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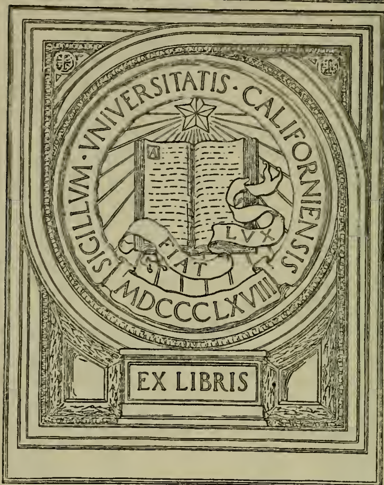

THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON

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PALACE OF GEZIREH, CAIRO.

HALF-HOURS

OF

TRAVEL AT HOME AND ABROAD

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS

Africa and Australasia

ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1896

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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HALF-HOURS

OF

TRAVEL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE TOMB OF A PHARAOH.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI.

[Belzoni, famous as one of the first of Egyptian explorers, was born at Padua, Italy, about 1778. He visited England in 1803, married there, and earned a living by performing as an athlete, being of great muscular strength. He afterwards travelled in Southern Europe, and reached Egypt in 1815. Here he removed the colossal head known as the Young Memnon, which now forms one of the grandest of Egyptian objects in the British Museum. He was the first to open the temple of Ipsambool, and in 1817 discovered a magnificent Egyptian tomb, of whose figures and hieroglyphics he took impressions. He penetrated into the second pyramid of Gizeh and discovered the town of Berenice. He set out in 1823 for Timbuctoo, but died before he had gone far, in December of that year. The difficulties attending the opening of a tomb in the necropolis of Thebes are thus graphically described by him.]

Gournou is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan Mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of

which has its separate entrance; and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior communication from one to another. I can truly say it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of these subterranean abodes and their inhabitants. There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like them; there are no excavations or mines that can be compared to these truly astonishing places; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses.

A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go: besides, he is taken up with the strange works he sees cut in various places and painted on each side of the walls; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses anything so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any farther. Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the throat and mouth to such a degree that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up.

In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you gen-

erally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies, in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall; the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air; the different objects that were around me seeming to converse with each other; and the Arabs with the torches or candles in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described.

In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, until at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though fortunately I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering such a place, after a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a bandbox. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight; but they found no better support, so that I sank among the broken mummies with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting until it subsided again. I could not move from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took crushed a mummy in some part or other.

Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that the body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not

pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downward, my own weight helped me on. However, I could not help being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies, piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, and in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy.

[In this locality, at a later date, he had the good fortune to discover a tomb of magnificent proportions and adornments, which had never before been opened.]

On the 16th [of October, 1817] I recommenced by excavations in the valley of Beban el Malook, and pointed out the fortunate spot which has paid me for all the trouble I took in my researches. . . . Not fifteen yards from the last tomb I described, I caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the very spot I have caused to be dug. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had observed in my pursuit. The Fellahs who were accustomed to dig were all of opinion that there was nothing in that spot, as the situation of this tomb differed from that of any other. I continued the work, however, and the next day, the 17th, in the evening, we perceived the part of the rock that was cut and formed the entrance.

[This entrance proved to be eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, and led to a tomb that was choked up with large stones. Entrance, however, was quickly made to a large corridor.]

I perceived immediately by the painting on the ceiling, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, which were to be seen where the earth did not reach, that this was the entrance into a large and magnificent tomb. At the end of this corridor I came to a staircase twenty-three feet long and of the same breadth as the corridor [eight feet eight inches]. The door at the bottom is twelve feet high. From the foot of the staircase I entered another corridor, thirty-seven feet three inches long, and of the same width and height as the other, each side sculptured with hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, and painted. The ceiling also is finely painted, and in pretty good preservation.

[Progress was here hindered by a deep pit, perhaps intended to receive the water from rains. The passage beyond had been closed, plastered, and painted over, but a small aperture appeared, which had been broken through the wall.

The way past the well had been by ropes, which hung down into it on both sides. Belzoni bridged it by beams and passed over.]

When we had passed through the little aperture we found ourselves in a beautiful hall, twenty-seven feet six inches by twenty-five feet ten inches, in which were four pillars three feet square. At the end of this room, which I call the Entrance-Hall, and opposite the aperture, is a large door, from which three steps lead down into a chamber with two pillars. This is twenty-eight feet two inches by twenty-five feet six inches. The pillars are three feet ten inches square. I gave it the name of the Drawing-Room; for it is covered with figures which, though only outlined, are so fine and perfect that you would think they had been drawn only the day before.

Returning into the Entrance-Hall, we saw on the left of the aperture a large staircase, which descended into a corridor. It is thirteen feet four inches long, seven and a half wide, and has eighteen steps. At the bottom we entered a beautiful corridor, thirty-six feet six inches by six feet eleven inches. We perceived that the paintings became more perfect as we advanced farther into the interior. They retained their gloss, or a kind of varnish over the colors, which had a beautiful effect. The figures are painted on a white ground.

At the end of this corridor we descended ten steps, which I call the small stairs, into another, seventeen feet two inches by ten feet five inches. From this we entered a small chamber, twenty feet four inches by thirteen feet eight inches, to which I gave the name of the Room of Beauties; for it is adorned with the most beautiful figures in basso-relievo, like all the rest, and painted. When standing in the centre of this chamber, the traveller is surrounded by an assembly of Egyptian gods and goddesses.

Proceeding farther, we entered a large hall, twenty-seven feet nine inches by twenty-six feet ten inches. In this hall are two rows of square pillars, three on each side of the entrance, forming a line with the corridors. At each side of this hall is a small chamber: that on the right is ten feet five inches by eight feet eight inches; that on the left ten feet five inches by eight feet nine inches and a half. This hall I termed the Hall of Pillars; the little room on the right Isis's Room, as in it a large cow is painted, of which I shall give a description hereafter; that on the left, the Room of Mysteries, from the mysterious figures it exhibits.

At the end of this hall we entered a large saloon, with an arched roof or ceiling, which is separated from the Hall

of Pillars only by a step; so that the two may be reckoned one. The saloon is thirty-one feet ten inches by twenty-seven feet. On the right of the saloon is a small chamber without anything in it, roughly cut, as if unfinished, and without painting; on the left we entered a chamber with two square pillars, twenty-five feet eight inches by twenty-two feet ten inches. This I called the Sideboard Room, as it has a projection of three feet in form of a sideboard all round, which was perhaps intended to contain the articles necessary for the funeral ceremony. The pillars are three feet four inches square, and the whole beautifully painted as the rest.

At the same end of the room, and facing the Hall of Pillars, we entered by a large door into another chamber with four pillars, one of which is fallen down. This chamber is forty-three feet four inches by seventeen feet six inches; the pillars three feet seven inches square. It is covered with white plaster where the rock did not cut smoothly, but there is no painting on it. I named it the Bull's or Apis's Room, as we found the carcass of a bull in it, embalmed with asphaltum; and also, scattered in various places, an immense quantity of small wooden figures of mummies six or eight inches long, and covered with asphaltum to preserve them. There were some other figures of fine earth baked, colored blue, and strongly varnished. On each side of the two little rooms were some wooden statues standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if to contain a roll of papyrus, which I have no doubt they did. We found likewise fragments of other statues of wood and of composition.

But the description of what we found in the centre of the saloon, and which I have reserved till this place, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is

a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. Its thickness is only two inches ; and it is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, united with several emblems, etc.

I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there: it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance. [This splendid work of ancient art was brought by Belzoni to England.] The sarcophagus was over a staircase in the centre of the saloon, which communicated with a subterranean passage, leading downward three hundred feet in length.

[This was choked up at its extremity, and was probably an entrance to the tomb from another direction. It had been walled up under the sarcophagus after interment, and some of the other openings had been walled up, but the closed passages had evidently been forced open in ancient times. The amount of rock excavation in forming all these large chambers and long passages is something stupendous, and the tomb must have held a tenant of the highest degree. The amount of carving and painting was also very great. The methods pursued are shown in one chamber, which was only prepared for the sculptor.]

The wall was previously made as smooth as possible, and where there were flaws in the rock the vacuum was filled up with cement, which, when hard, was cut along with the rest of the rock. Where a figure or anything else was required to be formed, the sculptor appears to have made his first sketches of what was intended to be cut out. When the sketches were finished in red lines by the first artist,

another more skilful corrected the errors, if any, and his lines were made in black, to be distinguished from those which were imperfect. When the figures were thus prepared, the sculptor proceeded to cut out the stone all round the figure, which remained in basso-relievo, some to the height of half an inch, and some much less, according to the size of the figure. For instance, if a figure were as large as life, its elevation was generally half an inch; if the figure were not more than six inches in length, its projection would not exceed the thickness of a dollar, or perhaps less.

The angles of the figures were all smoothly rounded, which makes them appear less prominent than they really are. The parts of the stone that were to be taken off all round the figure did not extend much farther, as the wall is thickly covered with figures and hieroglyphics, and I believe there is not a space on these walls more than a foot square without some figure or hieroglyphic. The garments, and various parts of the limbs, were marked by a narrow line, not deeper than the thickness of a half-crown, but so exact that it produced the intended effect.

When the figures were completed and made smooth by the sculptor, they received a coat of whitewash all over. This white is so beautiful and clear, that our best and whitest paper appeared yellowish when compared with it. The painter came next and finished the figure. It would seem as if they were unacquainted with any color to imitate the naked parts, since red is adopted as a standing color for all that meant flesh. There are some exceptions, indeed; for in certain instances, when they intended to represent a fair lady, by way of distinguishing her complexion from that of the men, they put on a yellow color to represent her flesh; yet it cannot be supposed that they did not know how to reduce their red paints to a flesh color,

for on some occasions, where the red flesh is supposed to be seen through a thin veil, the tints are nearly of the natural color, if we suppose the Egyptians to have been of the same hue as their successors, the present Copts, some of whom are nearly as fair as the Europeans.

Their garments were generally white, and their ornaments formed the most difficult part, when the artists had to employ red in the distribution of the four colors, in which they were very successful. When the figures were finished, they appear to have laid on a coat of varnish; though it may be questioned whether the varnish were thus applied, or incorporated with the color. The fact is that nowhere else except in this tomb is the varnish to be observed, as no place in Egypt can boast of such preservation, nor can the true customs of the Egyptians be seen anywhere else with greater accuracy.

[Belzoni spent a whole year in making drawings and wax impressions of all the figures, paintings, hieroglyphics, etc., in this tomb. We give part of his description, as an example of the character of the ornamentation of Egyptian tombs.]

Immediately within the entrance into the first passage, on the left hand, are two figures as large as life, one of which appears to be the hero entering into the tomb. He is received by a deity with a hawk's head, on which are the globe and serpent. Both figures are surrounded by hieroglyphics; and, farther on, near the ground, is a crocodile very neatly sculptured. The walls on both sides of this passage are covered with hieroglyphics, which are separated by lines from the top to the bottom, at the distance of five or six inches from one another. Within these lines the hieroglyphics form their sentences; and it is plainly to be seen that the Egyptians read from the top to the bottom, and then recommenced at the top. The ceil-

ing of this first passage is painted with the figure of the eagles. . . .

In the front of this [the first] hall, facing the entrance, is one of the finest compositions that was ever made by the Egyptians, for nothing like it can be seen in any part of Egypt. It consists of four figures as large as life. The god Osiris sitting on his throne, receiving the homages of a hero, who is introduced by a hawk-headed deity. Behind the throne is a female figure as if in attendance on the great god. The whole group is surrounded by hieroglyphics, and enclosed in a frame richly adorned with symbolical figures. The winged globe is above, with the wings spread over all, and a line of serpents crowns the whole. The figures and paintings are in such perfect preservation that they give the most correct idea of their ornaments and decorations. . . .

On going out of this [the second] chamber into the first hall is a staircase, which leads into a lower passage, the entrance into which is decorated with two figures on each side, a male and a female, as large as life. The female appears to represent Isis, having, as usual, the horns and globe on her head. She seems ready to receive the hero, who is about to enter the regions of immortality. The garments of this figure are so well preserved that nothing which has yet been brought before the public can give a more correct idea of Egyptian customs. The figure of the hero is covered with a veil, or transparent linen, folded over his shoulder.

THEBES AND ITS MIGHTY RUINS.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

[Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross," one of the best written and most admired works of travel in Oriental lands, is the source of our present selection, which is devoted to the remarkable tombs and wonderful ruins which remain to attest the magnificence of ancient Thebes, once the proud capital of the Pharaohs. Here are found the glorious remains of Karnak, the most stupendous temple upon the face of the earth, while a multitude of other works exist to attest the genius for architectural labor of the Egyptians of old. Our story begins with the tombs and ends with the temples of ancient Thebes.]

THE next morning, at daybreak, we started for the Tombs of the Kings. I was mounted on a fine horse belonging to the sheikh of the village; and the cool air of the morning, the rich prospect before us, and cloudless sky, all conspired to impart life and pleasure to our relaxed and languid frames. I had been for nearly a month confined to my pallet by illness; and now, mounted on a gallant barb, sweeping across the desert, with the mountain breezes breathing round me, I felt a glow of spirits and an exhilaration of mind and body to which I had been long a stranger.

For a couple of hours we continued along the plain, which was partially covered with wavy corn, but flecked widely, here and there, with desert tracts. Then we entered the gloomy mountain gorges, through which the Theban monarchs passed to their tombs. Our path lay through a narrow defile, between precipitous cliffs of rubble and calcareous strata, and some large boulders of coarse conglomerate lay strewn along this desolate valley, in which no living thing of earth or air ever met our view.

The plains below may have been, perhaps, once swarming with life and covered with palaces; but the gloomy defiles we were now traversing must have ever been, as they are now, lonely, lifeless, desolate, a fit avenue to the tombs for which we were bound.

After five or six miles' travel, our guide stopped at the base of one of the precipices, and, laying his long spear against the rock, proceeded to light his torches. There was no entrance apparent at the distance of a few yards, nor was this great tomb betrayed to the world by any visible aperture, until discovered by Belzoni. This extraordinary man seems to have been one of the few who have hit off in life the lot for which Nature destined them. His sepulchral instincts might have been matter of envy to the ghouls, with such unerring certainty did he guess at the places containing the embalmed corpses most worthy of his "body-snatching" energies.

We descended by a steep path into this tomb through a door-way covered with hieroglyphics, and entered a corridor that ran some hundred yards into the mountain. It was about twenty feet square, and painted throughout most elaborately in the manner of Raphael's Loggia at the Vatican, with little inferiority of skill or coloring. The door-ways were richly ornamented with figures of a larger size, and over each was the winged globe, or a huge scarabæus. In allusion, probably, to the wanderings of the freed spirit, almost all the larger emblems on these walls wore wings, however incompatible with their usual vocations; boats, globes, fishes, and suns, all were winged. On one of the corridors there is an allegory of the progress of the sun through the hours, painted with great detail: the God of Day sits in a boat (in compliment to the Nile he lays aside his chariot here), and steers through the hours of day and night, each of the latter being distinguished by

a star. The Nile in this, as in all other circumstances of Egyptian life, figures as the most important element; even the blessed souls, for its sake, assume the form of fishes, and swim about with angelic fins in this river of life.

One gorgeous passage makes way into another more gorgeous still, until you arrive at a steep descent. At the base of this, perhaps four hundred feet from daylight, a door-way opens into a vaulted hall of noble proportions, whose gloom considerably increases its apparent size. Here the body of Oserei, father of Rameses the Second, was laid about three thousand two hundred years ago in the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus which Belzoni drew from hence as a reward of his enterprise. Its poor occupant, who had taken such pains to hide himself, was "undone" for the amusement of a London conversazione.

In Bruce's tomb we found paintings and excavations of a similar design; and in one of the numerous chambers, opening off the main passage, the two celebrated figures that have given this the name of the "Harper's Tomb." In these there is a great deal of life, though the bodies are a mere bag; but the countenance is full of expression, and the bending arm seems to sweep the strings as gracefully in this lonely tomb of three thousand years ago as in the gilded saloons of our present day.

There are numerous other tombs all full of interest; the whole circumstances of ancient Egyptian life, with all its vicissitudes, may be read in pictures out of these extraordinary tombs, from the birth, through the joys and sorrows of life, to the death, the lamentations over the corpse, the embalmer's operations, and, finally, the judgment and the immortality of the soul. In one instance, the Judge is measuring all man's good actions in a balance, against a feather from an angel's wing; in another, a great serpent is being bound, head and foot, and cast into a pit; and

there are many other proofs, equally convincing, of the knowledge that this mysterious people possessed of a future life and judgment. . . .

About two o'clock we set out once more upon our adventures across the mountains: the sun was scorching hot, and his rays, reflected from the calcareous cliffs, poured down as a focus upon our heads, while the hills excluded every breath of air. Nothing but the turban can stand this sort of sun-artillery with impunity; and to the defence which this afforded our guides added cloaks, carpets, and whatever they could wrap round them.

As we descended a steep path that would have puzzled a European goat, my horse put his foot on the breast of a mummy king, not recognizing its humanity, and this once cherished corpse was trodden into fragments by the rest of the party. What a story that ghastly royal visage told of ambition, and fallen power, and its vanity! A Pharaoh affording footing to an Arab horse, and trampled on by a stranger from the far north! "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?" "Is thy pride brought down to the grave, and the sound of thy viols? Is the earth spread under thee, and does the earth-worm cover thee?" *

As we emerged from the mountains, we came in sight of a vast plain, intersected by the Nile, and extending as far as the Arabian hills, a distance of about twenty miles, this plain was strewed with ruins of extinct cities and temples, appropriately intermingled with extensive cemeteries, wherein now slept quietly their once busy populations. . . .

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* Isaiah xiv.

As we look down from these mountains, we discern, on our far right, the palace of Medinet Abou; before us the Memnonium; on our left, the temples of Gournou. Advanced some distance in front of these stand, like videttes, the colossal statues of Shamy and Damy, or the vocal Memnon and his brother idol. Then a wide green plain, beyond which flows the Nile; and, farther still, on the Arabian side, Luxor raises its gigantic columns from the river's edge, and the propylæa of Carnak tower afar off. This view scarcely embraces THEBES.

Descending from the mountains, we traversed the plain, which is everywhere excavated in search of antiquities, found here in such quantities that the Pasha has imposed a tax of three thousand five hundred piastres a year on this subterranean harvest. Herds of wild dogs harbor in these excavations, and as the stranger passes by a thousand gaunt, wolfish-looking heads start out from their burrows, till the plain looks mottled with them, and a hungry howl runs along the ground for miles.

We ride straight to Medinet Abou, which alone would make the fame of any other locality; but Carnak eclipses all other wonders here, and seems to rule alone. This palace, however, is very grand in architecture, and gorgeous with painting. It is very perfect, too, and a considerable number of chambers are uninjured, even in the second story. Its labyrinth of immense courts magnificently decorated, the innumerable pillars that everywhere rear their richly-carved capitals, with or without cornices; the superb colonnades that surround the courts, all convey an idea of grandeur before which every human creation, except Carnak, dwarfs into insignificance. Many of these columns lie strewn about in such profusion that Aladdin's genii might have despaired of imitating them, yet they measure six-and-thirty feet in circumference, and gleam

like a cathedral's painted window, with every color in the rainbow, as bright and vivid as if the sun shone through them.

It was late when we returned to our tents, after fourteen hours' exposure to the powerful sun of the Thebaid. The Prince's boat was just putting off, with a parting salute, as we dismounted; by the time the last echo of our return guns had died away among the mountains, I was asleep. When the lamps and supper came from the boat, I found the tent was literally swarming with hideous insects; winged centipedes, horned dragon-flies, monstrous ants, livid-looking beetles, moths, and locusts, were crawling, as if *the* butterfly were giving her celebrated ball upon my cloak. They had probably been attracted by the smell of the mummies and their cerements, that lay strewn about the tent. When at last I fell asleep, I was suddenly awakened by the cold, slimy pat of a bull-frog falling on my cheek. Such are some of the consequences of sleeping among Pharaohs.

The next morning we started before sunrise to watch the effects of the first smile of Aurora upon her son Memnon; he has long ceased to greet her coming with a song, but still, for tradition's sake, we wished to see the meeting. The brief twilight left us little time for a gallop of three miles, so we flung ourselves into the Turkish saddles, without waiting to change them for our own; and passing by the pillared masses of the temple of Ammon, just visible through the morning mist, we stood under Memnon's colossal pedestal before the last stars had melted in the dawn. Alas! for the vanity of human plans and early rising, this was the only morning since we entered Egypt on which the sun refused to shine. Memnon himself would have been puzzled, in his best days, to tell the moment when he rose.

There are two statues here, of similar size and proportion, about twenty yards apart; they stand isolated at present, though once forming the commencement of an avenue of statues leading to a palace, now level with the sands. The most celebrated of these two statues stands to the north; he is hewn out of a single mass of granite, and measures, though seated, about fifty feet in height, exclusive of his pedestal, which measures six feet more. His companion's figure and proportions are a fac-simile of his own, but I think the rock of which the latter is formed is of sandstone. The granite of which Memnon is composed has a musical ring when struck, and it is said the priests used to produce the sounds which astonished travellers in ancient times. Humboldt, however, in his South American travels, speaks of certain rocks on the river Orinoco, called by the natives "loxas musicas," which *he* heard yielding low thrilling tones of music, and accounted for it by the wind passing through the chinks and agitating the spangles of mica into audible vibration.

Whatever Memnon may formerly have done in the vocal line, much voice can hardly be expected from him now, as his chest is gone, and replaced by loose stones. He fell down in the year 70 B.C., and was afterwards rebuilt. His pedestal is covered with Greek and other inscriptions, bearing testimony to his musical performances; one of these records the visit of Adrian and his queen, Sabina. The Memnon is a corruption of Miamun, the beloved of Jove, and, in hieroglyphic history, is called Amunoph the Third. He reigned one hundred years before Sesostris [Rameses II.], or 1430 B.C. His colleague was probably the Danaus, who led a colony into Greece, and founded the kingdom of Argos. [He was in all probability a mythical personage.]

From these statues to the Memnonium, as the palace and temple of Sesostris are called, is about half a mile. The

magnificent hall of this temple is entered between two calm and contented-looking giants of rock, each twenty feet high. Within this hall was the library. The ceiling is covered with astronomical figures, which reveal the date of the building, 1322 B.C. On one of the walls Sesostris is represented as seated under the shadow of the Tree of Life, while gods inscribe his name upon its leaves. It is impossible to convey any idea of the extent and variety of all these ruins, or of the profusion of sculpture and painting which everywhere adorns them. A statue of Sesostris lies without the temple, in the position which he has occupied unmoved since Cambyses overthrew him; the upper part of his body is broken into two or three vast fragments, and the lower is almost indistinguishable in its brokenness. The breadth of this enormous figure across the breast is twenty-three feet; the whole was cut from a single block of granite, and polished as smooth as marble.

These are the principal objects of interest on the Libyan side of the river; there are many others, which, however they may attract the traveller, would scarcely interest the reader. The valley of the Tombs of the Queens, the grottoes of Koornat Murraee, and the temple (afterwards the church) of Dayr el Bahree, tell enough of their own stories in their names for our purpose.

On returning to our boat, a curious rencontre took place on board a dahabieh that was conveying a lion from Abyssinia to the Pasha's menagerie at Cairo. Mr. M.'s servant had purchased a wild fox from one of the natives, and, being anxious to see if the lion would devour him, he threw him into the cage. Reynard was game, however, put up his bristles, showed his teeth, and threatened hostilities; the lion howled with affright, and made such efforts to escape that he very nearly upset the boat, to the great ire of the Rais, whose life might have paid forfeit for his

prisoner's loss. He began to curse all the foxes and Christians under the sun, together with their beards and those of their fathers, and the gallant assailant was rescued and restored to liberty.

Of Luxor I shall only observe that it forms a fitting approach to Carnak. It presents a splendid confusion of courts, columns, statues, ruins, and a lonely obelisk, whose companion was removed to Paris, and now flourishes on the "Place de la Concorde." We found here the luxury of Arab horses, and rode along a wide plain covered with coarse grass, and varied by some gloomy little lakes and acacia shrubs, when, at the end of an hour, our guide reined in his horse, and pointed with his spear towards the south.

There lay Carnak! darkening a whole horizon with its portals and pyramids and palaces. We passed under a noble archway, and entered a long avenue of sphinxes: all their heads were broken off, but their pedestals remain unmoved since the time of Joseph. It must have been a noble sight in the palmy days of Thebes,—that avenue of two hundred enormous statues, terminated by that temple. Yet this was only one of many: at least eight others, with similar porticoes and archways, led from this stupendous edifice. We rode through half a mile of sphinxes, and then arrived at the Temple, the splendor of which no words can describe.

A glorious portal opened into a vast court, crowded with a perfect forest of the most magnificent columns, thirty-six feet each in circumference, covered with hieroglyphics, and surmounted with capitals, all of different patterns, and richly painted. No two persons agree on the number of these apparently countless columns: some make it amount to one hundred and thirty-four, others one hundred and sixty: the central measure sixty-six feet in height, exclusive of the pedestals and abacus. Endless it would be to enter into details of this marvellous pile; suffice it to say

that the temple is about one mile and three-quarters in circumference, the walls eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick.

With astonishment, and almost with awe, I rode on through labyrinths of courts, cloisters, and chambers, and only dismounted where a mass of masonry had lately fallen in, owing to its pillars having been removed to build the Pasha's powder manufactory. Among the infinite variety of objects of art that crowd the temple, the obelisks are not the least interesting. Those who have only seen them at Rome or Paris can form no conception of their effect when all around is in keeping with them. The eye follows upward the finely-tapering shaft, till suddenly it seems, not to terminate, but to melt away, and lose itself in the dazzling sunshine of its native skies.

For hours I wandered eagerly and anxiously on, through apparently interminable variety, every moment encountering something new, unheard of, and unthought of, till then. The very walls of outer enclosures were deeply sculptured with whole histories of great wars and triumphs, by figures that seemed to live again. In some places these walls were poured down like an avalanche, not fallen: no mortar had been ever needed to connect the cliff-like masses of which they were composed: at this hour the most ignorant mason might direct the replacing of every stone where it once towered, in propylon or gate-way, so accurately was each fitted to the place which it was to occupy.

We rested for a long time on a fallen column, under a beautiful archway that commands a wide view of the Temple, and then slowly and lingeringly withdrew. The world contains nothing like it.

We returned to Luxor by a different, yet similar, avenue of statues to that by which we had approached: as we proceeded we could discover other pillars and portals far

away upon the horizon, each marking where an entrance to this amazing Temple once existed.

From the desert or the river; from within or from without; by day or by moonlight; however you contemplate Carnak, appears the very aspect in which it shows to most advantage. And when this was all perfect; when its avenues opened in vista upon the noble temples and palaces of Sesostris, upon Gournou, Medinet Abou, and Luxor; when its courts were paced by gorgeous priestly pageants, and busy life swarmed on a river flowing between banks of palaces like those of Venice magnified a hundred-fold,—when all this was in its prime, no wonder that its fame spread even over the barbarian world and found immortality in Homer's song.

For many a day after I had seen it, and even to this hour, glimpses of Thebes mingle with my reveries and blend themselves with dreams, as if that vision had daguerreotyped itself upon the brain and would remain there forever.

PHILÆ AND ITS TEMPLE.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

[Among books of Egyptian travels, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," by Amelia B. Edwards, holds a noteworthy place, and is well worthy a selection. The authoress, born in England in 1831, is best known by her many popular novels, but has also written historical works and books for children, and has gained much repute as a student of Egyptian antiquities. From the many interesting chapters of the work named we choose the one on Philæ, as giving an animated description of an Egyptian temple.]

HAVING been for so many days within easy reach of Philæ, it is not to be supposed that we were content till

TEMPLE OF ISIS, PHILÆ.

now with only an occasional glimpse of its towers in the distance. On the contrary, we had found our way thither towards the close of almost every day's excursion. We had approached it by land from the desert; by water in the felucca; from Mahalla by way of the path between the cliffs and the river. When I add that we moored here for a night and the best part of two days on our way up the river, and again for a week when we came down, it will be seen that we had time to learn the lovely island by heart.

The approach by water is quite the most beautiful. Seen from the level of a small boat, the island, with its palms, its colonnades, its pylons, seems to rise out of the river like a mirage. Piled rocks frame it on either side, and purple mountains close up the distance. As the boat glides nearer between glistening boulders, those sculptured towers rise higher and ever higher against the sky. They show no sign of ruin or of age. All looks solid, stately, perfect. One forgets for the moment that anything is changed. If a sound of antique chanting were to be borne along the quiet air,—if a procession of white-robed priests bearing aloft the veiled ark of the god were to come sweeping round between the palms and the pylons,—we should not think it strange.

Most travellers land at the end nearest the cataract; so coming upon the principal temple from behind and seeing it in reverse order. We, however, bid our Arabs row round to the southern end where was once a stately landing-place with steps down to the river. We skirt the steep banks and pass close under the beautiful little roofless temple known as Pharaoh's bed,—that temple which has been so often painted, so often photographed, that every stone of it, and the platform on which it stands, and the tufted palms that cluster round about it, have been since

childhood as familiar to our mind's eye as the sphinx or the pyramids. It is larger, but not one jot less beautiful than we had expected. And it is exactly like the photographs. Still, one is conscious of perceiving a shade of difference too subtle for analysis; like the difference between a familiar face and the reflection of it in a looking-glass. Anyhow, one feels that the real Pharaoh's bed will henceforth displace the photographs in that obscure, mental pigeon-hole where till now one has been wont to store the well-known image; and that even the photographs have undergone some kind of change.

And now the corner is rounded; and the river widens away southward between mountains and palm-groves; and the prow touches the débris of a ruined quay. The bank is steep here. We climb, and a wonderful scene opens before our eyes. We are standing at the lower end of a court-yard leading up to the propylons of the great temple. The court is irregular in shape and enclosed on either side by covered colonnades. The colonnades are of unequal lengths and set at different angles. One is simply a covered walk; the other opens upon a row of small chambers, like a monastic cloister opening upon a row of cells. The roofing-stones of these colonnades are in part displaced, while here and there a pillar or a capital is missing; but the twin towers of the propylon, standing out in sharp, unbroken lines against the sky and covered with colossal sculptures, are as perfect, or very nearly as perfect, as in the days of the Ptolemies who built them.

The broad area between the colonnades is honeycombed with crude brick foundations,—vestiges of a Coptic village of early Christian time. Among these we thread our way to the foot of the principal propylon, the entire width of which is one hundred and twenty feet. The towers measure sixty feet from base to parapet. These dimensions are

insignificant for Egypt; yet the propylon, which would look small at Luxor or Karnak, does not look small at Philæ. The key-note here is not magnitude, but beauty. The island is small,—that is to say, it covers an area about equal to the summit of the Acropolis at Athens; and the scale of the buildings has been determined by the size of the island. As at Athens, the ground is occupied by one principal temple of moderate size and several subordinate chapels. Perfect grace, exquisite proportion, most varied and capricious grouping, here take the place of massiveness; so lending to Egyptian forms an irregularity of treatment that is almost Gothic and a lightness that is almost Greek.

And now we catch glimpses of an inner court, of a second propylon, of a pillared portico beyond; while, looking up to the colossal bas-reliefs above our heads, we see the usual mystic forms of kings and deities, crowned, enthroned, worshipping and worshipped. These sculptures, which at first sight look no less perfect than the towers, prove to be as laboriously mutilated as those at Denderah. The hawk-head of Horus and the cow-head of Hathor have here and there escaped destruction; but the human-faced deities are literally "sans eyes, sans nose, sans ears, sans everything."

We enter the inner court,—an irregular quadrangle enclosed on the east by an open colonnade, on the west by a chapel fronted with Hathor-headed columns, and on the north and south sides by the second and first propylons. In this quadrangle a cloisteral silence reigns. The blue sky burns above,—the shadows sleep below,—a tender twilight lies about our feet. Inside the chapel there sleeps perpetual gloom. It was built by Ptolemy Euergetes II., and is one of that order to which Champollion gave the name of Mammisi. It is a most curious place, dedicated to Hathor and commemorative of the nurture of Horus. On

the blackened walls within, dimly visible by the faint light which struggles through screen and door-way, we see Isis, the wife and sister of Osiris, giving birth to Horus. On the screen panels outside we trace the story of his infancy, education, and growth. As a babe at the breast he is nursed in the lap of Hathor, the divine foster-mother. As a young child he stands at his mother's knee and listens to the playing of a female harpist (we saw a bare-footed boy the other day in Cairo thrumming upon a harp of just the same shape and with precisely as many strings); as a youth he sows grain in honor of Isis and offers a jewelled collar to Hathor. This Isis, with her long aquiline nose, thin lips, and haughty aspect, looks like one of the complimentary portraits so often introduced among the temple-sculptures of Egypt. It may represent one of the two Cleopatras wedded to Ptolemy Physcon.

Two greyhounds with collars round their necks are sculptured on the outer wall of another small chapel adjoining. These also look like portraits. Perhaps they were the favorite dogs of some high-priest of Philæ.

Close against the greyhounds and upon the same wall space, is engraven that famous copy of the inscription of the Rosetta stone first observed here by Lepsius in A.D. 1843. It neither stands so high nor looks so illegible as Ampère is at such pains to make out. One would have said that it was in a state of more than ordinary good preservation.

[This inscription, however, lacks the Greek text which, upon the Rosetta stone, proved so inestimably useful. A space is left for it, but it is not cut, perhaps through Egyptian dislike of the language of their rulers.]

There are other sculptures in this quadrangle which one would like to linger over; as, for instance, the capitals of the eastern colonnade, no two of which are alike, and the

grotesque bas-reliefs of the frieze of the Mammisi. Of these, a quasi-heraldic group, representing the sacred hawk sitting in the centre of a fan-shaped persea-tree between two supporters, is the most curious; the supporters being on the one side a maniacal lion, and on the other a Typhonian hippopotamus, each grasping a pair of shears.

Passing now through the door-way of the second propylon, we find ourselves facing the portico,—that famous painted portico of which we have seen so many sketches that we fancied we knew it already. That second-hand knowledge goes for nothing, however, in presence of the reality; and we are as much taken by surprise as if we were the first travellers to set foot within these enchanted precincts.

For here is a place in which time seems to have stood as still as in that immortal palace where everything went to sleep for a hundred years. The bas-reliefs on the walls, the intricate paintings on the ceilings, the colors upon the capitals, are incredibly fresh and perfect. These exquisite capitals have long been the wonder and delight of travellers in Egypt. They are all studied from natural forms,—from the lotus in bud and blossom, the papyrus, and the palm. Conventionalized with consummate skill, they are at the same time so justly proportioned to the height and girth of the columns as to give an air of wonderful lightness to the whole structure. But above all it is with the color—color conceived in the tender and pathetic minor of Watteau and Lancret and Greuze—that one is most fascinated. Of these delicate half-tones, the fac-simile in the "Grammar of Ornament" conveys not the remotest idea. Every tint is softened, intermixed, degraded. The pinks are corraline; the greens are tempered with verditer; the blues are of a greenish turquoise, like the western half of an autumnal evening sky.

Architecturally this court is unlike any we have yet seen, being quite small, and open to the sky in the centre, like the atrium of a Roman house. The light thus admitted glows overhead, lies in a square patch on the ground below, and is reflected upon the pictured recesses of the ceiling. At the upper end, where the pillars stand two deep, there was originally an inter-columnar screen. The rough sides of the columns show where the connecting blocks have been torn away. The pavement, too, has been pulled up by treasure-seekers, and the ground is strewn with broken slabs and fragments of shattered cornices.

These are the only signs of ruin,—signs traced not by the finger of time, but by the hand of the spoiler. So fresh, so fair is all the rest, that we are fain to cheat ourselves for the moment into the belief that what we see is work not marred, but arrested. These columns, depend upon it, are yet unfinished. That pavement is about to be relaid. It would not surprise us to find the masons here to-morrow morning, or the sculptor, with mallet and chisel, carrying on that band of lotus buds and bees. Far more difficult is it to believe that they all struck work together some two-and-twenty centuries ago. . . .

The religious history of Philæ is so curious that it is a pity it should not find a historian. It shared with Abydos and some other places the reputation of being the burying-place of Osiris. It was called the "Holy Island." Its very soil was sacred. None might land upon its shores, or even approach them too nearly, without permission. To obtain that permission and perform the pilgrimage to the tomb of the god was to the pious Egyptian what the Mecca pilgrimage is to the pious Mussulman of to-day. The most solemn oath to which he could give utterance was, "By him who sleeps in Philæ."

[Philæ seems to have succeeded Abydos in reputation for sanctity in the Ptolemaic period. During that period it was a highly important centre of pilgrimage, and its remote situation enabled its priests to resist the decree of the Christian emperors that put an end to Egyptian paganism in general. The ancient worship may have been continued here till the end of the sixth century. At length, however, the worship of Osiris was replaced by that of Christ, and a populous Christian community overflowed the island. At a later date Christianity there gave way to Mohammedanism. In 1799 the island was taken by a detachment of the French army under Desaix, and since that date appears to have been deserted.]

And now—for we have lingered over-long in the portico—it is time we glanced at the interior of the temple. So we go in at the central door, beyond which opens some nine or ten halls and side chambers, leading, as usual, to the sanctuary. Here all is dark, earthly, oppressive. In rooms unlighted by the faintest gleam from without, we find smoke-blackened walls covered with elaborate bas-reliefs. Mysterious passages, pitch-dark, thread the thickness of the walls and communicate by means of trap-like openings with vaults below. In the sanctuary lies an overthrown altar; while in the corner behind it stands the very niche in which Strabo must have seen that poor, sacred hawk of Ethiopia which he describes as "sick and nearly dead."

But in this temple dedicated not only to Isis, but to the memory of Osiris and the worship of Horus, their son, there is one chamber which we may be quite sure was shown neither to Strabo nor Diodorus, nor to any stranger of alien faith, be his repute or station what it might; a chamber holy above all others; holier even than the sanctuary,—the chamber sacred to Osiris. We, however, unrestricted, unforbidden, are free to go where we list; and our books tell us that this mysterious chamber is somewhere overhead. So, emerging once again into the day-

light, we go up a well-worn staircase leading out upon the roof.

