NEW. AUTHENTIC. COMPLETE.

THE LIFE AND LABORS

OF

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL. D., D. C. L.,

COVERING HIS ENTIRE CAREER IN

SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

CAREFULLY PREPARED

From the most authentic sources, viz.: his own two large volumes, "South Africa," and "The Zambesi Expedition," his "Last Journals" (edited by Horace Waller), the Reports of the London Geographical Society, the works of his cotemporaries, and various other writings bearing upon the subject,

A THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF THE

ADVENTURES, DISCOVERIES, EXPERIENCES AND ACHIEVEMENTS

OF

THE GREATEST EXPLORER OF MODERN TIMES

IN A

WILD AND WONDERFUL COUNTRY,

INCLUDING

His early Life, Preparation for his Life-work, a Sketch of Africa as known before his going there, the entire Record of his heroic Undertakings, Hazards, Hardships, Triumphs, his Discovery by H. M. Stanley, his lonely Death, faithful Self-devotion of his native Servants, Return of the Remains, Burial, etc.; concluding with a clear and concise survey of the continent touching its Agricultural, Commercial and Missionary promise, the Nile Mystery, etc., as gathered from the works of Livingstone, Baker, Speke, Grant, Barth, Sweinfurth, etc., etc. The whole rendered clear and plain by a most accurate

MAP OF THE WHOLE REGION EXPLORED

AND THE ROUTES CLEARLY INDICATED.

BY REV. J. E. CHAMBLISS.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED BY HUBBARD BROS., PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON AND CINCINNATI;
A. L. BANCROFT & CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.; M. M. BURNHAM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.;
VALLEY PUBLISHING CO., ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO; H. A. W. BLACKBURN, DETROIT, MICH.;
SCHUYLER, SMITH & CO., LONDON, ONT.; G. L. BENJAMIN, FOND DU LAC, WIS.;
MOORE & OLIVER, DAVENPORT, IOWA.

CHAPTER III.

DESERTS AND FORESTS.

CHAPTER IV.

NINE WEEKS WITH SEKELETU.

CHAPTER V.

TO BALONDA.

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH LONDA.

CHAPTER VII.

ANGOLA.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDA OR LINDA.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER X.

BORDER TRIBES.

CHAPTER XI.

CHICOVA TO TETE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL AT TETE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE KEBRABASA RAPIDS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHIRE.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEYS OF HONOR.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

CHAPTER XXI.

APPROACHING NYASSA.

CHAPTER XXII.

ABOUT NYASSA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MONTH OF WANT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM LAKE TO LAKE.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MONTH WITH CASEMBE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1868.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UJIJI.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MANYUEMA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOUR MONTHS AT NYANGWE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DELIVERANCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNYANYEMBE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MEETING.

APPENDIX.

curd produced from the milk of goats is held in high favor, a fit dish for kings indeed; for even among these poor heathen, on this dead level, as we may think, of human nature, there are distinctions, marked by matters as trifling as ever serve to define the borders of classes in civilized society. The rich master of a flock of these goats, rejoicing in his palatable dish of curd-porridge, is heard to say scornfully of his poor neighbor, "he is a water-porridge man." They are no better than civilized people in this matter; and with all our gifts, we can never claim to have planted the spirit of aristocracy even in Africa. It is there now, heathendom though it be, as night.

At Nchokotsa the party found worse for bad. They left salt and purgative waters at Orapa; to turn again from a filthier draught, to pause at Nchokotsa wells, was to mock the thirst their bitter, nitrate waters could not quench. At Koobe matters were hardly more promising; but it was only a promise, and might prove worthy. It was a dreary picture. There is romance in it viewed from our easy chairs; but a wide flat country, over which a white sultry glare spreads, relieved only by herds of scorched zebras and gnus, with here and there a thirsty buffalo standing with famished gaze bent toward the wells, which offer to them only mud—the recent wallow of a huge rhinoceros—it is hardly a landscape to charm an eye-witness whose supply of water is spent. The well at Koobe was that rhinoceros wallow. Livingstone paused there for water for men and oxen, and looked about on that withered, sweltering scene. They could hardly clear a space in the dirty mortar in which the oozing beverage might be collected. And there were some days lost from their progress in waiting on this slow fountain, before the oxen could be satiated.

