

## Letter to Jean Fredoux

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Town of Sekeletu Linyanti 28<sup>th</sup> September

1853

My Dear Brother

I send you the *enclosed letter* for the Paris Geographical Society which I hope you will be kind enough to address and forward. I do not know the name of their President, not yet having *my letter* about the Medal with which they have honoured me. Mr Thompson informs me it is in his possession but says nothing of a *letter*. I write to thank you now because if one delays it may seem to them as if I undervalue their kindness, and whatever may be thought of the gift itself (by those who get it) there can be no doubt about the kindness of the motives of those who resolved to bestow it I ought to thank you too for it for if you had not sent *my letter* I should never have been known to them. I shall move a vote of thanks to you when Mary comes. At present I have no one to second it and it would be a pity to let a good thing fall to the ground for want of a seconder. You do not give me a note though I have been so long without news. I have heard from Kuruman of the increase of your family and that all was right - except Boers likely to trouble you. I begin to wish you were North of me that the Newspapers might come to me first. I have not seen a single *Advertiser* since I left. All the Newspapers I were a few *Canadian papers* & two or three *Frontier times* & two *Christian times*, with about a dozen of that valuable production the *Friend of the sovereignty* from each of which an industrious person may glean as much

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as is contained in a little child's pictured pocket handkerchief

We had two slave traders here and a host of Mambari, the former Portuguese, and the latter connected with them in trade or as slaves. One had sixty slaves and will take away from the Bashukulompa villages which by an intrigue with an underchief who was put to death for it, 100 or 150 more. The Mambari found no market here and they fled as soon as they heard I had reached the Chobe. One merchant came carried in a hammock ~~carried on~~[slung to] a pole. He was probably disappointed in his market for he remained only 3 days and

departed. The other whose name I may mention to you as this will not be published was Senor Antoneo-Francisco Da Silva Ferreivia Porto. enough to take away one's breath Both come from the farthest inland trading station belonging to the Portuguese in the West opposite Benguela. It resembles Kuruman considered as a trading station. Porto seemed the richest. He had wine at his table and sent me two Dutch cheeses and some preserved pears. He has erected a stockade and planted a flagstaff for the Portuguese banner. We suspect the underchief who was executed for intriguing may have given him leave. At any rate it was by means of this person that he was allowed to cross the river and peel the villages. He be allowed to come in again They would have expelled him but I interceded as the poor slaves would have suffered most. The plan was to hunger him out - and to a man with no attendants it would have been effectual. I visited his stockade when he was absent. He wished us to travel in his company but I was so disgusted with the sight of poor gangs of wretches in chains I have resolved to go alone. The enclosed will give you an idea of what I have been doing. Katongo adjacent to Nariete is where the stockade has been put up. The Makololo are dreadful

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savages. Killing is thought nothing of. Indeed it is an every day boast how many men a man has killed. Whatever dispute may arise it immediately degenerates into "how many men [h]ave you killed You are a coward you never killed any one &c &c" No tribe needs the *Gospel* more than they - but the fever is very bad, very fatal even to Natives. The devil has it all his own way here a[s] he has had for ages. 4 Makololo have been executed in the most cool offhand manner since I came and when I remonstrated against shedding human blood they only replied that they "being still Boers all are not yet taught". A short path in will be of benefit to the country. I go on horseback. It is reported that a waggon could not pass in consequence of numerous rivers & Forests I have had fever 9 times the last very severe Never had a touch of it till I came here though all the people had it on the way. It is not probable that I shall come out to Kuruman again unless I have failed in finding another path. We met Arabs from Zanguebar subjects of the of Muscat. One of them wrote readily in my *notebook* from right to left Portuguese Mambari and Arabs were all intent on the slave trade. It must be profitable

In writing to the President will you explain the reason why his name is not used. I know it. If any of the members are known to you they might give me a help by writing to the French Consul in the West of Africa -

I think of Loanda because there are English & French living there and there are none in Benguela. Loanda is farther than Benguela. Kind regards to Ann. Hope her young ones are both thriving. Wish I saw mine. Remembrance to M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Jousse or whatever else you call him. The *enclosure* which of course you will read saves me from some writing for it would be mere repetition to tell you all. The Portuguese have many "bastards", they are just like Griquas

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May God bless you and yours is the wish of  
Ever Affectionately Yours

( D)

Rev. ( J.) Fredoux  
Motito