This roof is an intricate, up-and-down place, and the room is not easy to find. It lies at the bottom of a little flight of steps,—a small stone cell some twelve feet square, lighted only from the door-way. The walls are covered with sculptures representing the shrines, the mummification, and the resurrection of Osiris. These shrines, containing some part of his body, are variously finished. His head, for instance, rests on a nilometer; his arm, surmounted by a head, is sculptured on a stela, in shape resembling a high-shouldered bottle, surmounted by one of the head-dresses peculiar to the god; his legs and feet lie in a pylon-shaped mausoleum. Upon another shrine stands the mitre-shaped crown which he wears as judge of the lower world. Isis and Nephthys keep guard over each shrine. In a lower frieze we see the mummy of the god laid upon a bier, with the four so-called canopic jars ranged underneath. A little farther on he lies in state, surrounded by lotus buds on tall stems, figuratively of growth, or returning life. Finally he is depicted lying on a couch; his limbs reunited; his head, left hand, and left foot upraised, as in the act of returning to consciousness. Nephthys, in the guise of a winged genius, faces him with the breath of life. Isis, with outstretched arms, stands at his feet, and seems to be calling him back to her embraces. The scene represents, in fact, that supreme moment when Isis pours forth her passionate invocations, and Osiris is resuscitated by virtue of the songs of the divine sisters.

Ill-modelled and ill-cut as they are, there is a clownish naturalness about these little sculptures that lifts them above the conventional dead level of ordinary Ptolemaic work. The figures tell their tale intelligibly. Osiris seems

really struggling to rise, and the action of Isis expresses clearly enough the intention of the artist. Although a few heads have been mutilated and the surface of the stone is somewhat degraded, the subjects are by no means in a bad state of preservation. . . .

And now, returning to the roof, it is pleasant to breathe the fresher air that comes with sunset,—to see the island, in shape like an ancient Egyptian shield, lying mapped out beneath one's feet. From here we look back upon the way we have come, and forward to the way we are going. Northward lies the cataract,—a net-work of islets with flashes of river between. Southward, the broad current comes in one smooth, glassy sheet, unbroken by a single rapid. How eagerly we turn our eyes that way, for yonder lie Abou Simbel and all the mysterious lands beyond the cataracts!

But we cannot see far, for the river curves away grandly to the right, and vanishes behind a range of granite hills. A similar chain hems in the opposite bank; while high above the palm-groves fringing the edge of the shore stand two ruined convents on two rocky prominences, like a couple of castles on the Rhine. On the east bank opposite a few mud houses and a group of superb carob-trees mark the site of a village, the greater part of which lies hidden among palms. Behind this village opens a vast sand valley, like an arm of the sea from which the waters have retreated. The old channel along which we rode the other day went ploughing that way straight across from Philæ. Last of all, forming the western side of this fourfold view, we have the island of Biggeh,—rugged, mountainous, and divided from Philæ by so narrow a channel that every sound from the native village on the other side is as audible as though it came from the court-yard at our feet. That village is built in and about the ruins of a tiny

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Ptolemaic temple, of which only a screen and door-way and part of a small propylon remain. We can see a woman pounding coffee on the threshold of one of the huts, and some children scrambling about the rocks in pursuit of a wandering turkey. Catching sight of us up here on the roof of the temple, they come whooping and scampering down to the water-side, and with shrill cries importune us for backsheesh. Unless the stream is wider than it looks, one might almost pitch a piaster into their outstretched hands.

Mr. Hay, it is said, discovered a secret passage of solid masonry tunnelled under the river from island to island. The entrance on this side was from a shaft in the Temple of Isis. We are not told how far Mr. Hay was able to penetrate in the direction of Biggeh, but the passage would lead up, most probably, to the little temple opposite.

Perhaps the most entirely curious and unaccustomed features in all this scene are the mountains. They are like none that any of us have seen in our diverse wanderings. Other mountains are homogeneous and thrust themselves up from below in masses suggestive of primitive disruption and upheaval. These seem to lie upon the surface foundationless; rock loosely piled on rock, boulder on boulder; like stupendous cairns, the work of demigods and giants. Here and there, on shelf or summit, a huge rounded mass, many tons in weight, hangs poised capriciously. Most of these blocks, I am persuaded, would "log" if put to the test.

But for a specimen stone commend me to yonder amazing monolith down by the water's edge opposite, near the carob-trees and the ferry. Though but a single block of orange-red granite, it looks like three; and the Arabs, seeing in it some fancied resemblance to an arm-chair, call it Pharaoh's throne. Rounded and polished by primeval

floods and emblazoned by royal cartouches of extraordinary size, it seems to have attracted the attention of pilgrims in all ages. Kings, conquerors, priests, travellers, have covered it with records of victories, of religious festivals, of prayers and offerings, and acts of adoration. Some of these are older by a thousand years and more than the temples on the island opposite.

Such, roughly summed up, are the fourfold surroundings of Philæ,—the cataract, the river, the desert, the environing mountains. The Holy Island—beautiful, lifeless, a thing of the far past, with all its wealth of sculpture, painting, history, poetry, tradition—sleeps, or seems to sleep, in the midst.

It is one of the world's famous landscapes, and it deserves its fame. Every sketcher sketches it; every traveller describes it. Yet it is just one of those places of which the objective and subjective features are so evenly balanced that it bears putting neither into words nor colors. The sketcher must perforce leave out the atmosphere of association which informs his subject; and the writer's description is at best no better than a catalogue *raisonnée.*

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO ADEN.

JOHN M. KEATING.

[Dr. Keating, from whose work entitled "With General Grant in the East" the following selection is taken, was one of Grant's companions in his memorable trip around the world, serving as physician of the party. He has put his impressions of the Eastern hemisphere in very readable form, and we give here his brief experience of Egypt and the Red Sea. Our account opens immediately after the landing of the party at Alexandria.]

Two large open carriages, with prancing black horses, were in attendance, surrounded of course by the dense mass of a motley crowd that we afterwards learnt was to form the greater part of our escort wherever we went in the East. Each carriage was preceded by an Arab runner, dressed in a white flowing garment, the ends of which were carelessly thrown over his shoulder, leaving in view a pair of the thinnest of black legs, that soon became almost invisible as he kept ahead of the fleet Arab horses, carrying in his hand a wand. Our glimpse of Alexandria was like a flash; the panorama was composed of mosques, bazaars, palms, donkeys, and camels, to say nothing of beggars that fairly swarmed, as we dashed up one street and down another, until finally we reached the railroad depot. The sudden transition from the most extreme cold of winter to so thorough a tropical clime was bewildering, to say nothing more; the strange appearance of everything and everybody we saw gave even the beggars a fascination.

Hassim and the luggage had not yet put in an appearance; the confusion became extreme, hundreds of strange, gesticulating creatures, with a great waste of unintelligible Arabic, surrounded us; messengers were sent off in all directions; the blind beggar seemed to regain his eyesight for the nonce at the prospect of forthcoming "Backsheesh," the lame became wild with excitement. At last rumors reached us that Hassim had been found, and in a few moments an ox-cart moved majestically around the corner, Hassim at the head, with his long sabre clanging at his side. Half the population of Alexandria aided the oxen in bringing up the lost luggage, and in a few moments all was safely deposited in the waiting train, and we were *en route* for Suez. At mid-day we lunched at Ben-a-lássie, then changed cars, as our train went on to Cairo, and off we were again, now skirting the fresh-water canal, that

takes the Nile water to Suez, now crossing a branch of the river that aids in forming the great delta.

In some places a large mound or collection of mounds would attract attention, and from the few little openings at the side would emerge human beings, mostly urchins, proving it to be a village. Then again scattered mud houses would appear, roofless and uninviting, the long neck of a camel or his hump towering above the walls, showing *his* portion of the habitation. Along the pathway a string of camels heavily laden, led by a tall, well formed Egyptian, and followed by his family with all his worldly goods, or again the noble lord would lead the family camel or donkey, upon which sat his spouse, her beautiful dark eyes peering beneath her veiled face, gazing with curiosity upon the passing train. What splendid-looking fellows the Egyptians are, so well formed, so erect! The road fairly swarmed with little black-eyed children, whose great beauty soon attracted our attention.

It was the most superb day I can remember, in the shade just cool enough to wear a thin overcoat over our summer clothing, and yet even in the sun at mid-day not oppressively warm. It was said to represent the coldest day of an Egyptian mid-winter, and certainly to the natives it must have felt extremely cold. It was a strange sight to see large fields irrigated by the stream running many feet below their level, men standing knee-deep in the water throwing it by basketfuls into the canal above them, keeping this up day after day, and thereby paying off the heavy taxes of this much-oppressed people. Fortunately for them, clothing is not required, and food is almost a luxury, for all their earnings are quietly pocketed by the multitude of officials before they reach the government exchequer.

About four P.M. we entered the desert, and continued in

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its perfect sea of sand as far as the eye could reach until we neared Ismailia, and then our road lay along the Suez Canal. Our journey was accomplished by half-past seven that evening. Covered with dust and completely bewildered by all the strange sights we had seen, we found ourselves knee-deep in a dusty road, surrounded by a perfect bedlam of clamorous Arabs, who seemed to threaten annihilation to the whole party in their attempts to carry our luggage. I shall not soon forget the comic aspect of the scene as each trunk made its appearance from the van and was seized upon by at least a half-dozen eager wretches, who fought for its possession till finally even the staid and dignified Hassim, always on hand, was forced to unstrap his mighty weapon and mount guard over the treasures, using the argument of his scabbard, which proved successful.

The hotel was some distance off; guides with lanterns made their appearance, and the party moved on in Indian file along the barren road paved with the sand and dust of centuries, vainly wishing that the far-famed civilization of Egypt had only lasted a few thousand years longer. The hotel, built almost on the edge of the water, was a large, dismal structure, a perfect labyrinth of dark and narrow passage-ways, with its great stone walls and stone pavements enclosing a court-yard filled with tropical trees and flowers.

Everything attached to it showed the endeavor on the part of all to keep cool,—cool and damp,—for almost the only moisture known in this part of Egypt comes from the heavy dews at night, the yearly rainfall amounting to an average of but one inch.

Where was the "Venetia;" had she yet passed the canal? Our first inquiries received the gratifying response that the noble ship which was to carry us onward had reached Port Said, and was at that moment slowly moving along

the canal; but later intelligence gave us to understand that the "Venetia" was delayed, and that we would spend the next day in becoming more intimately acquainted with the curiosities of Suez and its surroundings. Bright and early the following morning, after a night somewhat devoted to the slaying of the Egyptian mosquito, our party separated into little bands for the purpose of investigating the town. The General called upon the Pasha. With our consul-general and Colonel Grant I wandered over the entire place, entered the bazaars, examined their contents, and finally, when the streets became too crowded with the curious, had recourse to donkeys as a means of progression. How can human beings dwell in such quarters? The main streets or avenues were narrow enough to be called passage-ways, made so probably as a protection from the sun, but from what would seem to be but crevices between the mud walls we could see a procession of women with water-jugs emerge, or urchins as numerous as the flies that tortured us would swarm in hundreds from unknown regions. Glancing upward, our eyes would meet a pair as black as coals, shining through the lattice of a narrow window, but the startling beauty of her who owned them was a secret not to be solved by the gaze of the impudent foreigners. Where do so many blind beggars come from? Look at the children tortured by the myriads of flies, see the amount of ophthalmia among them and their filth, and the question is answered. An oculist would make a fortune here, my informant said, for this disease is not alone limited to the poor and sickly.

We entered a mosque at mid-day, following the crowd that sought its holy retreat as the bell tolled from the tower, and the saintly hermit, blind also, called to prayers. Prostrating themselves within its holy precincts, they supplicated "Allah" with a fervor that was truly edifying,

while we gazed in silence at the outer door, not thinking our devotion was sufficient to make us energetic enough to take off our shoes and enter. As we passed along a tax-gatherer was going his rounds, the assessor noting down the name of each inhabitant of the street, and preparing to do his full duty in making all the necessary returns of the taxes that were thus "farmed out."

Suez is the type of an Egyptian town, and the ways and doings of its people are those of all the people of Egypt, so, not having an opportunity of visiting Cairo, some of us were obliged to be contented with the picture of what we saw, and apply its lesson to the consideration of Egyptian life.

It affords a sad example of a hard-working, thrifty people, whose life of toil gives the means for the extravagance and luxury of those that govern them. It is said that the climate tends to indolence, yet I think I rarely saw harder work than I have seen in Egypt; certainly in ancient times workmen were not allowed to idle here. Many questions arose in the course of conversation with several of the leading foreign residents, some of whom had come to Egypt for their health, others for business purposes; among others, the subject of the climate and its effects on invalids, which was to me most interesting. Every one agreed that only too many were yearly sent to baffle with the strong winds, the great and sudden changes, the bad smells, and uninviting and undigestible diet, with the upsetting influences of a sea-voyage, when under the most favorable circumstances of a luxurious home they could be scarcely expected to keep body and soul together. . . .

Those that are diseased, particularly with pulmonary troubles, keep them by all means at home, where we have climates equal to Egypt, and of much easier access. The

nights are damp and chilling, the days warm, in the sunshine hot; rheumatism is a frequent complaint in consequence. Moreover, the style of Eastern architecture is intended for a hot climate. The houses are of brick or stone, the floors the same; draughts circulate on all sides; the ceilings are high. Invalids come here in winter, when all these contrivances work for them the wrong way. The shades are intensified by the brightness of the sun, and in one step from intense heat you find yourself in a chilling atmosphere.

General Stone, who has lived in Egypt now many years with his family, tells me that housekeeping is not more troublesome than at home. One can have as good cooking, and marketing is attended with variety; but this is not found in the hotels, and one must keep house in Cairo or Alexandria to find it. If my little journal will then keep our sick at home, it will serve a good purpose.

Over the desert the tall masts of a vessel appeared, and we were told that, as the English ensign was flying at the P. and O. agency, it was the "Venetia," of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, that was about passing out of the canal into the Gulf of Suez. The party were all collected together, the steam-launch was awaiting us and our luggage, and the Pasha of Suez stood upon the landing, after returning the General's visit of the morning, ready to bid farewell and speed the parting guest. The vessel was anchored in mid-stream, and before long we were climbing up the steep stairway to her deck.

What a beautiful thing a ship is, after all! But when her decks are as white as the driven snow, the brass-work shining like the sun, great awnings extending almost her entire length and breadth, and, besides, when she is a monster of over four thousand tons, your admiration adds to your confidence in her as a future home. Captain Perrins

came forward to welcome the General, being introduced by Mr. Roberts, the company's agent resident here; then we were all taken to view our quarters. The greater part of the upper deck seemed taken up with large reclining straw chairs, their manufacture a specialty of Singapore, as we afterwards learnt, and just in front of the main skylight was an upright piano.

Far forward beyond the engine-room, on either side of an open hatchway, were a number of large state-rooms at the command of the bachelors of the ship's company. Away from the noise—and the ladies—they could prowl or gossip or read as fancy prompted, wearing an attire that required this seclusion. Here some of the party were quartered, and as I look back upon that pleasant cruise I recall many happy moments when surrounded by the inhabitants of "bachelors' den." A table was spread on the covering of the lower hatch for the early morning meal. After bath, with the bright morning light coming down through the skylight, and a most delicious draught established by the wind-sails in each cabin window, we would all meet and hear of strange tales of foreign lands.

Before all were ready for starting on the evening of our departure from Suez the sun had set. Of all beautiful sights I ever saw this sunset was the most surpassingly lovely, with its wonderful variety of tints. The sun as it sank threw its brilliant light upon the sharp, jagged peaks on the Arabian side, which arose from the desert and looked like spires of sandstone and granite, and, finally, from a bright yellow tint, with a background of the lightest green, they turned to a fiery red, the reflection of which extended far out from the shore into the sea that washed the coast. On the Egyptian side the sandy mountains that formed its protecting wall were in the shadow, and by nightfall they were distinguished by a long line of the darkest

and deepest crimson, that we saw for many miles ahead of us.

Why is the *Red Sea* so called? many have asked. Here is the solution to the problem, and not, as a fellow-traveller remarked, most poetically, because that color is complementary to its deep emerald-green. A little clump of green, a few young date-palms, and an attempt at vegetation was pointed out as "Moses' Well;" and while gazing at it with a reverence that its association engendered we became painfully aware that our noble ship was aground. It was instantly suggested that we had accidentally encountered one of Pharaoh's chariots, but before the statement could be substantiated the noise of the engine told us we were once again in deeper water. The night, remarkable for its beautiful moon and the temperature, was delightful. Our party, still strangers to most of the passengers, gathered together in a little circle of their own, and, taking possession of the grating near the wheel at the stern of the ship, talked of home and its great distance off, and the General gave us many interesting incidents of his journeyings and of his early life.

On Saturday, February 1, we awoke to find ourselves sailing down the Red Sea, now fairly out of the Gulf of Suez, with the Mount Sinai range on our left and nothing but sand, and sand only, on either side until the desert reached the foot of the mountains. Day after day the weather became warmer. On February 3 the thermometer marked eighty degrees in the companion-way at eight A.M., and yet, strange it seemed to us, papers at Suez told us that New York harbor was blocked with ice.

The ship's decks put on quite an Oriental appearance. Our fellow-passengers, about fifty in all, were for the most part English officers returning to their posts after leave, and whole-souled, charming companions they turned out to

be. The ladies, few in number, but a host of pleasant company, charmed us with their individual accomplishments, and all appearing in the whitest of summer clothes made the scene seem like a summer garden-party as they danced or walked in the moonlight, sheltered only from the dews by the awning on the brightly-lighted deck.

Colonel Brownlow nightly thrilled us with wonderful tales of tiger-hunting, and Dr. Bennet interested us with an exposition of the wonders of submarine zoology. Night after night the North Star would approach nearer the horizon, and the early morning hours would bring out the beauties of the Southern Cross. One morning an amateur drawing-class, under the tutorship of a judge from Bombay, descended upon the General and kept him prisoner for a lengthy time, until many phases of his face appeared in the log of each member of the association. Each day brought the same clear sky, with a warmer sun, the same unvaried occupation of lounging, reading, or sleeping; each night the same moonlight and a clear heaven studded with myriads of stars.

On the 4th we passed a group of islands off the Arabian coast called the Twelve Apostles, barren hills of sand and granite. About four P.M. on the 5th we passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and entered the Gulf of Aden. Perim, the island on our right, occupied by the English and garrisoned with a small body of men, sent monthly from Aden, well guards the narrow entrance. Its investiture was attended with a little romance, it is said, which tells of how the French officer who was sent to take possession of it opened his heart to his British hosts at a banquet at Aden, and, while he unbosomed himself in an outburst of confidence, a small boat sought the coveted spot and planted the English ensign that he found awaiting him there the following morning.

Opposite Perim the mountains are high, sharp peaks of variegated color, red, purple, and lead-colored, and bear no evidence of life, either animal or vegetable. It is truly a weird and dismal spot, and no wonder the French soon abandoned their fortress when their British neighbors held the island of Perim opposite. I was awakened at two A.M. on February 6 by the greatest noise and confusion. We had reached Aden. The casting of the anchor, the shovelling into the hold of the coal that came out to us in lighters, rendered further sleep impossible, and we all sought the upper deck in sheer desperation. It was the most beautiful moonlight. Opposite to us were a group of pointed mountains, seemingly of great height, with great black shadows between each peak, rendered blacker by the silvered light around them. A few straggling bungalows with their whitewashed walls were dotted on the ridge that ran parallel to the bay.

At dawn boats pushed out, manned by natives, towards our ship, and before long a quantity of little "dugouts" appeared from all quarters, paddled by Samoli boys. Strange beings these, tall, lithe of limb, clad only in a long winding-sheet that was made into a single waist-cloth, their features straight as a Grecian, their teeth pearly white; a thick mass of curly hair, done up in corkscrews, bleached to a bright red or yellow, capped the strange figures and waved in the breeze as they stood erect in their little boats clamoring for coins in the very discordant tones of "Have a dive? take a dive? take a dive? have a dive?" until the whole company would join in chorus. They are truly amphibious, for upon throwing into the water the coveted coin all would dive after it, its fortunate captor appearing within a few seconds with his property in his teeth, much to the amusement of the deck company and the chagrin of the unsuccessful divers. Parsee merchants soon crowded

our decks: they came to bid farewell to a companion who was about embarking for Bombay. Miserable, forlorn specimens of Jewish merchants came up the gang-plank with ostrich eggs and feathers, their great peculiarity consisting of the hair parted behind and pushed forward over the ears, flowing down the sides of the face in long ringlets. Our Samoli friends, seeking nearer acquaintance, climbed up the sides of the ship, and soon, like monkeys, clambered over the rigging and swarmed on deck, and the scene became a perfect pandemonium. One little fellow, plump and happy, with his thick head-covering of tow, reminded us of Raphael's cherub, his beautiful face completely overcoming the soft-hearted ladies who had been bold enough to come on deck. At nine o'clock that evening we hove anchor, steamed around the rocky point, which certainly looked dreary enough, notwithstanding the occasional patches of green that marked some little stream that sought the sea from between each rocky pointed mountain, and, facing almost directly east, sought exit from the Gulf of Arabia into the Indian Ocean towards Bombay.

UP THE BLUE NILE.

FREDERIC CAILLIAUD.

[Frederic Cailliaud, the first modern traveller to make a complete exploration of the ruins of Ethiopia, was a native of Nantes, France, born in 1787. He went to Egypt in 1815, explored the Libyan oases, and, in the service of Mehemet Ali, voyaged up the Blue Nile. He rediscovered in Mount Zabarah the famous emerald mines of ancient times, and obtained from them ten pounds weight of emeralds. He returned to Paris in 1822, published several works descriptive of his travels, and died in 1869. In 1821 he had journeyed up the Nile, examining the antiquities by the way, and in February reaching the army

of Ismail Pasha, which was marching on a campaign of conquest up the stream. Cailliaud accompanied it, examining the ruins as he went. On May 27 the confluence of the Blue and White Niles was reached. As we have elsewhere described an expedition up the White, or main branch of the Nile, the story of Cailliaud's journey up the Blue Nile will fitly complete the story of Nile exploration. Passing through the kingdom of Sennaar, the traveller reached the village of Kourdkeyleh, where the flora and fauna began to display tropical luxuriance.]

AT the dawn of day I endeavored to enter the forest of Kourdkeyleh to surprise some wild animals. I saw there many monkeys, the fresh tracks of the elephants, guinea-fowls, and birds of brilliant plumage, which uttered harsh cries. Since the Pharaohs, perhaps, no bark had spread its sails on the river which I navigated, and it was not without a keen satisfaction that I saw mine advancing before all others, fighting with the winds in quarters where the gaze of a European had never before penetrated. I felt an involuntary emotion in contemplating these trees, conquerors of Time, which age had not bent; those thick woods, whose eternal foliage never spread for the traveller a protecting shade against the burning sun; those inaccessible thickets where the shepherd never led his flocks.

Savage nature alone breathed amid this constantly renewed vegetation; the acacias, the nebbuks, the dead trees themselves, were enlaced in the inextricable convolutions of the parasitic vines, thus forming a compact mass of verdure, through which a few almost impracticable paths allowed the light to enter. The shock of our oars and the sound of the water against our bark alarmed the inhabitants of the flood; the crocodiles forsook the solitary shores, and the frightened hippopotami, swimming in herds around us, seemed by their bellowings to reproach us for having invaded their domain. The river was bordered with the bamboo, the ebony, and other new and precious woods;

we saw trees, plants, insects, and shells of unknown kinds, and rejoiced in the distinctive, yet hitherto unknown, physiognomy of this virgin soil. . . .

The rains cease at the end of September. The soil, profoundly saturated, retains here and there pools of stagnant water, which, fermenting by the sudden action of the heat, exhale putrid miasma. These, joined to the not less pernicious vapors of the earth, vitiate the air, and engender a host of maladies; the fevers, above all, prevail until January. At the approach of this disastrous season, the inhabitants of the banks of the river hasten to desert the villages with their beasts, and to fly from the pestiferous atmosphere.

[The army, whose march was continued till this period, suffered severely from this state of affairs, and from unsuitable food. By September 25, out of an army of three thousand men six hundred had died and two thousand were sick. The carcasses of dead animals helped to infect the air. Ibrahim Pasha joined his brother Ismail on October 22, bringing a fresh stock of provisions. The sick were removed into the interior, and soon began to recover. The expedition was now divided, Ibrahim leading a force up the White Nile, Ismail one up the Blue Nile. Cailliaud accompanied the latter. The negro villages were mercilessly raided as they advanced. On December 22 a large negro village was reached in the mountains of Kilgou.]

Ismail ordered the advance-guard to march rapidly upon the place, surprise the inhabitants, and prevent their flight. This order was promptly executed; the rocks were scaled, and a large body of negroes surrounded, who, nevertheless, defended themselves with unexpected obstinacy. The troops had spread their lines in climbing the hill, in order to surround as large a number as possible. But soon the difficulties of the ground broke up the order of march; they could not keep their footing on the masses of slippery granite which obstructed their path. Finally, taking off their slippers, which they stuck into their belts,

they reached the first huts, where they found several women, who refused to follow them, and were killed. The men on the summit of the mountains rolled down masses of stone and logs of wood upon their enemies. They dashed hither and thither with surprising agility. The Turks compared them to birds, for their feet hardly seemed to touch the surface of the rocks. Many of them hurled their lances from behind trees or masses of granite, and pierced the first troops who ascended the hill.

Meanwhile, the Pasha, tired of the prolonged resistance, mounted the hill with seven of his Mamelukes and some Albanians, but soon had reason to repent his imprudence: the negroes suddenly sallied out of their retreat, and hurled their lances, killing one of the Mamelukes. After firing a volley into them, the Pasha returned to the camp. By this time the negroes had cast away all their lances, and sought safety in flight. One-fourth of them escaped, and the rest were taken.

In this affair the Pasha had twelve men killed and forty wounded; of the negroes one hundred and eighty were killed and five hundred and seventy-five taken prisoners. The latter had crisp hair, thick lips, and prominent cheek-bones; a few of them had flat noses. The men wore only a piece of goat-skin tied round the loins, and the women a piece of cotton which reached to the middle of the thigh. There were none among them who understood Arabic. The Pasha allowed me to take two who appeared intelligent and good-tempered, and an Arab of Fazogl, who knew a little of their language, served me as interpreter.

[The army next entered a narrow, rocky valley, bordered by many deserted villages, through which the Pasha led his forces.]

We entered a little valley enclosed between two chains of high hills and overlooked by a mountain, which we pro-

posed to scale, in the hope of surprising the negroes of the opposite side. It was necessary to break a passage through the mimosas and the nebbuks, the thorny branches of which tore our clothes into shreds. The Pasha had recommended me, for my own safety, to keep close to him, but this benevolent consideration nearly proved fatal to me. After two hours' march, we had made two-thirds of the mountain which was the aim of our expedition. We advanced up a rough and uneven path, with the brink of a precipice on the right, while the peaked summit of the mountain arose on the left. A part of the troops were in advance; the Pasha followed them, having behind him one of his slaves, who carried his narghileh; I came immediately after, so near that the head of my horse touched his, and the Mamelukes after me, for the path was so narrow that we were obliged to march in single file.

All at once a rock, three feet in diameter, fell between Ismail and myself, hurling down the precipice the slave who separated us. Without doubt the blow was intended for the Pasha, who was distinguished by his rich costume; but one step more, and I should have received it. Ismail turned immediately, and I could perceive his fright in the pallor of his countenance; I confess, however, that he could justly have made the same remark concerning me. We dismounted, in order to avoid more readily the rocks and pieces of wood which the negroes continued to hurl down upon us. We descended the mountain much faster than we went up it, and having reached a level spot, the Pasha played a piece of cannon against the summit; but the balls, passing beyond, almost reached the troops commanded by his physician, who returned in great fear, without having achieved any more valorous exploits than ourselves.

[On the 18th of January, 1822, the expedition skirted the mountains of Kasan, and soon after entered a country crossed by numerous ravines, in which ran small affluents of the Toumat.]

The passage of these ravines was fatal to the camels; the route was strewn with abandoned animals and baggage. The Pasha himself had but a single good horse remaining. We were constrained to leave behind us a camel, part of its load, and the mule of M. Letorzec, who then mounted the dromedary which carried my papers and drawings; but the poor animal, exhausted with fatigue, lay down. In vain did we employ every means to raise it, we could not succeed.

That part of the forest in which we were was full of small dead trees and dry brush-wood, which was imprudently set on fire by the soldiers at a short distance from us. Soon the flames were ready to envelop us; I resolved to lose the dromedary, but I wished to save its load, which contained all my papers. We had nothing at hand to cut the cords and straps which bound it, and in our anxiety made useless efforts to untie them. All was over: the fruit of so much trouble and peril was about to become the prey of the flames. They cried out to us to save ourselves, but I could not resign myself to sacrifice my treasures. Already the heat scorched us, we felt the approach of the fire; we must leave,—I uttered a cry of despair.

Meanwhile, our camel, feeling the flames, rose, darted forward a little distance, and fell again. We ran to it, tore away the precious load, and placed it on my horse, which I drew by the bridle, while M. Letorzec urged it in the rear. But the wind drove the flames towards us; they advanced nearer and nearer; we were almost overcome with terror, when, oh, joy! the trees became scattering, and we issued from the wood.

[They were now encamped in a place called Abkoulgui, situated in latitude 10° 38′ north.

The village consists of a few scattered habitations, on an elevated slope, whence the view extends over several other hills more or less wooded and covered with isolated habitations. In the south one sees the distant mountain of Mofis, and in the west the long ridge of Obeh. Abkoulgui appears to be the central point of the province of Gamamyl, which is two days' journey in extent. It is watered by the Toumat and a great quantity of its tributary torrents; the soil is a clay, full of sand and pebbles, and showing everywhere traces of oxide of iron. This province is reputed to be the richest in auriferous substances, where the negroes have been most successful in collecting gold-dust.

[The Pasha was disappointed in his hopes of obtaining gold. One of the chiefs of the district told him that during the rainy season pieces of gold as large as beans were sometimes washed down; but only dust and grains were now to be had, which did not meet the Pasha's expectations. The situation also became insecure. The Gallas, who had overrun that part of Abyssinia, were only a few hours distant.]

Seventeen days had elapsed since our arrival at Gamamyl. I had undergone many fatigues, and yet my health had improved. Every day I mounted my horse to go on the hunt of auriferous sands. We multiplied our trials, weighed the earth, calculated the proportion of the quantity of gold, but never attained any result which could give us the least hope. Those mountains of gold upon which the Pasha counted so strongly vanished like smoke; the thirty thousand negroes whom he intended to capture diminished to a few hundreds. It became necessary to try our luck elsewhere, and he gave the order for our departure. From the want of camels, I was obliged to leave

behind a fine collection of minerals which I had gathered together. . . .

We set out on the 5th of February. Most of the soldiers could not restrain their surprise at seeing that we were still marching to the south. The Shygheeans had made a manikin resembling a man and dressed in the fashion of their tribe; it is an established custom with them to inter a similar manikin at the extreme limit which their hostile expeditions reach in an enemy's country. Some of them walked, in order to allow this ridiculous figure to ride on a camel, at which the Turks were greatly amused.

[This advance proved perilous. The negroes became bolder daily. Ammunition and provisions were running out. The negro tribes had leagued to repel the invaders. On the 11th the Pasha ordered a retreat, much to the joy of his men. They had followed the Blue Nile into the mountain region of Western Abyssinia, which Cailliaud was the first European to see. During their return the ardent explorer examined the sites of several ancient cities. The ruins of Naga, near Shendy, are thus described:]

I awoke at dawn, and, finding everything quiet, advanced through the trees towards the ruins, which I discovered near at hand. The first object which I saw was a temple covered with Egyptian sculptures, with its pylon, and a portico of Greco-Roman architecture, with Egyptian ornaments. Still farther were the ruins of another grand temple, with finely sculptured decorations, and preceded by an avenue of sphinxes; the substructions of several other edifices, and those of a public tank. I recognized here the ruins of an ancient city, the importance of which was attested by the nature of the remains which still existed, and by the extent of territory which they occupied. . . .

The sculptures of the interior [of the largest temple] are almost entirely destroyed. This state of degradation is owing, I suppose, to the insignificant height of the walls

and the action of the tropical rains. The figures are without the indication of a beard, so common in the sculptures of the Egyptian temples. The peculiar character of their costumes, and the *embonpoint* of their figures, give evidence of a people quite distinct from the ancient Egyptians, but who, nevertheless, appear to have had the same symbolic writing and the same religious ideas.

[Six hours' travel northeast of Naga he found the ruins of Mesowurab.]

I was struck with astonishment on approaching the immense ruins which were exhibited to my gaze. I wandered from court to court, from temple to temple, from one chamber to another, traversing the corridors and galleries which connect the different structures. In this rapid survey I counted eight temples or sanctuaries, forty-one chambers, twenty-four courts, and three galleries, all surrounded with walls, and occupying a space two thousand five hundred feet in circumference.

On returning to my guides, I discovered that we had only water enough for twenty-four hours. My intention was to remain here five or six days. I proposed to the men to go to the Nile and replenish the stock, but was obliged to pay them extravagantly before they would consent. I mounted on the most elevated wall of the central edifice, where my eye overlooked all the ruins. There, carefully studying the distribution of the different edifices around me, I became convinced that they formerly belonged to a college. Were these silent solitudes, I asked myself, ever animated by the boisterous sports of youth? Have these ruins ever resounded with the voices of the professors? Yes, these rude figures of birds and animals traced on the walls are the work of childish hands; these names, engraved in Ethiopian characters, are those of students;

and these others, in Greek, are without doubt those of strangers, whom the celebrity of the institution has attracted.

[The next ruins examined by him were those in the vicinity of Mount Berkel, considerably farther down the Nile. These he thus describes :]

Every morning, at sunrise, I repaired to the ruins, and I did not leave them until night. In the middle of the day I occupied myself in drawing the interior sculptures of the typhonium and the sanctuaries of the pyramids, where I sought a shelter against the excessive heat, which was often 105° in the shade. Mount Berkel, isolated on the desert plain, is a mass of sandstone about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. Its southern side is a naked precipice two hundred feet high, at the base of which are the temples, all facing the river. Among the sculptures are two cartouches, which, according to Champollian, contain the name of Tirhaka, the first king of the Ethiopian dynasty who invaded Egypt, in the eighth century before the Christian era. The style of the figures and ornaments is the pure style of the monuments of Egypt and Lower Nubia. That part of the temple which is excavated in the mountain is in a good state of preservation. East of the typhonium there are many remains of walls and fragments of columns, extending for some distance. Among these I discovered two lions of rose-colored granite, of Egyptian style and beautiful form. . . . Everything goes to prove that the vast ruins of Mount Berkel are those of the city of Napata, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, of which the pyramids of Noori were the necropolis.

[This was in April. In July he found himself again in Egypt, among the magnificent ruins of Thebes. Ismail Pasha had a more tragic fortune. On reaching Shendy he was invited by Mek Nemr,

king of that country, whom he had humiliated on his southward journey, to attend a festival in a large building at some distance from the camp. It had been surrounded with combustible materials, which was set on fire, and the Pasha, his staff, and fifty of his troops perished miserably in the flames.]

THE SOURCE OF THE BLUE NILE.

JAMES BRUCE.

[James Bruce, one of the most noted of travellers, was born at Kinniard, Scotland, in 1730. He was related to the royal family of Bruce. He was appointed in 1762 consul at Algiers, and in 1765 left that city, and visited the ruins of Barbary, Baalbec, and Palmyra. In 1768 he started on a journey to Abyssinia to discover the source of the Nile. He spent two years in that country, and in November, 1770, succeeded in his object, so far as the Blue Nile—then considered the main stream—is concerned. His "Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile" gave rise to much adverse criticism, several of his statements being called in question. Recent research tends to confirm his veracity. He died in 1794. We give his description of the fountains whence flow this great stream.]

I ran down the hill towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on treading on them, occasioned two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the island of green turf, which was in the form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it.

It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment, standing in that spot which had

baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of near three thousand years. Kings have attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed only in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honor had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography.

[Bruce here gives a chapter to the various expeditions, ancient and modern, to discover the Nile sources, ending with that of Francisco Paez, a Jesuit missionary, who claims to have made this discovery in 1618,—a claim which our author strongly questions, after a critical review of the statements of Paez.]

I hope that what I have now said will be thought sufficient to convince all impartial readers that these celebrated sources have, as it were by a fatality, remained to our days as unknown as they were to antiquity, no good or genuine voucher having yet been produced capable of proving that they were before discovered, or seen by the curious eye of any traveller, from earliest ages to this day; and it is with confidence I propose to my reader that he will consider me as still standing at these fountains, and patiently hear from me the recital of the origin, course, names, and circumstances of this most famous river of the world. . . .

The Agows of Damot pay divine honors to the Nile; they worship the river, and thousands of cattle have been offered, and still are offered, to the spirit supposed to

reside at its source. They are divided into clans or tribes; and it is worthy of observation that it is said there never was a feud, or hereditary animosity, between any two of these clans; or, if the seeds of any such were sown, they did not vegetate longer than till the next general convocation of all the tribes, who meet annually at the source of the river, to which they sacrifice, calling it by the name of the *God of Peace.* One of the least considerable of these clans for power and number has still the preference among its brethren, from the circumstance that in its territory, and near the miserable village that gives it name [the village of Geesh], are situated the much-sought-for springs from which the Nile rises.

Geesh, however, though not farther distant from these than six hundred yards, is not in sight of the sources of the Nile. The country upon the same plane with the fountains terminates in a cliff about three hundred yards deep down the plain of Assoa, which flat country continues in the same subaltern degree of elevation till it meets the Nile again about seventy miles southward, after it has made the circuit of the provinces of Gojam and Damot.

This cliff seems purposely fashioned into many shelves or stages, each of which is occupied by a cluster of houses, seldom above eight or ten in number; some above, some below, some along the side of each other, but chiefly occupying the space, or two-thirds of the middle of the cliff; that is, none of them nearer to the top of the cliff, nor to the plain of Assoa below, than a distance equal to that proportion of the whole. The reason of choosing this situation is the fear of the Gallas, who have often invaded that part of Abyssinia, and have even exterminated some clans of Agows entirely.

In the middle of this cliff, in a direction straight north

towards the fountains, is a prodigious cave, whether the work of nature or of art I cannot determine; in it are many by-paths, so that it is very difficult for a stranger to extricate himself; it is a natural labyrinth, large enough to contain the inhabitants of the village and their cattle; there are likewise two or three lesser ones, which I did not see. In this large one I tried myself part of several days, endeavoring to reach as far northward as possible, but the air, when I had advanced something above one hundred yards, seemed to threaten to extinguish my candle by its dampness; and the people were besides not at all disposed to gratify my curiosity farther, after assuring me that there was nothing at the end more remarkable than I then saw, which I have reason to believe was the case.