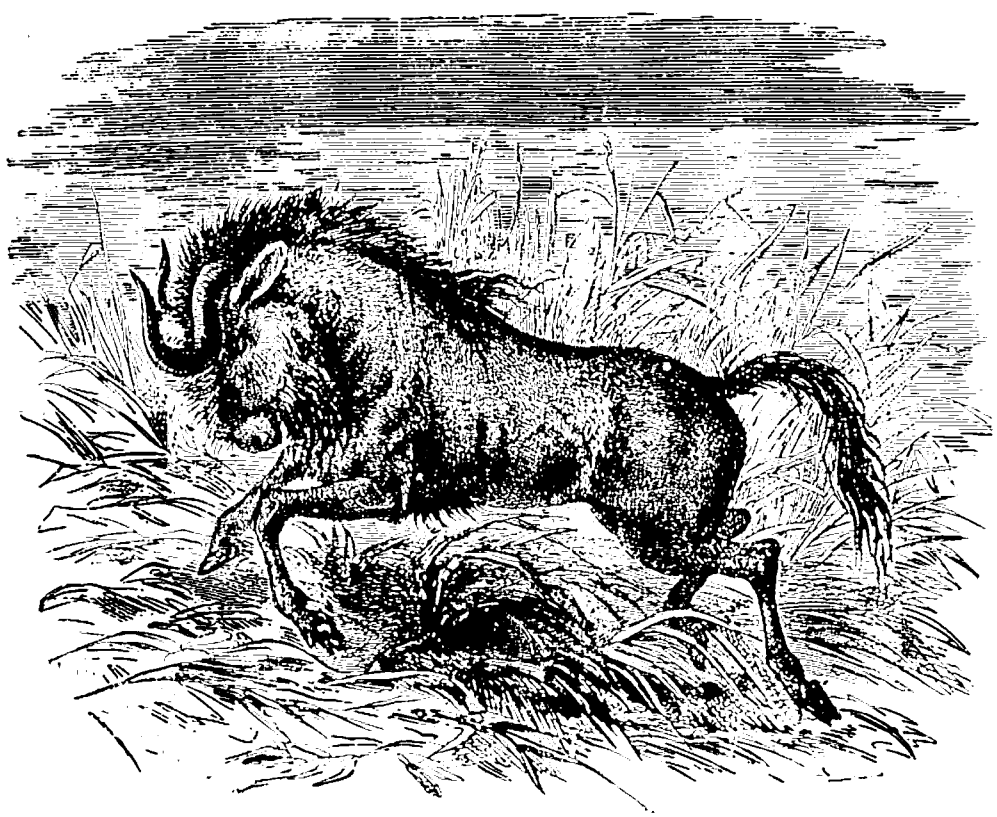
Some men would have what they might have called fine sport shooting the animals, whose thirst—greater than their timidity—held them close about the fascinating spot. But Livingstone was no hunter. He was a nobler type of man. There was too much of the spirit of Him who guideth the sparrow's wing and feedeth the ravens to have pleasure in killing anything. He did not scruple to shoot an animal for food, but to kill them for the sport—he would not. The kindness of his heart was manifested in the tender sympathy which refused even to pro-

latitude. The forests became more and more formidable. The privilege of almost every step must be paid for by valiant service with the axe. The man Fleming was vanquished, and could go no farther. Livingstone pressed on. The heavy rains had loaded the thick foliage overhead, and the blows of the axe brought a continual shower-bath.

Again they were subjected to the annoyance of a stampede of the oxen; this time a lion did the mischief. The lions in the region through which the party was now passing are held in check by the poisoned arrows of the Bushmen. As this poison is referred to frequently, it may be interesting for the reader to know that it is "the entrails of the caterpillar called N'gwa; the Bushmen squeeze out these, and place them all around the bottom of the barb, and allow them to dry in the sun. The effect of this poison on men and beasts is alike terrible, driving them to a perfect frenzy. The Bushmen told Dr. Livingstone their way of curing the poison was to give the wounded man the caterpillar itself, mixed with fat, saying, the N'gwa wants fat, and when it does not find it in the body kills the man; we give it what it wants, and it is content." Possibly these despised Bushmen may dispute the honor yet for the glory of Homœopathy.

At length they came to the first hill they had seen since leaving the Bamangwato. It was N'gwa. They had struggled across quite three hundred miles of distressingly flat country, exchanging only almost insufferable deserts for almost impassable forests, each in turn only two or three times refreshed by anything like beauty. How joyously now the hero looked down on the picturesque valley which wrapped the base of the hill! a beautiful stream was flowing along the glade, across which the shadows of stately trees blended; gnus and zebras and antelopes stood gazing on the strangers; a splendid white rhinoceros moved across the stage indifferently as a lord, while dark-visaged buffaloes stood about quietly under the trees. The Sabbath seemed to be kept by nature, all was so peaceful. They were now literally surrounded with wild beasts; the roar of the lion was continually in their ears; koodoos and the giraffe were frequently in view. The wilderness was real, but as they advanced became more and more beautiful. The green grass,

HEAD OF BLACK RHINOCEROS.



