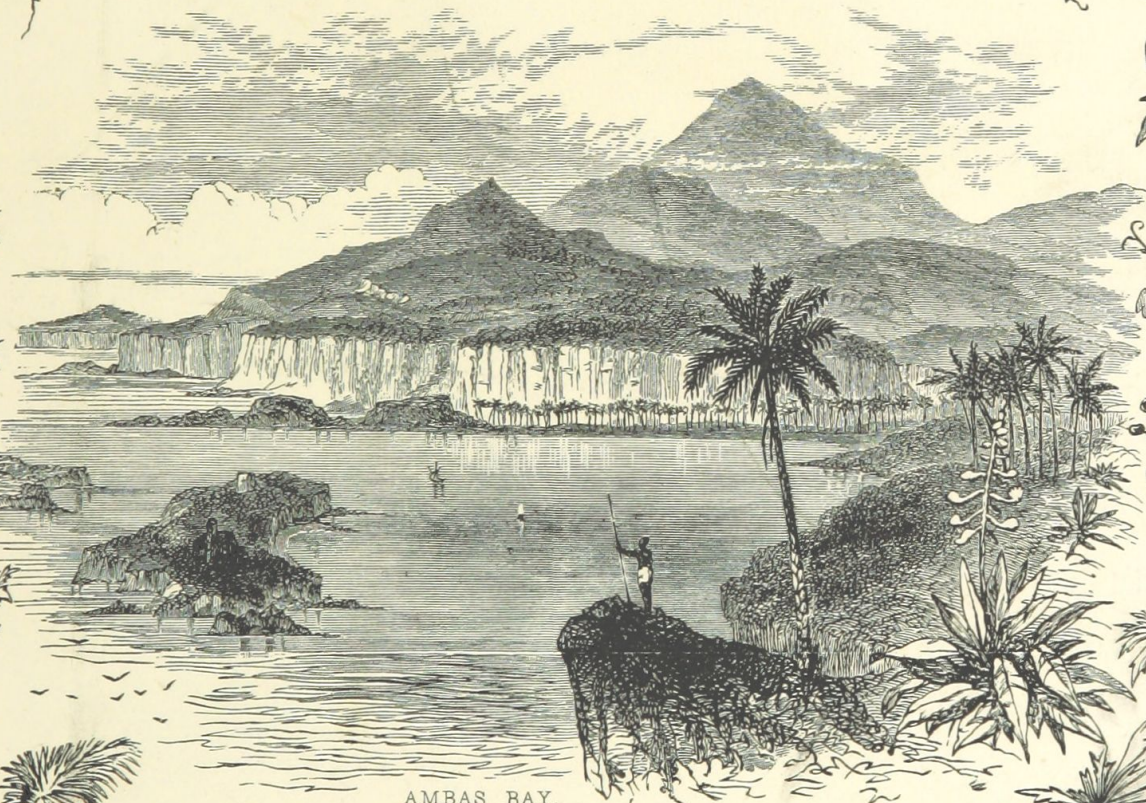


The
Pictorial Edition
of the
LIFE & DISCOVERIES
of
DAVID LIVINGSTONE. LL.D. FRGS.

by
J. EWING RITCHIE. Esq.
AUTHOR OF "MODERN STATESMEN" &c.



AMBAS BAY.

HIGHLANDS OF THE CAMEROONS, WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

LONDON:
JAMES SANGSTER & Co.,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE PICTORIAL EDITION.

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EMBELLISHED WITH WELL-EXECUTED WOOD ENGRAVINGS,
A SERIES OF PORTRAITS PRINTED IN COLOURS, AND A COLOURED MAP
SHEWING THE REGION OF HIS LATEST LABOURS.

VOLUME I.



London:
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DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., F.R.G.S.

astonishment by the appearance of the white men and of the donkeys. The doctor came to the conclusion that there was something in the appearance of white men highly repulsive. On entering a village the moment a child saw them it was off in an agony of terror. Alarmed by the child's cries the mother rushes to the door of the hut to receive a similar fright. Even dogs turned tail, and hens abandoned their chickens in terror when a white man appeared. On another occasion when speaking of having rested by a rivulet to gratify the people of the district who asked, "Are we to have it said that white people passed through our country and we did not see them?" the doctor remarks, "We appeared to them to be red rather than white, and though light colour is admired among themselves, our clothing renders us uncouth in aspect. Blue eyes appear savage, and a red beard hideous. It would do some of our young swells good to enter an African village and see all the pretty girls fleeing from them as from cannibals, or to hear the mammas holding the naughty children away from them saying, 'Be good, or I shall call the white man to bite you.'" The donkeys were received with great delight, and immense was the astonishment amongst the natives when one of them began to bray. It frightened the timid more than the roaring of a lion. And then when it was all over they all laughed heartily, especially when the bray of one donkey set off the other.