The face of the cliff, which fronts to the south, has a most picturesque appearance from the plain of Assoa below, parts of the houses at every stage appearing through the thickets of trees and bushes with which the whole face of the cliff is thickly covered. Impenetrable fences of the very worst kind of thorn hide the mouths of the caverns above mentioned, even from sight; there is no other communication with the houses, either from above or below, but by narrow winding sheep-paths, which, through these thorns, are very difficult to be discerned, for all are allowed to be overgrown with the utmost wildness, as a part of their defence. Lofty and large trees (most of them of the thorny kind) tower high up above the edge of the cliff, and seem to be a fence against people falling down into the plain; these are all at their proper season covered with flowers of different sorts and colors, so are the bushes below on the face of the cliff; every thorn in Abyssinia indeed bears a beautiful flower; a small atonement for the evils they occasion.

From the edge of the hill of Geesh above where the village is situated, the ground slopes with a very easy descent due north, and lands you at the edge of a triangular marsh about eighty-six yards broad, in the line of the fountains, and two hundred and eighty-six yards two feet from the edge of the cliff above the house of the priest of the river, where I resided. . . . In the middle of this marsh arises a hillock of a circular form, about three feet from the surface of the marsh itself, though apparently founded much deeper in it. The diameter of this is something short of twelve feet; it is surrounded by a shallow trench, which collects the water and voids it eastward; it is firmly built with sod or earthen turf, brought from the sides and constantly kept in repair, and this is the altar upon which all their religious ceremonies are performed.

In the middle of this altar is a hole, obviously made, or at least enlarged, by the hand of man. It is kept clear of grass or other aquatic plants, and the water in it is perfectly pure and limpid, but has no ebullition or motion of any kind discernible upon its surface. This mouth, or opening of the source, is some parts of an inch less than three feet diameter, and the water stood at that time (the 5th of November) about two inches from the lip or brim, nor did it either increase or diminish during all the time of my stay at Geesh, though we made plentiful use of it. [Its depth was about seven feet].

Ten feet distant from the first of these springs is the second fountain, about eleven inches in diameter, but this is eight feet three inches deep. And about twenty feet distant from the first is the third source; its mouth being something more than two feet large, and it is five feet eight inches deep. Both these last fountains stand in the middle of small altars, made, like the former, of firm sod, but neither of them above three feet diameter, and having a

foot of less elevation than the first. The altar in this third source seemed almost dissolved by the water, which in both stood nearly up to the brim; at the foot of each appeared a clear and brisk running rill; these uniting joined the water in the trench of the first altar, and then proceeded directly out, in a quantity that would have filled a pipe of two inches diameter.

The water from these fountains is very light and good, and perfectly tasteless; it was at this time most intensely cold, though exposed to the mid-day sun without shelter, there being no trees nor bushes nearer it than the hill of Geesh on its fourth side, and the trees that surround St. Michael Geesh on the north, which, according to the custom of Abyssinia, is, like other churches, planted in the midst of a grove.

[Bruce took the latitude and longitude of Geesh with great care, being anxious to ascertain the precise location of these important fountains of the Nile. He found the latitude to be 10° 59′ 25″, and the longitude 36° 55′ 33″ east. The worship of the source of the Nile as a deity is probably unique in the religious observances of the present day. Bruce proceeds to reflect upon the significance of his discovery.]

I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had, for many years, been the principal object of my ambition and wishes: indifference, which from the usual infirmity of human nature follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill; three rivers, as I now thought, not inferior to the Nile in beauty, preferable to it in the cultivation of those countries through which they flow; superior, vastly superior, to it in the vir-

tues and qualities of the inhabitants, and in the beauty of its flocks, crowding its pastures in peace, without fear of violence from man or beast.

I had seen the rise of the Rhine and Rhone, and the more magnificent courses of the Soane; I began, in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy. Grief or despondency was rolling upon me like a torrent; relaxed, not refreshed, by unquiet and imperfect sleep, I started from my bed in the utmost agony; I went to the door of my tent; everything was still; the Nile, at whose head I stood, was not capable either to promote or to interrupt my slumbers; but the coolness and serenity of the night braced my nerves, and chased away those phantoms that, while in bed, had oppressed and tormented me.

[This mental disturbance was largely due to his situation, and the fear that he would not be permitted to leave Abyssinia, as had been the case with former travellers. The next day he tested the height of the location by an improvised barometer, and found it to be more than two miles above the level of the sea.]

The Nile, keeping nearly in the middle of the marsh, runs east for thirty yards, with a very little increase of stream, but perfectly visible till met by the grassy brink of the land declining from Sacala. This turns it round gradually to the northeast, and then due north; and in the two miles it flows in that direction the river receives many small contributions from springs that rise in the banks on each side of it. . . .

Being arrived under the hill whereon stands the church of St. Michael Sacala, about two miles from its source, it there becomes a stream that would turn a common mill, shallow, clear, and running over a rocky bottom about three yards wide. . . . Nothing can be more beautiful than

this spot; the small, rising hills about us were all thickly covered with verdure, especially with clover, the largest and finest I ever saw; the tops of the heights crowned with trees of a prodigious size; the stream, at the banks of which we were sitting, was limpid and pure as the finest crystal; the ford, covered thick with a bushy kind of tree that seemed to affect to grow to no height, but, thick with foliage and young branches, rather to court the surface of the water, while it bore, in prodigious quantities, a beautiful yellow flower, not unlike a single wild rose of that color, but without thorns; and, indeed, upon examination we found that it was not a species of the rose, but of hypericum.

Here, at the ford, after having stepped over it fifty times, I observed it no larger than a common mill-stream. The Nile, from this ford, turns to the westward, and, after running over loose stones occasionally in that direction about four miles farther, the angle of inclination increasing greatly, broken water and a fall commences of about six feet, and thus it gets rid of the mountainous place of its nativity, and issues into the plain of Goutto, where is its first cataract; for, as I said before, I don't account the broken water, or little falls, cataracts, which are not at all visible in the height of the rains.

Arrived in the plain of Goutto, the river seems to have lost all its violence, and scarcely is seen to flow; but, at the same time, it there makes so many sharp, unnatural windings, that it differs from any other river I ever saw, making about twenty sharp, angular peninsulas in the course of five miles, through a bare, marshy plain of clay, quite destitute of trees, and exceedingly inconvenient and unpleasant to travel.

After passing this plain it turns due north, receives the tribute of many small streams, the Gometti, the Goagueri,

and the Kebezza, which descend from the mountains of Asormasha, and, united, fall into the Nile about twenty miles below its source; it begins here to run rapidly, and again receives a number of beautiful rivulets, which have their rise in the heights of Litchambaru, the semicircular range of mountains that pass behind and seem to enclose Asormasha.

[Bruce describes the course of the river, and names the small streams which join it, and its second cataract at Kerr, until it enters Lake Tzana, or Tana, a great lake on the high plateau of Abyssinia, sixty miles long by forty broad, which forms the main reservoir of the Blue Nile, which is here known under the name of the Abai.]

It crosses the south end of the lake Tzana for about seven leagues, preserving the color of its stream distinct from that of the lake, till it issues out at the west side of it in the territory of Dara, where there is a ford, though very deep and dangerous, immediately where it first resumes the appearance of a river.

The deep stream is here exceedingly rapid; the banks in the course of a few miles become very high, and are covered with a verdure abundant and varied beyond all description; passing afterwards below Dara, it bounds that narrow strip of flat country which is called Foggora, confined between the lake and the mountains of Begemder, till it arrives at its third cataract of Alata, a small village of Mahometans, on the east side of the river, and there exhibits a scene that requires more fancy, and the description of a more poetical pen, than mine, although the impression the sight of it made on me will certainly never be removed but with life.

[The Nile, after leaving the lake, makes a great sweep to the south, receiving many tributary streams. It then gradually turns northward, and becomes very deep and rapid.]

The Gallas, however, when they invade Abyssinia, cross it at all times without difficulty, either by swimming, or on goat-skins blown up like bladders: other means of passing are on small rafts, placed upon two skins filled with wind; or, twisting their hands round the horses' tails, they are drawn over by them; this last is the way that the women, who follow the armies of Abyssinia, cross unfordable rivers, a case that always occurs in late campaigns. Crocodiles abound exceedingly in this part of the Nile; but the people who live on the banks of the river have, or pretend to have, charms which defend them from the most voracious of these animals. . . .

We come now to investigate the reason of the inundation of the Nile, which, being once explained, I cannot help thinking that all further inquiries concerning this subject are superfluous.

It is an observation that holds good through all the works of Providence, that although God, in the beginning, gave an instance of His almighty power, by creating the world with one single *fiat*, yet, in the laws He has laid down for the maintaining order and regularity in the details of His creation, He has invariably produced all these effects by the least degree of power possible, and by those means that seem most obvious to human conception. But it seemed, however, not according to the tenor of His ways and wisdom, to create a country like Egypt, without springs, or even dews, and subject it to a nearly vertical sun, that He might save it by so extraordinary an innovation as was the annual inundation, and make it the most fertile spot of the universe. . . .

Whatever were the conjectures of the dreamers of antiquity, modern travellers and philosophers, describing without system or prejudice what their eyes saw, have found that the inundation of Egypt has been effected by

natural means, perfectly consonant with the ordinary rules of Providence, and the laws given for the government of the rest of the universe. They have found that the plentiful fall of the tropical rains, produced every year at the same time by the action of a violent sun, has been uniformly, without miracle, the cause of Egypt being regularly overflowed. . . .

In April, all the rivers in Amhara, Begemder, and Lasta, first discolored, and then beginning to swell [from the heavy rains at that season], join the Nile. . . . In the beginning of May hundreds of streams pour themselves from Gojam, Damot, Maitsha, and Dembea into the lake Tzana, which had become low by intense evaporation, but now begins to fill insensibly, and contributes a large quantity of water to the Nile, before it falls down the cataract of Alata. In the beginning of June, the sun having now passed all Abyssinia, the rivers there are all full, and then is the time of the greatest rains in Abyssinia.

[If to the flood of the Blue Nile be added the swollen flood of the White Nile, and that of the Atbara, or Black Nile,—to which Egypt owes the bulk of its fertilizing material,—the problem of the inundations needs no further solution.]

UP THE WHITE NILE.

FERDINAND WERNE.

[In November, 1840, an expedition set out on the White Nile, the main stream of the river, under command of Suliman Kashif, a Circassian, sent by Mohammed Ali in search of the supposed gold regions of Central Africa. It started from Khartoum, and was accompanied by Dr. Ferdinand Werne, a German physician in the Egyptian service. The account written by him of this expedition is very animated and interesting, and gives an excellent picture of the conditions and in-

habitants of that great branch of the Nile. The outset of the journey is thus described:]

THE decks of the vessel, with their crowd of manifold figures, faces, and colored skins, from the Arabian Raïs who plies the oar, to the ram which he thinks of eating as the Paschal Lamb; the towering lateen-sails, with the yard-arms, on which the long streamers, adorned with the crescent and star, wave before the swollen sails; the large crimson flags at the stern of the vessel, as they flutter lightly and merrily over the ever-extending waters; the singing, mutual hails and finding again, the ships cruising to and from the limit fixed for to-day; everything was, at least for the moment, a picture of cheerful, spiritual life. With a bold consciousness, strengthened by the thought of many a danger happily overcome, I looked beyond the inevitable occurrences of a threatening future to a triumphant reunion with my brother [whom he had left behind him in Egypt].

[As they advanced the vegetation grew more dense and luxuriant, the stream broadened and was studded with wooded islands. "Among the trees standing in the water were large, white, aquatic flowers, visible even at a distance, which glistened forth magnificently from a floating world of flowers, in the moist splendor of the morning. It was the double white lotus." As they entered the country of the Shillooks, the luxuriance of the vegetation became very great.]

A number of scattered water-plants form floating islands of large and small dimensions, frequently presenting quite a surprising appearance. At noon we came so close to such an island, which had been held together by a kind of water couch-grass, and was joined on to the shore, that we tore off one entire portion of it, and set it moving like a little aquatic world of the most diversified description of plants. The base of this floating, vegetable world was

formed by the pale green velvet-plant everywhere met with, and which spreads itself like the auricula, has fibrous roots, and is intermixed with green reeds, but appears to have no flowers. The stalk-like moss, spreading under the water, with slender white suckers, like polypi on the long streaks beneath, was another principal ingredient in the formation of this island. Then comes a kind of convolvulus, with lilac-colored flowers, with its seeds, like those of the convolvulus, in capsule-like knobs, and leaves like those of buttercups. The character of the whole of this island world acquires such a blooming appearance here, that one believes one's self transported to a gigantic park situated under water. Entire tracts are covered with the blooming lotus. The trees, shrubs, and creepers, with their manifold flowers, enjoy a freedom unknown in Europe, where every plant is restricted to its fixed season. . . .

Long swampy islands, with reeds and other plants, entwined one with the other, extend from their country [that of the tribe of Dinkas] to the middle of the stream. This is the case also, though on a reduced scale, on the other side. The distance of the shores from one to another is more than an hour. The reeds form in this manner a protection, which even when the water is at the highest is not to be overcome. In the same manner the Shillooks on the western shore have a marsh of reeds, under water, for protection.

The right shore is a magnificent low country. Tamarinds, creepers of a large species, and the lotus shining in great numbers, like double white lilies. This stellated flower opens with the rising of the sun and closes when it sets. I noticed, however, afterwards, that when they are not protected in some way from the ardent heat, they likewise close when the sun approaches the zenith. Some of their stalks were six feet long and very porous; from which

latter quality these stems, as well as the flower and the larger leaves,—dark-green above, and red-brown beneath, with a flat serrated border,—have a magnificent transparent vein, but become so shrivelled, even during the damp night that in the morning I scarcely recognized those which I had overnight laid close to my bed on the shore. The ancient Egyptians must, therefore, have been quick in offering up the lotus. The extraordinarily small white seed lies in a brownish, wool-like envelope, and fills the whole capsule. Not only are the bulbs, as large as one's fist, of the lotus eaten, but also the seed just mentioned; they mix it with sesame and other grain, among the bread-corn, which circumstance I ascertained afterwards, as we found a number of these lotus-heads strung in lines to dry. To our taste, the best way to dress the bulbs, and to free them from the marshy flavor they leave behind in the mouth, is to drain the water off several times in cooking them; they then taste nearly like boiled celery, and may be very nourishing.

[As they sailed onward the river grew narrower and the population became very dense.]

There is certainly no river in the world the shores of which are, for so great a distance, so uninterruptedly covered with habitations of human beings. We cannot conceive whence so many people derive their nourishment. There are some negroes on the left shore, lying, without any clothing on them, in the grass; therefore the ground cannot be covered to any height with water. They made gestures, and greeted us with uplifted arms; but our people thought that we could not trust such a friendly welcoming, for they might have concealed their spears in the grass, in which, perhaps, a whole troop of men were hidden. Neither those Shillooks nor the Jengähs, up the river, possess horses

or camels, but merely sheep and cows. When they take a horse or camel from the Turks, they do not kill it,—probably not eating the flesh of these animals,—but put out its eyes as a punishment for having brought the enemy into their country.

[Leaving the territory of the Shillooks and the Dinkas, the expedition entered that of the Nuehrs. Here giraffes and ostriches made their occasional appearance, and the river expanded into an immense shallow lake, covered with reeds and water-plants, through which narrow channels wound, and which was haunted by swarms of gnats. Here Werne gained the good will of the black soldiers by an act of compassion.]

One of them, a *tokruri*, or pilgrim from Dar-Fur, had, in a quarrel with an Arab, drawn his knife and wounded him. He jumped overboard to drown himself, for he could not swim, and was just on the point of perishing when he drifted to our ship, where Feizulla-Captain no sooner perceived him than he sprang down from behind the helm and saved him, with the assistance of others. He was taken up and appeared nearly dead, and an intelligence being conveyed from the other vessels that he had murdered a Moslem, some of our people wanted to throw him again immediately into the water. This, however, being prevented, they thought of making an attempt to resuscitate him by standing him up on his head. I had him laid horizontally upon his side, and began to rub him with an old cloth belonging to one of my servants. For the moment no one would assist me, as he was an *abd* (slave), until I threatened the captain that he should be made to pay the Pasha for the loss of his soldiers.

After repeated rubbing, the tokruri gave some signs of life, and they raised him half up, while his head still hung down. One of the sailors, who was a fakeer, and pretended to be a sort of awakener of the dead, seized him

from behind, under the arms, lifted him up a little, and let him, when he was brought into a sitting posture, fall thrice violently on his hinder end, while he repeated passages from the Koran, and shouted in his ear, whereupon the tokruri answered with a similar prayer. Superstition goes so far here that it is asserted such a pilgrim may be completely and thoroughly drowned, and yet retain the power of floating to any shore he pleases, and stand there alive again. . . .

A dead calm throughout the night. Gnats! No use creeping under the bedclothes, where the heat threatens to stifle me, compelled as I am, by their penetrating sting, to keep my clothes on. Leave only a hole to breathe at; in they rush, on the lips, into the nostrils and ears, and, should one yawn, they squeeze themselves into the throat and tickle us to coughing, causing us to suffer real torture, for with every respiration again a fresh swarm enters. They find their way to the most sensitive parts, creeping in like ants at every aperture. My bed was covered in the morning with thousands of these little tormenting spirits—compared with which the Egyptian plague is nothing—which I had crushed to death with the weight of my body by continually rolling about. I was not only obliged to have a servant before me at supper-time, waving a large fan, made of ostrich feathers, under my nose, so that it was necessary to watch the time for seizing and conveying the food to my mouth, but I could not even smoke my pipe in peace, though keeping my hands wrapped in my woollen bournus, for the gnats not only stung through it, but even crept up under it from the ground. The blacks and colored men were equally ill treated by these hungry and impudent guests.

[The grassy expanse which was thus infested was the *Bahr El-Ghazal*, or Gazelle Lake, the recipient of an unexplored stream, the

Gazelle River. In addition to gnats, it was the home of hippopotami. On leaving the lake they entered a region of marshes, through which the Nile wound by tortuous channels.]

High reeds, but more low ones, water couch-grass and narrow grass, the pale-green aquatic plant, the lilac convolvulus, moss, water-thistles, plants like nettle and hemp, form on the right and left a soft, green mixture, upon which groups of the yellow-flowering ambak-tree rose, and which itself was partly hung with luxuriant creepers, covered with large, cup-like flowers of a deep yellow color. . . .

One can scarcely form an idea of the continual and extraordinary windings of the river. Half an hour ago we saw, on the right, the Muscovite's vessel, and on the left the other vessels ahead *on a line* with us, separated, however, by the high grass, from which their masts and sails joyfully peeped forth. I could scarcely persuade myself that we had proceeded from the one place, and shall steer to the other. There is something cheerful and tranquillizing in this life-like picture of ships seeking and finding each other again in the immeasurable grass-sea, which gives us a feeling of security. It must be a sight to the people of this region which they cannot comprehend, owing to the distance.

[For two weeks they continued this perplexing navigation, on one occasion having to sail fifteen miles in order to advance two. Werne thus describes a brilliant sunrise spectacle:]

I looked upon the rising sun with the blissful heart and kindly humor that Nature, in her majesty, calls forth with irresistible power. Dark-brown clouds covered the place where he was to disclose himself in all his glory. The all-powerful light of the world inflames this layer of clouds; ruffled, like the billows of the ocean, they become lighted up with an indescribable hue of blue Tyrian purple, from

which an internal living fire beams forth on every side. To the southeast, a vessel dips its mast and sails into this flood of gold. Filmy rays and flames of gold display themselves in the centre of that deep-blue curtain, the borders of which only are kindled with luminous edging, while the core of the sun itself, within the most confined limits, sparkles through the darkest part like a star never to be looked upon.

At last he rises, conquering all the atmospheric obstacles of the vaporous earth; the latter stand like clear flakes of gold, attending him on the right, while two strata of clouds, embedded in each other, draw a long beautiful train to the north, ever spreading and dissolving more and more. I write—I try once more to embrace the mightiest picture of ethereal life; but the ship has, in the mean time, turned, and the sails cover the sun, so as not to weaken the first impression.

[Werne draws a striking picture of the behavior of a native, who was brought on board from a Kek village, whose other inmates had fled.]

When he approached the cabin, bending his body forward in a comically awkward and ape-like position, perhaps to denote subjection, he slid round on the ground, dropped on his knees, and crept into it, shouting repeatedly with all his might, "*Waget tohn agéhn, agiht agiht-waget tohn agéhn agiht agiht*," by which words he greeted us and expressed his astonishment. He had several holes in the rims of his ears, containing, however, no other ornament than a single little stick. Strings of beads were brought out and hung about his neck; there was no end to his transports; he struck the ground so hard with his posteriors that it resounded again, and raised his hand on high, as praying. When I bound a string of beads round his wrist he could not leave off jumping, at such an invaluable orna-

ment, and never once kept still; he sprang up, and threw himself down again, to kiss the ground; again he rose, extended and contracted himself, held his hands over all our heads, as if to bless us, and sang a very pretty song, full of the simple melody of nature. He had a somewhat projecting mouth; his nose and forehead quite regular, as well as the cut of the face itself; his hair was sheared away short, to about the length of half an inch. He might have been about thirty years of age; an angular, high-shouldered figure, such as we have frequently perceived among the Dinkas. There were two incisors wanting above and four below, which is also the case with the Dinkas; they pull them out, that they may not resemble wild beasts.

His attitude and gestures were very constrained, arising, perhaps, partly from the situation in which he found himself; his shoulders were raised, his head bent forward in unison with his bent back; his long legs, the calves of which were scarcely to be perceived, seemed as if broken at the joints of his knees; in short, his whole person hung together like an orang-outang's. Added to this, he was perfectly naked, and no hair, except upon his head, to be seen. His sole ornament consisted of leathern rings above the right hand. What a grade of humanity is here! This poor man of nature touched me with his childish joy, in which he certainly felt happier than any of us. He was instructed to go forward and tell his countrymen not to fly before us. Kneeling, sliding along, jumping, and kissing the ground, he let himself be led away by the hand like a child, and would certainly have taken it all for a dream, had not the glass beads convinced him to the contrary.

[As the voyage continued, the morasses were left behind, the river contracted, and the plague of gnats disappeared. The territory of a tribe called the Bohrs was reached, who are thus described :]

The men, though *only* seven feet high, look like trees, in their rough and naked natural forms. Their tonsure is various; large ivory rings adorn the upper part of their arms. They would like to strip these off, but they sit too tightly, because they were placed on the arm before it was thoroughly formed. Now the flesh protrudes above and below the rings. They seat themselves on the shore, sing, and beg for beads, pointing with their forefinger and thumb to the roundness of them. They have bad teeth, almost without exception; from this circumstance, perhaps, that they chew and smoke tobacco, partly to alleviate the eternal toothache. If they did not complain of toothache, yet they showed us the entire want or decay of their teeth when we gave them biscuit to masticate.

[The river still flowed full and strong from the southeast, while day followed day in their journey. "City crowds on city. An innumerable population moves on the shores; to express their number, our crew say, 'as many as flies;' and we sail always by the shore, which is quite black with people, who stand as if benumbed with astonishment." Thus they voyaged for two months, passing tribe after tribe, and entering a region of mountains. Of the Baris, one of the tribes of this region, Werne says:]

The features and form of the head are quite regular among these gigantic people, and are a striking contrast to those of our black soldiers, with their more negro-like physiognomy, although *they* are not, on the whole, ugly. I compare the true Caucasian races, who are present, with these men, and find that the latter have a broader forehead. The inhabitants of the kingdom of Bari might be designated a protoplasma of the black race; for not only do they shoot up to a height of from six and a half to seven Parisian feet, which we have seen also in the other nations, but their gigantic mass of limbs are in the noblest proportions. The form of the face is oval, the forehead arched,

the nose straight, or curved, with rather wide nostrils, the alæ, however, not projecting disagreeably; the mouth full, like that of the ancient Egyptians; the orifice of the ears large, and the temples a little depressed. The last we do not find in the Baràbros and the races akin to them in Abyssinia.

The men of Bari have, besides, well-proportioned legs and muscular arms. It is a pity that they also extract the four lower incisors; for not only is the face disfigured by this custom when they are laughing, but their pronunciation also becomes indistinct. Some wear their hair like a cock's comb from the forehead down to the nape of the neck; others have scarcely the crown of the head covered; the most, however, wear tolerably long hair, in the natural manner, which gives a significant look to many faces. Their good-natured countenances correspond also to their jokes among themselves, which are, perhaps, occasionally directed against us.

[The next day they were visited by the Bari King Làkono, whose approach was announced by his brother, a gigantic naked negro, smeared from head to foot with red ashes. The king wore a cotton garment and head-dress, being the first negro they had found clothed. He carried his throne—a little wooden stool—and his sceptre,—a club whose knob was studded with large iron nails. He saluted the captain by sucking the ends of his fingers, after which he sang a loud song of welcome. He visited them again a day or two after.]

King Làkono visited us to-day a second time, and brought with him a young wife from his harem. He took off his hand the orange-colored ring, on which Selim Capitan fixed a longing eye, and presented it to him with a little iron stool, plainly forged in a hurry. We gathered further intelligence about the country, and Làkono was complaisant enough to communicate to us some general information. With respect to the Nile sources, we learn that

it requires a month, the signification of which was interpreted by thirty days, to come to the country of Anjan towards the south, where the Tubirih (White Nile) separates into four shallow arms, and the water only reaches up to the ankles.

[As the land of gold appeared to be as far away as ever, and danger of hostility of the natives threatened, the leader of the expedition decided, on January 28, after a journey of more than two months' duration, to return, leaving the vexed question of the source of the Nile to be solved by future travellers. Their voyage had extended to 4° 49′ north latitude, a point not far removed from the Albert Nyanza, whose discovery was left for future explorers. On their return they explored the Sobàt, a branch of the Nile, for eighty miles from its mouth. They reached Khartoum again on April 22, having been absent exactly five months.]

AN AFRICAN COLISEUM.

NATHAN DAVIS.

[The writer of the present selection was the first to make a thorough and systematic exploration of the ruins of Carthage, in which he was engaged for four years, publishing his results in "Carthage and her Remains." Subsequently, in 1861, he made an extensive journey through Tunis, studying the ruins of the Roman and later cities of the region. This is described in "Ruined Cities within Numidian and Carthaginian Territories." In this work he gives much interesting information concerning the present inhabitants as well as the ruins. We give a selection embracing both these features, and one of particular interest, as few are aware that Africa possessed a Roman amphitheatre only surpassed by that at Rome itself.]

Our guide, under whose protection Haj Amor, the *haleefa* of Cairwaan placed us, was a person named Soleimaan, one of the sheikhs of the Slaas tribe. He was mounted on a magnificent young mare, of which he was justly proud

and was attended by one of the country police. Our course lay nearly due south. The peculiar feature of the country for the first few miles was its extreme flatness; and wherever it did not bear a rich crop of barley, its surface was thickly incrustated with saltpetre. We then ascended higher ground; and before we reached the sheikh's encampment, which was only about ten miles distant from the "holy city" [Cairwaan, a city made holy to the Moslems by a portion of Mohammed's beard being buried there], we passed some ruins, but it was too dark to enable us to ascertain their nature. Our tents were pitched by lamplight, and in such a manner as to face those of the sheikh, which were ranged in a line.

Sheikh Soleimaan manifested (in words, at least) a great desire to entertain us hospitably; but we dissuaded him from incurring any unnecessary expense, as the *haleefa* of Cairwaan had replenished our stores with a supply calculated to last us two or three days. But the sheikh was resolved to act the part of host, and brought us some fresh milk, excellent butter, and fresh-bread contributions, which were very acceptable, and were accordingly thankfully received.

Sheikh Soleimaan is considered to be a wealthy man. He possesses (speaking conformably to the usages of the country) many camels, plenty of cattle, several fine horses, ten children [ten boys; girls are not counted], and four wives. The last he denominated "four cows;" but I certainly could discover no affinity between these animals and the Arab dames who share the affections of "Lord Soleimaan." I saw them. Two were young and good-looking; one was in her prime, and could boast of enough obesity to constitute her a belle, according to the taste of the country! The fourth had only just passed the meridian of life, and she even was far from being ugly.

If the sheikh, however, meant to compare his fair partners to cows on account of their great utility, then he was certainly right. These women toiled hard, and did all the work and drudgery for this enormous family. Motives of domestic economy, I believe, are often a primary consideration with Arabs when they take advantage of polygamy, authorized by the prophet of Mecca. All the cooking, for instance, is done by the women. What would a rich Arab like Soleimaan do, employing as he does some twenty farm laborers, if he had not his four wives to attend to the kitchen? He can obtain no female servants, for the meanest and the poorest Arab would not permit his daughter to enter the service of another. Another wife is therefore taken, where in other countries a man would only secure another female domestic; and an Arab wife is, in the strictest sense of the word, nothing but a female domestic.

The sheikh, four of his sons, and three other Arabs spent some time with us in our tent. These visits were not always very acceptable; but we had to submit to this kind of ordeal, since it was in conformity with the etiquette of the country. A guest is welcome in proportion to the time his host spends in his company; to have left us, therefore, to ourselves, would have shown that we were unacceptable guests. But our visitors on this particular occasion were at least decent and clean. Indeed, the Slaas are decidedly the finest men, and the most cleanly, we have met with among all the Arab tribes. According to Soleimaan, the Slaas can bring twenty thousand horsemen into the field. The tribe is as numerous as that of Farasheesh, and is divided into four sections, each of which has its distinct governor. . . .

We commenced our [next] day's journey by losing our way, having left the salt lake too much to our left, and kept too close to the hills on our right. Indeed, had not

our progress been checked by swamps and ditches, which we were unable to cross, we might have continued farther still in our wrong course. Some women engaged in washing wool directed us into the right road, which we found after making a detour of about four miles.

We were, however, partly rewarded for our extra ride, for, by having come this way, we saw the famed *Cassar Elayoon*, "the palace of the springs," a name by which the Arabs designate a cluster of ruins whose magnitude and beauty have been greatly exaggerated. They consist only of the walls of what has been a two-storied mausoleum, a portion of the remains of another edifice, and of some foundations of smaller buildings. These ruins are situated near the foot of the heights, and close to some springs whose waters create those very swamps which impeded our progress. Either these ruins, or those on Sheikh Soleimaan's estate, may be the *Terentum* which some believe was situated in this neighborhood.

The district through which we now travelled is claimed by the Sewaasa tribe, whose immense droves of camels are found grazing in different parts of this extensive plain. We also passed a number of their encampments, the occupants of which appeared highly pleased when they found that all we wanted from them was information respecting the road, with which they gladly supplied us. Whether they intentionally misled us, or whether they misdirected us through ignorance, I am unable to say; but we wandered about for some time in search of the *zamala* (the *Sufetula*, or seat of judgment) of the Sewaasa, to obtain a breakfast from the congregated sheikhs, until hunger and fatigue compelled us to abandon our intention. After six hours' ride, during which we were not only scorched by a burning sun, but pinched by an acute hunger, we halted on a sandy spot in the plain, where we pitched a tent near

some "goat-hair houses." There our men regaled themselves on a sumptuous *coscosa*, our horses upon straw, and ourselves upon bread and sour milk. But a sound siesta, in spite of the preventive efforts of swarms of flies, refreshed us sufficiently to resume our journey by five P.M. Even at that hour our thermometer indicated 90° Fahrenheit in our tent.

As we could not reach Eljem that evening, we decided upon seeking quarters at another *zamala* of the Sewaasa, which, we were informed, was only about two hours distant. With that view we sent our younger *hamba* [mounted police attendant] to announce us, and we followed at a leisure pace. Towards sunset we reached a number of tents pitched near some deep pits, dug for the purpose of collecting the rain-water, and here we were advised to let our horses drink. The old hamba galloped up, and politely asked the inmates for the loan of a bucket, which was not only refused, but the women, and one dame in particular, drove him off, pelting him with stones.

"Are you intimidated by women?" asked Said, laughing. "Why did you not let them feel your superior strength?"

"*Naol-bo-eshaitaan!* cursed be Satan's father!" the veteran rejoined; "do you think I would disgrace myself by touching a woman? Let Allah chastise them for their rudeness and want of courtesy to travellers. But their husbands shall suffer for not training them better. By the head of the Prophet! by all the beards of his associates! I shall lodge a complaint against them this very night. The husbands whose wives can pursue so disgraceful a course of conduct shall touch the ground with their beards" [be prostrated for the bastinado].

Other women, who just then happened to come for water from a different encampment, helped us, not only by lending us their buckets, but by actually drawing water for us.

Their task was, however, soon completed, for the horses would not drink.

"Truly wonderful!" exclaimed one of the girls; "these horses refuse what Moslems are thankful for. We use this water for cooking, and we drink it, and yet these horses turn from it with disgust. Truly this is wonderful!"

We wondered, too; but we did so in astonishment that any human being (unless compelled to it by extreme necessity) could drink such impure, such nauseous mud,—for such it was, and not water.

[With the above description of life among the nomad Arabs of Tunis, we shall proceed to the traveller's description of the notable architectural monument to which he was journeying.]

Having passed the cultivated portions, the country becomes hilly, and partakes occasionally of the picturesque. The succession of hills terminate in high tableland of considerable extent, in the middle of which stands the justly renowned amphitheatre of Eljem. We obtained the first glimpse of it from one of the hills, from whence it seemed as if this sublime structure had been the only object within this vast area; and the nearer we approached it, the more still were we impressed with its solitary position. But when we came closer, we found that while it was indeed solitary, yet was it not alone, for within a few paces of it are the dwellings of some four or five hundred inhabitants, who have their gardens and olive plantations close by. But the houses, the gardens, and the plantations sink into such utter insignificance beside this stupendous pile,—this majestic monument of ancient art,—that they attract as little notice as a paltry fishing-boat would beside a noble and stately line-of-battle ship.

Only two hours in the saddle was not calculated to fatigue us after the long rides to which we were accus-

tomed. We therefore hastened to inspect the *African Coliseum* with more minuteness. We were, of course, prepared to see the destructive effects of time upon this edifice, considering the lapse of centuries during which it is exposed to its decaying influence; but it was truly heart-rending to find that the wilful and intentional havoc caused by malice and ignorance wholly surpassed the ravages of ages. During certain civil turmoils, somewhat more than a century ago, this amphitheatre served as a fortification to one of the contending parties; and to prevent it being used for a similar purpose in future, a certain Mohammed Bey pulled down the western principal entrance, and also the portion of the superstructure belonging to it. Since then a gradual demolition has continued, to which, however, I flatter myself I have given an effectual check.

"What motive have you for destroying this building?" I asked of a number of *citizens* by whom we were surrounded; "surely not to construct your miserable hovels?"

"No," they replied; "but we use the stones for the graves of the dead."

"But are you so ignorant," I observed, "as not to know that the very step you take to secure the resting-places of the dead will only lead to their being disturbed, to a certainty, hereafter?"

"How so?" asked a number of voices: "who will disturb the graves of true believers?"

"The Nazarenes will," I answered. "You yourselves say that this country is shortly to fall into their hands; and do you think, when they are masters of it, they will not restore this edifice? They will, and I shall not fail to make it known where the missing stones are to be found."

"May my hand wither if I ever again touch a stone of this building!" exclaimed one; and his resolution was re-

echoed by the rest. "By the head of the prophet! we must not expose the remains of true believers to such ignominious treatment."

"He spared not his own progenitors," observed our old hamba, "and therefore is not likely to spare Moslems. Have I not seen him, with my own eyes, dig up the graves of the Nazarenes at Moalkah (Carthage)? He did it without any remorse or compunctions of conscience. If, then, his own ancestors met with such treatment at his hands, what will not he, or other Nazarenes, do when the time comes to repair this wonderful building? O Moslems! I would not be buried here if you made me possessor of the kingdom of Tunis; desist, then, from this demolition, and be satisfied to deposit the body in the earth, which is the mother of us all."

I believe they will now desist, not only on account of superstitious fear, but because they will be prevented by a special order from the reigning prince, to whom, on our return to Tunis, we represented the barbarism of this practice, and who positively promised to issue immediate instructions to stop all further demolition of this magnificent relic of African antiquities.

But in spite of the ruthless usage to which this edifice has been exposed, its present remains, its exquisite beauty, and its size, entitle it to rank only second to the Roman Coliseum. With the exception of the ranges of seats, which have suffered much, the pilastrade which surmounted the three tiers of arches and columns, of which but little remains, and the portions intentionally destroyed, this building presents as perfect a specimen of its kind, and is as magnificent and imposing a ruin, as any of the remains of antiquity with which we are acquainted.

The western principal entrance excepted, the three tiers of arches, their flanking columns with their composite

capitals, and the respective stylobatæ—or, in other words, the whole of the vast circular façades—are, I may say, in a complete state of preservation. In the exterior consists, of course, the chief characteristic of the beauty of this kind of edifice; and it is in this that the African Coliseum excels all the others of a similar kind.

In my notice of this remarkable structure in "Carthage and her Remains," I followed Sir Grenville Temple's measurements; and though I generally found this traveller very accurate in his details, I discovered that in some unaccountable manner he made a gross blunder here. He gives as its extreme length four hundred and twenty-nine feet, and as its extreme breadth three hundred and sixty-eight; whereas the extreme length is no less than four hundred and eighty-nine feet seven inches, and its extreme breadth is four hundred and three feet three inches.

From my measurements—and I can vouch for their correctness, for I repeated them no less than four times to convince the American consul (who also assisted me) of the fact —it will appear that there is only a difference of sixteen feet five inches in length, and of one foot nine inches in breadth, between the African amphitheatre and that of Verona, which is considered to rank next to the Coliseum of Rome. But this rank ought certainly henceforward to belong to that of Africa, particularly so when we bear in mind that while the Verona edifice has its ranges of seats, it is, with the exception of four remaining arches, totally devoid of what constitutes the attractive beauty and exquisite elegance of an amphitheatre,—its exterior—its façades.

There were originally two principal entrances to the African amphitheatre, one to the east and the other to the west. The latter is destroyed, and near it, slightly to the south, on one of the keystones of the lower range of arches, is the bust of a female, and on another, near this,

the head of a lion. It is therefore very probable that it was intended that all the arches should be decorated with some sculptured ornaments; but this intention was never executed, for on the other keystones we see nothing but their rough projecting exteriors.

I have searched in vain for the inscription which this edifice must have borne, but it may have been over the entrance now destroyed, and, very probably, now covers the remains of some *true believer.* In rambling, however, through the inner galleries, I found in numerous places a variety of Arabic sentences cut in the stones. They are such as these: *Nasser min Allhi*, "Victory is from Allah;" *Wela ghaaleb illallah*, "None conquers but Allah;" *La Ela illallah*, "There is no other deity but Allah," etc. Most of these sentences had either near them, or over them, the figure of a sword or a dagger. The authors of these inscriptions are readily recognized as those who originally planted the standard of the crescent in this part of the world.