GNU.

friend, like a guardian spirit, sitting on his withers, or flying gently on just over the object of its care. When the buffalo is quietly feeding, this bird may be seen hopping on the ground picking up food, or sitting on its back ridding it of the insects with which their skins are sometimes infested. The sight of the bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of any danger, and, flying up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of their guardian. They sometimes accompany the buffaloes in their flight on the wing, at other times they sit as above described.

Another African bird, namely, the *Buphaga Africana*, attends the rhinoceros for a similar purpose. It is called "kala" in the language of the Bechuanas. When these people wish to express their dependence upon another, they address him as "my rhinoceros," as if they were the birds. The satellites of a chief go by the same name. This bird cannot be said to depend entirely on the insects on that animal, for its hard, hairless skin is a protection against all except a few spotted ticks; but it seems to be attached to the beast, somewhat as the domestic dog is to man; and while the buffalo is alarmed by the sudden flying up of its sentinel, the rhinoceros, not having keen sight, but an acute ear, is warned by the cry of its associate, the *Buphaga Africana*. The rhinoceros feeds by night, and its sentinel is frequently heard in the morning uttering its well-known call, as it searches for its bulky companion.

But many of the most wonderful objects in the world are the most minute, and the soldier ants which were observed plying their singular industry and carrying on their depredations are certainly inferior only in size to the more notorious monsters of the continent. These pigmean marauders have the true African color, and when on the line of march generally go three abreast. They are probably half an inch in length, and possess wonderful strength and energy for their size. They usually follow a few leaders, who are untrammelled by any burden and furnished with an extraordinary quantity of the peculiar poison in which their special power lies. Like the red ants mentioned as being seen in the western part of the continent, these are generally found advancing in a straight line. "If a handful of earth is

CHAPTER XI.

CHICOVA TO TETE.

District of Chicova—Agriculture—Game Laws—Banyai Prayers—Makololo Faith—Insect Life—Birds—Their Songs—Squirrel—Geological Features—Grapes—Plums—Animal Life—Superstition about Lions—The Korwe—A Model Husband—Helpful Facts—Government of the Banyai—Selecting Chiefs—Monina's Opposition—Fight Threatened—Sudden Derangement—Conscience at Work—"A Guilt"—An Ordeal—Woman's Rights—The Son-in-Law—Dignity of Woman—Good Husbands, Bad Hunters—The Rhinoceros—Andersson's Adventure—Terrible Encounter—Rhinoceros Among Beasts—Villages Avoided—Nearing Tete—Livingstone Emaciated—Eight Miles Only—A Retrospect—A Prospect—Noble Picture—Arrival of Messengers—Civilized Breakfast—Reception at Tete—The Source of the Zambesi Unknown—The Value of the Discovery.

ALTHOUGH it was most desirable to follow the river as closely as possible, the continued floods, together with the hostile character of some of the petty chiefs who would be on the line of that route, determined Dr. Livingstone on a more southern path across the district of Chicova. This prevented his making any observations of the Zambesi between the hills west of the Chicova flats and the town of Tete. The section of country through which he passed was not wanting in beauty, and there were some things of special interest, on account of which he was rather gratified by the change of route. The district had been reported to contain silver mines, and the curiosity of one so long buried in the wilds was awake for such evidences of European enterprise. His own investigations did not, however, confirm the report; the natives knew nothing of silver. But the finding of coal and the news of gold-washings relieved the disappointment as to silver.

There were no herds to remind him of the more inland *friends,* for the *tsetse* dwells along the little streams and rivulets which thread the country; the inhabitants are therefore devoted to agricultural pursuits, perhaps as much from necessity as from preference. They are a good-looking, manly set,

respect by the exhibition of milder and more amiable tempers, are not the equals of the ruder tribes, in the sort of courage which distinguishes men in the face of the ferocious beasts which command the forest paths and the deep jungles of Africa; they could not begin to cope with the interior tribes in the more dangerous sports which involve the slaying of the lion or the rhinoceros. Indeed in all Africa there is no animal which presents a bolder front than this latter. There are several species of the rhinoceros mentioned by different writers; they seem, however, easily included in the two prominent classes distinguished by their colors; the black is the more dangerous both on account of its superior strength and a peculiarly morose disposition. An experienced hunter asserts that he would rather face fifty lions than one of these animals in an exposed situation. The sight of the rhinoceros is imperfect, and this alone furnishes about the only hope of escape which is open to a man who is singled out for his rage. Of enormous bulk and amazing strength, and armed with a horn "sharp as a razor," he is an enemy to be treated with most serious consideration.

