

**THE HISTORY OF A
SLAVE, PP. 1-167**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649603473

The History of a Slave, pp. 1-167 by H. H. Johnston

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

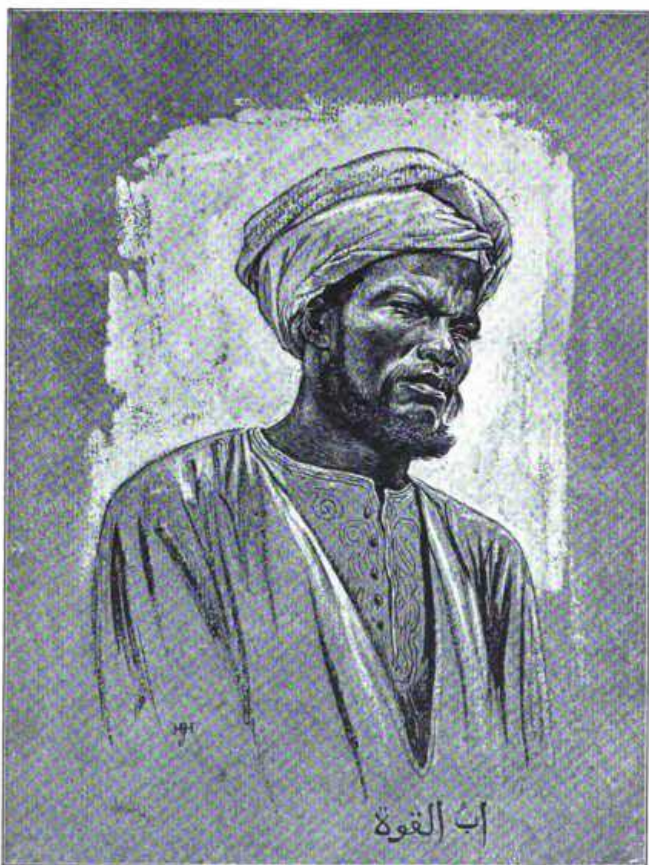
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

H. H. JOHNSTON

**THE HISTORY OF A
SLAVE, PP. 1-167**

THE
HISTORY OF A SLAVE



UoFM

'I am not an old man yet, am I?'

THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE

BY
1858-
Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., &c.

AUTHOR OF 'THE KILIMANJARO EXPEDITION' ETC.

WITH 47 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED FACSIMILE FROM THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1889

Equatorial Africa, especially by Mbudikum people, with whom I have conversed at Old Calabar.

While this little work does not pretend to topographical accuracy—especially in countries that are only known to us by native reports—yet, to speak colloquially, it is not all humbug. Many of the incidents herein related I have actually witnessed during some one of my journeys in Africa. The places and peoples I have named are of real existence, as are also the languages quoted, though some of them, as in the case of the Mbudikum tongue, probably appear in print for the first time.

Were it not for the time and care which I have spent on the forty-seven illustrations of this booklet, I should consider even the few foregoing remarks superfluous ; but, for the sake of these drawings, I would ask the reader to treat me somewhat seriously. These illustrations are truthful delineations of African life and scenery, and have most of them been done in Africa from actuality, though it does not necessarily follow that their application is to be

PREFACE

vii

exactly localised ; that is to say, that, though the drawing may not have been actually done from the scene described in the book, it depicts an analogous scene elsewhere, from which, all or in part, it has been taken. It may, however, be well to mention that I have endeavoured to make my landscapes, architecture, implements, costumes—or the want of them—and studies of human types, as locally accurate as possible.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

LONDON : *March*, 1889.

ILLUSTRATIONS

'I am not an old man yet, am I?'	<i>Frontispiece</i>
'My mother was a young woman who had a pleasant face, although, after the fashion of these pagans, it was scarred and tattooed on the forehead, and cheeks, and chin'	<i>To face page</i> 3
'We lived in a kind of compound, the four sides of which were houses built of clay, with palm-thatch roofs'	5
'My father . . . was old, and his eyes were dim : he had a short grey beard, and the hair of his head was grey, and he had lost many of his teeth. . . . For hours together he would sit on his haunches over the fire in his own hut'	7
'But one elephant that was stronger and more cunning than the others would not fly before the shouting, but turned round and made straight at my brother, whom he seized with his trunk and carried to the firm land among the bushes'	13
Epfumo	15
'There were great fires burning, so that the place was full of light, and round these fires were squatting or standing all the young men of the town'	21
'We all went home with the birds we had caught'	25
'Around the base of the tree were walking two or three brown vultures. . . . When I said in a soft voice, "Ndeha !" her eyes opened, and she looked hard at me'	27