Outside, and towards the southeast, I observed a Cufic, and also a Numidian inscription, which I intended copying, but which I was forced to neglect, having been hurried away from Eljem much sooner than I had anticipated.

Eljem is the ancient *Tysdrus*, *Thysdrus*, or *Tisdra*, and from the direction of our line of march it is the first town connected with Cæsar's African campaign. The inhabitants appear to have been opposed to the Pompeiian party, and sent early to request a garrison from Cæsar. But the town seems to have been soon after reinforced by the republicans; for when the conqueror of Pharsalia appeared before Tisdra he found it under the command of Considius, with a strong garrison and a cohort of gladiators. Want of corn deterred Cæsar from besieging the town. After the famous battle of Thapsus, C. Domitius was sent to invest Tisdra; but Considius, having previously heard of the

defeat of his party, collected his treasures, abandoned the town privately, and fled into Numidia, accompanied by a few Gætulians, by whom he was murdered. The town appears to have suffered much from a licentious and reckless soldiery, thus left without any restraint or control; for when Cæsar, at the close of the war, fined the different cities for having sided with the enemy, he made a distinction with the Tisdrians, on account of their wretched state, *propter humilitatem civitatis.*

The other remains of Tisdra are very insignificant, and merit no special notice.

The best room of the modern cluster of huts which constitute the *town* of Eljem was assigned to us, and it partook much of the character of a prison-cell, measuring about fifteen feet by six. The modern Tisdrians had to be coerced into being civil, having before that shown their teeth at my fellow-traveller of "consular dignity." The sheikh was not very anxious to enjoy our society longer than was absolutely necessary. On these accounts, and on other accounts, we had our baggage packed, our horses saddled, and at five P.M. we were *en route* for what place we really knew not, except that we intended steering for the coast.

Most reluctantly did I leave the noble amphitheatre so soon. I lingered about these majestic ruins as long as I could, and when I looked back on them, for the last time, from a distance, the brilliant red sky of a setting sun, seen through the numerous arches, gave to this magnificent structure the appearance of being illuminated. Its splendor was considerably enhanced, and the impression this noble pile—this glorious scene—left on my mind will never be obliterated.

[Eljem, or Tisdra, it may be remarked, is near the Mediterranean coast, about one hundred miles south of the site of Carthage, or of the city of Tunis.]

SCENES IN ALGIERS.

LADY HERBERT.

[The following pictures of life in the city of Algiers are from the "Search after Sunshine; or, Algeria in 1871," by Lady Herbert, a work which gives an interesting account of the conditions of that city and its people under French rule.]

EVERY one who knows anything of this place, however superficially, is aware that it is now divided into two distinct towns,—the French, with its broad streets, boulevards, and Rue-de-Rivoli-looking houses, and the Arab, with its steep, narrow passages (which are rather like a succession of dark, dirty staircases), its beautiful door-ways, from which glimpses may be obtained of exquisite Moorish courts inside, its picturesque fountains and mosques, its crowded bazaars, and all the appearances of Oriental life. In proportion as the French town encroaches upon the other, the beauty and interest of Algiers are lost; and this applies equally to Constantine, which has preserved far more than Algiers the "*cachet Arabe.*" . . .

Our first visit was to the cathedral, which was formerly a mosque, and has a fine façade, of three arched door-ways, crowned by two towers; a handsome flight of twenty steps leading up to the main entrance. The interior consists of a series of sculptured arches in the Moorish style, resting on marble columns, the old Koran texts, in gold letters on a red or black ground, still remaining round the cupola over the high altar. . . .

The archbishop's palace is directly opposite the cathedral, and is a beautiful specimen of an old Moorish house. There is the open court, surrounded with graceful arcades, sup-

porting the gallery above, with its marble columns and exquisitely carved horseshoe arches, leading into all the principal rooms, of which the ceilings and walls are a marvel of plastic art; while the doors, generally of cedar wood, are carved in wonderful arabesque designs, and the lower portions of the rooms and passages are inlaid with highly glazed encaustic tiles of the most beautiful colors and patterns. The only difference in these Moorish houses is in the amount of carving and decoration in each house; but the plan of them all is the same; so that this description applies equally to the governor's house to the right of the cathedral, though, of course, the reception-rooms are larger, and the court is full of beautiful palms and exotics.

Afterwards we went up the hill to that part of Algiers called "Mustapha Supérieur," where the most beautiful villas and summer residences of the inhabitants are situated, to call upon the English consul, Colonel Lyon Playfair. He was most kind and good-natured, and volunteered to take us to see a wonderful old Moorish house near his own, called the "Hydra," which had lately been bought by the famous chess-player, M. de St. Armand. Its arrangements were perfect; with the outer court for those who wait, the inner court or quadrangle surrounded with horseshoe arches and twisted marble pillars (three at the corners and two at the sides), and the same above; a gallery running round the two upper stories, into which all the living-rooms opened, and the whole surmounted by a flat terrace, from which there is a glorious view. Every room is fitted up with carved and colored wood-work, in the Moorish style,—beds, cupboards, chairs, etc., and with Moorish or Kabyle pottery and lamps. All the floors and walls were tiled with those beautiful old Spanish tiles, the art of making which now seems extinct. In each room,

too, were those curious depressed arches which are found only in Algiers.

The lady of the house was a most curious old woman, who had been a *vivandière*, but was very good-natured, and gave us a beautiful nosegay of roses. She was very proud of her beautiful old house, and yet lived entirely in the kitchen, among her cocks and hens.

We returned by the Kasba, or old Arab fort, of which the walls and turrets alone remain. At every turn we came upon picturesque *koubbas* or mosques, shaded with palms; and groups of Arabs or Moors, mingled with negresses in their blue-striped burnouses, or Jewesses with their black head-dresses,—an infinite variety of costumes which would delight the heart of a painter. . . .

In the evening we drove to the "Jardin d'Essai," or botanical garden, which is full of scarce and valuable plants and shrubs, with a magnificent avenue of date and fan-palms stretching down to the sea; while another was formed of bamboos, meeting overhead almost like those of Trinidad. One portion of the ground is planted with bread-fruit and plantains, another with oranges and citrons; but it was too early in the year for many flowers. . . .

The next day we paused in our sight-seeing to go with Madame de C—— and her beautiful daughter to see a Jewish wedding, for which she had kindly obtained us an invitation. We were received in an alcoved room, where a breakfast of sweetmeats, cakes, and sweet wines was set out, the bride and her parents being seated on a divan at one end, dressed in rich Jewish costume.

After a short time, we were told to precede the young lady to the Moorish vapor-bath, which is the next part of the ceremony. Such a marvellous scene as there met our eyes I despair of reproducing on paper. About fifty young Jewish girls, from twelve to twenty years of age, whose

only clothing was a scarf of gold or silver gauze round their loins, with their beautiful dark hair all down their backs, and their lovely white necks and arms covered with necklaces and bracelets, were seen dimly standing in the water through a cloud of steam and incense, waiting for the bride, and when she appeared received her with loud shrill cries of "Li! Li! Li!" in a continually ascending scale. Among these girls were hideous negresses equally scantily clothed, and one or two of them with their black woolly hair dyed bright orange color: these were the bathing-women. They seized us by the arm and wanted to force us to undress too, which we stoutly resisted; and took refuge on the raised marble slab which surrounded the bath, and where the pretty little bride, with her mother and aunts, was standing waiting to be unrobed too.

They took off her heavy velvet clothes, and she appeared in a beautiful gold-figured gauze chemise, and some lovely short red and gold drawers; they then led her, with the same cries, into an inner room, which was stifling with wet vapor and steam, and here the poor child, who was only thirteen, remained for three mortal hours, the women pouring water on her head from picturesque-shaped gold jars, and every kind of cosmetic and sweet scent being rubbed over her. Being unable to stand the intense heat and overpowering smell any longer, we escaped for a time into the open air; but returned after about an hour, to find another bride going through the same ceremonies.

Some of the bridesmaids were very beautiful; one especially, though a Jewess, had regularly *golden* hair and blue eyes. And the whole scene was like a ballet at the opera, or rather a set of naiads or water-nymphs in a picture; not like anything in real life. Their glorious hair floating over their shoulders, with their beautifully modelled arms rounded in graceful curves as they disported them-

selves round the bride, would have driven a sculptor or painter wild with delight. But I could not get over the indelicacy of the whole thing. It was *a scene in the nude* with a vengeance.

A heavy curtain was hung over the outer courts of the bath-room, where a quantity of Arabs were clustered. Madame de C—— told me that this was the only chance the men had of seeing their future wives, who purposely let a little corner of their veils or haïcks drop as they came out, under pretence of their being brushed aside by the curtain.

At half-past three o'clock the following morning we got up and went to the bride's house for the conclusion of the ceremony. A great crowd of men and musicians were grouped in the lower court. Above, the bride was sitting in state, in the deep recesses of a handsome Moresque room, veiled in white gauze, while a red and gold figured scarf hung in graceful folds behind her head. On either side of her were two venerable-looking old men with long white beards, and in front of her another, holding a candelabrum with three candles. They were rabbis, and chanted psalms alternately with songs of praise about "the dove with the beautiful eyes," etc.: in fact, a sort of canticle.

All this time the musicians in the quadrangle below were "making a noise," while over the carved gallery above, looking down on them, leant a variety of Jewish women, all beautifully dressed in brown velvet and satin, with stomachers and girdles richly embroidered in gold, and gold-embroidered lappets hanging from the black silk head-dress which is the invariable costume of their race. This went on *for hours*, till the poor bride looked quite worn out. From time to time spoonfuls of soup were put into her mouth, which she strove to resist; and then she was conducted to the court below, where the same cere-

monies were gone through, except that a species of buffoon danced before her, and was rewarded by ten-franc bits put into his mouth, which he kept in his cheek while drawling out a queer kind of song, which we supposed was witty, as the audience were in fits of laughter. Everything was done, both up-stairs and down, to make the bride laugh, even to chucking and pulling her under the chin. But she remained impassive, it being part of her business to look grave, and to prove by her demureness that she was old enough to be married.

All of a sudden, the same unearthly cry or yell of "Li! Li! Li!" was heard in the outer court, caught up instantly by every one in and out of the house. I thought of the words, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" so exactly were the old traditions preserved. A very ordinary-looking youth in a frock-coat and red fez accordingly made his appearance, and then the women covered their faces with their gauze handkerchiefs, and the men, who had never ceased eating and drinking at intervals during the whole night, formed themselves into a procession; while the bride's father (a venerable-looking old Jew, with a long white beard, white turban, and crimson sash) led her to the carriage which was to take her to the bridegroom's home, we all following, and the women's cry of "Li! Li! Li! Li!" resounding through the narrow streets.

Getting into our carriages, we accompanied her to St. Eugène, about a mile from the town, and there left her, just as the day dawned, after all her fatigues, to the (we will hope) peaceful enjoyment of her new home. . . .

A few evenings later we went to see another religious ceremony, but this time one performed by a peculiar sect among the Arabs, in memory of a holy marabout, who, being lost in the desert, with his followers, is supposed to have obtained the power from God of turning scorpions,

snakes, and cactus-leaves into wholesome food, and thereby was saved with his disciples from perishing with hunger. This festival is called the *Aioussa*, and we had been warned that we should be horrified at parts of the performance; however, we were determined to see everything, and so at nine o'clock in the evening started with a party of friends, on foot, up the narrow, dark, steep Arab streets till we reached a court near the Kasba from whence already issued sounds of tum-tums, tambourines, and other kinds of Arab music. Passing through a low door, we came into a Moorish house, of which the lower court was filled on one side with musicians, while the marabouts or priests of this peculiar sect sat in a solemn half-circle on the other.

It was dark, except that in the centre of the court a fire was burning, and round the gallery above were massed all the women of the establishment, closely shrouded in their haïks, it is true, but quite as much excited as the men. Coffee was handed round; and, after that was over, we were grouped on one side of the court, and the performance began by the musicians playing on their tambourines, and gradually increasing in speed, while two men came forward and danced, very much like the Dervishes we had seen at Cairo.

After a few moments they retired, and then came back again, getting more and more excited every moment, till they began to leap furiously into the air, to growl like angry camels, to eat great mouthfuls of snakes, scorpions, and prickly cactus-leaves, and, in fact, to behave like brute beasts, or like men possessed of evil spirits. After a time these two withdrew, and two others took their place and commenced by putting bars of metal into the furnace until they were red-hot; and then, bending them with their hands, they began to burn the soles of their feet and other

parts of their bodies; the smell of the singeing flesh added to the horror of the scene.

I stole up from the court below to the gallery above, and there found that the women were almost wild with delight, screaming in unison with the men, dancing and swaying their bodies to and fro, clapping their hands, and making frantic demonstrations of pleasure. Between each performance the actors went up to the white-haired, long-bearded marabout in the centre of the circle and kissed his hand; and the same ceremony was repeated before each scene was begun, when the marabout solemnly blessed the performers.

Then came the most disgusting part of the whole, when the men, half naked, stood and knelt on the sharp edge of a sword held by two others, the blade being turned upward; and then poked pointed metal skewers through their cheeks and tongues, and even into their eyeballs; the dancers waxing more and more furious every moment, as well as the screaming and gesticulating of the actors and the ever-increasing noise of the tambourines and tum-tums; in fact, all this fearful din, combined with the semi-darkness, the smoke, the smells, and the dense crowd, gave one more the idea of the infernal regions than anything Dante ever wrote or imagined.

The whole scene was certainly most wild and curious, but, to my mind, horrible; and all the more when one reflects that "Aïssa" is the name of our blessed Lord, and that this frightful sacrifice is supposed to be pleasing to Him! I felt a positive remorse at having paid anything to encourage or perpetuate such an exhibition, and all the more when I was told that the greater part of the men were in hospital afterwards, and that we had only seen the mildest portion of the performance. It was a real relief when we got out of the house into the pure night air, and

walked home through the silent streets in the glorious moonlight, the quiet and calm of which were inexpressibly refreshing after the two or three hours of mad excitement we had witnessed.

I have only yet alluded slightly to that which makes one of the great charms of Algiers. I mean the picturesqueness and variety of the costumes, especially in the old town. At first it was impossible to distinguish the different nationalities of the wearers. But by degrees we learned to tell them almost at first sight.

The most picturesque are the Arabs *pur et simple*, with their tall, erect figures, straight features, magnificent carriage, and dark eyes. There is one peculiarity about them, and that is that they *always* have their heads *covered*, the white head-dress or capote of their burnouses being bound round the head with a thick cord of camel's hair wound round six or seven times. Their wives are shrouded from head to foot in white haïks and burnouses, the only sign of difference of rank being shown in the exceeding fineness of the stuff worn by the ladies, which covers them completely, only one eye being allowed to be shown. These poor women are looked upon as beasts of burden in the tents and among the lower classes; while among the upper they are simply pampered slaves, whose one idea in life is to minister to the pleasure of their lords.

The Moors, unlike the Othellos of our childish fancy, are simply Arabs who live in towns and have intermarried with other races. They have the same straight features, oval faces, and clear brown skins, only a good deal fairer than the nomad Arab. But their dress is different. They wear a turban or piece of white muslin wound round a little red *shashea* or skull-cap, a jacket of bright-colored cloth and two waistcoats richly embroidered, full trousers, bare legs, and large, loose shoes. The dress of their women

out of doors is the haïk of their Arab sisters; but in-doors they wear a gauze chemise with short sleeves, wide trousers, bare legs, and yellow *babouches* or slippers. Their beautiful black hair is simply knotted behind the head, while a little velvet *shashea*, richly embroidered, is placed coquettishly on one side. A kind of vest of the same material is sometimes added to define the shape; and all have beautiful jewels, fine pearls, emeralds, or sapphires, wretchedly set, and often pierced through the middle or strung on pack-thread, but still genuine precious stones. No Arab will wear a *false* stone, and for that reason they prefer that they should not match, as they always suspect the regularity of our English jewels. . . .

Another remarkable race in Algiers are the Jews. I have already described the dress of the women in my account of the marriage. The men are the same all over the world,—hook-nosed, dark-eyed, and sallow; they swarm in the bazaars and hold most of the principal stalls. Under the Mussulman rule they suffered every kind of indignity and persecution; but with the wonderful patience and tenacity which characterize their race, they lived on and became useful and even necessary to their persecutors, through their intimate knowledge of all commercial concerns, which fell almost entirely into their hands. . . .

But I am forgetting the most important of Algerian races, the Berbers or Kabyles. In Algiers they are distinguished by their striped black and white woollen haïks and burnouses, their leather aprons, and their bare and often shaved heads. They are far more industrious than the Arabs, and are employed in every kind of trade; but I cannot say they are either as handsome or as picturesque in appearance. Their wives walk about with their faces uncovered, but we saw very few of them in Algiers itself. . . .

But we have not half done with the motley tribes which shoulder one another as we toil up the steep Arab streets or wander through the ever-amusing bazaars. There are the Biskris, like the "hamals" or porters of Constantinople, struggling under weights which to ordinary mortals would be impossible; the water-carriers, or Zibanis, with their picturesque brass water-jars poised on their shoulders; the Mzabi, with their files of donkeys, or sitting behind their stalls, gayly piled with oranges, watermelons, and fan-palm-leaves; or else by their smoking cook-shops, in which infinitesimal little bits of meat are forever frizzling on tiny skewers, set upright, all of a row, for the delectation of the passers-by; the Laronatis, or dealers in oil, the traces of whose occupation may generally be seen on their clothes; the Mzitis, with their great sacks of wheat, by the side of which their patient camels may be seen wearily resting, and occasionally growling and showing their teeth as one brushes by them: all those many and divers tribes, each with his distinctive dress and habits, though classified by the guide-books under the generic name of Berranis, form the most animated and beautiful groups at all times of the day in Algiers, but especially in the early morning, when buyers and sellers are in full activity; or later by the fountains, where each and all come to rest and refresh themselves, when the noonday sun has driven most of the Europeans to seek the shelter of their houses.

[In addition, a considerable number of negroes are employed in the Turkish baths or as servants, etc.; while negresses are invariably employed as sellers of bread, and may be seen at all hours squatted outside the town with great baskets of flat circular loaves, "screaming, gesticulating, and selling, all at the same time."]

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE ATLAS RANGE.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

[The traveller from whom our present selection is made is a native of Scotland, born in 1858, who accompanied an expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1878, and on the death of the leader himself took command. In 1882 he led another expedition through the Masai country, and has subsequently travelled on the Niger, in South Africa, and in Southern Morocco. His travels have been described in several interesting works, of which "Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco" is the source of our present selection. His ascent of Jebel Ogdimt, a lofty peak of the Atlas, is of particular interest, from the dangers and difficulties surrounding it, and his description of it is given below.]

AT daybreak I awoke with dew-washed face, refreshed and braced up to encounter, with renewed courage, the difficulties and troubles before me.

A cup of tea and a couple of eggs disposed of, I asked Shalum the way to Ogdimt. This was my first intimation of the goal I had in view, and every one stood speechless, though Shalum instinctively pointed out the road. The attractive expression disappeared from Abdarachman's face, and rage and fright expressed themselves in his chameleon eyes. Our soldier-guide in time found voice, and protested with voluble energy against any attempt to proceed farther. He quoted the governor's orders. In my calmest but most determined manner I told him that the governor's orders were matters of the utmost indifference to me, that he could himself go back if he pleased, but that to Ogdimt I would go. The soldier, however, dared not leave me. He wept, implored, cursed, and generally comported himself like a madman, but for sole answer I mounted my mule and moved Ogdimtwards.

That the enterprise was a dangerous one was evident from the blank faces of Shalum and Zemrani, who showed no great alacrity in following me. For a time the guide kept pace with me, laying hold of my clothes, entreating, even threatening me, but I was immovable. Finding all his arts in vain, he was fain to mount his donkey, never ceasing for over an hour to curse his fate, and calling upon Allah, the Prophet, and the saints to stop me. Abdarachman, with more malice, was overheard to comfort him by the expression of a hope that this time I would be killed, and release them from further service with such a cursed infidel. That, however, was poor comfort to the soldier, however innocent he might be, for my death would mean his incarceration for life in a horrible dungeon.

That there was some little danger in penetrating to Ogdimt, however, was made apparent when even Shalum and Zemrani, on our arrival at the foot of the main axis, refused to budge another step till I loaded my rifle, guns, and revolver, and held them ready for action. Thus prepared for whatever might happen, we set ourselves to scale the excessively steep crest of the central mass of the range, which so far we had only skirted.

We had not ascended more than a thousand feet above the mountain step or terrace of Erduz, when we found ourselves enveloped in a dense mist. Our men ceased their talk, and even the soldier sank into silence, as we slowly zigzagged upward and penetrated deeper and deeper into the all-enveloping mist, which might also prove to them their shroud and winding-sheet. For over an hour and a half we continued the ascent, seeing almost nothing but one another appearing and disappearing in the mist. At the end of that time, however, we were delighted to note a gradual lighting up of our surroundings, and in half an hour we emerged from the cloud zone and found an in-

tensely clear blue sky overhead, and underneath one of the most wierdly beautiful and striking spectacles it is possible to imagine.

The monotonous gray mist through which we had passed stretched out before us in an illimitable ghostly sea of tumbling billows, breaking in snow-white foam. From this fleecy expanse of dazzling white the main axis of the Atlas rose sharply defined, its frowning mass in sharp contrast to the sea of clouds, though patches and streaks of snow still defied the summer sun. From the central ridge a number of spurs projected towards the north, forming jutting headlands and promontories, between which the snowy clouds penetrated like so many arms of the sea. That nothing should be wanting to complete the illusion, the cloud billows driven before a morning breeze dashed themselves against the apparently precipitous rocky coast-line, and were transformed into the most perfect resemblance of spray and foam as they crept up the dark mountain sides. The whole scene was made more impressive, more spectral, by the preternatural silence which prevailed. Such a combination of the weird, the beautiful, and the grand I have never elsewhere seen. . . .

Soon [after photographing this scene] we reached the Tizi Nslit, the pass which leads over the Atlas range to the district of Ogdimt. The landscape panorama which now held us enthralled was of a very different character from the one we had just turned from. To the south and southwest no clouds threw the glamour of another world over a magnificent assemblage of sharp, barren mountain-ridges, profound gorges, and glens, all grouped round one grand central mass, which, snow-streaked and commanding, reared its massive head far above the surrounding mountains. That central mass was the mountain of Ogdimt, my immediate goal.

My men made one more attempt to turn me back at this point, with highly-colored representations of the wildness of the independent Berbers who occupied Ogdimt. Here they declared the long cuttle-fish arms of the government could not reach, and nothing would give the mountaineers more pleasure than cutting the throat of one who to them would appear not only as an infidel but as a spy.

Arguments and warnings like these had often been dunned in my ears, but, as before, I remained deaf, and set my face towards the mountain. From the pass of Nslit a gradually deepening glen led downward to the inhabited zone and the head-waters of the Wad Nyfis. Besides its cañon-like depth and narrowness, and its grim and enclosing mountain walls, the glen presented no feature specially worthy of note, though there were places where we had some uncomfortable half-minutes in skirting precipices and ascending or descending places verging on the impassable.

After a time we crossed a wall-like ridge, and entered a glen running parallel to that of the Tizi Nslit. It was with no small difficulty that we reached the bed of this glen, but thereafter our way was comparatively easy, as we rode down among cultivated terraces and through groves of walnut and almonds, getting peeps here and there of oddly-perched Berber villages, stuck on the steep mountain sides like swallows' nests against a weathered and ruined wall.

My men wanted me to stop at the first village we came to, but that did not suit my purpose, and I doggedly held on my way, though not without fear that the villagers might turn us back, or end our farther progress in an even more unpleasant fashion. No such disagreeable incident occurred, however, though it was evident from the demeanor of the natives that they were extremely suspicious

of our intentions, and were not quite sure how to receive the first Christian who had ever ventured into their mountain fastnesses.

Some time after mid-day we reached the noisy stream of the Wad Nyfis, and on its banks I camped under shady walnut-trees and walled in by enormous precipices. Matters looked far from promising. Nobody came to speak to us except one old man, who was sent to inquire our objects in venturing into these parts, and generally to take note of us and our doings. From among the rocks and trees, however, armed men could be seen peering out, keeping a close watch upon us, and making us feel distinctly uncomfortable as we thought of possible "pot shots."

My men thought it more than uncomfortable,—dangerous, in fact,—as people from the plain were looked upon in the light of enemies by the mountaineers. It was therefore more than the cold breeze from the snow-streaked mountains which caused them to sit doubled-up, the picture of wretchedness, awaiting what Allah might send, and no doubt wondering what heinous sins they had committed, that he had doomed them to be dragged at the heels of a hated Christian into these wild and dangerous parts. Shalum was the least concerned of the party, accustomed as he was, in his character of Jewish trader, to venture with impunity into the worst parts of the Atlas.

If we had had something to eat we might have taken a more cheerful view of the situation; but nothing was forthcoming, and an empty stomach does not dispose one to take a sanguine view of things. Happily, towards evening matters somewhat improved. One or two villagers came into our camp, and these were cajoled and bribed into bringing us some eggs, rancid butter, barley-meal scones, and walnuts, on which we made a sparing meal.

For the first time since leaving Mogador, we were able

to indulge in the luxury of a splendid camp-fire. So far charcoal fires, which required the aid of a bellows, had not realized our ideal of that adjunct of camp-life.

[The next morning Thomson roused from his uneasy slumbers, determined in some way to proceed.]

I called the old man who had visited us the day previous. I explained to him that I wanted to collect some medicinal herbs which I had been told grew on the slopes of these mountains. To this he objected at once. No stranger was ever allowed to go there, and all the people in the different glens were at constant feud and looking out for whomsoever they could shoot. The sight of some dollars made him take a more hopeful view of the situation, however, and to my delighted surprise he offered to take me to a shoulder of the mountain which he pointed out to me. That was all I wanted. Once away from the village, and Abdarachman and the soldier left behind, I felt sure of attaining my object.

The bargain was clinched at once, and, taking with me only Shalum and the soldier, I started off, accompanied by our old Berber friend and a companion, an addition I did not so much like. Crossing the stream, we at once commenced the steep ascent of the sharp ridge which runs east from the central mass, and divides the upper course of the Wad Nyfis. I pushed on with a certain feverish energy, trying my powers to the utmost. To my delight, I soon perceived that the soldier was lagging wearily behind, the result largely of his bang-smoking. With well-simulated commiseration for his weakness, I stopped, and taking my rifle from him, told him he might go back to the camp. Suspecting no trick, he gladly turned down the mountain. I was now free of my chief danger, and for the first time assured of success. The guides were ahead, and

with a look at Shalum and a nod at the peak overhead, I apprised him of my intention. Shalum smiled grimly, and for answer buckled up his voluminous clothes a little more, and took the rifle from me. . . .

In two hours we ascended four thousand feet, and had attained an elevation of about nine thousand. We were here on the crest of the sharp ridge, and from it I was delighted to get a clear view of the Sus Valley and the glen of the Wad Nyfis, from which I had been driven a week before by the *kaid* or governor of the district. I could afford to laugh at him now. At this point our guides sat down with the air of men who had got to their farthest limit and meant it to be mine also. To this I made no remonstrance. Happily, Shalum was one of those men to whom a wink and a nod are sufficient to convey no end of things, and by that simple means I told him, "You wait here for a time with these two men, while I, on pretence of collecting plants and beetles, make for the peak;" and he, with his cunning Jewish eye, told me to "leave it to him and he would pick me up."

I would not, perhaps, have started off with such a light heart if I had known that the pass over into Sus was infested by robbers on the lookout for chance travellers, as well as by the armed sentinels who continually keep watch on the passes and glens. As long as I was in sight of my guides I was assiduous in my naturalizing, but soon I got an elevation between me and them, and then I literally took to my heels and ran along the ridge of the grassy slope for quite half a mile. No one was yet in sight, but I soon descried Shalum hurriedly following up and alone.

I could not learn from him how he had got away from the guides, but he made it clear to me that there was still risk of being stopped, besides danger to our lives, and he hurried me on till it seemed as if we were running a race.

Without breaking into a run, we tramped along at our utmost walking pace, determined that we would keep a good distance between the mountaineers and ourselves.

As we reached the pass which leads from Ogdimt to Sus, Shalum, who was fully conversant with the dangers of the country, placed himself ostentatiously at my side, holding my express rifle ready for instant use, while by voice and gesture he hounded me to greater exertion. I laughed at the time at his precautions, though touched by his solicitude on my behalf. And yet his presence and the ready rifle probably saved my life, for at that very moment, all unconscious to myself, I was under the cover of the gun of a mountaineer, who, hidden behind a rock, watched my passing. In spite of Shalum's precaution, one of us would probably have dropped before the robber's fire, but our guides had meanwhile discovered our flight, and at that moment had raised a tremendous hue and cry behind us.

We turned but to see where shey were, and then gave renewed speed to our movements,—not so much that we were afraid of them alone, but in case they got assistance to stop us. That this fear was not without grounds we soon discovered on looking round and seeing our pursuers joined by two other men, who seemed to have sprung from the earth. These men were two Ogdimt robbers, who had been on the point of shooting us from behind a rock near which we had passed.

For a time our way was comparatively easy, along the crest of the ridge leading towards the peak, and we made splendid progress. This, however, ended abruptly, and to our dismay we found ourselves confronted by a jagged piece of crystalline limestone, projecting like a gigantic saw from the back of the ridge. For a moment we despaired of being able to pass; but at length, with some difficulty, we succeeded in getting over the nasty obstacle.

We now began to feel comparatively safe, our guides and their friends having rather lost on us, though they never ceased to gesticulate wildly and scream vociferously to us to stop or come back. Still, Shalum, who had fallen behind some distance, kept urging me to peg away; and peg away I did as if for dear life, though the exertion was frightful at the elevation of over ten thousand feet we had now attained. After crossing the jagged crystalline limestone barrier, a terribly steep part lay before us. My legs were trembling with the unusual exertion, while the rarefied condition of the atmosphere made breathing painful. This steep part over, we need fear no opposition, however, and therefore I went for it with all the will and energy I possessed.

By slow degrees, and with many short stops, this step was accomplished, and I fell rather than sat down beside a patch of snow, of which I eagerly ate to assuage my thirst. Shortly after Shalum rejoined me, and later still the guides, foaming and full of wrath, but, thanks to their age, more exhausted than I was.

What made me feel rather uneasy was the disappearance of the two men who had joined them at the pass. Could they have gone to get reinforcements? and was I going to run into a trap?

Meanwhile, my escort by turns entreated and threatened to get us to turn back; but seeing me determined and implacable, and feeling their inability to stop us, they yielded to the necessities of the situation and the seducing influence of a couple of dollars, and gave up all opposition. Still I was suspicious, and lost no time in recommencing the ascent of the remaining and most difficult part, though it seemed but the work of an hour. We had not well set out, however, before we were confronted by the very nastiest piece of rock-climbing I had ever encountered.

This was another jagged outcrop of weathered crystalline limestone, projecting in dangerous teeth, where a fall of a few feet would have produced the most terrible wounds. To evade this barrier meant a considerable descent, and I therefore tried to cross it, as in the other case; but after a painful and perilous attempt I was forced to give it up on reaching an impassable overhanging abyss.

To return was now nearly as difficult as to go on, but happily, after much loss of time and a dangerous descent, I found a middle path, by which I managed to scramble to the foot of the ridge. I had now to struggle over a narrow talus of loose débris, lying at such a high angle that at each step I slipped down the hill, and more than once I thought I would have gone to the bottom of the mountain in an avalanche of stones.

The limestone precipices thus rounded, I had to recommence the ascent, a task of no small difficulty in the loose, slippery rubbish. Moreover, I now felt the result of the race I had run to escape from my keepers. I had overstrained both limbs and lungs. This, combined with the ever-increasing height, made each step a painful toil, so that every few moments I had to sit down to recover myself.

All this time I was alone, as Shalum and the natives had taken their own roads and been lost sight of. After a series of determined spurts I thought my task was nearly accomplished, when to my dismay I found myself at the foot of a new precipice, one hundred and fifty feet in height, which not only seemed impregnable, but shut off the view in the direction I was chiefly anxious to survey. As I sat down in disgust and disappointment to recover breath, my almost despairing gaze fell on a narrow rift in the rock, which I determined to try, relying upon the sharp projections and the undiminished strength of my arms to bring me safely to the top.

The climb was safely accomplished, only, however, to find a new disappointment awaiting me. I had struck the wrong peak. Beyond me lay another and a higher. Nearly exhausted as I was, I would fain have given in. As it was, I sat down to consider whether or not the attainment of the other peak was worth the trouble, and whether it would not be enough in the interests of science simply to estimate the remaining height.

While I carefully cogitated these important matters, Shalum came up with me, shortly after followed by the guides and three wicked-looking tribesmen. Shalum appeared very uneasy, and warned me by his looks to be on my guard. As if to pass the time, I looked at my revolver and opened and shut the breech of my rifle. At the same time I gave the chief a franc, knowing it was best to make things go smoothly if possible, since the sound of a rifle-shot would make every man in the radiating glens rush to arms. The sight of our weapons, our air of confidence, and the small *douceur* of money did all that was required, and the banditti—for such they were—left us, though we kept them under watch till well away.

Somewhat recovered by the rest, we now struggled up the crowning peak, and exactly at mid-day reached the top. My first care was to throw myself down for a quarter of an hour, to recover from this terrible climb, or rather from the earlier exertions of the ascent. Then I gathered myself together, and began leisurely to examine my surroundings.

The most varied and magnificent view presented along the entire range of the Atlas lay spread out before me. Immediately around the metamorphic rocks which ran from the central mass of the range were cut into a wild series of gorges and glens, divided by sharp mountain-spurs and ridges, here and there rising into snow-streaked

peaks. Everywhere was desolation, barrenness, and preternatural stillness. Hardly a patch of green gave variety to the monotonous drifts of shaly débris and the jagged ribs of rock which protruded above the surface. . . .

It was only in the middle zone that dark masses of *callitris* and stunted trees of the evergreen oak found a footing, while along the bottom of the glens the terraces of the mountaineers added refreshing bits of color. Numerous villages clustered against the steep mountain-sides, and, under the blaze of the African sun and with the proximity of walnut and almond groves, seemed almost desirable residences.

[The distant scenery was varied and beautiful. Streams wandering far over the plains, date- and olive-groves, the curling smoke from distant towns and villages, and the far-reaching peaks and ranges, made a whole only to be seen by the daring mountain-climber.]

After allowing myself to revel in the varied aspects of this magnificent panorama for some time, I had to recall myself to the more prosaic duties demanded of me. Having ascertained to my satisfaction that I had reached nearly two thousand feet higher in the Atlas than any previous explorer,—the height being twelve thousand seven hundred and thirty-four feet,—having also taken a round of angles for mapping purposes, it was necessary to commence my descent without loss of time.

Keeping round the head of the glen (not daring to return by the road we had come), we descended some four thousand feet with great rapidity, till we reached the bottom of a deep gorge, in which the snow still lay to a great depth, forming a beautiful but treacherous tunnel, through which ran the head-stream of the Wad Nyfis. At Irg, the first village we reached, we were received with profound astonishment; but happily Shalum discovered a

trading acquaintance, and, thanks to his good offices, we got a little milk and some walnuts, which greatly refreshed us.

Finally, after sunset we safely reached our camp, and relieved the fears of our men, though we did not lessen the excitement and suspicion of the natives, who were now convinced that we were spies. The villagers kept clear of us, and brought us no food, and I was fain to content myself with some more walnuts, and then turn in, more weary than I had ever been by a seventy-mile walk in Central Africa, though more from the forced exertions than from the actual work achieved.

On the following morning we left Ogdimt with pardonable alacrity, for it had become too hot for us, and a diet of walnuts, though doubtless nourishing, was more than my gluttonous men could stand or than I exactly relished. We recrossed the mountains by a more easterly pass, and descended the Wad Ait Tinirt, till midway we crossed to Imintella, and arrived the same day safe and sound at Amsmiz, to find all well.

The governor fumed and stormed on hearing where we had gone in defiance of his orders. He threw the innocent soldier into prison, from which I rescued him with the utmost difficulty. He also threatened Shalum with all sorts of penalties; but that worthy Jew figuratively wrapped himself in the British flag and dared him to touch a hair of his head.

ADVENTURES WITH TUNISIAN BANDITS.

NATHAN DAVIS.

[Davis, in his exploration of the ancient ruins of Tunis, had various adventures with the banditti of that feebly-governed country, occasionally finding himself in positions from which only vigilance and resolution rescued him. He tells the story of these adventures in a lively manner which makes them worth repeating. It must be borne in mind that his visit was before the French occupation, and that travellers now make their way with much less risk. The first of these adventures was encountered while the explorer was inspecting the ruins at Hamman.]

The way down to these ruins is through a thick olive-grove. It is a very solitary and wild spot, and is perfectly adapted as a haunt for the lawless, for here the grossest crimes can be perpetrated with impunity and without fear of discovery; or, if detected, the criminal has numerous ways, amidst the ravines and caverns, to effect his escape. I was occupied in copying the inscription, and was under the impression that I was the only human being in that locality, when the sound of footsteps struck on my ears. I looked round, and perceived an Arab cautiously approaching me from the farther part of the recess. He saluted me, and I returned his salute; but as he appeared anxious to have a little chat, I desired him to wait, promising to gratify his curiosity after completing my task, to which arrangement he appeared to agree.

In a few seconds I heard more footsteps from the same direction, and very soon after I was accosted by two more Arabs. These likewise saluted me, and I saluted them also in return; but I deliberately requested the whole three to

stand on the other side of the monument, with the inscription of which I was occupied, my object in doing so being to have them in view so as to enable me to observe all their movements. They readily complied, but frequently endeavored to alter their position, attempting to get behind me, and assigning as a reason for so doing their desire to see me copying the *tasweera* (painting). I, however, insisted on their remaining in the place I had indicated, promising to let them see the "painting" when finished. They demurred, but I was determined; they insisted upon leaving their post; but I resolutely ordered them not to stir from it till I had finished my task.

That these men were treacherously disposed, and that they were up to no good, I was convinced from the first moment I saw them. Their countenances indicated the disposition of their hearts, and their whole appearance betrayed their desperate profession.

Supposing that my motive in continuing my work was simply to gain a little time till the arrival of some one of my companions, they were resolved to bring their contemplated enterprise to an issue.