Mr. Andersson, whose adventure with a lion has been mentioned, and a rather reckless hunter, came quite suddenly upon one of these monsters which had been wounded, and thinking to make her change her position so as to offer a better opening for his aim, ventured to cast a stone at her. Instantly she rushed upon him with dreadful fury, snorting horribly, and tearing the ground with her feet, while her expanded nostrils seemed smoking with rage; he had no time to note the effect of his hasty shot before he was dashed to the ground, and his gun, cap, powder flask and ball pouch were spinning away through the air with the violence of the blow. The tremendous momentum carried the beast stumbling some distance beyond him, but before he could fully regain his feet she had turned upon him and dashed him to the ground a second time, tearing his thigh open with her sharp horn, and trampled him desperately in the dust. She then seemed to lose him, and as he crawled away to the shelter of a neighboring tree he saw her some distance off tearing the bushes, as if in unappeasable rage.

Not only man, but the most ferocious beasts shrink from an engagement with the rhinoceros; even the lordly elephant mani-

RHINOCEROS CHARGE.

fests unqualified fear in his presence. Sometimes two or more of these terrible creatures are known to engage in awful combats with each other; it is then a scene indeed for the gladiatorial ring; the earth trembles under their tramp, and the horrible snorting and puffing sends a thrill of terror through all the beasts of the forest. The white species was quite extinct along the eastern division of the Zambesi. It falls an easier victim of the hunter, and the native arrows and strategy together would be a serious hindrance to its increase, but since these have been supplemented by the powder and ball of civilized warfare they are fast disappearing, even in the more southern country where they have been most numerous.

After leaving Monina it was important for the travellers to avoid the villages, as the people nearer the Portuguese settlement exhibited the, natural enough, disposition to tax them, while in fact they were poorly able to pay anything. Livingstone's heart was bounding with eager anticipation of a welcome at Tete, which was only a few days' travel in advance of him. He had not suffered so seriously as on the journey to Loanda, but he had endured many hardships. Much of the distance from the falls had been performed on foot; for many days he had walked altogether; he had become so thin that his men could any of them pick him up like a child and carry him across the streams; still he had not lost his spirit, nor had his interest in the well-being of his followers and the condition of the tribes along his route failed in the least. He lay down on the evening of the 2d of March eight miles from Tete, and sent forward the letters of introduction which had been given him by the Portuguese authorities at Loanda to the commandant. It was nearly two years since he parted with the generous Englishman who alone supports the dignity of the name in the western colony. During those two years he had traversed all the intervening wilderness, with only the companionship of the ignorant and superstitious and depraved savages, and he was now dragging the line of his explorations to the eastern coast. And though the town of Tete was several hundred miles from the sea, he felt that his success would be complete when he arrived there, because it was the border town of the Portuguese, and he would from thence be in the care of white men and

SHOOTING RHINOCEROS.

p. 272

he carried, nothing should be done which might frustrate his design. The anxious throngs who lined the banks of the river, gazing on the strange "canoe" full of strange people passing by them, were ignorant and degraded according to our standard of intelligence and dignity; but they were the people whose elevation it was the object of the expedition to promote.

The valley is walled on either side by beautiful hills, and for twenty miles those on their right hand were quite near. Then they came to Morambala, "the lofty watch-tower"—a detached mountain only five hundred yards from the river—which rises four thousand feet above the sea. The bold, precipitous front, which cast its morning shadows toward the Shire, cherished a charming vegetation, but repelled all thought of ascent by clumsier creatures than the monkeys which played at hide and seek from top to bottom, calling away attention from the singular-looking horn-bill, whose dreaded death is believed to afflict the whole land with cold, the lumbering rhinoceros, and beautiful racing antelopes, by their queer capers. Surely if men are sprung from monkeys the most clownish is nearest in the line. Their incessant gambolling and chattering attract the attention even of the natives, who, despite new grudges they nearly always owe them on account of their plundered gardens and fields, cannot resist the fascination of their comical eccentricities.

The southern end of the mountain, seen from a distance, has a fine gradual slope, and half way up a small village was peeping out of the foliage. The atmosphere, as some of the party ascended the mountain, was found becoming delightfully pure and bracing, and the people of the village received them kindly. The summit of the mountain was covered with a growth entirely unlike what they had seen in the valley. There were orange, lemon, and some pineapple trees, though the latter had been planted there. But these happy and friendly residents of the summit, about which friendly clouds rested when all the plain was scorched, cherishing the choicest fruits, before the later visits of Livingstone to their homes, had become the victims of Mariano, and had been nearly all carried away from their happy freedom. God knows whether they fell under his cruelties or are dragging out a weary bondage in some far-away land. Yes, God knows, and will not forget their history nor despise their cries.