But on the other hand if the people were frightened by the appearance of the white men, the doctor is consoled by remarking that "the scent of man is excessively terrible to game of all kinds. A herd of antelopes a hundred yards off gazed at us as we moved along the winding path, and timidly stood their ground until half our line had passed, but darted off the instant they got the wind or caught the flavour of those who had gone by. The sport is all up with the hunter who gets to the windward of the African beast, as it cannot stand even the distant aroma of the human race. Is this the fear and the dread of man which the Almighty said to Noah was to be upon every beast of the field? A lion may, while lying in wait for his prey, leap on a human being as he would on any other animal, save a rhinoceros or an elephant, that happened to pass; or a lioness, when she has cubs, might attack a man, who, passing up the wind of her had unconsciously by his scent alarmed her for the safety of her whelps; or buffaloes, and other

animals might rush at a line of travellers in apprehension of being surrounded by them: but neither beast nor snake will as a general rule turn on man except when wounded or by mistake. If gorillas unwounded advance to do battle with him and beat their breasts in defiance, they are an exception to all wild beasts known to us. From the way an elephant runs at the first glance of man, it is inferred that this huge brute, though really king of beasts, would run even from a child." As regards the negro this is not difficult to understand. One writer, whose horror of the negro appears to be intense, tells us the horrible effluvia from their steaming bodies is shocking to a stranger. Happily, he tells us, in time people get used to it. It is a powerful odour, and the quiet, hot air becomes so impregnated with it as to be quite overpowering. It seemed to him a mixture of putrid onions and rancid butter well rubbed on an old billy goat. His dog objected to the scent, so did his old Brazilian mule; yet it is a singular fact that wild animals will scent a white sooner than a black hunter.

But let us resume our march amongst the sandstone rocks. Here, also, the doctor came on traces of coal. The banks of the Zambesi show two well defined terraces—the first or lowest being usually narrow and of great fertility, while the upper one is a dry grassy plain, or thorny jungle, or a mopane forest. The whole district was an immense coal-field, and the natives were astonished to see it burning on fire like wood. Fig-trees abounded, and appear to have been held sacred in Africa from the remotest times. The soil teemed with white ants whose clay tunnels, formed to screen them from the eyes of birds, thread over the ground, up the trunks of trees, and along the branches, from which the little architects clear away all rotten or dead wood. Very often the exact shape of branches is left in tunnels on the ground, and not a bit of the wood inside. The first night the doctor and his friends met with them, they ate through the grass beds and attacked the blankets, and certain of the large red-headed ones bit them as well. The hands and neck were the first objects of attack. It was as hard to sleep in the hut which they attacked as in the trenches before Sebastopol. "A man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow from the ravages of white ants," said a Portuguese merchant. "If he gets sick, and unable to look after his goods, his slaves neglect them, and

they are soon destroyed by these insects." As to the pugnacity of the reddish species, which crossed their paths daily in solid columns, it was truly marvellous. If you approach them merely by accident it is a case of war. In hunting, these little pests would seize the various members of the party, and at once cover them from head to foot. One of the most amusing experiences connected with ants is one described by Mr. Monteiro, as follows. In his able work on Congo he writes:—

"I remember a laughable incident that happened at a small town on the road to Bembe, where I once put up for the night. Some of my carriers had gone to sleep in a hut, and towards morning I was awakened by screams and shouts, and saw a number of these blacks coming pell-mell out of it, dancing, jumping, and running about like mad. All the town was alarmed, and the natives came running out of their huts to ascertain what was the matter. I had hardly got on my feet when the cries were mixed with peals of laughter, they having quickly found out the cause of the terrific uproar.

"It was nothing else than a column of these ants that had passed through the hut, and had instantly fastened on the bodies of the sleeping blacks with which it was filled. They fasten their great jaws into the skin so tightly, that their bodies can be pulled off their heads without relaxing their hold. The mandibles must discharge a poisonous fluid into the wound, as their bite feels exactly like a sharp puncture from a red-hot needle, and they always draw blood.

"I once unconsciously put my foot upon a column, but luckily only three or four fastened on my ankle and leg, and I shall never forget the sudden and sharp hot bite of the wretches.

"There is another kind very abundant on bushes and trees, of a semi-transparent watery red colour, with long legs; their bite is also very sharp. They build nests by attaching the leaves together with fine white web; these nests are from the size of an apple to that of a hat.

"Their food must be principally the fruit and seeds of the plants they are usually found on. Some seeds, particularly those of the india-rubber creeper, I had the greatest difficulty in obtaining ripe, from these ants eating them up whilst green.

"A minute red ant, like that which infests

our kitchens and houses, is extremely abundant, and is very difficult to keep out of sugar and other provisions; the best way is to place the legs of the tables in saucers of vinegar and water, or have safes suspended by a rope, which must be tarred, or they will find their way down. If anything on which they are swarming is placed in the sun, they immediately vanish. A small piece of camphor, tied up in a bit of rag, and placed in a sugar-basin or safe, will effectually keep them out, without flavouring the sugar, etc., in the least.

"The best and cheapest preventive against the white ant is ordinary petroleum; they will not come near a place where the least trace of its smell exists."