"Come, come," said one of them, "we will not be kept waiting any longer. We know what you are up to, you have some people with you, and want them to come to your assistance."

"What do you mean by this language?" I inquired.

"I mean what I say," the man answered in a resolute tone of voice; "and, without any further delay, I bid you to satisfy our demands. You shall not trifle with us and keep us here like dogs till some of your people come to your rescue."

"And what is it you want?" I very deliberately asked.

"Are you so dull as not to know what we want?" rejoined another of the trio. "We want money. Give

us money and we will do you no harm. Satisfy our demands, and you may go in peace."

"Satisfy your demands and give you money!" I exclaimed, darting at them a look of contempt. "And what for?"

"You are to give us what we demand," the first replied, "because we are three to one; do you understand this, you Nazarene?"

"You say because you are three to one is a sufficient reason why I am to give you money. Look, you cowards, and (drawing my revolver from its case beneath my coat) see, here I have a bullet for three of you, and *three to spare.* Do you now understand what *I* say, you scoundrels? Stand! and tell me which of you is to receive the first shot?" and as I said this I pointed the magic piece alternately from the head of the one to that of the other.

"Maad Allah!" (Allah forbid!) the terrified wretches exclaimed. "Have mercy on us! We meant no harm. *Khashaak*, may all harm be removed from you! Put down your weapon, master; spare us; we entreat you to have mercy on us!"

"I do spare you," I rejoined; "for I will not waste three bullets upon such worthless scamps as you are. But by your intrusion you have interrupted me in my work, and this you shall now make good. Here, dig away the earth from this stone."

"But, may Allah bless you, master, we have nothing to dig with."

"Then dig with your hands, and that speedily."

In silent despair the work was accomplished; and, fortunately for them, the depth was not greater than about four or five inches. They were now most anxious to depart, for they observed Hamed making his way towards me through the olive-grove, and they fully expected me to

hand them over into his custody; but, as I had pardoned them, I was not going to act a treacherous part. Besides, we had enough to do in attending to our own work to add to it the task of bringing the highwaymen of the country to justice, particularly among a people where the evidence of a Christian is not admissible against a *true believer.*

[He let them go accordingly, and was severely blamed by Hamed (his police attendant) for running such dangerous risks and exposing himself to peril of murder by the desperadoes of the country.]

This is not the first adventure I had with a trio. I had one before, which terminated more ludicrously still, though the only weapon I had at the time was a good horsewhip.

I was riding quite alone, just towards dusk, when I observed three very suspicious-looking fellows, seated beneath a cluster of trees, watching my movements very closely. I kept a steady eye on them, having resolved in my own mind to make use of the fleetness of my horse so soon as I should have reached in safety a certain point; for one to three is at all times an unequal combat; but what is one unarmed to three handling, as I distinctly saw, one of those Moorish guns, some seven feet in length?

One of my chances of escape was in their allowing me to reach the desired point, when I felt pretty sure my nimble animal would enable me to frustrate their aim. The next was that their gun (fortunately, they had only one) would miss fire; and in this chance I had even more confidence than in the first; for I well knew an Arab's gun seldom goes off the first fire, there being generally a regular barrier of corrosion between the powder in the pan of their flint-locks and the charge in the barrel. The communication being thus entirely cut off, they sometimes replenish the pan three or four times before they discover the real cause, and have recourse to some clumsy pin, or

the point of a nail, with which they remove the obstruction.

I neared the villains lying in ambush for me. I saw one of them level the deadly weapon and take deliberate aim. The trigger was pulled, and I distinctly heard the ominous sound of the hissing powder, and saw its flash, but it was only the flash from the pan. In an instant I rushed up to the murderous set, and in the next instant they stood on their feet, to avoid being trampled under my horse's hoofs. My whip was in active play, and they scampered about, shouting and screaming for mercy. But my eye was all the time upon the long gun, which I wished to secure and carry off as a trophy, while my horse, always surprisingly obedient to the slightest touch of the bridle, seconded my wish.

The fellow who held the weapon kept up a brisk curvilinear race, which he now and then changed into a circular one, in the hope of baffling me in my endeavor to overtake him; but my tractable steed, always at his heels, brought him to a stand. He apologized, and begged me not to strike him, but he never suspected my real motive. The opportunity presented itself, and I seized hold at the muzzle of his gun, while he had as firm a grasp at its butt end. In the most piteous terms he now implored me not to deprive him of his property, maintaining at the same time the struggle with great resolution.

In the scuffle the central part of the gun came, by mere accident, to rest on the horse's chest, the Arab pulling one way and I the other. But, as he was a very powerful man, and too eager to retain possession of the object in pursuit, I took advantage of its position, abandoning all hopes of securing it. I urged my horse forward, and, as the Arab was determined not to give way, he facilitated my resolution to destroy the weapon. The sudden forward

bound of the horse bent the long barrel into a regular curve, and on osberving this I let go. When I turned round I was amused to see my adversary, with a downcast countenance, holding his semicircular gun in his hands, deeply lamenting its fate.

"Do you see what you have done?" he asked me, mournfully, holding the crooked gun up to my view.

"I do," I replied, laughing heartily; "and you ought to thank me for it, for it will now serve you to fire round corners, a feat which you cannot perform with any other gun."

I rode off slowly from the field of battle, thoroughly delighted with my victory. When I looked back I saw his two companions had rejoined the dejected warrior, handling the ill-fated weapon, and no doubt sympathizing with him. When I was some distance off I heard the three, at the top of their voices, uttering the most select curses of the country, among which "*Naal bo jeddek!*" (Cursed be the father of your grandfather!) was the most predominant. But I was not inclined to renew the combat on behalf of my "father's grandfather," and therefore continued my journey.

An incident of a somewhat similar nature occurred to a person of my acquaintance, but with very different results. He was a great sportsman, and his eagerness for game sometimes brought him to remote and lonely parts, frequented by notorious vagabonds; but he invariably took the precaution, whenever he found himself in such localities, to have one of his barrels loaded with ball. On such an occasion, and within a few seconds after he had fired at a quail, he heard the snapping of a trigger at no great distance from him. He looked round, but could discover no one, when suddenly an Arab rose from amidst the high grass (where he had evidently been priming his gun anew), and took deliberate aim at him. But the sportsman an-

ticipated him, and the assassin paid with his life for his contemplated murder.

"I fired," said the individual himself, in relating the circumstance to me, "and the ball struck the Arab's heart. He uttered a terrific shriek, then made a regular somersault, and fell down dead." . . .

This calls to my mind a story of the late famous Commodore Porter, of the United States navy. Whilst representing his government at the court of Constantinople, he went to Tunis, on a visit to his brother-in-law, the late Dr. Heap, the highly respected and much lamented consul near the Basha of this regency for a period of nearly thirty years. The gallant sailor, during his stay at Tunis, was in the habit of taking long rides, and one day found himself assailed by a number of Arabs. He had no pistols, but he had a large key in his pocket; and this he pulled out with such determination, and presented it in so threatening an attitude, accompanied by a few thundering sentences in such pure "American," that the Arabs took to their heels and left him complete master of the field.

This ridiculous scene serves to illustrate the fact that the Arab has the most unbounded confidence in European, or, as he calls them, "Nazarene," weapons, whilst he is never sure of his own. Anything like an arm of defence in the hands of a European inspires him with respect, and hence a European ought to be very slow in using it. Threaten, and threaten with effect, but, if possible to avoid it, never fire.

[Davis tells, in another part of his work, an amusing story of his encounter with some blackmailing Arabs, and how he discomfited them.]

I continued riding ahead of our party, and found myself unexpectedly in the midst of a barley-field. Thinking

that my horse had strayed from the beaten track, I looked back, and found that the barley was sown in the *teneah essoltaneah* (the Sultan's highway). My horse had either too high an appreciation of the law of highways, and considered this appropriation of a strip of land an infringement upon public rights, or he defied the adage *via trita est tutissima* (the beaten path is the safest). I, however, directed my course to the path on the other side of the field, little thinking that I should be called to account for trespassing, particularly as not a living soul was to be seen in the vicinity; but in this I was mistaken.

To the right of this cultivated field was a ridge of higher land, which terminated abruptly, causing an interval of about twenty yards in depth, beyond which rose a moderate-sized hill. Within the recess, between the ridge and the hill, there was a natural hollow cavity, and when I came abreast of this I was suddenly hailed, in a stentorian tone of voice, by a rough-looking fellow, mounted on a mule, whom I had not till then noticed.

"Is it thus you dare tread down the food of Moslems?" he roared. "I'll soon teach you how to respect the property of men who are able to protect themselves from intruders."

"And is it thus you appropriate the path of the public? I'll show you how I can defend myself on the Sultan's highway," I rejoined.

"Heighho!" shouted a number of voices simultaneously; "the fellow destroys our crop, and is, moreover, insolent. He shall pay dearly for this."

Seven men hitherto concealed in the cavity now showed themselves, and, with their chief, commenced making their way towards me.

On observing this, I instantly turned my horse's head and rode to meet them. They vociferated in a terrible

manner, making use of awful oaths, and threatening to handle me in the most merciless manner. But when sufficiently near, I exchanged my whip, which I had in my right hand, for my formidable coadjutor, a revolver, and without holding it in a threatening attitude, I simply demonstrated to them that it was obedient to my wishes. Having done this, I deliberately asked them whether they thought it was possible for them, by their mode of proceeding, to intimidate me.

"If so," I said, "you are greatly mistaken."

"But you have destroyed our barley," roared the man on the mule in a somewhat less furious tone, "and we have a right to claim a recompense."

"You have no such right," I replied, "for I have not deviated from the beaten track. You have no business to plough up the *teneah essoltaneah*. But let me tell you," I continued, "I am not ignorant of the vile motive you have for so doing. You wished to give a plausibility of justice to your unlawful and diabolic pursuits, and this barley serves your purpose. You are a set of cowardly brigands, but you have, in the present instance, miscalculated your chance of extorting money, and I shall, moreover, report your conduct to the authorities."

By this time some of the men had espied my fellow-travellers, followed by the rest of our party, and instantly a *sotto voce* consultation ensued, which I interrupted by peremptorily demanding the chief's name. He sullenly refused compliance, and ordered his men to retire to the mountains on our left, which they no sooner obeyed than he began to follow them. But I insisted on knowing his name previous to our separation, and checked his progress by placing my horse in front of his mule. Every turn he took, in order to escape, my horse instantly faced him, and in this way I impeded his flight. It was, however, utterly

impossible to make the fellow comply with my request. In the course of a few minutes he gave me no less than four or five different names, all of which he declared, and confirmed by solemn oaths, were his. But as my real object was, after all, only to alarm and terrify this band of banditti, I had recourse to another method to secure the same end.

"You think to foil my object by your falsehood," I said, "but I have means by which to insure your recognition. I shall take your *tasweera* (likeness), and since you are, no doubt, well known in this neighborhood, the officers of justice will not fail to apprehend you."

But no sooner did the bandit perceive my pencil in operation that he made a resolute, but still unsuccessful, attempt at an escape. My nimble animal, accustomed to obey the mere touch of the rider's knee, enabled me to retain a full view of the villain's countenance, in spite of his efforts to shrink from my glance. The scene became more ridiculous still just at the moment when our party joined us. Terrified beyond measure, the highwayman now pulled his hood over his face, and commenced a rapid circular race, but it was impossible for him to outstrip my horse in speed. This farce, worthy of any arena, was kept up for some minutes, and he was greatly relieved when I permitted him to depart. Amidst the shouts, the laughter, and the execrations of our men the humiliated robber chief rode off to join his lawless band in the mountains.

This little incident tended to inspire the cowardly portion of our party with a certain degree of courage. We now continued our route, riding in a body, fully prepared for any adventures, and resolved to meet them like men.

The boundary which separates the territories claimed by Tunis from those of Algeria is about ten miles from Hydra.

It is marked by a chain of low hills. Passing a very picturesque gap in these, we entered French Africa, and were at once struck with the marked difference in agriculture between that of the Arabs under Moslem sway and that of those under a civilized government. In the dominions we had just quitted thorns, thistles, and weeds of every description were allowed to choke the crops, whereas here the cultivation that met our eyes was free from everything obnoxious. Here it was apparent that the farmer sowed in the full assurance of deriving the entire benefit of his labor, whereas there the fruits of his toil are a perfect uncertainty, since any of the unprincipled Mamlooks have ways and means of depriving him of his complete crop.

ASTRAY IN THE DESERT.

HEINRICH BARTH.

[Dr. Barth, the celebrated German explorer, was born at Hamburg in 1821. In 1845 he travelled in Northern Africa, Arabia, and Asia Minor, and in 1849 joined an expedition sent by the British government across the Sahara to Central Africa. He was six years absent,—his two companions, Richardson and Overweg, dying,—and returned to Europe in 1855. In 1857 he published "Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa." He died in 1865. This valuable work does not afford many passages suitable for our purposes, and we confine ourselves to a short extract, descriptive of the dangers of a journey in the great desert, where the traveller had an adventure in which he nearly reached the end of his life's journey.]

THE valley was bordered by a deep chasm and craggy mountain to the right, and a range of grotesque promontories towards the left, the slope of which was broken into a variety of terraces, with several cones rising from them.

At length, turning round the edge of the mountain range, we entered the broad valley of Tánesof, having before us the isolated and castellated crest of Mount Idinen, or Kasr Jenún, and on our left the long range of the Akakús, beautifully illuminated by the setting sun, and forming a sort of relief in various colors, the highest precipitous crest, with its castles and towers, being white, while the lower slope, which was more gradual and rugged, disclosed regular strata of red marl. Towards the west the valley, about five miles broad, was bordered by sand-hills, whence the sand was carried by the wind over its whole surface. We ourselves at length encamped on sandy soil without the least herbage, while at the distance of about two miles a strip of green was seen running along the valley.

Starting at an early hour the next day, we kept along the broad barren valley straight for the Enchanted Castle, which the fanciful reports of our companions had invested with great interest. Notwithstanding, or perhaps in consequence of, the warnings of the Tawárek not to risk our lives in so irreligious and perilous an undertaking as a visit to this dwelling of the demons, I made up my mind to visit it, convinced as I was that it was an ancient place of worship, and that it might probably contain some curious sculptures or inscriptions.

Just at noon the naked bottom of the valley began to be covered with a little herbage, when, after another mile, beyond a depression in the ground which had evidently at one time formed a considerable water-pond, talha-trees and ethel-bushes broke the monotony of the landscape, while beyond the sand-hills on our right a broad strip of green was seen, coming from the westernmost corner of the Idinen. Keeping still on for about five miles, we encamped in the midst of a shallow concavity of circular shape, surrounded by herbage, and near a large mound crowned by

an ethel-tree. At some distance southeast we tried the well Táhala, the water of which proved very good. . . .

[July 15, 1850.] This was a *dies ater* for me. Overweg and I had determined to start early in the morning for the remarkable mountain; but we had not been able to obtain from the Tawárek a guide to conduct us from thence to the next well, whither the caravan was to proceed by the direct road. Hatita and Utaeti having again resisted all our solicitations for a guide, I at length, determined as I was to visit the mountain at any cost, started off in the confidence of being able to make out the well in the direction indicated to me. By ill-luck, our provision of zummita (a cool and refreshing paste on which we were accustomed to breakfast) was exhausted the day before, so that I was obliged to take with me dry biscuit and dates, the worst possible food in the desert when water is scarce.

But as yet I needed no stimulus, and vigorously pushed my way through the sand hills, which afforded no very pleasant passage. I then entered a wide, bare, desolate-looking plain, covered with black pebbles, from which arose a few black mounds. Here I crossed the beginning of a *fiumara* richly overgrown with herbage, which wound along through the sand-hills towards the large valley-plain. It was the abode of a beautiful pair of maraiga (*Antelope Soemmeringii*), which, probably anxious for their young ones, did not make off when roused by my approach, but stopped at a short distance, gazing at me and wagging their tails. Pursuing my way over the pebbly ground, which gradually rose till it was broken up by a considerable ravine descending from the western part of the mount, I disturbed another party of three antelopes, which were quietly lying down under the shelter of some large blocks. At last I began to feel fatigued from walking over the sharp-pointed pebbles, as the distance proved to be greater than I had

originally imagined; and I did not seem to have got much nearer to the foot of the Enchanted Mountain. In fact, it proved that the crest of the mount formed a sort of horse-shoe, so that its middle part, for which I had been steering all the time, in order to gain a depression which seemed to afford an easy ascent, was by far the remotest. I therefore changed my course, and turned more eastward, but only met with more annoyance, for, ascending the slope which I hoped would soon convey me to the summit, I suddenly came to the steep precipice of a deep ravine, which separated me from the crest.

Being already fatigued, the disappointment, of course, depressed my spirits, and I had to summon all my resolution and energy to descend into the ravine and climb the other side. It was now past ten o'clock; the sun began to put forth its full power, and there was not the slightest shade around me. In a state of the utmost exhaustion, I at length reached the narrow pinnacled crest, which was only a few feet broad, and exhibited neither inscriptions nor sculptures. I had a fine prospect towards the south-west and northeast, but I looked around in vain for any traces of our caravan. Though exposed to the full rays of the sun, I lay down on my high barbacan to seek repose; but my dry biscuit or a date was quite unpalatable, and, being anxious about my little provision of water, I could only sip an insufficient draught from my small water-skin.

As the day advanced I got anxious lest our little band, thinking that I was already in advance, might continue their march in the afternoon, and, in spite of my weakness, determined to try to reach the encampment. I therefore descended the ravine, in order to follow its course, which, according to Hatita's indications, would lead me in the direction of the well. It was very hot, and, being thirsty, I swallowed at once the little water that remained. This

was about noon; and I soon found that the draught of mere water, taken upon an empty stomach, had not at all restored my strength.

At length I reached the bottom of the valley. Hatita had always talked as if they were to encamp at no great distance from the mountain; yet, as far as I could strain my view, no living being was to be seen. At length I became puzzled as to my direction, and, hurrying on as fast as my failing strength would allow, I ascended a mount crowned with an ethel-bush, and fired my pistols, but I waited in vain for an answer: a strong east wind was blowing dead against me. Reflecting a moment on my situation, I then crossed the small sand-hills, and, ascending another mount, fired again. Convinced that there could be nobody in this direction, at least at a moderate distance, I bethought myself that our party might be still behind, and, very unluckily, I kept more directly eastward.

The valley was here very richly overgrown with sebót; and to my great delight I saw at a distance some small huts attached to branches of the ethel-tree, covered on the top with sebót, and open in front. With joy in my heart I hastened on towards them, but found them empty; and not a living thing was to be seen, nor was there a drop of water to be got.

My strength being now exhausted, I sat down on the naked plain, with a full view before me of the whole breadth of the wadi, and with some confidence expected the caravan. I even thought, for a moment, that I beheld a string of camels passing in the distance. But it was an illusion; and when the sun was about to set, not being able to muster strength to walk a few paces without sitting down, I had only to choose for my night quarters between the deserted huts and an ethel-tree which I saw at a little distance. I chose the latter, as being on a more

elevated spot, and therefore scrambled to the tree, which was of a respectable old age, with thick, tall branches, but almost leafless. It was my intention to light a fire, which promised almost certain deliverance, but I could not muster sufficient strength to gather a little wood. I was broken down and in a feverish state. Having lain down for an hour or two, after it became quite dark I arose from the ground, and, looking around me, descried to my great joy a large fire southwest down the valley, and, hoping that it might be that of my companions, I fired a pistol, as the only means of communicating with them, and listened as the sound rolled along, feeling sure that it would reach their ears; but no answer was returned. All remained silent, still I saw the flame rising towards the sky, and telling where deliverance was to be found, without my being able to avail myself of the signal. Having waited long in vain, I fired a second time,—yet no answer. I lay down in resignation, committing my life to the care of the Merciful One; but it was in vain that I tried to sleep, and, restless and in a high fever, I tossed about on the ground, looking with anxiety and fear for the dawn of the next day.

At length the long night wore away, and dawn was drawing nigh. All was repose and silence; and I was sure I could not choose a better time for trying to inform my friends, by signal, of my whereabouts. I therefore collected all my strength, loaded my pistol with a heavy charge, and fired—once—twice. I thought the sound ought to awaken the dead from their tombs, so powerfully did it reverberate from the opposite range and roll along the wadi; yet no answer. I was at a loss to account for the great distance apparently separating me from my companions, who seemed not to have heard my firing.

The sun that I had half longed for, half looked forward to with terror, at last rose. My condition, as the heat

went on increasing, became more dreadful; and I crawled around, changing every moment my position, in order to enjoy the little shade afforded by the leafless branches of the tree. About noon there was of course scarcely a spot of shade left,—only enough for my head,—and I suffered greatly from the pangs of thirst, although I sucked a little of my blood until I became senseless and fell into a sort of delirium, from which I only recovered when the sun went down behind the mountains. I then regained some consciousness, and crawled out of the shade of the tree, throwing a melancholy glance over the plain, when suddenly I heard the cry of a camel.

It was the most delightful music I ever heard in my life; and, raising myself a little from the ground, I saw a mounted Tarki passing at some distance from me, and looking eagerly around. He had found my footsteps in the sandy ground, and, losing them again on the pebbles, was anxiously seeking traces of the direction I had taken. I opened my parched mouth, and crying, as loud as my faint strength allowed, "*Áman! áman!*" (Water! water!) I was rejoiced to get for answer "*Iwah! iwah!*" and in a few moments he sat at my side, washing and sprinkling my head, while I broke out involuntarily into an uninterrupted strain of "*El hamdu lilláhi! el hamdu lilláhi!*"

Having thus first refreshed me, and then allowed me a draught, which, however, I was not able to enjoy, my throat being so dry, and my fever still continuing, my deliverer, whose name was Musa, placed me upon his camel, mounted himself in front of me, and brought me to the tents. They were a good way off. The joy of meeting again, after I had been already despaired of, was great; and I had to express my sincere thanks to my companions, who had given themselves so much trouble to find me. But I could speak but little at first, and could scarcely eat

HALT IN AN OASIS.

anything for the next three days, after which I gradually recovered my strength.

It is, indeed, very remarkable how quickly the strength of an European is broken in these climes, if for a single day he be prevented from taking his usual food. Nevertheless I was able to proceed the next day, when we kept more towards the slope of the Akakús, and here passed a broad lateral valley, rich in herbage, called Adarnjelkum, after which we descended about a hundred feet from the pebbly ground into sandy soil, forming a sort of valley called Ighelfannis, and full of ethel-trees and sebót. In such a locality we encamped two hours after noon, near splendid ethel-trees; but the strong northeasterly wind, enveloping ourselves and baggage in thick clouds of sand, banished all enjoyment.

[Thus ended the traveller's indiscreet effort to ascend the Enchanted Mountain alone, and without proper precautions to ward off the demons of thirst and weariness, with which it appears to have been infested. Fortunately for the adventurer, this was the only enchantment he encountered, the mountain itself proving to be very innocent so far as any supernatural inhabitants were concerned, or even any evidence of the former presence of man. Its castellated appearance was but a freak of nature's chance handiwork]

IN THE OASES OF THE SAHARA.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

[James Richardson, an adventurous English traveller, was a native of Boston, England, born in 1806. In 1846 he left Tripoli to explore the celebrated oasis of Ghadames, lying in the Sahara to the southwest. Subsequently, in 1850, Mr. Richardson made a journey to the Soudan, in which he was accompanied by Drs. Barth and Overweg, of Prussia. He died at Ungouratona, during an excursion to Konka, the capital of Bornou, March 4, 1851. The story of his travels is

given in "Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa." The journey from Tripoli to Ghadames may be made in nine days, but the caravan consumed twenty-three, during which the traveller suffered severely from the ardor of the Saharan sun.]

AT dawn of day on the 25th [of August] we started fresh on the last march. Just when day had broken over half the heavens *I saw Ghadames!* which appeared like a *thick streak of black* on the pale circle of the horizon. This was its date-woods. I now fancied I had discovered a new world, or had seen Timbuctoo, or followed the whole course of the Niger, or had done something very extraordinary. Gradually we neared the city as the day got up. It was dusty, and hot, and disagreeable. My feelings were down at zero, and I certainly did not proceed to enter the city in style of conqueror, one who had vanquished the galling hardness of the desert in the most unfavorable season of the year.

We were now met by a great number of the people of the city, come to welcome the safe arrival of their friends, for travelling in the desert is always considered insecure, even by its very inhabitants. Among the rest was the merchant Essnoussee, whose acquaintance I had made in Tripoli, who welcomed me, much to my satisfaction when thus entering into a strange place. Another person came up to me, who, to my surprise, spoke a few words in Italian, which I could not expect to hear in the desert. He followed me into the town, and the governor afterwards ordered him to be my *turjeman* (interpreter).

Now the curiosity of the people became much excited; all ran to see *the Christian!* Everybody in the city knew I was coming two months before my arrival. As soon as I arrived in Tripoli the first caravan took the wonderful intelligence of the appointment of an English consul at Ghadames. [The erroneous idea had got abroad that he

had been sent to act as consul.] A couple of score of boys followed hard at the heels of my camel, and some running before, to look at my face; the men gaped with wide-open mouths, and the women started up eagerly to the tops of the houses of the Arab suburb, clapping their hands and *loolooing.* It is perhaps characteristic of the more gentle and unsophisticated nature of womankind that women of the desert give you a more lively reception than men. The men are gloomy and silent, or merely curious without any demonstration.

I entered the city by the southern gate. The entrance was by no means imposing. There was a rough-hewn, worn, dilapidated gate-way, lined with stone benches, on which the ancients were once accustomed to sit and dispense justice, as in old Israelitish times. Having passed this ancient gate, which wore the age of a thousand years, we wound round and round in the suburbs within the walls, through narrow and intricate lanes, with mud walls on each side, which enclosed the gardens. The palms shot their branches over from above, and relieved this otherwise repulsive sight to the stranger. But I was too much fatigued and exhausted to notice anything, and almost ready to drop from off my camel.

[Richardson remained three months in Ghadames, where he was very kindly treated, particularly as he played the part of a physician. He thus describes some of his experiences of oasis life:]

To-day resident thirty days in Ghadames, which I have certainly not lost. My expenses of living, including a guard to sleep in the house at night, and Said, are only at the rate of eighteen pence per day; this, however, excludes tea, coffee, and sugar. Besides, Sheikh Makouran refuses to take anything for house-rent, saying, "It would be against the will of God to receive money from you, who

are our sure friend and our guest of hospitality." Few patients in comparison with the past. As the winter approaches the cases of ophthalmia are less. In the precipitation of leaving Tripoli I brought little ink with me, and most of that I gave away; so I am obliged to go about the town to beg a little. The custom is, when one person wants ink, he begs it of another.

My taleb, backed with two or three Mussulman doctors, charged me in the public streets with falsifying and corrupting the Word of God. "This," he said, "I have found by looking over your *Elengeel* (Gospel)." It is precisely the charge which we make against the Mohammedans. But our charge is not so much corrupting one particular revelation as falsifying the entire books of the Jews and the Christians, of giving them new forms, and adding to them a great number of old Arabian fables. A taleb opened the Testament at the Gospel of St. Mark, and read *that Jesus was the son of God.* Confounded and vexed at this, he said, "*God neither begets nor is begotten*" (a verse of the Koran), An Arab from the Tripoline mountains turned upon me and said, "What! do you know God?" I answered, sharply, "Yes; do you think the knowledge of God is confined to you alone?" The by-standers applauded the answer. . . .

Speaking to the Moor of the Sahara, I said, "The Sahara is always healthy; look at these Touaricks, they are the children of the desert." He replied, "The Sahara is the sea *on land*, and, like the sea, is always more healthy than cultivated spots of the earth. These Touaricks are chiefly strong and powerful from drinking camel's milk. They drink it for months together, often for four or five months, not eating or drinking anything else. It is the camel's milk which makes the Touaricks like lions. A boy shoots up to manhood in a few years, and there's nothing in the world so nourishing as camel's milk." Caillié mentions

that the chief of the Braknas lived for several months on nothing but milk. Many of the Saharan tribes are supported for six months out of twelve on milk.

[On leaving Ghadames, Richardson joined a caravan proceeding to Ghat and the Soudan. The journey proved a very exhausting one.]

I notice as a thing most extraordinary, after seven days from Ghadames, two small trees! the common desert-acacia. Another phenomenon, I see two or three pretty blue flowers! As I picked one up I could not help exclaiming, "*Elhamdullah!*" (Praise to God!), for Arabic was growing second-born to my tongue, and I began to think in it. An Arab said to me, "Yâkob, if we had a reed and were to make a melodious sound, these flowers, the color of heaven, would open and shut their mouths (petals)." This fiction is extremely poetical.

But here in the centre of this wilderness of sand we had an abundant proof of the goodness of a good God. While mourning over this horrible scene of monotonous desolation, and wondering why such regions were created in vain, we came upon *The Wells of Mislah*, where we encamped for the day. These are not properly wells, for the sand being removed in various places, about four or five feet below the surface, the water runs out. Indeed, we were obliged to make our own wells. Each party of the ghafalah dug a well for itself. Ghafalahs are divided into so many parties, varying in size from five men and twenty camels to ten men and forty camels. Three or four wells were dug out in this way. Some of the places had been scooped out before. Water may be found through all the valley of Mislah. A few dwarfish palms are in the valley, but which don't bear fruit. The camels finding nothing else to eat, attacked voraciously their branches.

These pits are considered as the half-way station between Ghadames and Ghat.

[It may be said here, that recent researches have shown that water exists somewhat generally below the surface of the Sahara, and the sinking of artesian wells promises to add greatly to the area of fertility of the desert. The caravan, some time afterwards, was met by a predatory band of Touaricks, whose chief, Ouweek, at first threatened to put the traveller to death, as a Christian infidel, and afterwards demanded a thousand dollars as ransom. Richardson, assuming great ease of manner, left it to his companions to deal with this desert bandit.]

All the people cried out that I had no money. The quasi-bandit, nothing receding, "Why, the Christian's mattress is full of money," pointing to it still on the camel, for he was very near me, although I could not distinguish his features. The Touaricks who had come to see me before I arrived at the well, observed, "He has money on his coat, it is covered with money," alluding to the buttons. All our people swore solemnly I had no money but paper, which I should change on my arrival at Ghat. The bandit, drawing in his horns, "Well, the Christian has a nagah." "No," said the people, "the camel belongs to us; he hires it." The bandit, giving way, "Well, the Christian has a slave; there he is," pointing to Said, "I shall have the slave." "No, no," cried the people, "the English have no slaves. Said is a free slave." The bandit, now fairly worsted, full of rage, exclaimed, "What are you going to do with me? am I not to kill this infidel, who has dared to come to my country without my permission?" Hereat the messenger from Ghat, Jabour's slave, of whom the bandit was afraid, and dared not lay a hand upon, interposed, and, assuming an air of defiance, said, "I am come from my sultan, Jabour; if you kill the Christian, you must kill me first. The order of my sultan is, No man is to say a

word to the Christian." Our people now took courage from this noble conduct of the slave, declaring, "If Yâkob is beaten, we will all be beat first; if Yâkob is to be killed, we will be killed likewise." Ouweek now saw he must come down in his pretensions. The bargain was struck, after infinite wrangling, for two articles of clothing, of the value of four dollars.

[Richardson had a very friendly reception from the governor of Ghat, though he was frequently insulted by the people in the street as an infidel. He remained there two months and a half, after which, ill health preventing him from proceeding to the Soudan, he returned to Tripoli. He describes some amusing experiences in Ghat.]

Everybody, as was the case at Ghadames, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, wishes to convert me into a good Mussulman, being mortified that so quiet a Christian should be an infidel. An old sheikh paid me a visit to-day, and began, "Now, Christian, that you have come into this country, I hope you will find everything better than in your own country, and become a Mussulman, one loved of God. Come to my house, leave your infidel father and mother. I have two daughters. I will give you both for wives, and seven camels besides. This will make you a sheikh among us. You can also be a marabout, and spend your life in prayer." I excused myself by saying, "I have engagements in my country. My sultan would brand me with disgrace, and I should be fetched out of this country by the Turks, who were always the friends of the English." The sheikh, sighing, raised up his aged body and departed, mumbling something, a blessing or a curse, upon my head. . . .

Had a visit from some score of Touarick women, of all complexions, tempers, and ages. After staring at me for some time with amazed curiosity and silence, they became

restless. Not knowing what to do with them, I took out a loaf of white sugar, cut it into pieces, and then distributed it among them. The scene now suddenly changed, joy beamed in every eye, and every one let her tongue run most volubly.

They asked me "whether I was married; whether the Christian women were pretty; whether prettier than they; and whether, if not married, I should have any objection to marry one of them." To all which questions I answered in due categorical form, "I was not married; the Christian women were pretty, but they, the Touarick women, were prettier than Christian women; and, lastly, I should see whether I would marry one of them when I came from Soudan."

These answers were perfectly satisfactory. But then came a puzzler. They asked me "which was the prettiest among them." I looked at one, and then at another, with great seriousness, assuming very ungallant airs (the women the mean while giggling and coquetting, and some throwing back their barracans—shawls I may call them—farther from their shoulders, baring their bosoms in true ball-room style, and at last falling back and shutting my eyes, placing my left hand to my forehead, as if in profound reflection, I exclaimed, languidly, and with a forced sigh, "Ah, I can't tell, you are all so pretty!" This created an explosion of mirth, some of the more knowing ones intimating by their looks, "It's lucky for you that you have got out of the scrape." But an old lady, close to me, was very angry with me. "You fool, Christian, take one of the young ones; here's my daughter."

Nothing surprises the natives of Ghat and the Touaricks so much as my gloves. I am obliged to put them on and off a hundred times a day to please people. They then try them on, look at them inside and outside, in every shape

and way, expressing their utter astonishment by the most sacred names of Deity. Some, also, have not seen stockings before, and examine them with much wonderment. But the gloves carry the palm in exciting the emotion of the terrible. One said, after he had put the glove on his hand, "Ah! ah! whey, whoo! that's the hand of the devil himself."

[Richardson returned home by way of Mourzuk, and reached Tripoli April 19, 1846, after a tour of eight months and a half in the Sahara, during which he travelled sixteen hundred miles, at an entire expense of less than three hundred dollars.]

ADVENTURES IN THE LAKE TCHAD COUNTRY.

DIXON DENHAM.

[Colonel Dixon Denham, a British traveller, was born in London in 1786, served in the Peninsular War and in Belgium, and in 1821 accompanied Clapperton and Oudney in an expedition to Timbuctoo. They reached Kouka, on Lake Tchad, in February, 1823. Here Denham parted from his companions, and made a perilous journey to Mandara. He reached England again in 1825, and published a valuable narrative of the enterprise. He was appointed governor of Sierra Leone, and died there in 1828. He thus describes the approach to Lake Tchad:]

WE reached a well where some really sweet milk was brought to us in immensely large basket-bottles, some holding two gallons or more. No traveller in Africa should imagine that *this* he could not bear, or *that* could not be endured. It is wonderful how a man's taste conforms itself to his necessities. Six months ago camel's milk would have acted upon us as an emetic; now we thought it a most refreshing and grateful cordial. The face of the

country improved in appearance every mile. We passed along to-day what seemed to us a most joyous valley, smiling in flowering grasses, tulloh-trees, and kossom. About mid-day we halted in a luxurious shade, the ground covered with creeping vines of the colocynth in full blossom, which, with the red flowers of the kossom which drooped over our heads, made our resting-place a little Arcadia.

. . . Beyond the town [of Lari] was an object full of interest to us, and the sight of which conveyed to my mind a sensation so gratifying and inspiring that it would be difficult in language to convey an idea of its force and pleasure. The great Lake Tchad, glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength, appeared to be within a mile of the spot on which we stood. My heart bounded within me at this prospect, for I believed this lake to be the key of the great object of our search, and I could not refrain from silently imploring heaven's continued protection, which had enabled us to proceed so far in health and strength, even to the accomplishment of our task. By sunrise next morning I was on the borders of the lake, armed for the destruction of the multitude of birds, who, all unconscious of my purpose, seemed to welcome my arrival. Flocks of geese and wild ducks, of a most beautiful plumage, were quietly feeding at half pistol-shot of where I stood. As I moved towards them they only changed their places a little to the right or left, and appeared to have no idea of the hostility of my intentions. Pelicans, cranes four and five feet in height, gray, variegated, and white, were scarcely so many yards from my side, and a bird between a snipe and a woodpecker, resembling both, and larger than either; immense spoonbills of a snowy whiteness, widgeon, teal, yellow-legged plover, and a hundred species of unknown water-fowl were sporting before

me; and it was long before I could disturb the tranquillity of the dwellers on these waters by firing a gun.

In the evening I visited the town of Lari. It stands on an eminence, and may probably contain two thousand inhabitants. The huts are built of the rush which grows by the side of the lake, have conical tops, and look like well-thatched stacks of corn in England. They have neat enclosures around them, made with fences of the same reed, and passages leading to them like labyrinths. In the enclosure is a goat or two, poultry, and sometimes a cow. The women were almost all spinning cotton, which grows well, though not abundantly, near the town and lake. The interior of the huts is neat. They are comparatively circular, with no admission for air or light, except at the door, which has a mat by way of safeguard. I entered one of the best appearance, although the owner gave me no smiles of encouragement, and followed close at my heels, with his spear and dagger in his hand. In one corner stood the bed, a sofa of rushes lashed together, and supported by six poles fixed strongly in the ground. This was covered with the skins of the tiger-cat and wild bull; around the sides were hung the wooden bowls used for water and milk; his tall shield rested against the wall. The hut had a division of mat-work, one-half being allotted to the female part of the family.

[A few days afterwards the travellers reached the town of Birnie, the residence of the Sultan of Bornou, where they were hospitably received, and an evening repast sent them, consisting of seventy dishes, largely of mutton and poultry, each sufficient to make a meal for half a dozen persons. Of these the Sultan sent ten, his wives thirty, and his mother thirty.]