Iron ore is dug out of the hills, and its manufacture is the staple trade of the southern highlands. Each village has its smelting-house, its charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths. They make good axes, spears, needles, arrow-heads, bracelets and anklets, which, considering the entire absence of machinery, are sold at surprisingly low rates; a hoe over two pounds in weight is exchanged for calico of about the value of fourpence. In villages near Lake Shirwa and elsewhere, the inhabitants enter pretty largely into the manufacture of crockery, or pottery, making by hand all sorts of cooking, water, and grain pots, which they ornament with plumbago found in the hills. Some find employment in weaving neat baskets from split bamboos, and others collect the fibre of the buaze, which grows abundantly on the hills, and make it into fish-nets. These they either use themselves, or exchange with the fishermen on the river or lakes for dried fish and salt. A great deal of native trade is carried on between the villages, by means of barter in tobacco, salt, dried fish, skins and iron.

The Manganja were found to be generally a pleasant people, and happily for some members of the expedition they were able almost to forget color in associating with them. There were peculiarities, however, which in the society of civilized communities would constitute a distinction almost as marked as color itself; fashions control communities more uncompromisingly than natural conditions, if possible, and the fashions which distinguished the Manganja would hardly find a follower even among the most eager hunters of novelty. There were the buffaloes' horns and the rhinoceros horns which were found elsewhere; some also had their wool hanging about their shoulders, while others still appeared shorn entirely, and, true to their natures, there was an illimitable indulgence in bodily ornament; they adorned themselves most extravagantly, wearing rings on their fingers and thumbs, besides throatlets, bracelets, and anklets of brass, copper, or iron. But the most wonderful of ornaments, if such it may be called, is the pelele, or upper-lip ring of the women. The middle of the upper lip of the girls is pierced close to the septum of the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the puncture closing up. After it has healed, the pin is taken out and a larger one is pressed into its place, and so on

tresses, the whole population was habitually equipped for extremities. Speaking of his experience among them, Mr. Stanley says:

"As we passed the numerous villages and perceived the entire face of the country to be one vast grain-field, and counted the people everywhere in groups, by scores gazing on the white man, I could not wonder at their extortionate demands, for it was evident that they had only to stretch out their hands and take whatever the caravan possessed; and I began to think better of them, because, knowing well their strength, they did not use it without restraint."

The Wagogo warrior is always equipped; his weapons are a bow, a sheaf of long, murderous-looking arrows, pointed, pronged, and barbed; a couple of light, beautifully made assegois, a broad sword-looking spear, with a blade over two feet long; a battle-axe and a knob club. He carries also a shield, painted with designs in black and white; this is oval shaped, and made of the rhinoceros, elephant, or bull hide. The villages are full of these warriors. It was weary, anxious marching, through jungles of gum and thorns, over rugged hills, and across scorching plains, with such neighbors. Over and over he was saved from serious trouble by the wisdom of "Speke's faithfuls," who knew well the habits of the people. But villanous as they may be, the Wagogo believe in God or the "Sky Spirit," whom they call Mulungu, and they address prayers to him when their parents die. Mr. Stanley records a conversation which he had with a Magogo trader, which may be interesting as revealing something of the character and belief of the tribe:

S. "Who do you suppose made your parents?"

T. "Why, Mulungu, white man!"

S. "Well, who made you?"

T. "If God made my father, God made me, didn't he?"

S. "Well, that's very good. Where do you suppose your father is gone to, now that he is dead?"

T. "The dead die," said he, solemnly, "they are no more. The sultan (chief) dies; he becomes nothing; he is then no better than a dead dog, he is finished, his words are finished, there are no more words from him. It is true," he added, seeing a smile on my face, "the sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar, there!"

When the march was resumed they passed on through Ukawendi, amid "the ruggedest scenes." We are told that the young traveller had beheld in Africa a long and wearying way, a hunger-begetting tramp, "all country," no villages, no people, no food, only wild herds of buffaloes, and tracks of the rhinoceros. Then by the village of Nzogera, chief of the Wavinza, where food was bought and a guide obtained, and a stunning blackmail levied to spice the kindness, and introducing the white man into the ways of Uvinza. And a fair specimen it was of the experiences of the next three days spent in crossing this country: over and over were like taxes made before the travellers reached the Malagarazi, where the Wavinza put their final demands in the shape of ferriage, and Mr. Stanley was permitted to shake the dust of their country off his feet, firmly convinced that these same Wavinza were worse than the Ugogo, worse than any people, unqualifiedly bad, masters in the Satanic art of badness.

While the prominent men of the caravan were congratulating each other and their "master" on being out of Uvinza, another caravan appeared from the direction of Ujiji; this turned out a caravan of Waguhha. When they came near, Mr. Stanley asked the news, and was informed that a white man had just arrived in Ujiji from Manyuema. He was startled, and his men fully shared his astonishment, and questions and answers followed quickly.

