear Nephew

I received your
letter on the 4th of this month
and was very much pleased
with it. Your brother's did
not come so I suspect
it did not go to the Post
which he may take as
a hint to improve his
handwriting. This hint I
should be glad to take to
myself but I fear that
my hand is incurably
bad and I trust that
you will continue to
write as fair a hand
as you do now and
never make your letters
as some do about as
good as if they had dipped
a spiders legs in ink &
[0002]
let it run across the
sheet.

["]While writing to you
I am surrounded by a
number of people who
never had the means
of acquiring a knowledge
of writing or letters. They
think it a wonderful thing
that we should be able
to communicate our
thoughts to people at a
distance[:] and [they] lament
the sad fate of bishop
Mackenzie who had the
gift of soon gaining
their confidence - "By

Sebitane” said one to me[,]
[”]had he not died[,] we should
all have been living
with him now [,] and [would]
have known the book [”]
Poor fellows[!] theirs is a
sad position in life[,]
and ours might have been
[0003]
similar but for this
grace of God. Let us
never live so as
to be heathen all but in
name

I am carrying about
past the cataracts of the
Shire[,] to explore[,] if possible [,]
the North end of the
Lake Nyassa before
leaving the country[,]
as we must do
by December next [,] and
go home - We went
near that point last
time we were up [,] &
left our boat hung up
on a tree [:] but fire
had laid hold on it,
probably from the
grass being burned off
and we found only
its skeleton[.] - The people
were anxious to make
[0004]
me believe that their
enemies had done it[:]
but the trees all about[,]
even 50 yards off[,] were
se scorched so I knew
the enemy had no ill will to trees. the grass
here is over head & is
burned off as soon as it dries every year - One cannot
get game on account
of it for the beasts hear you
before you can see them[.]
A few days ago I came on a
herd of buffaloes[,] -[and] sent back
for my rifle[:] but on getting
close up to them their
guardian birds flew up &

screamed [,] and off all ran
without giving me a glimpse
of them[.]["] Remember you
have a guardian over
you whom you must you must love
& fear - with his hands &
commend you David Livingstone