Resting on the 12th of June opposite the Kalolo Dyke, which confines the channel west of the Mayerére Mountain, they saw the largest rogue monkey they ever saw. In that region the monkey is a sacred animal. The people never kill him or molest him, because they believe that the souls of monkeys are in reality departed spirits. On the 16th of June they were at the flourishing village of Senga, under the headman Manyame, which lies at the foot of the Mount Motemwa. On the 20th of June they arrived at the village of Mpende, a chief who had been very uncivil, to say the least, on the occasion of the doctor's former journey. On this occasion he was friendly. The next village they stopped at was that of Pangola, who arrived tipsy and talkative, but who became very angry when he found he could not get a double-barrelled rifle out of the party. On the 26th they reached Zumbo, near the ruins of some ancient Portuguese houses. The early traders did well in selecting such a spot. They were guided probably by the Jesuit missionaries, who must have been men of taste and sagacity. The governor of Kilimane had told Livingstone that he had received orders from Lisbon to take advantage of their passing to re-establish Zumbo, and accordingly after a little skirmishing and loss of life, the traders had built a small stockade on the right bank of the Loangwa, a mile above the site of the ancient mission church of Zumbo. As part of the royal policy the bloodshed was quite unnecessary, because the land at Zumbo having of old been purchased, the natives would have always of their own accord acknowledged the right thus acquired. In 1856 they acknowledged to Dr. Livingstone that though they were cultivating it, it was not

theirs but white man's land. In the Mburuma Pass, where the party next halted, they had to remain a couple of days in consequence of the severe illness of Dr. Kirk. After this the travellers were much annoyed with the tsetse fly. On the 6th of July they slept on the left bank of the Chongwe, which came through a gap in the hills on their right, and was twenty yards wide. In passing through a dense thorn jungle the next day, the party got separated from one another, and a rhinoceros with angry snort dashed at Dr. Livingstone as he stooped to pick up a specimen of the wild fruit *morula*; but she strangely stopped, stood still when less than her own length's distant, and gave him time to escape. A branch pulled out his watch as he ran, and turning hastily round to grasp it, he got a distant glance of her and the calf standing on the selfsame spot, as if arrested in the middle of her charge by an unseen hand. When almost fifty yards off, thinking his companions close behind, he shouted, "Look out there!" when off she rushed, snorting loudly, in another direction. The doctor usually went unarmed before this, but never afterwards. This was but prudent and proper precaution. It is well to trust in Providence, but equally well to keep your powder dry.

"On the way," continues the writer of the "Zambesi and its Tributaries," "we frequently meet families flitting from one place to another, marching like ourselves in single file. The father and husband at the head, carrying his bow and arrow, bag, hatchet, and spear, and little else; next his son or sons also armed, but carrying loads; then follow wife or daughters, with bulky loads of household gear on their heads. They meet us without fear or any of the cringing ways of slaves so common down the river where the institution has been established. When we kill any animals, these travelling parties are made welcome to a good portion of meat. At the foot or on the branches of the great wild fig-tree at the public meeting-place of every village a collection of the magnificent bones of buffaloes and antelopes shows the proud trophies of the hunters' success in the chase. At these spots were some of the most splendid buffalo heads we had ever seen, the horns after making a complete circle had commenced a second turn. This would be a rich country for a horn fancier."

Of course as the party went on they met old friends. Near Tombanyama, on the 9th of July,

they saw the distant mountains where the chief Semalembue gained all their hearts in 1856. The doctor tried to send him a present, but the people of the country refused the responsibility of carrying it. We who have the art of writing cannot realize the danger one incurs of being accused of purloining a portion of goods sent from one person to another, when the carrier cannot prove that he delivered all committed to his charge. On the 11th, in some old, crazy canoes, they crossed the Kafue into the Bawe country. On the 12th they found themselves at a month's distance from Moselikatse's chief town. The natives had heard of Moffat's visit. As they told the doctor, the English had come to Moselikatse, and told him it was wrong to kill men, and he had replied that he was born to kill people, but would drop the habit. It also appeared that since the English had come he had sent out his men, not to kill as of yore, but to collect tribute of cloth and ivory. Dr. Moffat's mission and teaching evidently had not been in vain. In a few days after leaving the river, and passing by the north end of the mountains, encamping besides the village of the generous chief Moloi, who brought them three immense baskets of fine mapira meal, ten fowls, and two pots of beer, they heard more of the visit. Moloi had been with Moselikatse, and had seen the English missionaries living in their wagons. "They told Moselikatse," he said, "they were of his family or friends, and would plough the land and live at their own expense;" and he had replied, "the land is before you, and I shall come and see you plough." This again was what substantially took place when Dr. Moffat introduced the missionaries to his old friend, and shows still further that the notion of losing their country by admitting foreigners does not come as the first idea to the native mind. A chief is rather envied his good fortune in first receiving foreigners in his town. Jealousy of strangers belongs more to the Arab than the African character, and if the women are let alone by the traveller, no danger need be apprehended from any save slave-trading tribes, and not often even from them. At any rate, so says Dr. Livingstone. But we believe, in the long run, savages are as jealous of their land, and are as adverse to its being occupied by others, as any hereditary landowners in any part of the world.

On the islands and on the left bank of the Zambesi, all the way from the river Kafue,



HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.