"A white man?" they asked.

"Yes, a white man," was the reply.

"How was he dressed?"

"Like the master," said the speaker, pointing to Mr. Stanley.

"Is he young or old?"

"He is old; he has white hair on his face, and is sick."

"Where has he come from?"

"From a very far country, away beyond Uguhha, called Manyuema."

"Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?"

"Yes, we saw him about eight days ago."

"Do you think he will stop there until we see him?"

"Don't know."

"Was he ever in Ujiji before?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A JOURNEY AND A DELAY.

From Ujiji to Unyanyembe—Livingstone a Companion—Route Adopted—Forest Entertainment—Methods of Hunting—Makombwe Hunting Hippopotamus—Baker's Rhinoceros Hunt—Wild Race—"A Horse! a Horse!"—Sword wins the Day—Stanley as Hunter—Tent-Life—Arrive at Kwihara—Home-Life—Busy Preparations—Livingstone Abundantly Provided for—Farewell of Wanyamwezi—A Wild Dance—The Farewell Song—The Parting—Bagamoyo Again—The English Expedition—Oswald Livingstone—Caravan Sent Back—The Mission Completed—England, Livingstone, Stanley, the World—Comfort in Disappointment—Livingstone in Unyanyembe—His Occupation—His Modesty—His Zeal for Missions—The Country Inviting—A Robinson Crusoe Life—The Mothers of the Country—The Call to Missionaries—"Advice to Missionaries"—"No Jugglery or Sleight-of-hand"—Livingstone's Interest General—Grasp and Minuteness—Suspense Ended—Stanley in England—The Queen's Acknowledgment.

THE journey from Ujiji to Unyanyembe occupied nearly seven weeks. Much of the country traversed passed under our eye as we traced Mr. Stanley's march to the lake. Those splendid park lands which so charmed him then were the same matchless theatres for wild adventure, and his spirit, doubly buoyant in the joy of his success, revelled peculiarly in the wealth of incident which each day afforded. And the old traveller, whose heart had become very tender toward the young man whose noble mission had revived his hope and "put new life" into his feeble frame, enjoyed the enthusiasm which reminded him of the years long ago when he travelled with his friend Oswell, and witnessed the delight of Gordon Cumming in his wonderful engagements with the monsters of the forest. Dr. Livingstone had already endeared himself to his companion by the exhibition of many lovely traits; his kindness and gentleness were always conspicuous, and the interest which he manifested in the successes or failures of the young Nimrod, the zest with which he participated in all the adventures of the journey—which to him must have been com-

monplace—gave him a warmer place still in the big American heart. The travellers had wisely avoided the troublesome Wahha and Wavinza by making the earlier part of their journey along the lake; they were not therefore harassed by those extortions which so frequently spoil the pleasantest experiences of such a march. The personal followers of Livingstone and Stanley—indeed, their entire caravan—shared the good humor of their masters. There were adventures with lions and elephants and rhinoceroses and hippopotami and leopards, and buffaloes, zebras and giraffes and elands passed in constant review. And beautiful strange birds and comical monkeys had their part in the programme with which the wonderful country entertained its visitors. Sometimes these actors produced most moving impressions on their audience. Mr. Stanley had opportunities of testing the strength of his nerves face to face with various members of the troupe; and often he needed the timely comfort which his experienced friend could give, and the hints which thirty years in Africa could suggest were of greatest service. We have become tolerably familiar with most of these animals, and have learned reasonably well how to rank them; but the different methods of hunting which obtain in different sections of Africa affect considerably the hunter's selection of his game; and the different methods pursued by civilized and savage hunters make a great difference in the peril or sport attending the chase of different animals. The great unwieldy hippopotamus, for instance, to an American or Englishman, armed with his powerful rifle, loaded with hardened balls, is often dull work, little better as sport than shooting an ox at home. But there are hippopotamus hunters in Africa who, according to Dr. Livingstone's ideas of such matters, make the bravest work of it that he ever witnessed. These hunters, who are distinguished for their wonderful courage far and wide, are called Makombwe. When they go forth to their gallant sport each canoe is manned by two men; they are long, light craft, scarcely half an inch in thickness, about eighteen inches beam, and from eighteen to twenty feet long. They are formed for speed, and shaped somewhat like our racing boats. Each man uses a broad, short paddle, and as they guide the canoe slowly down stream to a sleeping hippopotamus not a single ripple is

raised on the smooth water; they look as if holding in their breath, and communicate by signs only. As they come near the prey the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands erect, motionless, and eager, with the long-handled weapon poised at arm's length above his head, till coming close to the beast he plunges it with all his might in towards the heart. During this exciting feat he has to keep his balance exactly. His neighbor in the stern at once backs his paddle, the harpooner sits down, seizes his paddle, and backs too to escape: the animal, surprised and wounded, seldom returns the attack at this stage of the hunt. The next stage, however, is full of danger.