Soon after daylight we were summoned to attend the Sultan of Bornou. He received us in an open space in front of the royal residence; we were kept at a consider-

able distance, while his people approached to within about one hundred yards, passing first on horseback, and after dismounting and prostrating themselves before him, they took their places on the ground in front, but with their backs to the royal person, which is the custom of the country. He was seated in a sort of cage of cane or wood, near the door of his garden, on a seat which at a distance appeared to be covered with silk or satin, and through the railing looked upon the assembly before him, who formed a sort of semicircle extending from his seat to nearly where we were waiting. Nothing could be more absurd and grotesque than the figures who formed this court. Large bellies and large heads are indispensable for those who serve the court of Bornou; and those who unfortunately possess not the former by nature, or on whom lustiness will not be forced by cramming, make up the deficiency of protuberance by a wadding, which, as they sit on the horse, gives the belly the curious appearance of hanging over the pommel of the saddle. When the courtiers, to the number of about three hundred, had taken their seats in front of the Sultan, we were allowed to approach to within pistol-shot of the spot where he was sitting, and desired to sit down ourselves, when the ugliest black that can be imagined, his chief eunuch, the only person who approached the Sultan's seat, asked for the presents. Boo-Khaloom's were produced, enclosed in a large shawl, and were carried unopened to his presence. [Boo-Khaloom was a rich merchant, and the leader of their escort.] Our glimpse was but a faint one of the Sultan, through the lattice-work of his pavilion, sufficient, however, to see that his turban was larger than any of his subjects, and that his face, from the nose downward, was completely covered. Immediately after the ceremony we took our departure for Angernou. . .

This day [several days afterwards] I had a little respite, my visiting list being much reduced in consequence of its being market-day; there was, as usual, an abundance of all necessaries, though but few luxuries; and as the people got more accustomed to my appearance, they became more familiar. One young lady, whose numerous bracelets of elephant's teeth, heavy silver rings on each side of her face, coral in her nose, and amber necklace, proclaimed her a person of wealth, nimbly jumped off her bullock and tore a corner from my pocket handkerchief, as she said, for a souvenir. I could do no less than request her to accept the remainder of so useful an appendage, and I was happy to see that this piece of gallantry was not lost, even upon savages. They all clapped their hands and cried, "Barca! barca!" and the lady herself, whose hands and face were really running down with grease, generously poured into the sleeve of my shirt nearly a quart of ground-nuts.

[The next day he was summoned to the sheikh, who had heard of his possessing a musical box which could be started or stopped by the finger.]

The messenger declared he was dying to see it, and I must make haste. The wild exclamations of wonder and screams of pleasure which this piece of mechanism drew from the generality of my visitors were curiously contrasted in the person of the intelligent sheikh; he at first was greatly astonished, and asked several questions, exclaiming, "Wonderful! wonderful!" but the sweetness of the Swiss *Ranz des vaches* which it played at last overcame every other feeling; he covered his face with his hand, listened in silence, and on one man near him breaking the charm by a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow which made all his followers tremble. He instantly asked

if one twice as large would not be better. I said, "Yes, but it would be twice as dear." "By Allah!" said he, "if one thousand dollars would purchase it, it would be cheap." Who will deny that nature has given us all a taste for luxuries?

[Major Denham soon afterwards made an expedition to Mandara, where he joined a military expedition sent against a neighboring settlement of Felatahs. In this affair he had striking adventures, and made a remarkable escape from death. Two towns of the Felatahs were taken and destroyed, and an attack made on a third one, which was vigorously defended. The Sultan of Mandara, with his portion of the army, held back from the fight, in dread of the poisoned arrows of their foes.]

The Felatahs, finally, seeing their backwardness, now made an attack in turn; the arrows fell so thick that there was no standing against them, and the Arabs gave way. The Felatah horse now came on, and had not the little band around Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with a few of his mounted Arabs, given them a very spirited check, not one of us would probably have lived to see the following day. As it was, Barca Gana had three horses hit under him, two of which died almost immediately, the arrows being poisoned; and poor Boo-Khaloom's horse and himself received their death-wounds. [The chiefs wore armor of iron mail.] My horse was badly wounded in the neck, just above the shoulder, and in the near hind leg; an arrow had struck me in the face as it passed, merely drawing the blood, and I had two sticking in my bournous. No sooner did the Mandara and Bornou troops see the defeat of the Arabs, than they, one and all, took to flight in the most dastardly manner, without having been once exposed to the arrows of the enemy, and in the utmost confusion. The Sultan of Mandara led the way.

I now, for the first time, as I saw Barca Gana on a fresh

horse, lamented my own folly in so exposing myself, badly prepared as I was for accidents. If either of my horse's wounds were from poisoned arrows, I felt that nothing could save me; however, there was not much time for reflection. We instantly became a flying mass, and plunged, in the greatest disorder, into that wood we had a few hours before moved through with order, and very different feelings. I had got a little to the westward of Barca Gana, in the confusion which took place on our passing the ravine, where upward of one hundred of the Bornouese were speared by the Felatahs, and was following at a round gallop the steps of one of the Mandara eunuchs, who, I observed, kept a good lookout, his head being constantly turned over his left shoulder, with a face expressive of the greatest dismay, when the cries behind of the Felatah horse pursuing made us both quicken our paces.

The spur, however, had the effect of incapacitating my beast altogether, as the arrow, I found afterwards, had reached the shoulder-bone, and in passing over some rough ground he stumbled and fell. Almost before I was upon my legs the Felatah were upon me. I had, however, kept hold of the bridle, and, seizing a pistol from the holsters, I presented it at two of these furious savages, who were pressing me with their spears. They instantly went off; but another, who came on me more boldly, just as I was endeavoring to mount, received the contents somewhere in his left shoulder, and again I was enabled to place my foot in the stirrup. Remounted, I again pushed my retreat. I had not, however, proceeded many hundred yards, when my horse came down again with such violence as to throw me against a tree at a considerable distance, and, alarmed at the horses behind him, he quickly got up and escaped, leaving me on foot and unarmed.

The eunuch and his four followers were here butchered,

after a very slight resistance, and stripped within a few yards of me. Their cries were dreadful; and even now the feelings of that moment are fresh in my memory; my hopes of life were too faint to deserve the name. I was almost instantly surrounded, and, incapable of making the least resistance, as I was unarmed, was as speedily stripped; and while attempting, first to save my shirt and then my trousers, I was thrown on the ground. My pursuers made several thrusts at me with their spears, which badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under the ribs, on the right side; indeed, I saw nothing before me but the same cruel death I had seen unmercifully inflicted on the few who had fallen into the power of those who now had possession of me; and they were alone prevented from murdering me, in the first instance, I am persuaded, by the fear of injuring the value of my clothes, which appeared to them a rich booty; but it was otherwise ordained.

My shirt was now absolutely torn off my back, and I was left perfectly naked. When my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came like lightning across my mind, and without a moment's hesitation or reflection I crept under the belly of the horse nearest me, and started as fast as my legs could carry me for the thickest part of the wood. Two of the Felatahs followed, and I ran on to the eastward, knowing that our stragglers would be in that direction, but still almost as much afraid of friends as foes. My pursuers gained on me, for the prickly underwood not only obstructed my passage, but tore my flesh miserably, and the delight with which I saw a mountain stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine cannot be imagined.

My strength had almost left me, and I seized the young branches issuing from the stump of a large tree which over-

hung the ravine, for the purpose of letting myself down into the water, as the sides were precipitous, when, under my hand, as the branches yielded to the weight of my body, a large *liffa*—the worst kind of serpent this country produces—rose from its coil, as if in the very act of striking. I was horror-struck, and deprived for a moment of all recollection; the branch slipped from my hand, and I tumbled headlong into the water beneath. This shock, however, revived me, and with three strokes of my arms I reached the opposite bank, which, with difficulty, I crawled up, and then, for the first time, felt myself safe from my pursuers.

I now saw horsemen through the trees, still farther to the east, and determined on reaching them, if possible, whether friends or foes; and the feelings of gratitude and joy with which I recognized Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with about six Arabs, although they also were closely pressed by a party of the Felatahs, was beyond description. The guns and pistols of the Arab sheikhs kept the Felatahs in check, and assisted in some measure the retreat of the footmen. I hailed them with all my might; but the noise and confusion which prevailed, from the cries of those who were falling under the Felatah spears, the cheers of the Arabs rallying, and their enemies pursuing, would have drowned all attempts to make myself heard, had not Maraymy, the sheikh's negro, seen and known me at a distance.

To this man I was indebted for my second escape: riding up to me, he assisted me to mount behind him, while the arrows whistled over our heads, and we then galloped off to the rear as fast as his wounded horse could carry us. After we had gone a mile or two, and the pursuit had somewhat cooled, in consequence of all the baggage having been abandoned to the enemy, Boo-Khaloom rode up to me, and desired one of the Arabs to cover me with a bournous.

This was a most welcome relief, for the burning sun had already begun to blister my neck and back, and gave me the greatest pain. Shortly after, the effect of the poisoned wound in his foot caused our excellent friend to breathe his last. Maraymy exclaimed, "Look! look! Boo-Khaloom is dead!" I turned my head, almost as great an exertion as I was capable of, and saw him drop from the horse into the arms of his favorite Arab,—he never spoke after. They said he had only swooned; there was no water, however, to revive him, and about an hour after, when we came to Makkeray, he was past the reach of restoratives.

On coming to the stream the horses, with blood gushing from their nostrils, rushed into the shallow water, and, letting myself down from behind Maraymy, I knelt down among them, and seemed to imbibe new life by the copious draughts of the muddy beverage which I swallowed. Of what followed I have no recollection. Maraymy told me afterwards that I staggered across the stream, which was not above my hips, and fell down at the foot of a tree on the other side. About a quarter of an hour's halt took place here for the benefit of stragglers, and to tie poor Boo-Khaloom's body on a horse's back, at the end of which Maraymy awoke me from my deep sleep, and I found my strength wonderfully increased; not so, however, our horse, for he had become stiff and could scarcely move.

As I learned afterwards, a conversation had taken place while I slept, which rendered my obligations to Maraymy still greater; he had reported to Barca Gana the state of his horse, and the impossibility of carrying me on, when the chief, irritated by his losses and defeat, replied, "Then leave him behind. By the head of the Prophet! believers enough have breathed their last to-day. What is there extraordinary in a Christian's death?" My old antagonist, Malem Chadilly, replied, "No, God has preserved him;

let us not forsake him." Maraymy returned to the tree, and said "his heart told him what to do." He awoke me, assisted me to mount, and we moved on as before, but with tottering steps and less speed. The effect produced on the horses that were wounded by poisoned arrows was extraordinary; immediately after drinking they dropped and instantly died, the blood gushing from their noses, mouths, and ears.

In this way we continued our retreat, and it was after midnight when we halted in the Sultan of Mandara's territory. Riding more than forty-five miles, in such an unprovided state, on the bare back of a lean horse, the powerful consequences may be imagined. I was in a deplorable state the whole night; and notwithstanding the irritation of the flesh wounds was augmented by the woollen covering the Arab had thrown over me, it was evening the next day before I could get a shirt, when one man who had two, both of which he had worn eight or ten days at least, gave me one, on a promise of getting a new one at Kouka. I slept under a tree nearly the whole night and day, except at intervals when my friend Maraymy supplied me with a drink made from parched corn, bruised, and steeped in water.

Mai Meegamy, the dethroned sultan of a country to the southwest of Angernou, and now subject to the sheikh, took me by the hand as I crawled out of my nest for a few minutes, and with many exclamations of sorrow, and a countenance full of commiseration, led me to his leather tent, and, sitting down quickly, disrobed himself of his trousers, insisting that I should put them on. Really, no act of charity could exceed this! I was exceedingly affected at so unexpected a friend, for I had scarcely seen or spoken three words to him; but not so much so as himself, when I refused to accept them. He shed tears in

abundance; and thinking, which was the fact, that I conceived he had offered the only ones he had, immediately called a slave, whom he stripped of these necessary appendages to a man's dress, according to our ideas, and putting them on himself, insisted again on my taking those he had first offered me. I accepted this offer, and thanked him with a full heart; and Meegamy was my great friend from that moment until I quitted the sheikh's dominions.

[The remnants of the expedition reached Bornou in safety, though they had lost everything but their lives. Major Denham afterwards accompanied Barca Gana on another military expedition, which ended less disastrously, though it was not successful. He finally returned to Tripoli with the annual caravan of slaves, and reached England after an absence of three and a half years.]

FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE NIGER.

MUNGO PARK.

[Mungo Park, the first of the notable travellers who have opened up the continent of Africa to civilization, was born September 10, 1771, at Foulshiels, Scotland. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, became assistant surgeon on a vessel bound for Sumatra, and in 1795 undertook a journey in Africa, under the auspices of the African Association of London. Starting from the English factory of Pisania, on the Gambia, he reached the Niger in July, 1796, and explored it for some distance, when he was obliged to return. In 1805 he undertook another journey through the same region of Africa at government expense. Reaching the Niger, he embarked on it and descended for a considerable distance, but was finally attacked by the natives at Boussa, and drowned, with his companions, as they attempted to escape. He was a man of great hardihood and muscular vigor, and encountered hardships which few men could have endured. His accounts of his explorations holds a permanent place among the classics

of travel. In his first journey he was taken prisoner by the Moors, from whom he escaped with great difficulty. We take up the narrative of his adventures after his escape, and during a period of severe suffering from thirst and hunger.]

A LITTLE before sunset, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climbed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dwelling. The same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand everywhere presented itself, and the horizon was level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brushwood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself; in doing which I was affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling on the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here, then (thought I), after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end. I cast, as I believed, a last look on the surrounding scene, and while I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world and its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection.

Nature, however, at length resumed its functions, and on recovering my senses I found myself stretched on the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence, and, as the evening was somewhat cool, I

resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering-place. With this view I put the bridle upon my horse, and driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the northeast,—a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and in less than an hour I heard the wind roaring behind the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected; but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms; and I was obliged to mount my horse and stop under a bush to prevent being suffocated. The sand continued to fly for an hour in amazing quantities, after which I again set forward, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. About this time I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. In a little time the sand ceased to fly, and I alighted and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes.

There being no moon, it was remarkably dark, so that I was obliged to lead my horse and direct my way by the compass, which the lightning enabled me to observe. In this manner I travelled with tolerable expedition until past midnight, when the lightning became more distant, and I was under the necessity of groping along, to the no small danger of my hands and eyes. About two o'clock my horse started at something, and, looking around, I was not a little surprised to see a light at a short distance among the trees, and, supposing it to be a town, I groped along the sand in hopes of finding cornstalks, cotton, or

other appearances of cultivation, but found none. As I approached I perceived a number of other lights in different places, and begun to suspect that I had fallen upon a party of Moors. However, in my present situation I was resolved to see who they were, if I could do it with safety. I accordingly led my horse cautiously towards the light, and heard by the lowing of the cattle, and the clamorous tongues of the herdsmen, that it was a watering-place, and most likely belonged to the Moors. Delightful as the sound of the human voice was to me, I resolved once more to strike into the woods, and rather run the risk of perishing with hunger than trust myself again in their hands; but being still thirsty, and dreading the approach of the burning day, I thought it prudent to search for the wells, which I expected to find at no great distance. In this pursuit I inadvertently approached so near one of the tents as to be perceived by a woman, who immediately screamed out. The people came running to her assistance from some of the neighboring tents, and passed so very near me that I thought I was discovered, and hastened again into the woods.

About a mile from this place I heard a loud and confused noise somewhere to the right of my course, and in a short time was happy to find it was the croaking of frogs, which was heavenly music to my ears. I followed the sound, and at daybreak arrived at some shallow muddy pools, so full of frogs that it was difficult to discern the water. The noise they made frightened my horse, and I was obliged to keep them quiet by beating the water until he had drunk. Having here quenched my thirst, I ascended a tree, and, the morning being clear, I soon perceived the smoke of the watering-place which I had passed in the night, and observed another pillar of smoke, east-southeast, distant twelve or fourteen miles.

[The intrepid traveller finally reached the negro kingdom of Bambarra, and made his way to Sego, its capital, situated on both banks of the Niger, whose waters he gazed upon and drank of with the utmost joy. The King, learning of his approach, refused him an audience until the object of his journey was made known, and directed him to seek a lodging in a village near the city. But on reaching the village he found every door closed against him, and food and shelter refused.]

I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts were so very numerous in the neighborhood that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up a tree and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labors of the field stopped to observe me, and, perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat; she accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night.

They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it; it was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated were these:

"The winds roared, and the rains fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree; he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." Chorus: "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," etc.

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was so oppressed by such unexpected kindness that sleep fled my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her.

[Far from considering this incident trifling, readers have regarded it as one of the most pathetic in the annals of travel, and the song of the compassionate negro women has become almost a classic. Aided by the King of Bambarra, the traveller continued his journey to the town of Silla, on the Niger, at which point he found himself destitute of means of proceeding farther, either by land or water, and was obliged to return.]

On the evening of the 15th of August I arrived at a small village called Song, the surly inhabitants of which would not receive me, nor so much as permit me to enter the gate; but as lions were very numerous in this neighborhood, and I had frequently in the course of the day seen the impression of their feet upon the road, I resolved to stay in the vicinity of the village. About ten o'clock I heard the hollow roar of a lion at no great distance, and attempted to open the gate; but the people from within told me that no person must attempt to enter without the

dooty's permission. I begged them to inform the dooty that a lion was approaching the village, and I hoped he would allow me to come within the gate. I waited for an answer to this message with great anxiety; for the lion kept prowling around the village, and once advanced so near me that I heard him rustling among the grass, and climbed a tree for safety. About midnight the dooty with some of his people opened the gate, and desired me to come in. They were convinced, they said, I was not a Moor; for no Moor ever waited so long at the gate of a village without cursing the inhabitants.

[He was subsequently assailed by thieves and robbed of everything he had, even to the most of his clothing. The utter dejection into which this threw him was relieved by the following circumstance :]

I was indeed a stranger in a strange land; yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and suffering of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair; I started up, and, disregarding both danger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.

[Reaching the coast at length in safety, Park returned to England, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. Returning to Africa ten years later, he lost his life on the Niger, as already stated. The particulars concerning his fate were not learned till 1810, when they were gathered from his guide, Amadi Fatoumi. This person describes their journey down the river, there being nine men in the canoe. They passed Timbuctoo, where they had a battle with the natives, and passed onward for several days through hostile tribes. We give the conclusion of Fatoumi's narrative.]

We came near a small island, and saw some of the natives. I was sent on shore to buy some milk. When I got among them I saw two canoes go on board to sell fresh provisions, such as fowls, rice, etc. One of the natives wanted to kill me, and at last he took hold of me and said I was his prisoner. Mr. Park, seeing what was passing on shore, suspected the truth. He stopped the two canoes and people, telling the latter that if they should kill me, or keep me prisoner on shore, he would kill them all and carry their canoes away with him. Those on shore, suspecting Mr. Park's intentions, sent me off in another canoe on board. They were then released, after which we bought some provisions from them and made them some presents. A short time after our departure twenty canoes came after us from the same place. On coming near they hailed, and said, "Amadi Fatoumi, how can you pass through our country without giving us anything?" I mentioned what they had said to Mr. Park, and he gave them a few grains of amber and some trinkets, and they went back peaceably. On coming to a narrow part of the river we saw on the shore a great many men sitting down; coming nearer to them they stood up; we presented our muskets at them, which made them run off into the interior. A little farther on we came to a very difficult passage. The rocks had barred the river, but three passages were still open between them. On coming near one of them we discovered

the same people again, standing on the top of a large rock, which caused great uneasiness to us, especially to me, and I seriously promised never to pass there again without making considerable charitable donations to the poor. We returned and went to a pass of less danger, where we passed unmolested.

We came-to before Carmassee, and gave the chief one piece of baft. We went on and anchored before Gourman. Mr. Park sent me on shore with forty thousand cowries to buy provisions. I went and bought rice, onions, fowls, milk, etc., and departed late in the evening. The chief of the village sent a canoe after us to let us know of a large army encamped on the top of a very high mountain waiting for us, and that we had better return or be on our guard. We immediately came to anchor, and spent there the rest of the day and all the night. We started in the morning. On passing the above-mentioned mountain we saw the army, composed of Moors, with horses and camels, but without any firearms. As they said nothing to us, we passed on quietly, and entered the country of Haoussa, and came to an anchor. Mr. Park said to me, "Now, Amadi, you are at the end of your journey: I engaged you to conduct me here: you are going to leave me; but before you go you must give me the names of the necessaries of life, etc., in the language of the countries through which I am going to pass;" to which I agreed, and we spent two days together about it without landing. During our voyage I was the only one who had landed. We departed, and arrived at Yaour. I was sent on shore the next morning with a musket and a sabre to carry to the chief of the village; also with three pieces of white baft for distribution. I went and gave the chief his present; I also gave one to Alhagi, one to Alhagi-biron, and the other to a person whose name I forget; all Marabous. The chief

gave us a bullock, a sheep, three jars of honey, and four men's load of rice. Mr. Park gave me seven thousand cowries, and ordered me to buy provisions, which I did. He told me to go to the chief and give him five silver rings, some powder and flints, and tell him that these presents were given to the King by the white men, who were taking leave of him before they went away. After the chief received these things, he inquired if the white men intended to come back. Mr. Park, being informed of this inquiry, replied that he could not return any more. Mr. Park paid me for my voyage before we left Sansanding. I said to him, "I agreed to carry you into the kingdom of Haoussa; we are now in Haoussa. I have fulfilled my engagement with you; I am therefore going to leave you here and return."

[The guide was landed at Yaour, where he was seized and put in irons on an order from the King, who claimed that he had helped the white men to defraud him of the customary presents,—which the chief had received and retained. He continues:]

The next morning early the King sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river-side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw everything they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by num-

bers and fatigued, and unable to keep the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water; Mr. Martin did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape.

The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, "Stop throwing now, you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me." They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King.

I was kept in irons about three months; the King released me, and gave me a slave. I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture; he said nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where the sword-belt was; he said the King took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it.

THE LOWER NIGER.

RICHARD LANDER.

[The expedition to Central Africa of Denham and Clapperton, from the account of which an extract has been given, had one unfortunate result in the death of Mr. Clapperton, who had engaged in an attempt to explore the Niger. His confidential servant, Richard Lander (born at Truro, England, in 1804), after the death of his master returned to England, and in 1830 offered to renew the effort to trace the course of the Niger, in which he had had some experience. His offer was ac-

cepted, and with his brother John he completed this enterprise, following the Niger from near the point of Mungo Park's death to its mouth, a distance of over six hundred miles. He undertook another expedition to Africa in 1835, and was killed there by the natives. Our selection from his narrative begins after he had left Boussa, the scene of Park's death, whose journal he had vainly endeavored to recover. Thence he proceeded for some distance down the Niger, and stopped at a town called Bajibie, from which he started at sunrise, October 5, 1830.]

JUST below the town the Niger spreads itself into two noble branches of nearly equal width, formed by an island. We preferred journeying on the eastern branch, but for no particular reason. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes, with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, and others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and, drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river.

[Some distance farther down the stream] a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all around the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens about as many more of their unwieldly companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their

lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud, and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. They came so close to us that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun.

[They escaped this danger and continued their journey, passing many villages and some large towns, finding some of the people hospitable and others hostile. At a town called Kacunda they were warned of the savage character of the natives farther down the river, and advised to return; or at least to start at sundown, which would enable them to pass the most dangerous town in the night. This advice they obeyed.]

We were now fairly off, and prepared ourselves for the worst. "Now," said I, "my boys," as our canoe glided down with the stream, "let us all stick together. I hope that we have none among us who will flinch, come what may." Antonio and Sam said they were determined to stick to us to the last. The former I have before alluded to; the latter is an inhabitant of Sierra Leone, and I believe them both to be firm fellows when required. Old Pascoe and Jawdie, two of my former people, I knew could be depended on; but the new ones, although they boasted much when they found that there was no avoiding it, I had not much dependence on, as I had not had an opportunity of trying them. We directed the four muskets and two pistols to be loaded with balls and slugs, determined that our opponents, whoever they might be, should meet with a warm reception; and having made every preparation for our defence which we thought would be

availing, and encouraging our little band to behave themselves gallantly, we gave three hearty cheers and commended ourselves to Providence.

Our little vessel moved on in grand style under the vigorous and animated exertions of our men. Shortly after leaving Kacunda, the river took a turn due south, between tolerably high hills; the strength of the current continued much about the same. A few miles farther on we found ourselves opposite a large, spreading town, from which issued a great and confused noise, as of a multitude quarrelling, or as the waves of the sea rolling on a rocky beach; we saw also other towns on the western bank of the river, but we cautiously avoided them all. The evening was calm and serene, the heat of the day was over, the moon and stars now afforded us an agreeable light, everything was still and pleasant; we glided smoothly and silently down the stream, and for a long while we saw little to excite our fears, and heard nothing but a gentle rustling of the leaves occasioned by the wind, the noise of our paddles, or now and then the plashing of fishes, as they leaped out of the water.

About midnight we observed lights from a village, to which we were very close, and heard people dancing, singing, and laughing in the moonshine outside their huts. We made haste over to the opposite side to get away, for fear of a lurking danger, and we fancied that a light was following us, but it was only a "will of the wisp," or some such thing, and trees soon hid it from our sight. After the moon had gone down it became rather cloudy, so that we could not discern the way as plainly as we could have wished, and the consequence was that we were suddenly drifted by the current into an eddy, and in spite of all our exertions to get out of it, we swept over into a small, shallow channel which had been formed by the overflowing of

the river, and it cost two hours' hard labor to get out into the main stream again.

At five o'clock in the morning we found ourselves nearly opposite a very considerable river, entering the Niger from the eastward; it appeared to be three or four miles wide at its mouth, and on the bank we saw a large town, one part of which faced the river, and the other the Quorra. We at first supposed it to be an arm of that river, and running from us; and therefore directed our course for it. We proceeded up it a short distance, but finding the current against us, and that it increased as we got within its entrance, and our people being tired, we were compelled to give up the attempt, and were easily swept back into the Niger. Consequently we passed on, but determined to make inquiries concerning it at the first convenient opportunity. But we concluded this to be the Chadda.

At ten A.M. we passed a huge and naked white rock, in the form of a perfect dome, arising from the centre of the river. It was about twenty feet high, and covered with an immense quantity of white birds, in consequence of which we named it the Bird Rock; it is about three or four miles distant from Bocqua, on the same side of the river. We passed it on the western side, and were very nearly lost in a whirlpool. It was with the utmost difficulty we preserved the canoe from being carried away and dashed against the rocks. Fortunately, I saw the danger at first, and finding we could not get clear of it, my brother and I took a paddle, and animating our men, we exerted all our strength, and succeeded in preventing her from turning around. Had our canoe become unmanageable, we should inevitably have perished. Shortly after, seeing a convenient place for landing, the men being languid and weary with hunger and exertion, we halted on the right bank of the river, which we imagined was most convenient for our purpose.

Totally unconscious of danger, we were reclining on our mats,—for we, too, like our people, were wearied with toil, and overcome with drowsiness,—when in about twenty minutes after our men had returned one of them shouted, with a loud voice, " War is coming! Oh, war is coming!" and ran towards us with a scream of terror, telling us that the natives were hastening to attack us. We started up at this unusual exclamation, and, looking about us, we beheld a large party of men, almost naked, running in a very irregular manner, and with uncouth gestures, towards our little encampment. They were all variously armed with muskets, bows and arrows, knives, cutlasses, barbs, long spears, and other instruments of destruction; and, as we gazed upon this band of wild men, with their ferocious looks and hostile appearance, which was not a little heightened on observing the weapons in their hands, we felt a very uneasy kind of a sensation, and wished ourselves safe out of their hands.

One of the natives, who proved to be the chief, we perceived a little in advance of his companions; and, throwing down our pistols, which we had snatched up in the first moment of surprise, my brother and I walked very composedly and unarmed towards him. As we approached him, we made all the signs and motions we could with our arms to deter him and his people from firing on us. His quiver was dangling at his side, his bow was bent, and an arrow, which was pointed at our breasts, already trembled on the string, when we were within a few yards of his person. This was a highly critical moment,—the next might be our last. But the hand of Providence averted the blow; for just as the chief was about to pull the fatal cord, a man that was nearest to him rushed forward and stayed his arm. At that instant we stood before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled

like aspen-leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground,—light seemed to flash from his dark, rolling eyes,—his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into tears. This was a sign of friendship,—harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more.

At first no one could understand us; but an old man made his appearance shortly after, who understood the Houssa language. Him the chief employed as an interpreter, and every one listened with anxiety to the following explanation which he gave us: "A few minutes after you first landed, one of my people came to me, and said that a number of strange people had arrived at the market-place. I sent him back again to get as near you as he could, to hear what you intended doing. He soon after returned to me, and said that you spoke in a language which he could not understand. Not doubting that it was your intention to attack my village at night, and carry off my people, I desired them to get ready to fight. We were all prepared and eager to kill you, and came down breathing vengeance and slaughter, supposing that you were my enemies, and had landed from the opposite side of the river. But when you came to meet us unarmed, and we saw your white faces, we were all so frightened that we could not pull our bows, nor move hand or foot; and when you drew near me, and extended your hands towards me, I felt my heart faint within me, and believed that you were 'Children of Heaven,' and had dropped from the skies." Such was the effect we had produced upon him: and under this impression he knew not what he

did. "And now," said he, "white men, all I want is your forgiveness."

[The chief assured them that they had passed the most dangerous portions of the river, and there was no further necessity for travelling at night. Seven days more, he added, would bring them to the sea. They were advised, however, to avoid a large town a little below, called Atta, the governor of which might seek to detain them. They started early the next morning, and about noon observed a town which they supposed to be Atta. This they passed unobserved by keeping close to the opposite shore. They were now between hilly and wooded banks.]

For upward of thirty miles after passing Atta, not a town or a village, or even a single hut, could anywhere be seen. The whole of this distance our canoe passed smoothly along the Niger, and everything was silent and solitary; no sound could be distinguished save our own voices and the plashing of the paddles with their echoes; the song of birds was not heard, nor could any animal whatever be seen; the banks seemed to be entirely deserted, and the magnificent Niger to be slumbering in its own grandeur.

[The next day, however, they found the banks of the river abundantly peopled, and stopped at a town where they were very hospitably entertained, but where they were detained for eight days. On their departure a second canoe was given them, in which were placed some elephants' tusks and a number of slaves and goats. During the next day, however, they met with other fortune. Fifty canoes came up the river, one of them flying the English flag. Delighted, they approached the boats, when they were instantly assailed, the boats plundered, and they taken prisoners. One canoe was overturned, and John Lander had to swim for his life. A protest against this outrage was made by the messenger of the King of Bonny, who had accompanied them from their last stopping-place, and the canoe people, landing, held a council.]

We were now invited to land and look at our goods, in order to see if they were all there. To my great satisfac-

tion, I immediately recognized the box containing our books and one of my brother's journals. The medicine-chest was by its side, but both were filled with water. A large carpet-bag, containing all our wearing-apparel, was lying cut open and deprived of its contents, with the exception of a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a waistcoat. Many valuable articles which it had contained were gone. The whole of my journal, with the exception of a note-book with remarks from Rabba to this place, was lost. Four guns, one of which had been the property of the late Mr. Park, four cutlasses, and two pistols were gone. Nine elephants' tusks, the finest I had seen in the country, which had been given me by the Kings of Wawa and Boussa, a quantity of ostrich-feathers, some handsome leopard-skins, a great variety of seeds, all our buttons, cowries, which were necessary for us to purchase provisions with,—all were missing, and said to have been sunk in the river. The two boxes and the bag were all that could be found.

At about three in the afternoon we were ordered to return to the small island from whence we had come, and the setting of the sun being the signal for the council to dissolve, we were again sent for to the market. The people had been engaged in deliberation and discussion during the whole of the day, and with throbbing hearts we received their resolution in nearly the following words: "That the King of the country being absent, they had taken upon themselves to consider the occurrence which had taken place in the morning, and to give judgment accordingly. Those of our things which had been saved from the waters should be restored to us, and the person that had first commenced the attack upon my brother should lose his head, as a just retribution for his offence, having acted without his chief's permission; that with regard to us, we must consider ourselves as prisoners, and consent to be conducted

on the following morning to Obie, King of the Oboe country, before whom we should undergo an examination, and whose will and pleasure concerning our persons would then be explained." We received the intelligence with feelings of rapture, and with bursting hearts we offered up thanks to our Divine Creator for his signal preservation of us throughout this disastrous day.

[It was a two-days' journey down the Niger to the residence of King Obie. On landing they were hailed in broken English by a large negro who gave his name as King Gun, and said that he was a chief of the Brass country; also giving them the joyful news that an English vessel, the "Thomas," of Liverpool, was lying in the First Brass River, two or three days' journey below. This hearing before King Obie ended in the decision that he would hold them for ransom, demanding the price of twenty slaves. Fortunately, King Boy, son of the old King of Brass, was present, and he offered to pay their ransom, if they would give him an order on Captain Lake, of the brig "Thomas," for the same value in English goods, with a cask of rum and some other articles in addition. This they gladly did, and hastened away from King Obie's dominions, their rescuer accompanying them. Their journey continued three days longer, through a thickly settled country. Richard Lander was now taken to the English vessel, his brother John remaining as hostage with the King of Brass until the ransom should be paid.]

About a quarter of an hour after we had entered the river Nun, we descried, at a distance before us, two vessels lying at anchor. The emotions of delight which the sight of them occasioned are quite beyond my powers of description. The nearest to us was a schooner, a Spanish slave-vessel, whose captain we had seen at Brass Town. Our canoe was quickly by her side, and I went on board. The captain received me very kindly, and invited me to take some spirits and water with him.

We now directed our course to the English brig, which was lying about three hundred yards lower down the river.

Having reached her, with feelings of delight mingled with doubt, I went on board. Here I found everything in as sad a condition as I had in the schooner: four of the crew had just died of fever; four more, which completed the whole, were lying sick in their hammocks, and the captain appeared to be in the very last stage of illness. He had recovered from a severe attack of illness, and had suffered a relapse in consequence of having exposed himself too soon, which had nearly been fatal to him. I now stated to him who I was, explained my situation to him as fully as I could, and had my instructions read to him by one of his own people, that he might see I was not imposing on him. I then requested that he would redeem us by paying what had been demanded by King Boy, and assured him that whatever he might give to him on our account would certainly be repaid him by the British government. To my utter surprise and consternation, he flatly refused to give a single thing, and, ill and weak as he was, made use of the most offensive and shameful oaths I ever heard.

[The mortified traveller requested King Boy to take him to Bonny, where they would probably find other English vessels; but the negro chief replied that if one captain would not pay, another would not. Finally, on Lander representing that some of his men would be useful in working the vessel, the captain asked King Boy to go bring John Lander and the boatman, saying that nothing would be paid until they were on board. The negro did so, whereupon the captain refused to give anything. What followed is thus described:]

Boy now ventured to approach Captain Lake on the quarter-deck, and, with an anxious, petitioning countenance, asked for the goods which had been promised him. Prepared for the desperate game he was about to play, it was the object of Lake to gain as much time as possible, that he might get his vessel under way before he came to an open rupture. Therefore he pretended to be busy in

writing, and desired Boy to wait a minute. Becoming impatient with delay, Boy repeated his demand a second and a third time,—"Give me my bars."—"I no will," said Lake, in a voice of thunder, which one could hardly have expected from so emaciated a frame as his. "I no will, I tell you; I won't give you a flint." Terrified by the demeanor of Lake, and the threats and oaths he made use of, poor King Boy suddenly retreated, and seeing men going up aloft to loosen the sails, apprehensive of being carried off to sea, he quickly disappeared from the deck of the brig, and was soon observed making his way on shore in his canoe, with the rest of his people; this was the last we saw of him.

[The brig was four days in getting over the bar, and twice drifted to the edge of the breakers, the travellers, after all their escapes on the river, narrowly escaping death at its entrance into the ocean. They were landed at Fernando Po, obliged to take passage thence to Rio Janeiro, and finally reached England, after this circuitous journey, on June 9, 1831. Lander again returned to the Niger, this time with an expedition composed of two steamers, met King Boy and King Obie, and probably discharged his obligation to the former. He was afterwards wounded in an affray with the natives, and died of the wound.]

AN EMBASSY TO SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS.

[Major Harris, an officer in the British army, and a traveller and hunter in Africa, has left us descriptions of his adventures in two works,—"Wild Sports in Southern Africa" (1839), and "The Highlands of Ethiopia" (1844). The latter gives many interesting descriptions of travel in Abyssinia, from which we make the following selections. He went to that country in 1841, as the leader of an embassy

to the kingdom of Shoa, for the purpose of making a treaty of commerce with its monarch, Sáhela Selássie. The country traversed had been previously almost unknown. On landing at the port of Tajura, the embassy was received by the Sultan and his chiefs in a spacious crimson pavilion. Major Harris thus describes the interview:]

A MORE unprincely object can scarcely be conceived than was presented in the imbecile, attenuated, and ghastly form of this most meagre potentate, who, as he tottered into the marquee, supported by a long, witch-like wand, tendered his hideous bony claws to each of the party in succession, with all the repulsive coldness that characterizes a Danákil shake of the hand. His decrepit frame was enveloped in a coarse cotton mantle, which, with a blue checked wrapper about his loins, and an ample turban perched on the very apex of his shaven crown, was admirably in harmony with the dirt that pervaded the attire of his privy council and attendants.

The ashes of ancient feuds were still smoking on the arrival of the British; and although I endeavored to impress the minds of all parties with the idea that the amount disbursed at the time of our departure for Shoa would be diminished in the exact ratio of the delay that we experienced; and although, to judge from the surface, affairs looked prosperous enough towards the speedy completion of carriage; yet there was ever an adverse under-current setting, and the apathy of the savage outweighed even his avarice. Thus for a weary fortnight we were doomed to endure the merciless heat of the Tajura sun, whose tardy departure was followed by a close, muggy atmosphere, and occasionally alleviated by the bursting of a thunder-storm over the peak of Jebel Goodah. Perpetually deceived by the falsest promises, it was yet impossible to discover where to lay the blame. Bribes were lavished, increased hire acceded to, and camels repeatedly brought into the

town; but day after day found us again dupes to Danákil knavery, still seated like shipwrecked mariners upon the shore, gazing in helpless melancholy at endless bales which strewed the strand, as if washed up by the waves of the fickle ocean.

[Finally escaping, they mounted to the hill country, and soon after descended into the deep-lying pass of Rah Eesah, which led to the salt lake of Assál. Here they suffered terribly.]

In this unventilated and diabolical hollow, dreadful, indeed, were the sufferings in store both for man and beast. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles; and although every human precaution had been taken to secure a supply, by means of skins carried upon camels, the very great extent of most impracticable country to be traversed, which had unavoidably led to the detention of neary all, added to the difficulty of restraining a multitude maddened by the tortures of burning thirst, rendered the provision quite insufficient; and during the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at one hundred and twenty-six degrees, under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, in a suffocating pandemonium, depressed five hundred and seventy feet below the ocean; where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare, arising from the sea of white salt, was most painful to the eyes; where the furnace-like vapor exhaled, almost choking respiration, created an indomitable thirst; and not the smallest shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery, by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or, worse still, by black blocks of heated lava, it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mephitic brickdust-colored fluid, which the direst necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat,

and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst, served materially to augment its horrors.

