

Letter to [? Livingstone], 25 July 1863

David Livingstone

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Cataracts of the Shire 25 July
1863

My Dear Nephew

I recieved 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 &

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let it run across the
sheet.

"While writing to you
I am surrounded by a
number of people who
never had the means
of aquiring 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

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similar but for this
grace of God. Let us
never live so as
to be heathen all but in
name

I am carrying a boat
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
gaurdian birds flew up &
screamed , and off all ran
without giving me a glimpse
of them . ” Remember you
have a gaurdian over
you whom you must love
& fear - Into his hands I
commend you David Livingstone.