The barbed blade of the harpoon is secured by a long and very strong rope wound round the handle: it is intended to come out of its socket, and while the iron head is firmly fixed in the animal's body the rope unwinds and the handle floats on the surface. The hunter next goes to the handle and hauls on the rope till he knows that he is right over the beast: when he feels the line suddenly slacken he is prepared to deliver another harpoon the instant that hippo.'s enormous jaws appear with a terrible grunt above the water. The backing by the paddles is again repeated, but hippo. often assaults the canoe, crunches it with his great jaws as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus, or shivers it with a kick by his hind foot. Deprived of their canoe the gallant comrades instantly dive and swim to the shore under water: they say that the infuriated beast looks for them on the surface, and being below they escape his sight. When caught by many harpoons the crews of several canoes seize the handles and drag him hither and thither till, weakened by loss of blood, he succumbs.

The rhinoceros is hardly a more interesting game than the hippopotamus in the regions where travellers are denied the privilege of carrying horses by the fatal tsetse. It is formidable anywhere of course, but it is questionable whether the bravest hunter enjoys any part of an engagement with a really dangerous animal so much as the chase. There cannot be very much enjoyment in standing with a rifle in hand and killing an elephant, or lion, or rhinoceros, while the victim is in repose; and there is no special valor about it. But we can understand the enthu-

siasm with which a man narrates such hunting adventures as Baker and Oswell or Cumming had. A horse puts life into the sports of the tropics. We remember a scene which Baker describes in his "Nile," that represents the perfection of rhinoceros hunting, and the distinguished traveller describes the chase with an enthusiasm quite worthy of his theme. It was in Abyssinia. He had left his camp in company with a party of aggageers, those expert sword-hunters, whose wonderful dexterity we have mentioned before, and after spending most of the day in collecting gum was returning, when at a most unexpected moment he discovered a fine brace of rhinoceroses asleep beneath a thick mass of bushes; handing his reins to a follower he walked quietly to within about thirty yards of his game; but before he could take aim they both sprang suddenly to their feet with astonishing agility, and the next instant one of them charged straight at him. The ball of his rifle only served to turn the assailant, and the two animals went thundering off together; and away went the aggageers in pursuit. Mr. Baker himself, springing into his saddle, joined the chase, which we will allow him to tell in his own words:

"The ground was awkward for riding at full speed, as it was an open forest of mimosas, which though wide apart were very difficult to avoid owing to the low crowns of spreading branches; these, being armed with fishhook thorns, would have been serious on a collision. I kept the party in view until in about a mile we arrived upon open ground. Here I again applied the spurs, and by degrees I crept up, always gaining, until at length I joined the aggageers. Here was a sight to drive a hunter wild! The two rhinoceroses were running neck and neck like a pair of horses in harness, but bounding along at a tremendous speed within ten yards of the leading Hamran. This was Taher Sherrif, who, with his sword drawn and his long hair flying wildly behind him, urged his horse forward in the race, amidst a cloud of dust raised by the two huge but active beasts, that tried every sinew of the horses. Roder Sherrif, with the withered arm, was second; with the reins hung over the hawk-like claw which was all that remained of a hand, but with his naked sword grasped in the right, he kept close to his brother, ready to second his blow. Abou Do was third; his hair flying in the

wind, his heels dashing against the flanks of his horse, to which he shouted in his excitement to urge him to the front, while he leaned forward with his long sword, in the wild energy of the moment, as though hoping to reach the game against all possibility. Now for the spurs! And as these, vigorously applied, screwed an extra stride out of Tetel, I soon found myself in the ruck of men, horses, and drawn swords. There were seven of us, and passing Abou Do, whose face wore an expression of agony at finding that his horse was failing, I quickly obtained a place between the two brothers, Taher and Roder Sherrif. There had been a jealousy between the two parties of aggageers and each was striving to outdo the other; thus Abou Do was driven to madness at the superiority of Taher's horse, while the latter, who was the renowned hunter of the tribe, was determined that his sword should be the first to taste blood. I tried to pass the rhinoceros on my left, so as to fire close into the shoulder my remaining barrel with my right hand, but it was impossible to overtake the animals and they bounded along with undiminished speed. With the greatest exertion of men and horses we could only retain our position within three or four yards of their tails, just out of reach of the swords. The only chance in the race was to hold the pace until the rhinoceroses should begin to flag. The horses were pressed to the uttermost, but we had already run about two miles and the game showed no signs of giving in. On they flew: sometimes over open ground, or through low brush, which tried the horses severely; then through strips of open forest, until at length the party began to tail off and only a select few kept their places. We arrived at the summit of a ridge from which the ground sloped in a gentle inclination for about a mile towards the river; at the foot of this incline was a thick, thorny, nabbuk jungle, for which impenetrable covert the rhinoceroses pressed at their utmost speed. Never was there better ground for the finish of a race; the earth was sandy but firm, and as we saw the winning-post in the jungle that must terminate the hunt, we redoubled our exertions to close with the unflagging game. Sulieman's horse gave in. We had been for twenty minutes at a killing pace. Tetel, although not a fast horse, was good for a distance, and he now proved his power of endurance, as I was riding at least