[It became necessary, leaving the baggage to the care of the guides and camel-drivers, to push on with all speed to the ravine of Goongoonteh, where water could be found. But at the moment of starting, the camel carrying the water-skins fell, bursting the skins and spilling all the remaining supply.]

The horrors of that dismal journey set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had for the moment buoyed up the drooping spirit which tenanted each wayworn frame; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter farther, his rider contrived manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker soon refused the task, and after the first two miles, they dropped fast in the rear.

Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty, by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A sip of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, again raised their drooping souls, but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voices declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise no more.

[One of the guides pushed forward, and after a time brought back a skin of muddy water, which he had taken from a Bedouin. This saved the lives of many of the party, and by sunrise the rivulet of Goongoonteh was reached. A few days afterwards, having come to a less desolate country, Major Harris had an interview with the chief of the Debeni Arabs.]

Attended by a numerous and disreputable retinue, dragging as a gift an obstinate old he-goat, the potent savage sauntered carelessly into our camp during the early hours of the forenoon. Not one whit better clad than the greasy and ragged ruffians in his train, he was yet distinguished by weapons of a superior order,—the shaft of his spear, which resembled a weaver's beam, being mounted below the broad glittering blade with rings of brass and copper, while the hilt and scabbard of a truly formidable creese were embellished in like ostentatious fashion. The wearer's haughty air, and look of wild determination, were well in unison with the reputation he had acquired as a warrior chief. Long raven locks floated like eagles' feathers over a bony and stalwart frame. A pair of large sinewy arms terminated in fingers tipped with nails akin to bird's claws, and the general form and figure of the puissant Makobúnto brought forcibly to mind the ogre in the nursery tale.

This had been a day of feasting and carousal; for both Isháķ and the son of the Rookhba chief had likewise received sheep, and the slaughter of each had been followed by a general tussle for the possession of the caul. For the purpose of larding the head this is a prize infinitely preferred even to the tail, which appendage in the Adel sheep is so copiously furnished that the animal is said to be capable of subsisting an entire year upon the absorption of its own fat, without tasting water.

It was truly delightful to witness the process of hair dressing, at the hands of the Danákil barber. The fat having been melted down in a wooden bowl, the operator, removing his quid, and placing it in a secure position behind the left ear, proceeded to suck up copious mouthfuls of the liquid, which were then sputtered over the frizzled wig of a comrade, who, with mantle drawn before his eyes to exclude stray portions of tallow, remained squatted on

his haunches, the very picture of patience. The bowl exhausted, the operator carefully collects the suet that has so creamed around his chops as to render him inarticulate; and having duly smeared the same over the filthy garment of him to whom it in equity belongs, proceeds, with a skewer, to put the last finishing touch to his work, which, as the lard congeals, gradually assumes the desired aspect of a fine full-blown cauliflower.

[After many detentions by the Arabs the embassy at length reached the borders of Shoa, and could see, on a distant mountain-side, the outlines of Ankóbar, where the King then was. They immediately began the ascent of the hills.]

Three thousand feet above the ocean, with an invigorating breeze and a cloudy sky, the climate of this principal pass into Southern Abyssinia was that of a fine summer's day in England, rather than that of the middle of July between the tropics. But from the summit of an adjacent basaltic knoll, which we ascended towards the close of the day, there burst upon our gaze a magnificent prospect of the Abyssinian Alps. Hill rose above hill, clothed in the most luxurious and vigorous vegetation; mountain towered over mountain; and the hail-clad peaks of the most remote ranges stretched far into the cold blue sky. Villages, dark groves of evergreens, and rich fields of every hue checkered the broad valley; and the setting sun shot a stream of golden light over the mingled beauties of wild wood and scenery and the labors of the Christian husbandmen. . . .

Loaded for the thirty-fifth and last time with the baggage of the British embassy [for the final ascent to the elevated site of Ankóbar], the caravan, escorted by the detachment of Ayto Kátama, with flutes playing and muskets echoing, and the heads of the warriors decorated with white plumes, in earnest of their bold exploits during the

late expedition, advanced, on the afternoon of the 16th of July, to Fárré, the frontier town of the kingdom of Efát. It was a cool and lovely morning, and a fresh invigorating breeze played over the mountain-side, on which, though less than two degrees removed from the equator, flourished the vegetation of northern climes. The rough and stony road wound on by a steep ascent over hill and dale,—now skirting the extreme verge of a precipitous cliff, now dipping into the basin of some verdant hollow, whence, after traversing the pebbly course of a murmuring brook, it suddenly emerged into a succession of shady lanes, bounded by flowering hedge-rows. The wild rose, the fern, the lantana, and the honeysuckle smiled around a succession of highly cultivated terraces, into which the entire range was broken by banks supporting the soil; and on every eminence stood a cluster of conically-thatched houses, environed by green hedges, and partially embowered amid dark trees. As the troops passed on, the peasant abandoned his occupation in the field to gaze at the novel procession; while merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, attracted by the renewal of martial strains, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the King's guests with a shrill *zughareet*, which rang from every hamlet.

Lastly, the view opened upon the wooded site of Ankóbar, occupying a central position in a horse-shoe crescent of mountains, still high above, which enclose a magnificent amphitheatre of ten miles in diameter. This is clothed throughout with a splendidly varied and vigorous vegetation, and choked by minor abutments converging towards its gorge on the confines of the Adel plains. Here the journey was for the present to terminate, and, thanks to Abyssinian jealousy and suspicion, many days were yet to elapse ere the remaining height should be climbed to the capital of Shoa, now distant only two hours' walk.

[While wearily waiting, robberies became frequent in the little town of Alio Amba, where they had halted, and a thief-catcher was sent for by the inhabitants. His operations were curious.]

A ring having been formed in the market-place by the crowded spectators, the diviner introduced his accomplice, a stolid-looking lad, who seated himself upon a bullock's hide with an air of deep resignation. An intoxicating drug was, under many incantations, extracted from a mysterious leather scrip, and thrown into a horn filled with new milk; and this potation, aided by several hurried inhalations of a certain narcotic, had the instantaneous effect of rendering the recipient stupidly frantic. Springing upon his feet, he dashed, foaming at the mouth, among the rabble, and without any respect to age or sex, dealt vigorously about him, until at length he was secured by a cord about the loins, when he dragged his master round and round from street to street, snuffling through the nose like a bear, in the dark recesses of every house, and leaving unscrutinized no hole or corner.

After scraping for a considerable time with his nails under the foundation of a hut, wherein he suspected the delinquent to lurk, the imp entered, sprang upon the back of the proprietor, and became totally insensible. The man was forthwith arraigned before a tribunal of justice, at which Ayto Kátama Work presided; and although no evidence could be adduced, and he swore repeatedly to his innocence by the life of the King, he was sentenced by the just judges to pay forty pieces of salt. This fine was exactly double the amount alleged to have been stolen.

[After a fortnight's delay, an audience was granted by the King, who had taken up his residence in the neighboring palace of Machalwans. With some difficulty the embassy was permitted to fire a salute from the small cannon they had brought with them,—the most exaggerated fears being entertained of disastrous effects.]

Just as the last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain we stepped over the high threshold of the reception hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colors, and patterns covered the floor, and crowds of Alakas, governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood-fire, engrossed by indolent cats, while in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honor, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Ethiopic state his Most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie.

The King was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially concealed under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls, after the fashion of George the First; and although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide,—even the Danákil comparing him to a "fine balance of gold."

[The valuable presents of the embassy were received with delight, and a second salute of twenty-one guns from the cannon with wonder.]

Compliments from the throne, and personal congratulations from the courtiers and officers of state, closed the evening of this unwonted display; and the introduction, by the hands of the favorite page, of a huge pepper pie, the produce of the royal kitchen, with a command that "the King's children might feast," was accompanied by the unheard-of honor of a visit from the dwarf father-confessor, who might without difficulty have concealed his most diminutive person beneath the ample pastry. Enveloped in robes and turbans, and armed with silver cross and crozier, the deformed little priest, whose entire long life had been passed in doing good to his fellow-creatures, seating his hideous and Punch-like form in a chair placed for his reception, in squeaking accents delivered himself thus:

"Forty years have rolled away since Asfa Woosen, on whose memory be peace, grandsire to our beloved monarch, saw in a dream that the red men were bringing into his kingdom curious and beautiful commodities from countries beyond the great sea. The astrologers, on being commanded to give an interpretation thereof, predicted with one accord that foreigners from the land of Egypt would come into the land of Abyssinia during his majesty's most illustrious reign, and that yet more and wealthier would follow in that of his son, and of his son's son, who should sit next upon the throne. Praise be unto God that the dream and its interpretation have now been fulfilled! Our eyes, though they be old, have never beheld wonders until this day, and during the reign over Shoa of seven successive kings no such miracles as these have been wrought in Ethiopia."

No suitable lodging being obtainable at Machal-wans, I deemed it advisable to adopt the King's proposal of proceeding at once into winter-quarters at the capital. Preparatory to setting out thither we had an audience of

the King. "My children," quoth his Majesty, "all my gun-people shall accompany you; may you enter in safety! Whatsoever your hearts think and wish, that send word unto me. Saving myself, you have no relative in this distant land. Ye have travelled far on my affairs. I will give you what I can, according to that which my country produces. I cannot give you what I do not possess. Be not afraid of me. Listen not to the evil insinuations of my people, for they are bad. Look only unto Sáhela Selássie. May his father die, he will accomplish whatsoever ye desire."

Instantly on emerging from the forest the metropolis of Shoa, spreading far and wide over a verdant mountain, shaped like Africa's appropriate emblem, the fabled sphinx, presented a most singular if not imposing appearance. Clusters of thatched houses of all sizes and shapes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, with small green enclosures and splinter palings, rising one above another in very irregular tiers, adapt themselves to all the inequalities of the rugged surface; some being perched high on the abrupt verge of a cliff, and others so involved in the bosom of a deep fissure as scarcely to reveal the red earthen pot which crowns the apex. Connected with each other by narrow lanes and hedge-rows, these rude habitations, the residences of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, cover the entire mountain-side to the extreme pinnacle,—a lofty spire-like cone, detaching itself by a narrow isthmus to form the sphinx's head. Herein stands the palace of the Negoos, a most ungainly-looking edifice with staring gable ends, well fortified by spiral lines of wooden palisades. They extend from the base to the summit, and are interspersed with barred stockades, between which are profusely scattered the abodes of household slaves, with breweries, kitchens, cellars, storehouses, magazines, and granaries.

[The embassy remained thus situated for nearly two years, Major Harris spending much time in hunting, in excursions with the King, in studying the character and habits of the people, etc. Finally, a treaty of commerce was signed and the embassy returned. There is nothing to show that this treaty has been of any particular advantage to the commerce of England.]

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

JOHN H. SPEKE.

[We have elsewhere described the journey of Ferdinand Werne up the White Nile to within a comparatively short distance of its point of outflow from the Albert Nyanza Lake. We have now to describe the discovery of its source in the Victoria Nyanza. This great Central African lake was discovered by Captain Speke in 1858, and he subsequently (in 1862) discovered the sources of the Nile, by tracing that long mysterious stream to this lake. Preceding the story of this great discovery, however, we give some experiences of the traveller in rhinoceros- and buffalo-hunting. He had learned that a bitter pool in the neighborhood was a favorable locality for the rhinoceros hunter, and secreted himself there in hopes of a shot.]

I SET forth with the guide and two of the sheikh's boys, each carrying a single rifle, and ensconced myself in the nullah, to hide until our expected visitors should arrive, and there remained until midnight. When the hitherto noisy villagers turned into bed, the silvery moon shed her light on the desolate scene, and the Mgogo guide, taking fright, bolted. He had not, however, gone long, when, looming above us, coming over the horizon line, was the very animal we wanted.

In a fidgety manner the beast then descended, as if he expected some danger in store, and he was not wrong; for, attaching a bit of white paper to the fly-sight of my

Blissett, I approached him, crawling under cover of the banks until within eighty yards of him, when, finding that the moon shone full on his flank, I raised myself upright and planted a bullet behind his left shoulder. Thus died my first rhinoceros.

To make the most of the night, as I wanted meat for my men to cook, as well as a stock to carry with them, or barter with the villagers for grain, I now retired to my old position and waited again.

After two hours had elapsed, two more rhinoceros approached me in the same stealthy, fidgety way as the first one. They came even closer than the first, but, the moon having passed beyond their meridian, I could not obtain so clear a mark. Still, they were big marks, and I determined on doing my best before they had time to wind us; so, stepping out, with the sheikh's boys behind me carrying the second rifle to meet all emergencies, I planted a ball in the larger one, and brought him round, with a roar and whooh-whooh, exactly to the best position I could wish for receiving a second shot; but, alas! on turning sharply round for the spare rifle, I had the mortification to see that both the black boys had made off, and were scrambling like monkeys up a tree. At the same time the rhinoceros, fortunately for me, on second consideration turned to the right-about, and shuffled away, leaving, as is usually the case when conical bullets are used, no traces of blood.

Thus ended the night's work. We now went home by dawn to apprise all the porters that we had flesh in store for them, when the two boys who had so shamelessly deserted me, instead of hiding their heads, described all the night's scenes with such capital mimicry as set the whole camp in a roar. We had all now to hurry back to the carcass before the Wagogo could find it; but, though this

precaution was quickly taken, still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with my men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but, at the same time, grotesque scene than that which followed cannot be conceived. All fell to work, armed with swords, spears, knives, and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, tumbling and wrestling up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbor would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might be afterwards seen, one by one, covered with blood, scampering home each with his spoil,—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with.

[Soon after Speke shot another rhinoceros, and came upon a herd of buffalo in the jungle. Of these he shot two cows, and wounded a large bull, which got away and hid in the bushes. When he approached the place the animal sprang out of its ambush and made a sudden and furious charge upon the hunter.]

It was a most ridiculous scene. Suliman by my side, with the instinct of a monkey, made a violent spring and swung himself by a bough immediately over the beast, while Faraj bolted away and left me single-gunned to polish him off. There was only one course to pursue, for in one instant more he would have been into me; so, quick as thought, I fired the gun, and, as luck would have it, my bullet, after passing through the edge of one of his horns, stuck in the spine of his neck, and rolled him over at my feet as dead as a rabbit. Now, having cut the beast's

throat to make him "bilal," according to Mussulman usage, and thinking we had done enough if I could only return to the first wounded bull and settle him too, we commenced retracing our steps, and by accident came on Grant. He was passing by from another quarter, and became amused by the glowing description of my boys, who never omitted to narrate their own cowardice as an excellent tale. He begged us to go on in our course, while he would go back and send us some porters to carry home the game.

[The explorer, however, soon found nobler occupation than hunting wild beasts. He had reached the kingdom of Uganda, seen again the great Victoria Nyanza,—which he had discovered during his expedition with Burton, several years before,—and was now in a position to explore the stream, which he learned flowed northward from the lake, and which he rightly conjectured to be the Nile. Sending Captain Grant, his companion on this expedition, overland with the goods and cattle, he made a rapid journey to the point of exit of the stream from the lake. On the morning of July 21, 1862, he stood on the banks of the stream which he had striven for months to reach. We subjoin his account.]

Here, at last, I stood on the brink of the Nile! Most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the n'sunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and Guinea-fowl rising at our feet.

We were now confronting Usoga, a country which may

be said to be the very counterpart of Uganda in its richness and beauty. Here the people use such huge iron-headed spears with short handles, that, on seeing one to-day, my people remarked that they were better fitted for digging potatoes than piercing men. Elephants, as we had seen by their devastations during the last two marches, were very numerous in this neighborhood. Till lately a party from Unyoro, ivory-hunting, had driven them away. Lions were also described as very numerous and destructive to human life.

[It was two days before the boats arrived, and then the officer in charge of them refused to take Speke. He, however, succeeded in procuring a guide, marched up the west bank of the Nile, and passed the Isamba rapids, where the stream was broken by beautiful islands. The next day—the 28th of July, 1862—the goal of his struggles and dangers was reached.]

With a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants,—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain nor one hut being left entire,—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as King Mtesa's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

We were well rewarded; for the "stones," as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and four hundred

to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still, it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours,—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country,—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes,—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the northeast corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making "Usoga an island." But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, so far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western,—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, *or top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the

lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe.

[He was not permitted to enter the lake by boats, and on August 1 started to return, in four days reaching the point where he had first seen the Nile. Here boats were obtained to follow the river northward. He describes an adventure that followed.]

The bank of the river, as we advanced, then rose higher, and was crowned with huts and plantations, before which stood groups and lines of men, all fully armed. Farther, at this juncture, the canoe we had chased turned broadside on us, and joined in the threatening demonstrations of the people on shore. I could not believe them to be serious,—thought they had mistaken us,—and stood up in the boat to show myself, hat in hand. I said I was an Englishman going to Kamrasi's, and did all I could, but without creating the slightest impression. They had heard a drum beat, they said, and that was a signal of war, so war it should be; and Kamrasi's drums rattled up both sides the river, preparing everybody to arm. This was serious. Farther, a second canoe full of armed men issued out from the rushes behind us, as if with a view to cut off our retreat, and the one in front advanced upon us, hemming us in. To retreat together seemed our only chance; but it was getting dark, and my boats were badly manned. I gave the order to close together and retire, offering ammunition as an incentive, and all came to me but one boat, which seemed so paralyzed with fright that it kept spinning round and round like a crippled duck.

[This attack was easily repulsed, and the voyagers proceeded. But they soon found themselves harassed by the complications and delays

which all African travellers have experienced, and days passed before they were able to get away from a too friendly African monarch and resume their journey, at a point far removed from where they had last left the stream.

We were now expected to march again, but, being anxious myself to see more of the river, before starting I obtained leave to go by boat as far as the river was navigable, sending our cattle by land. To this concession was accompanied a request for a few more gun-caps, and liberty was given us to seize any pombé which might be found coming on the river in boats, for the supplies to the palace all come in this manner. We then took boat again, an immense canoe, and, after going a short distance, emerged from the Kafue, and found ourselves on what at first appeared a long lake, averaging from two hundred at first to one thousand yards broad, before the day's work was out; but this was the Nile again, navigable in this way from Urondogani.

Both sides were fringed with the huge papyrus rush. The left one was low and swampy, while the right one—in which the Kidi people and Wanyoro occasionally hunt—rose from the water in a gently sloping bank, covered with trees and beautiful convolvuli, which hung in festoons. Floating islands, composed of rush, grass, and ferns, were continually in motion, working their way slowly down the stream, and proving to us that the Nile was in full flood. On one occasion we saw hippopotami, which our men said came to the surface because we had domestic fowls on board, supposing them to have an antipathy to those birds. Boats there were, which the sailors gave chase to; but, as they had no liquor, they were allowed to go their way, and the sailors, instead, set to lifting baskets and taking fish from the snares which fishermen, who live in small huts among the rushes, had laid for themselves.

[For eight days, Speke and Grant, in canoes, slowly floated down the stream, passing through the same beautiful but unchanging scenery. They were then compelled to leave the canoes and join the land party. The country they found to be highly cultivated.]

The sand-paper-tree, whose leaves resemble a cat's tongue in roughness, and which is used in Uganda for polishing their clubs and spear-handles, was conspicuous; but at the end of the journey only was there anything of much interest to be seen. There suddenly, in a deep ravine one hundred yards below us, the formerly placid river, up which vessels of moderate size might steam two or three abreast, was now changed into a turbulent torrent. Beyond lay the land of Kidi, a forest of mimosa-trees, rising gently away from the water in soft clouds of green. This the governor of the place, Kija, described as a sporting field, where elephants, hippopotami, and buffalo are hunted by the occupants of both sides of the river.

[The story of the journey yields few other incidents of interest, and we shall hasten forward to its conclusion, when Speke proved he was on the Nile by meeting a traveller advancing up that stream from Egypt.]

Walking down the bank of the river—where a line of vessels was moored, and on the right hand a few sheds, one half broken down, with a brick-built house representing the late Austrian Church Mission establishment—we saw hurrying on towards us the form of an Englishman. The next moment my old friend Baker, famed for his sports in Ceylon, seized me by the hand. A little boy of his establishment had reported our arrival, and he in an instant came out to welcome us. What joy this was I can hardly tell. We could not talk fast enough, so overwhelmed were we both to meet again. Of course we were his guests in a moment, and learned everything that

could be told. I now first heard of the death of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, which made me reflect on the inspiring words he made use of, in compliment to myself, when I was introduced to him by Sir Roderick Murchison a short while before leaving England. Then there was the terrible war in America, and other events of less startling nature, which came on us all by surprise, as years had now passed since we had received news from the civilized world.

Baker then said he had come up with three vessels—one dyabir and two nuggers—fully equipped with armed men, camels, horses, donkeys, beads, brass wire, and everything necessary for a long journey, expressly to look after us, hoping, as he jokingly said, to find us on the equator in some terrible fix, that he might have the pleasure of helping us out of it. He had heard of Mahamed's party, and was actually waiting for him to come in, that he might have had the use of his return-men to start with comfortably. Three Dutch ladies, also, with a view to assist us in the same way as Baker (God bless them), had come here in a steamer, but were driven back to Khartoum by sickness. Nobody had even dreamed for a moment it was possible we could come through. An Italian, named Miani, had gone farther up the Nile than any one else; and he, it now transpired, was the man who had cut his name on the tree by Apuddo.

[Leaving here Speke's story, we conclude with Baker's story of the same incident. This traveller had come up the Nile for the same purpose which Speke had achieved, the discovery of its source. He thus describes the incident:]

In conversing with the traders at Gondokoro [says Baker], and assuring them that my object was entirely confined to a search for the Nile sources, and an inquiry for Speke and Grant, I heard a curious report that had been brought down by the natives from the interior, that

at some great distance to the south there were two white men who had been for a long time prisoners of a sultan; and that these had wonderful *fireworks;* that both had been very ill, and that one had died. It was in vain that I endeavored to obtain some further clue to this exciting report. There was a rumor that some native had a piece of wood with marks upon it that had belonged to the white men; but upon inquiry I found that this account was only a report given by some distant tribe.

Nevertheless, I attached great importance to the rumor, as there was no white man south of Gondokoro engaged in the ivory trade; therefore there was a strong probability that the report had some connection with the existence of Speke and Grant. I had heard, when at Khartoum, that the most advanced trading station was about fifteen days' march from Gondokoro, and my plan of operations had always projected a direct advance to that station, where I had intended to leave all my heavy baggage in depot, and to proceed from thence as a *point de départ* to the south. I now understood that the party were expected to arrive at Gondokoro from that station with ivory in a few days, and I determined to wait for their arrival, and to return with them in company. Their ivory porters returning, might carry my baggage, and thus save the backs of my transport animals.

I had been waiting at Gondokoro twelve days, expecting the arrival of Debono's party from the south, with whom I wished to return. Suddenly, on the 15th of February, I heard the rattle of musketry at a great distance, and a dropping fire from the south. To give an idea of the moment I must extract *verbatim* from my journal as written at the time. "Guns firing in the distance; Debono's ivory porters arriving, for whom I have waited. My men rushed madly to my boat, with the report that two white men

were with them who had come from the *sea!* Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for old England! they had come from the Victoria Nyanza, from which the Nile springs. . . . The mystery of ages solved. With my pleasure of meeting them is the one disappointment, that I had not met them farther on the road in my search for them; however, the satisfaction is, that my previous arrangements had been such as would have insured my finding them had they been in a fix. . . . My projected route would have brought me *vis-à-vis* with them, as they had come from the lake by the course I had proposed to take. . . . All my men perfectly mad with excitement: firing salutes as usual with ball cartridge, they shot one of my donkeys; a melancholy sacrifice as an offering at the completion of this geographical discovery."

When I first met them they were walking along the bank of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognized my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome hurrah! as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognize me; ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa appeared to him incredible. I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we felt already acquainted, and after the transports of this happy meeting we walked together to my diahbiah; my men surrounding us with smoke and noise by keeping up an unremitting fire of musketry the whole way. We were shortly seated on deck under the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel, whom I looked upon with feelings of pride as my own countrymen.

As a good ship arrives in harbor, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived at Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in reality he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honorable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trousers that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailor's work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through.

They wished to leave Gondokoro as soon as possible, *en route* for England, but delayed their departure until the moon should be in a position for an observation for determining the longitude. My boats were fortunately engaged by me for five months, thus Speke and Grant could take charge of them to Khartoum.

THE PYGMIES OF AFRICA.

GEORG SCHWEINFURTH.

[Among African travellers the name of Dr. Georg Schweinfurth stands high. In addition to his geographical discoveries, he did excellent work as a scientist, his botanical researches being very important. Born at Riga in 1836, he was educated in German universities, and spent the three years from 1868 to 1871 in the region of the Upper Nile and the Soudan. The results of his travels are given in "The Heart of Africa." Dr. Schweinfurth was the first to settle definitely the story of the existence of a race of dwarfs in Central Africa, the tradition of which has existed since ancient times, and of which statements have been made by various modern travellers. We select from his work a description of this interesting race.]

WHENEVER two or three Egyptians are found in company, the chances are very great that their conversation, if it could be overheard, would be found to relate to the market prices of the day, or to some fluctuations in the state of trade. With the romantic sons of the Nubian Nile-valley the case would be very different. Ample opportunity of making this comparison was continually afforded me during the long evenings which I passed in my transit on the waters of the Upper Nile; and even now I can recall with vivid interest the hours when, from my detached compartment on the stern of the boat, I could, without being observed, listen to the chatter by which the Nubians on the voyage beguiled their time. They seemed to talk with eagerness of all the wonders of the world. Some would expatiate upon the splendors of the City of the Caliphs, and others enlarge upon the accomplishment of the Suez Canal and the huge ships of the Franks; but the stories that ever commanded the most rapt attention were those which treated of war and of the chase; or, beyond all, such as described the wild beasts and still wilder natives of Central Africa.

It was not with stories in the sense of "The Thousand and One Nights" that this people entertained each other; neither did they recite their prolix histories as though they were reading at the celebration of Ramadan in Cairo, amidst the halls where night by night they abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of their coffee. These things I had now long ago left behind; however, occasionally, as the expiring strain of Arabia, I might still hear the song of Abd-el-Kader the sheikh, or of Aboo Zeyd the hero. My whole style of living seemed now to partake of the character of an Odyssey; it appeared to be adapted for the embellishment of an Homeric episode, and such an episode, in truth, was already awaiting me.

Of the Nile itself, which had the appearance, day by day, of becoming wider as farther and farther we progressed towards the south, they affirmed that it issued from the ocean by which Africa was girt; they would declare that we were on the route which would lead us, like the cranes, to fight with the Pygmies; ever and anon they would speak of Cyclops, of Automoli, or of "Pygmies," but by whatever name they called them, they seemed never to weary of recurring to them as the theme of their talk. Some there were who averred that with their own eyes they had seen this people of immortal myth; and these—men as they were whose acquaintance might have been coveted by Herodotus and envied by Aristotle—were none other than my own servants.

It was a fascinating thing to hear them confidently relate that in the land to the south of the Niam-Niam country there dwelt people who never grew to more than three feet in height, and who wore beards so long that they reached to their knees. It was affirmed of them that, armed with strong lances, they would creep under the belly of an elephant and dexterously kill the beast, managing their own movements so adroitly that they could not be reached by the creature's trunk. Their services in this way were asserted to contribute very largely to the resources of the ivory-traders. The name by which they are known is "Shebber-digintoo," which implies the growth of the disproportioned beard.

I listened on. The more, however, that I pondered silently over the stories that they involuntarily disclosed—the more I studied the traditions to which they referred—so much the more I was perplexed to explain what must either be the creative faculty or the derived impressions of the Nubians. Whence came it that they could have gained any knowledge at all of what Homer had sung? How did

it happen that they were familiar at all with the material which Ovid and Juvenal, and Nonnus and Statius worked into their verse, giving victory at one time to the cranes, and at another to the Pygmies themselves?

[The ancient stories here alluded to, of battles between the cranes and the pygmies, had been confirmed, so far as the existence of African pygmies was concerned, in a measure by other travellers, such as Du Chaillu and Speke, but the existence of an extended race of such people wanted confirmation. It was related that dwarfs filled the office of court buffoons at the courts of the cannibal kings of the south, but Schweinfurth was long before he had an opportunity to see these diminutive people.]

Several days elapsed after my taking up my residence by the palace of the Monbuttoo King without my having a chance to get a view of the dwarfs, whose fame had so keenly excited my curiosity. My people, however, assured me that they had seen them. I remonstrated with them for not having secured me an opportunity of seeing for myself, and for not bringing them into contact with me. I obtained no other reply but that the dwarfs were too timid to come. After a few mornings my attention was arrested by a shouting in the camp, and I learned that Mohammed had surprised one of the Pygmies in attendance on the King, and was conveying him, in spite of a strenuous resistance, straight to my tent. I looked up, and *there*, sure enough, was the strange little creature, perched upon Mohammed's right shoulder, nervously hugging his head, and casting glances of alarm in every direction. Mohammed soon deposited him in the seat of honor. A royal interpreter was stationed at his side. Thus, at last, was I able veritably to feast my eyes upon a living embodiment of the myths of some thousand years!

Eagerly, and without loss of time, I proceeded to take his portrait. I pressed him with innumerable questions,

but to ask for information was an easier matter altogether than to get an answer. There was the greatest difficulty in inducing him to remain at rest, and I could only succeed by exhibiting a store of presents. Under the impression that the opportunity before me might not occur again, I bribed the interpreter to exercise his influence to pacify the little man, to set him at his ease, and to induce him to lay aside any fear of me that he might entertain. Altogether we succeeded so well that in a couple of hours the Pygmy had been measured, sketched, feasted, presented with a variety of gifts, and subjected to a minute catechism of searching questions.

His name was Adimokoo. He was the head of a small colony, which was located about half a league from the royal residence. With his own lips I heard him assert that the name of his nation was Akka, and I further learned that they inhabit large districts to the south of the Monbuttoo, between latitude 2° and 1° N. A portion of them are subject to the Monbuttoo King, who, desirous of enhancing the splendor of his court by the addition of any available natural curiosities, had compelled several families of the Pygmies to settle in the vicinity.

My Niam-Niam servants, sentence by sentence, interpreted to me everything that was said by Adimokoo to the Monbuttoo interpreter, who was acquainted with no dialects but those of his own land.

[The answers to the various questions propounded were of no particular importance, and need not be repeated.]

At length, after having submitted so long to my curious and persistent questionings, the patience of Adimokoo was thoroughly exhausted, and he made a frantic leap in his endeavor to escape from the tent. Surrounded, however, by a crowd of inquisitive Bongo and Nubians, he was un-

able to effect his purpose, and was compelled, against his will, to remain for a little longer. After a time a gentle persuasion was brought to bear, and he was induced to go through some of the characteristic evolutions of his war-dances. He was dressed, like the Monbuttoo, in a rokko-coat and plumed hat, and was armed with a miniature lance as well as with a bow and arrow. His height I found to be about four feet ten inches, and this I reckon to be the average measurement of his race.

Although I had been astonished at witnessing the war-dances of the Niam-Niam, I confess that my amazement was greater than ever when I looked upon the exhibition which the Pygmy afforded. In spite of his large, bloated belly and short bandy legs,—in spite of his age, which, by the way, was considerable,—Adimokoo's agility was perfectly marvellous, and I could not help wondering whether cranes would ever be likely to contend with such creatures. The little man's leaps and attitudes were accompanied by such lively and grotesque varieties of expression that the spectators shook again and held their sides with laughter. The interpreter explained to the Niam-Niam that the Akka jump about in the grass like grasshoppers, and that they are so nimble that they shoot their arrows into an elephant's eye and drive their lances into their bellies. The gestures of the Akka always reminded me of the pictures given by travellers to represent the Bushmen of the south.

Adimokoo returned home loaded with presents. I made him understand that I should be glad to see all his people, and promised that they should lose nothing by coming.

After they had once got over their alarm, some or other of the Akka came to me almost every day. As exceptional cases, I observed that some individuals were of a taller stature; but upon investigation I always ascertained that this was the result of intermarriage with the Monbuttoo

among whom they resided. My sudden departure from Munza's abode interrupted me completely in my study of this interesting people, and I was compelled to leave before I had fully mastered the details of their peculiarities. I regret that I never chanced to see one of the Akka women, and still more that my visit to their dwellings was postponed from day to day until the opportunity was lost altogether.

I am not likely to forget a rencontre which I had with several hundred Akka warriors, and could very heartily wish that the circumstances had permitted me to give a pictorial representation of the same. King Munza's brother Mummery, who was a kind of viceroy in the southern section of his dominions, and to whom the Akka were tributary, was just returning to the court from a successful campaign against the black Momvoo. Accompanied by a large band of soldiers, among whom was included a corps of Pygmies, he was conveying the bulk of his booty to his royal master.

It happened on the day in question that I had been making a long excursion with my Niam-Niam servants, and had heard nothing of Mummery's arrival. Towards sunset I was passing along the extensive village on my return to my quarters, when, just as I reached the wide open space in front of the royal halls, I found myself surrounded by what I conjectured must be a crowd of impudent boys, who received me with a sort of bravado fight. They pointed their arrows towards me, and behaved generally in a manner at which I could not help feeling somewhat irritated, as it betokened unwarrantable liberty and intentional disrespect. My misapprehension was soon corrected by the Niam-Niam people around me. "They are Tikkitikki," they said; "you imagine that they are boys, but in truth they are men; nay, men that can fight."

At this moment a seasonable greeting from Mummery drew me off from any apprehension on my part, and from any further contemplation of the remarkable spectacle before me. In my own mind I remarked that I would minutely inspect the camp of the new-comers on the following morning; but I had reckoned without my host: before dawn Mummery and his contingent of Pygmies had taken their departure, and thus,

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,"

this people, so near and yet so unattainable, had vanished once more into the dim obscurity of the innermost continent.

Anxious, in my contact with this mythical race, to lose or pass over nothing which might be of interest, I very diligently made memoranda after every interview that I had with the Akka. I measured six full-grown individuals, none of whom much exceeded four feet ten inches in height, but, unfortunately, all my notes and many of my drawings perished in the fire.

[He, however, succeeded in carrying off a Pygmy, whom he kept with him during the remainder of his wanderings, and who thrived under his care and became "almost as affectionate as a son."]

I allowed him to be my constant companion at my meals, an exception which I never made in favor of any other native of Africa. Making it my first care that he should be healthy and contented, I submitted without a murmur to all the uncouth habits peculiar to his race. In Khartoum at last I dressed him up till he looked like a little pasha. The Nubians could not in the least enter into my infatuation, nor account for my partiality towards the strange-looking lad. When he walked along the thoroughfares at my side they pointed to him, and cried, with ref-

erence to his bright-brown complexion, "See, there goes the son of the Khavaga!" Apparently they overlooked the fact of the boy's age, and seemed not to be in any way familiarized with the tradition of the Pygmies. In the seribas all along our route the little fellow excited a still greater astonishment.

Notwithstanding all my assiduity and attention, I am sorry to record that Nsewue died in Berber, from a prolonged attack of dysentery, originating not so much in any change of climate, or any alteration in his mode of living, as in his immoderate excess in eating, a propensity which no influence on my part was sufficient to control.

During the last ten months of his life my *protégé* did not make any growth at all. I think I may therefore presume that his height would never have exceeded four feet seven inches, which was his measurement at the time of his death. . . .

The Akka would appear to be a branch of that series of dwarf races which, exhibiting all the characteristics of an aboriginal stock, extend along the equator entirely across Africa. Whatever travellers have penetrated far into the interior of the continent have furnished abundant testimony as to the mere fact of the existence of tribes of singularly diminutive height; while these accounts are nearly all coincident in representing that these dwarf races differ in hardly anything from the surrounding nations excepting only in their size. It would be entirely an error to describe them as dwarfs, either in the sense of the ancient myths, or in the way of *lusus naturæ*, such as are exhibited as curiosities among ourselves. Most of the accounts, moreover, that have been given concur in the statement that these undersized people are distinguished from their neighbors by a redder or brighter shade of complexion; but they differ very considerably in the reports they make about

the growth of the hair. The only traveller, I believe, before myself that has come into contact with any section of this race is Du Chaillu, who, in the territory of the Ashango, discovered a wandering tribe of hunters called Obongo, and took the measurements of a number of them. He describes these Obongo as "not ill-shaped," and as having skins of a pale yellow-brown, somewhat lighter than their neighbors; he speaks of their having short heads of hair, but a great growth of hair about their bodies. Their average height he affirms to be four feet seven inches. In every particular but the abundance of hair about the person this description is quite applicable to the Akka.

[Schweinfurth goes on to relate what is said by other travellers about a similar race of dwarfs, known by various names, and existing throughout a wide district of Central Africa. They have been found by more recent travellers, as Stanley and others, in the forests of the Congo and its affluents. The Bushmen of South Africa probably belong to the same race. All these people are considered by Schweinfurth as the scattered remains of an aboriginal population now becoming extinct.]

The head of the Akka is large, and out of proportion to the weak, thin neck on which it is balanced. The shape of the shoulders is peculiar, differing entirely from that of other negroes in a way that may probably be accounted for by the unusual scope required for the action of the shoulder-blades; the arms are lanky; and altogether the upper portion of the body has a measurement disproportionately long. The superior region of the chest is flat and much contracted, but it widens out below to support the huge hanging belly, which gives them, however aged, the remarkable appearance of Egyptian or Arabian children. . . .

The joints of the legs are angular and projecting, except that the knees are plump and round. Unlike other Afri-

cans, who usually walk with their feet straight, the Akka turn them somewhat inward. I hardly know how to describe their waddling; every step they take is accompanied by a lurch that seems to affect all their limbs alike; and Nsewue could never manage to carry a full dish for any distance without spilling at least a portion of its contents.

Of all their members, their hands were undoubtedly the best formed. They might really be pronounced elegant, although I do not mean that they were in the least like the long, narrow ladies' hands that are so lauded in romance, but which Carl Vogt has characterized as appropriate to the monkey type. Nothing about my poor little favorite ever excited my admiration to the same degree as his pretty little hands; and so attentively have I studied every part of his singular form that not even the smallest detail has escaped my memory. . . .

The Akka are distinguished from all other nations of Central Africa by the huge size of the ear. Now, however small, in an æsthetic sense, the negro's pretensions to any beauty may ordinarily be supposed to be, it must be conceded that they can vie with any race whatever in the elegance and symmetrical shape of their ears; but no share of this grace can be assigned either to the Bushmen or to the Akka.