RHINOCEROS HUNT.

p 705

two stone heavier than any of the party. Only seven remained; and we swept down the incline, Taher Sherrif still leading and Abou Do the last! His horse was done but not the rider, for springing to the ground while at full speed, sword in hand, he forsook his tired horse and preferred his own legs; he ran like an antelope for the first hundred yards. I thought he would really pass us and win the honor of the first blow. It was of no use, the pace was too severe, and although running wonderfully he was obliged to give way to the horses. Only three now followed the rhinoceroses—Taher Sherrif, his brother Roder and myself. I had been obliged to give the second place to Roder, as he was a mere monkey in weight, but I was a close third. The excitement was intense. We neared the jungle and the rhinoceroses began to show signs of flagging as the dust puffed up before their nostrils, and with noses close to the ground they snorted as they still galloped on. Oh, for a fresh horse! 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' We were within two hundred yards of the jungle, but the horses were all done. Tetel reeled as I urged him forward; Roder pushed ahead. We were close to the dense thorns and the rhinoceroses broke into a trot; they were done! One moment more and the sword flashed in the sunshine as the rearmost rhinoceros disappeared in the thick screen of thorns with a gash about a foot long upon his hindquarters. Taher Sherrif shook his bloody sword in triumph above his head, but the rhinoceros was gone. We were fairly beaten, regularly outpaced; but I believe another two hundred yards would have given us the victory. 'Bravo! Taher!' I shouted. He had ridden splendidly, and his blow had been marvellously delivered at an extremely long reach, as he was nearly out of his saddle when he sprang forward to enable the blade to attain a cut at the last moment."

Mr. Stanley was not encouraged to put very much confidence in the wonderful stories of tropical hunters by his own experience. He was more fortunate in his assaults on the beautiful zebras and hartbeests and giraffes than on lions, elephants, and the rhinoceros. He seemed formed for managing men rather than killing beasts; he was more of a general than a butcher, and lost nothing on that account in the estimation of Dr. Livingstone. There is a sort of exhilaration felt in reading the narratives

phant, the quick "whiff" of the rhinoceros, and the stealthy step of the leopard. It matters little to the unlucky man who finds himself oddly matched in close encounter with one of these, that the animal may possess only ferocity instead of true courage. The case is desperate all the same. The leopard was never thought of as distinguished by lofty courage; but a caravan can hardly pass through his native jungles without carrying away a man or two less than it brought. One of the fiercest scenes portrayed in books of travel is in the account of a midnight battle of a distinguished traveller with one of these unmanly creatures. Separated from his party, and sadly bewildered, the traveller was vainly endeavoring to regain the path from which he had unconsciously turned. The shadows had closed about him, and the night, with all its most discordant sounds, prevailed. Suddenly, while he listened intently, fearing that a step might bring him across the path of some prowling monster, he heard a foot-fall, light and cautious, and a hoarse breathing. He had hardly time to grasp his weapon when the leopard sprang on him. The struggle was for life on the hunter's part, for blood on the part of his assailant. When it ended it was a doubtful choice between the prostrate forms of the man and beast for the living one; and years afterward the man's memory reverted to that midnight encounter as the climax of all his perils. It seems to be true, however, that travellers through the countries infested by ravenous beasts need not come into collision with them. It is generally possible to travel in such company, and encamp in such a manner, as to insure protection from assaults. If Dr. Livingstone had been a hunter, and had sought the intimacies which have furnished the startling narratives that fill the books of other men, he might have thought of these wilds as they do. As it was, he passed through the "paradise of hunters" without a word about the "splendid game." But there is mention in his journal of an enemy which he could not despise; which invaded with insidious malice the circle of followers, and laughed at camp-fires and walls of mud or canvas. This was the old disease of the bowels which had followed him so many years. Several days were lost at Mrera, and the men speak of few periods of even comparative health after he left that point.