The lips project in a way that corresponds completely with the projecting jaw. They are long and convex; they do not overlap, and are not so thick as those of the generality of negroes. What really suggests the resemblance to an ape is the sharply-defined outline of the gaping mouth; for the pouting lips of most negroes convey no idea at all of relationship with inferior animals.

The continual changes of expression which, as Lichtenstein observes, play upon the countenance and render the Bushmen like apes rather than human beings, are exhibited

to a very remarkable degree by the Akka. The twitching of the eyebrows, the rapid gestures with the hands and feet while talking, the incessant wagging and nodding of the head, all combine to give a very grotesque appearance to the little people, and serve to explain the fund of amusement derived from the visit of Adimokoo. . . .

In acuteness, dexterity, and it must be added, in cunning, the Akka far surpass the Monbuttoo. They are a nation of hunters. The cunning, however, which they display is but the outward expression of an inner impulse which seems to prompt them to find a delight in wickedness. Nsewue was always fond of torturing animals, and took a special pleasure in throwing arrows at the dogs by night. During the period in which we were involved in war, and while my servants were almost beside themselves with anxiety, nothing afforded him greater amusement than to play with the heads that had been severed from the slain A-Banga; and when I boiled some of the skulls his delight knew no bounds; he rushed about the camp shouting, "Bakinda, nova? Bakinda he he kota!" (Where is Bakinda? Bakinda is in the pot!) . . .

It is notorious that the natives of South Africa in general have vowed death and destruction against the Bushmen, reckoning them as incorrigibly wild and in no way superior to apes of the most dangerous character. Now, the dwarfs of Central Africa, although they fall little short of the Bushmen in natural maliciousness, are not regarded as michievous fiends who must be exterminated like a brood of adders, but they are considered rather as a sort of benevolent spirits or mandrakes who are in no way detrimental. They are of assistance to the Monbuttoo in securing them a more abundant produce from the chase, and so they enjoy the protection of their neighbors very much in the same way as (according to Du Chaillu) the Obongo enjoy

the protection of the Ashango. These amicable relations, however, would not be possible but for the reason that the Monbuttoo possess no herds. If the Monbuttoo were a cattle-breeding people it cannot be doubted that the Akka would consider all their animals as game, and could not deny themselves the delight of driving their spears into the flanks of every beast they could get near, and by those tactics would very soon convert their guardians into enemies.

THE COURT OF AN AFRICAN KING.

JOHN H. SPEKE.

[Captain John H. Speke, an English traveller, was born in 1827. After serving for several years in the army in India, he accompanied Captain Burton in his journey to Lake Tanganyika. In 1858 he discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza, and in 1862 discovered the sources of the Nile by tracing that river to the Victoria Nyanza. He was killed in England in 1864 by the accidental discharge of his gun. His description of the reception of the explorer by King Mtesa, monarch of Uganda, a country adjoining the lake, is so picturesque that we give it entire.]

NEXT day (17th), in the evening, Nyamgundu returned full of smirks and smiles, dropped on his knees at my feet, and, in company with his "children," set to nyanzigging, according to the form of that state ceremonial already described.* In his excitement he was hardly able to say all

* Speke thus describes the ceremony of *nyanzigging:* "The lesser salutation, used by the people, consists of kneeling in the attitude of prayer, continually throwing open the hands, and repeating sundry words. Among these the word 'nyanzig' is the most frequent and conspicuous; and hence these gesticulations receive the general name *nyanzig*, a term which will be frequently met with, and which I have found it necessary to use like an English verb. In consequence of these salutations, there is always more ceremony in court than business."

AN AFRICAN MONARCH.

he had to communicate. Bit by bit, however, I learned that he first went to the palace, and, finding the king had gone off yachting to the Murchison Creek, he followed him there. The king for a long while would not believe his tale that I had come, but, being assured, he danced with delight, and swore he would not taste food until he had seen me. "Oh," he said, over and over again and again, according to my informer, "can this be true? Can the white man have come all this way to see me? What a strong man he must be, too, to come so quickly! Here are seven cows, four of them milch ones, as you say he likes milk, which you will give him; and there are three for yourself for having brought him so quickly. Now hurry off as fast as you can, and tell him I am more delighted at the prospect of seeing him than he can be to see me. There is no place here fit for his reception. I was on a pilgrimage which would have kept me here seven days longer; but, as I am so impatient to see him, I will go off to my palace at once, and will send word for him to advance as soon as I arrive there."

About noon the succeeding day some pages ran in to say we were to come along without a moment's delay, as their king had ordered it. He would not taste food until he saw me, so that everybody might know what great respect he felt for me.

One march more, and we came in sight of the king's kibuga, or palace, in the province of Bandawarogo, N. lat. 0° 21′ 19″, and E. long. 32° 44′ 30″. It was a magnificent sight. A whole hill was covered with gigantic huts, such as I had never seen in Africa before. I wished to go up to the palace at once, but the officers said, "No, that would be considered indecent in Uganda; you must draw up your men and fire your guns off, to let the king know you are here; we will then show you your residence, and to-morrow

you will doubtless be sent for, as the king could not now hold a levee while it is raining." I made the men fire, and then was shown into a lot of dirty huts, which, they said, were built expressly for the king's visitors. The Arabs, when they came on their visits, always put up here, and I must do the same. At first I stuck out on my claims as a foreign prince, whose royal blood could not stand such an indignity. The palace was my sphere, and unless I could get a hut there, I would return without seeing the king.

In a terrible fright at my blustering, Nyamgundu fell at my feet and implored me not to be hasty. I gave way to this good man's appeal, and cleaned my hut by firing the ground, for, like all the huts in this dog country, it was full of fleas. Once ensconced there, the king's pages darted in to see me, bearing a message from their master, who said he was sorry the rain prevented him from holding a levee that day, but the next he would be delighted to see me.

On the 19th the king sent his pages to announce his intention of holding a levee in my honor. I prepared for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though in it I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope skins, which I observed were sewn together as well as any English glovers could have pierced them; while their head-dresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly-polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells, and on their necks, arms, and ankles they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings generally covered with snakeskin. Nyamgundu and Maula demanded, as their official privilege, a first

peep; and this being refused, they tried to persuade me that the articles comprising the present required to be covered with chintz, for it was considered indecorous to offer anything to his majesty in a naked state. This little interruption over, the articles enumerated below* were conveyed to the palace in solemn procession, thus: With Nyamgundu, Maula, the pages, and myself on the flanks, the Union Jack, carried by the kirangozi guide, led the way, followed by twelve men as a guard of honor, dressed in red flannel cloaks, and carrying their arms sloped, with fixed bayonets; while in their rear were the rest of my men, each carrying some article as a present.

On the march towards the palace, the admiring courtiers, wonder-struck at such an unusual display, exclaimed, in raptures of astonishment, some with both hands at their mouths, and others clasping their heads with their hands, "Irungi! irungi!" which may be translated "Beautiful! beautiful!" I thought myself everything was going on as well as could be wished; but, before entering the royal inclosures, I found, to my disagreeable surprise, that the men with Suwarora's hongo or offering, which consisted of more than a hundred coils of wire, were ordered to lead the procession and take precedence of me.

There was something specially aggravating in this precedence; for it will be remembered that these very brass wires which they saw I had myself intended for Mtesa; that they were taken from me by Suwarora as far back as Usui; and it would never do, without remonstrance, to have them boastfully paraded before my eyes in this fashion.

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* One block-tin box, four rich silk cloths, one rifle (Whitworth's), one gold chronometer, one revolver pistol, three rifled carbines, three sword-bayonets, one box ammunition, one box bullets, one box gun-caps, one telescope, one iron chair, ten bundles best beads, one set of table-knives, spoons, and forks.

My protests, however, had no effect upon the escorting wakungu. Resolving to make them catch it, I walked along as if ruminating in anger up the broad high road into a cleared square, which divides Mtesa's domain on the south from his kamraviona's, or commander-in-chief, on the north, and then turned into the court.

The palace or entrance quite surprised me by its extraordinary dimensions and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; while within the enclosure the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. It is here most of Mtesa's three or four hundred women are kept, the rest being quartered chiefly with his mother, known by the title of Nyamasore, or queen-dowager. They stood in little groups at the doors, looking at us, and evidently passing their own remarks, and enjoying their own jokes, on the triumphal procession. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashions. Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin cloak tightly round him, lest his naked legs might by accident be shown.

This, then, was the ante-reception court; and I might

have taken possession of the hut, in which musicians were playing and singing on large nine-stringed harps, like the Nubian tambira, accompanied by harmonicons. By the chief officers in waiting, however, who thought fit to treat us like Arab merchants, I was requested to sit on the ground outside in the sun with my servants. Now, I had made up my mind never to sit upon the ground as the natives and Arabs are obliged to do, nor to make my obeisance in any other manner than is customary in England, though the Arabs had told me that from fear they had always complied with the manners of the court. I felt that if I did not stand up for my social position at once, I should be treated with contempt during the remainder of my visit, and thus lose the vantage-ground I had assumed of appearing rather as a prince than a trader, for the purpose of better gaining the confidence of the king. To avert over-hastiness, however,—for my servants began to be alarmed as I demurred against doing as I was bid,—I allowed five minutes to the court to give me a proper reception, saying if it were not conceded I would then walk away.

Nothing, however, was done. My own men, knowing me, feared for me, as they did not know what a "savage" king would do in case I carried out my threat; while the Waganda, lost in amazement at what seemed little less than blasphemy, stood still as posts. The affair ended by my walking straight away home, giving Bombay orders to leave the present on the ground, and to follow me.

Although the king is said to be unapproachable excepting when he chooses to attend court,—a ceremony which rarely happens,—intelligence of my hot wrath and hasty departure reached him in an instant. He first, it seems, thought of leaving his toilet-room to follow me; but, finding I was walking fast and had gone far, changed his

mind, and sent wakungu running after me. Poor creatures! they caught me up, fell upon their knees, and implored I would return at once, for the king had not tasted food, and would not until he saw me. I felt grieved at their touching appeals; but, as I did not understand all they said, I simply replied by patting my heart and shaking my head, walking, if anything, all the faster.

On my arrival at my hut, Bombay and others came in, wet through with perspiration, saying the king had heard of all my grievances. Suwarora's hongo was turned out of court, and, if I desired it, I might bring my own chair with me, for he was very anxious to show me great respect, although such a seat was exclusively the attribute of the king, no one else in Uganda daring to sit on an artificial seat.

My point was gained, so I cooled myself with coffee and a pipe, and returned rejoicing in my victory, especially over Suwarora. After returning to the second tier of huts from which I had retired, everybody appeared to be in a hurried, confused state of excitement, not knowing what to make out of so unprecedented an exhibition of temper. In the most polite manner, the officers in waiting begged me to be seated on my iron stool, which I had brought with me, while others hurried in to announce my arrival. But for a few minutes only I was kept in suspense, when a band of music, the musicians wearing on their backs long-haired goat-skins, passed me, dancing as they went along like bears in a fair, and playing on reed instruments worked over with pretty beads in various patterns, from which depended leopard-cat skins, the time being regulated by the beating of long hand-drums.

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in

"open ranks," who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of the three-sided square of squatting wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cowskins; some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all a wondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw.

The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, incased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed in a new mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament,—a large ring, of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snakeskin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting up." For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda

cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of wichwezi, or lady-sorcerers, such as I have already described.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, "Yes, for full one hour," I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts: for this being a pure levee day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person.

I had now to wait for some time, almost as an act of

humanity; for I was told the state secret, that the king had retired to break his fast and eat for the first time since hearing of my arrival; but the repast was no sooner over than he prepared for the second act, to show off his splendor, and I was invited in with all my men, to the exclusion of all his own officers, save my two guides. Entering as before, I found him standing on a red blanket, leaning against the right portal of the hut, talking and laughing, handkerchief in hand, to a hundred or more of his admiring wives, who, all squatting on the ground outside, in two groups, were dressed in new mbugus. My men dared not advance upright, nor look upon the women, but, stooping, with lowered heads and averted eyes, came cringing after me. Unconscious myself, I gave loud and impatient orders to my guard, rebuking them for moving like frightened geese, and, with hat in hand, stood gazing on the fair sex till directed to sit and cap.

Mtesa then inquired what messages were brought from Rumanika; to which Maula, delighted with the favor of speaking to royalty, replied by saying Rumanika had gained intelligence of Englishmen coming up the Nile to Gani and Kidi. The king acknowledged the truthfulness of their story, saying he had heard the same himself; and both wakungu, as is the custom in Uganda, thanked their lord in a very enthusiastic manner, kneeling on the ground —for no one can stand in the presence of his majesty—in an attitude of prayer, and throwing out their hands as they repeated the words, "nyanzig, nyanzig, ai nyanzig mkahma wangi," etc, etc., for a considerable time; when, thinking they had done enough of this, and heated with exertion, they threw themselves flat upon their stomachs, and, floundering about like fish on land, repeated the same words over again and again, and rose doing the same, with their faces covered with earth; for majesty in Uganda is

never satisfied till subjects have grovelled before it like the most abject worms.

This conversation over, after gazing at me, and chatting with his women for a considerable time, the second scene ended. The third scene was more easily arranged, for the day was fast declining. He simply moved with his train of women to another hut, where, after seating himself upon his throne, with his women around him, he invited me to approach the nearest limits of propriety, and to sit as before. Again he asked me if I had seen him, evidently desirous of indulging in his regal pride; so I made the most of the opportunity thus afforded me of opening a conversation by telling him of those grand reports I had formerly heard about him, which induced me to come all this way to see him, and the trouble it had cost me to reach the object of my desire; at the same time taking a gold ring from off my finger, and presenting it to him, I said, "This is a small token of friendship; if you will inspect it, it is made after the fashion of a dog-collar, and, being the king of metals, gold is in every respect appropriate to your illustrious race."

He said, in return, "If friendship is your desire, what would you say if I showed you a road by which you might reach your home in one month?" Now, everything had to be told to Bombay, then to Nasib, my K'ganda interpreter, and then to either Maula or Nyamgundu, before it was delivered to the king, for it was considered indecorous to transmit any message to his majesty excepting through the medium of one of his officers. Hence I could not get an answer put in; for as all Waganda are rapid and impetuous in their conversation, the king, probably forgetting he had put a question, hastily changed the conversation and said, "What guns have you got? Let me see the one you shoot with."

I wished still to answer the first question first, as I knew he referred to the direct line to Zanzibar across the Masai, and was anxious, without delay, to open the subject of Petherick and Grant; but no one dared to deliver my statement. Much disappointed, I then said, "I had brought the best shooting-gun in the world,—Whitworth's rifle,—which I begged he would accept, with a few other trifles; and with his permission, I would lay them upon a carpet at his feet, as is the custom of my country when visiting sultans." He assented, sent all his women away, and had an mbugu spread for the purpose, on which Bombay, obeying my order, first spread a red blanket, and then opened each article, one after the other, when Nasib, according to the usage already mentioned, smoothed them down with his dirty hands, or rubbed them against his sooty face, and handed them to the king to show there was no poison or witchcraft in them.

Mtesa appeared quite confused with the various wonders as he handled them, made silly remarks, and pondered over them like a perfect child, until it was quite dark. Torches were then lit, and guns, pistols, powder, boxes, tools, beads—the whole collection, in short—were tossed together topsy turvy, bungled into mbugus, and carried away by the pages. Mtesa now said, "It is late, and time to break up; what provisions would you wish to have?" I said, "A little of everything, but no one thing constantly." "And would you like to see me to-morrow?" "Yes, every day." "Then you can't to-morrow, for I have business; but the next day come if you like. You can now go away, and here are six pots of plantain wine for you; my men will search for food to-morrow."

21st. In the morning, while it rained, some pages drove in twenty cows and ten goats, with a polite metaphorical message from their king to the effect that I had pleased

him much, and he hoped I would accept these few "chickens" until he could send more; when both Maula and Nyamgundu, charmed with their success in having brought a welcome guest to Uganda, never ceased showering eulogiums on me for my fortune in having gained the countenance of their king. The rain falling was considered at court a good omen, and everybody declared the king mad with delight.

DISCOVERY OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

[Sir Samuel White Baker, a distinguished English traveller, was born in 1821. In 1861 he journeyed, with his wife, up the Nile from Egypt, with the purpose of tracing the course and discovering the source of that great stream. In this purpose he was anticipated by Speke and Grant, whom he met at Gondokoro, at the conclusion of their long and perilous journey. Learning from them that they had not succeeded in tracing the whole course of the river, he determined to proceed. He did so, experiencing great hardships and making important researches. His experiences are described in "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile," etc. His difficulties arose largely from the opposition of the Arab traders.]

MAHAMED promised to accompany me, not only to his camp at Faloro, but throughout the whole of my expedition, provided that I would assist him in procuring ivory, and that I would give him a handsome present. All was agreed upon, and my own men appeared in high spirits at the prospect of joining so large a party as that of Mahamed, which mustered about two hundred men.

At that time I really placed dependence upon the professions of Mahamed and his people; they had just brought Speke and Grant with them, and had received from them

presents of a first-class double-barrelled gun and several valuable rifles. I had promised not only to assist them in their ivory expeditions, but to give them something very handsome in addition, and the fact of my having upward of forty men as escort was also an introduction, as they would be an addition to the force, which is a great advantage in hostile countries. Everything appeared to be in good train, but I little knew the duplicity of these Arab scoundrels. At the very moment that they were most friendly, they were plotting to deceive me, and to prevent me from entering the country. They knew that, should I penetrate the interior, the *ivory trade* of the White Nile would be no longer a mystery, and that the atrocities of the slave trade would be exposed, and most likely be terminated by the intervention of European Powers; accordingly they combined to prevent my advance, and to overthrow my expedition completely. The whole of the men belonging to the various traders were determined that no Englishman should penetrate into the country; accordingly they fraternized with my escort, and persuaded them that I was a Christian dog, that it was a disgrace for a Mohammedan to serve; that they would be starved in my service, as I would not allow them to steal cattle; that they would have no slaves; and that I should lead them—God knew where—to the sea, from whence Speke and Grant had started. . . .

Among my people were two blacks: one, "Richarn," already described as having been brought up by the Austrian Mission at Khartoum; the other, a boy of twelve years old, "Saat." As these were the only really faithful members of the expedition, it is my duty to describe them. Richarn was an habitual drunkard, but he had his good points; he was honest, and much attached to both master and mistress. He had been with me for some months,

and was a fair sportsman, and being of an entirely different race to the Arabs, he kept himself apart from them, and fraternized with the boy Saat.

Not only was the latter boy trustworthy, but he had an extraordinary amount of moral in addition to physical courage. If any complaint were made, and Saat was called as a witness,—far from the shyness too often evinced when the accuser is brought face to face with the accused,—such was Saat's proudest moment; and, no matter who the man might be, the boy would challenge him, regardless of all consequences. We were very fond of this boy; he was thoroughly good; and in that land of iniquity, thousands of miles away from all except what was evil, there was a comfort in having some one innocent and faithful, in whom to trust.

One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner, so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, "Whether the men were willing to march?" Perfectly ready, was the reply. "Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment." The man appeared confused, but not more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, "during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them." At first this charge was indignantly denied, until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward and declared that the conspiracy was

entered into by the whole of the escort; and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at daybreak the boy reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined.

[Baker immediately called out the escort, whom he confronted with a loaded rifle, and ordered them to lay down their arms. His attitude was so threatening that they obeyed, and he immediately discharged them, writing on their discharge papers the word "mutineer." Mahamed's party now set out, sending Baker word that if he followed them they would fire upon him. He did not follow, but travelled rapidly by a different road, with the purpose of getting in advance of them. He thus describes some of the difficulties of the journey.]

My wife and I rode about a quarter of a mile at the head of the party as an advance-guard, to warn the caravan of any difficulty. The very nature of the country declared that it must be full of ravines, and yet I could not help hoping against hope that we might have a clear mile of road without a break. The evening had passed, and the light faded. What had been difficult and tedious during the day, now became most serious—we could not see the branches of hooked thorns that overhung the broken path; I rode in advance, my face and arms bleeding with countless scratches, while at each rip of a thorn I gave a warning shout—"Thorn!" for those behind, and a cry of "Hole!" for any deep rut that lay in the path. It was fortunately moonlight, but the jungle was so thick that the narrow track was barely perceptible: thus both camels and donkeys ran against the trunks of trees, smashing the luggage, and breaking all that could be broken; nevertheless, the case was urgent; march we must, at all hazards.

[The journey was made so rapidly that he supposed he had got in advance of the Arabs. In this he was mistaken.]

For a long time we sat gazing at the valley before us in which our fate lay hidden, feeling thankful that we had thus checkmated the brutal Turks. Not a sound was heard of our approaching camels: the delay was most irksome. There were many difficult places that we had passed through, and each would be a source of serious delay to the animals.

At length we heard them in the distance. We could distinctly hear the men's voices, and we rejoiced that they were approaching the last remaining obstacle; that one ravine passed through, and all before would be easy. I heard the rattling of the stones as they drew nearer; and, looking towards the ravine, I saw emerge from the dark foliage of the trees within fifty yards of us the hated *red flag and crescent, leading the Turks' party!* We were out-marched!

One by one, with scowling looks, the insolent scoundrels filed by us within a few feet, without making the customary salaam; neither noticing us in any way, except by threatening to shoot the Latooka, our guide, who had formerly accompanied them. At length their leader, Ibrahim, appeared in the rear of the party. He was riding on a donkey, being the last of the line, behind the flag that closed the march.

I never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. A mixed breed, between a Turk sire and an Arab mother, he had the good features and bad qualities of either race. The fine, sharp, high-arched nose and large nostril; the pointed and projecting chin; rather high cheek-bones and prominent brow, overhanging a pair of immense black eyes full of expression of all evil. As he approached he took no notice of us, but studiously looked straight before him with the most determined insolence.

The fate of the expedition was, at this critical moment, retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call him, to

insist upon a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but, upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. I ordered him to sit down, as his men were ahead and we were alone.

The following dialogue passed between us after the usual Arab mode of greeting. I said, "Ibrahim, why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country? We believe in the same God, why should we quarrel in this land of heathens, who believe in no God? You have your work to perform; I have mine. You want ivory; I am a simple traveller; why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country, I would not accept a single tusk, nor interfere with you in any way. Transact your business, and don't interfere with me; the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me, to reach a great lake,—the head of the Nile. Reach it *I will* (Inshallah). No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum; if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country, you will be suspected; you know the result; the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. On the contrary, if you are friendly, I will use my influence in any country that I discover, that you may procure its ivory for the sake of your master Koorshid, who was generous to Captains Speke and Grant, and kind to me. Should you be hostile, I shall hold your master responsible as your employer. Should you assist me, I will befriend you both. Choose your course frankly, like a man,—friend or enemy?"

Before he had time to reply, Mrs. Baker addressed him much in the same strain, telling him that he did not know what Englishmen were; that nothing would drive them back; that the British government watched over them wherever they might be, and that no outrage could be committed with impunity upon a British subject. That I would not deceive him in any way; that I was not a trader; and that I should be able to assist him materially by discovering new countries rich in ivory, and that he would benefit himself personally by civil conduct.

He seemed confused, and wavered. I immediately promised him a new double-barrelled gun and some gold, when my party should arrive, as an earnest of the future.

He replied, "That he did not himself wish to be hostile, but that all the trading parties, without one exception, were against me, and that the men were convinced that I was a consul in disguise, who would report to the authorities at Khartoum all the proceedings of the traders." He continued, "That he believed me, but that his men would not; that all people told lies in their country, therefore no one was credited for the truth. However," said he, "do not associate with my people, or they may insult you, but go and take possession of that tree (pointing to one in the valley of Ellyria) for yourself and people, and I will come there and speak with you. I will now join my men, as I do not wish them to know that I have been conversing with you." He then made a salaam, mounted his donkey, and rode off.

I had won him. I knew the Arab character so thoroughly that I was convinced that the tree he had pointed out, followed by the words, "I will come there and speak with you," was to be the rendezvous for the receipt of the promised gun and money.

[He was right. Ibrahim was won. But the insubordination which had long manifested itself among his own people soon broke out into a virtual rebellion. Baker met it in his usual vigorous manner.]

Pretending not to notice Bellaal, who was now as I had expected once more the ringleader, for the third time I ordered the men to rise immediately, and to load the camels. Not a man moved, but the fellow Bellaal marched up to me, and looking me straight in the face dashed the butt-end of his gun in defiance on the ground, and led the mutiny. "Not a man shall go with you!—go where you like with Ibrahim, but we won't follow you nor move a step farther. The men shall not load the camels; you may employ the 'niggers' to do it, but not us."

I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment; this was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. "Lay down your gun!" I thundered, "and load the camels!" . . . "I won't!" was his reply. "Then stop here!" I answered; at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw.

He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand; and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him, and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat, and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed. Richarn and Sali both shouted to them to "hurry;" and the vakeel arriving at this moment and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted, and urged the men to obey.

[The mutineers who had formerly been discharged from Baker's party and joined that of the Arabs were destined to pay dearly for their faithlessness. They took part, with a number of Ibrahim's men, in a secret expedition, whose purpose was the capture of slaves. They found the villagers ready for them, and met with a decided repulse.]

It was in vain that they fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, behind which the enemy was hidden. Rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above; they were forced to retreat. The retreat ended in a panic and precipitate flight. Hemmed in on all sides, amidst a shower of lances and stones thrown from the mountain above, the Turks fled *pêle-mêle* down the rocky and precipitous ravines. Mistaking their route, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat. The screaming and yelling savages closed round them. Fighting was useless; the natives, under cover of the numerous detached rocks, offered no mark for an aim; while the crowd of armed savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of the great precipice about five hundred feet below. Down they fell! hurled to utter destruction by the mass of Latookas pressing onward! A few fought to the last; but one and all were at length forced, by sheer pressure, over the edge of the cliff, and met a just reward for their atrocities.

My men were almost green with awe, when I asked them, solemnly, "Where were the men who had deserted from me?" Without answering a word they brought two of my guns and laid them at my feet. They were covered with clotted blood mixed with sand, which had hardened like cement over the locks and various portions of the barrels. My guns were all marked. As I looked at the numbers upon the stocks, I repeated aloud the names of the owners. "Are they all dead?" I asked. "None of the bodies can be recovered," faltered my vakeel. "The

two guns were brought from the spot by some natives who escaped, and who saw the men fall. They are all killed." "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty. The hand of God is heavy," I replied. My men slunk away abashed, leaving the gory witnesses of defeat and death on the ground. I called Saat and ordered him to give the two guns to Richarn to clean.

Not only my own men but the whole of Ibrahim's party were of the opinion that I had some mysterious connection with the disaster that had befallen my mutineers. All remembered the bitterness of my prophecy, "The vultures will pick their bones," and this terrible mishap having occurred so immediately afterwards took a strong hold upon their superstitious minds. As I passed through the camp, the men would quietly exclaim, "Wah Illahi Hawaga!" (My God Master.) To which I simply replied, "Robiné fe!" (There is a God.) From that moment I observed an extraordinary change in the manner of both my people and those of Ibrahim, all of whom now paid us the greatest respect.

[At a later period in his journey a distressing incident occurred, which Baker thus describes:]

The stream was in the centre of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly-matted water-grass and other aquatic plants, that a natural floating bridge was established by a carpet of weeds about two feet thick; upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eight yards wide, and I

had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her, she fell, as though shot dead.

In an instant I was by her side; and with the assistance of eight or ten of my men, who were fortunately close to me, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, and up to our waists we scrambled across to the other side, just keeping her head above the water; to have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds. I laid her under a tree, and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible, as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed. It was a *coup de soleil.*

[Mrs. Baker was carried on, to a miserable native village, where it was impossible to procure anything to eat.]

It was impossible to remain; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funeral course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forests and deep marshy bottoms; over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse.

We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place;

she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile!

Again the night passed away. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as though in a dream. The same wild country diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of an hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

The morning was not far distant; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and, seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I

went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words "Thank God!" faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke; but the brain was gone!

I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel, for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favorable. In the forests we procured wild honey; but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and Mtesa's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively; it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid; and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!

The sun had risen when I woke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convul-

sive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe.

[The intrepid explorer continued his journey with unflagging resolution, and finally reached the goal to which he had long been pushing forward, the great lake now known as the Albert Nyanza. His account of this success is well worth repeating.]

For several days past our guides had told us that we were very near to the lake, and we were now assured that we should reach it on the morrow. I had noticed a lofty range of mountains at an immense distance west, and I had imagined that the lake lay on the other side of this chain; but I was now informed that those mountains formed the western frontier of the M'wooten N'zigé, and that the lake was actually within a march of Parkani [the village where they then were]. I could not believe it possible that we were so near the object of our search. The guide Rabongo now appeared, and declared that if we started early on the following morning we should be able to wash in the lake by noon. . . .

The 14th March [1864]. The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and, having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue

mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward for all our labor,—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery; but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end.

I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters,—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness,—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake the "Albert Nyanza." The Victoria and the Albert Lakes are the two Sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife

in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and, thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile.

[The Albert Nyanza, he explains, is the grand reservoir of the Nile, while the Victoria Nyanza is its eastern source, from which the Albert receives its waters. We may conclude with his description of a cataract which he afterwards discovered.]

Upon rounding the corner a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side the river were beautifully wooded cliffs, rising abruptly to a height of about three hundred feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage; and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about one hundred and twenty feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that wall the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plaintains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and in honor of the distinguished president of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river.

THROUGH THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

[In all the long and adventurous story of African exploration there is no narrative fuller of examples of difficulties overcome and discouragements contemned than Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," the record of his memorable expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. It has never been more fully shown what one man of indomitable will can accomplish in the contest against tropical nature and savage man. We take up the travellers at the end of their boat journey on the Congo and the Aruwimi, and as they are about to plunge into the vast forest of Northern-Central Africa. The narrative begins with a description of the native paths, which are more fully described in a later article by Professor Drummond.]

AN African road generally is a foot-track tramped by travel to exceeding smoothness and hardness as of asphalt when the season is dry. It is only twelve inches wide, from the habit of the natives to travel in single file one after another. When such a track is old, it resembles a winding and shallow gutter, the centre has been trodden oftener than the sides,—rain-water has rushed along and scoured it out somewhat,—the sides of the path have been raised by humus and dust, the feet of many passengers have brushed twigs and stones and pressed the dust aside. A straight path would be shorter than the usual one formed by native travel by a third in every mile on an average.

This is something like what we hoped to meet in defiling out of the gate of the intrenched camp at Yambuya, because during four preceding expeditions into Africa we had never failed to follow such a track for hundreds of miles. Yambuya consisted of a series of villages. Their inhabitants must have neighbors to the eastward as well as to the southward and westward. Why not?

We marched out of the gate, company after company, in single file. Each with its flag, its trumpeter or drummer, each with its detail of supernumeraries, with fifty picked men as advance-guard to handle the billhook and axe, to cut saplings, "blaze" or peel a portion of the bark of a tree a hand's breadth, to sever the leaves and slash at the rattan to remove all obtrusive branches that might interfere with the free passage of the hundreds of loaded porters, to cut trees to lay across streams for their passage, to form zeribas or bomas of bush and branch around the hutted camp at the end of the day's travel. The advance-guard are to find a path, or, if none can be found, to choose the thinnest portions of the jungle and tunnel through without delay, for it is most fatiguing to stand in a heated atmosphere with a weighty load on the head.

If no thinner jungle can be found, then through anything, however impenetrable it may appear; they must be brisk,—"chop-chop," as we say,—or an ominous murmur will rise from the impatient carriers behind. They must be clever and intelligent in woodcraft; a greenhorn, or, as we call him, "goee-goee," must drop his billhook and take to the bale or box. Three hundred weary fellows are not to be trifled with; they must be brave also,—quick to repel assault,—arrows are poisonous, spears are deadly,—their eyes must be quick to search the gloom and shade, with senses alert to recognition, and ready to act on the moment. Dawdlers and goee-goees are unbearable; they must be young, lithe, springy,—my three hundred behind me have no regard for the ancient or the corpulent: they would be smothered with chaff and suffocated with banter. Scores of voices would cry out, "Wherein lies this fellow's merit? Is it all in his stomach? Nay, it is in his wooden back,—tut,—his head is too big for a scout. He has clearly been used to hoeing. What does the field-hand want on the

continent? You may see he is only a Banian slave! Nay, he is only a consul's freed-man! Bosh! he is a mission boy." Their bitter tongues pierce like swords through the armor of stupidity, and the billhooks with trenchant edges are wielded most manfully, and the bright keen axes flash and sever the saplings, or slice a broad strip of bark from a tree, and the bush is pierced, and the jungle gapes open, and fast on their heels continuously close presses the mile-long caravan. . . .

"Which is the way, guide?" I asked to probably the proudest soul in the column, for it is a most exalted position to be at the head of the line. He was in a Greekish costume with a Greekish helmet *à la Achilles.*

"This, running towards the sunrise," he replied.

"How many hours to the next village?"

"God alone knows," he answered.

"Know ye not one village or country beyond here?"

"Not one; how should I?" he asked.

This amounted to what the wisest of us knew.

"Well, then, set on in the name of God, and God be ever with us. Cling to any track that leads by the river until we find a road."

"Bismillah!" echoed the pioneers, the Nubian trumpets blew the signal of "move on," and shortly the head of the column disappeared into the thick bush beyond the utmost bounds of the clearings of Yambuya.

This was on the 28th day of June [1887], and until the 5th of December, for one hundred and sixty days, we marched through the forest, bush, and jungle, without ever having seen a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forest, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, with varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker or slighter shade.

It is to the description of the march through this forest and to its strange incidents I propose to confine myself for the next few chapters, as it is an absolutely unknown region opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilized man for the first time since the waters disappeared and were gathered into the seas, and the earth became dry land. Beseeching the reader's patience, I promise to be as little tedious as possible, though there is no other manuscript or missal, printed book or pamphlet, this spring of the year of our Lord 1890, that contains any account of this region of horrors other than this book of mine.

With the temperature of 86° in the shade we travelled along a path very infrequently employed, which wound under dark depths of bush. It was a slow process, interrupted every few minutes by the tangle. The billhooks and axes, plied by fifty men, were constantly in requisition; the creepers were slashed remorselessly; lengths of track one hundred yards or so were as fair as similar extents were difficult.

At noon we looked round the elbow of the Aruwimi, which is in view of Yambuya, and saw above, about four miles, another rapid with its glancing waters as it waved in rollers in the sunshine; the rapids of Yambuya were a little below us. Beneath the upper rapids quite a fleet of canoes hovered about it. There was much movement and stir, owing, of course, to the alarm that the Yambuyas had communicated to their neighbors. At four P.M. we observed that the point we had gazed at abreast of the rapids consisted of islands. These were now being crowded with the women and children of the Yankondé, whom as yet we had not seen. About a hundred canoes formed in the stream crowded with native warriors, and followed the movements of the column as it appeared and disappeared in the light and into the shadows, jeering, mocking, and teasing.

The head of the column arrived at the foot of a broad cleared road, twenty feet wide and three hundred yards long, and at the farther end probably three hundred natives of the town of Yankondé stood gesticulating, shouting, with drawn bows in their hands. In all my experience of Africa I had seen nothing of this kind. The pioneers halted, reflecting, and remarking somewhat after this manner: "What does this mean? The pagans have carved a broad highway out of the bush to their town for us, and yet there they are at the other end, ready for a fight! It is a trap, lads, of some kind, so look sharp."

With the bush they had cut they had banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the road for some distance. But with fifty pairs of sharp eyes searching around above and below, we were not long in finding that this apparent highway through the bush bristled with skewers six inches long, sharpened at both ends, which were driven into the ground half their length, and slightly covered with green leaves so carelessly thrown over them that we had thought at first those strewn leaves were simply the effect of clearing bush.

Forming two lines of twelve men across the road, the first line was ordered to pick out the skewers, the second line was ordered to cover the workers with their weapons, and at the first arrow shower to fire. A dozen scouts were sent on either flank of the road to make their way into the village through the woods. We had scarcely advanced twenty yards along the cleared way before volumes of smoke broke out of the town, and a little cloud of arrows came towards us, but falling short. A volley was returned, the skewers were fast being picked out, and an advance was steadily made until we reached the village at the same time that the scouts rushed out of the underwood; and as all the pioneers were pushed forward the firing was pretty

lively, under cover of which the caravan passed through the burning town to a village at its eastern extremity, as yet unfired.

Along the river the firing was more deadly. The very noise was sufficient to frighten a foe so prone as savages to rely on the terrors of sound, but unfortunately the noise was as hurtful as it was alarming. Very many, I fear, paid the penalty of the foolish challenge. The blame is undoubtedly due to the Yambuyas, who must have invented fables of the most astounding character to cause their neighbors to attempt stopping a force of nearly four hundred rifles.

It was nearly nine P.M. before the rear-guard entered camp. Throughout the night the usual tactics were resorted to by the savages to create alarm and disturbance, such as vertically dropping assegais and arrows heavily tipped with poison, with sudden cries, whoops, howls, menaces, simultaneous blasts of horn-blowing from different quarters, as though a general attack was about to be made. Strangers unacquainted with the craftiness of these forest satyrs might be pardoned for imagining that daylight only was required for our complete extermination. Some of these tactics I knew before in younger days, but there was still something to be gleaned from the craft of these pure pagans. The camp was surrounded by sentries, and the only orders given were to keep strict silence and sharpen their eyesight.

In the morning a narrow escape was reported. A man had wakened to find a spear buried in the earth, penetrating his sleeping cloth and mat on each side of him, slightly pinning him to his bedding. Two were slightly wounded with arrows.

[For several days following they marched through a long series of deserted villages with paths joining them.]

In this distance sections of the primeval forest separated each village; along the track were pitfalls for some kind of large forest game, or bow-traps fixed for small animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, rats, small monkeys. In the neighborhood of each village the skewers were plentiful in the ground, but as yet no hurt had been received from them.

Another serious inconvenience of forest travel was experienced on this day. Every fifty yards or so a great tree, its diameter breast high, lay prostrate across the path, over which the donkeys had to be assisted with a frequency that was becoming decidedly annoying. Between twenty and fifty of these had to be climbed over by hundreds of men, not all of whom were equally expert at this novel travelling, and these obstructions by the delays thus occasioned began to be complained of as very serious impediments. The main approaches to the many villages were studded with these poisoned skewers, which made every one except the booted whites tread most gingerly. Nor could the Europeans be altogether indifferent, for, slightly leaning, the skewer was quite capable of piercing the thickest boot-leather and burying the splinters of its head deep in the foot,—an agony of so dreadful a nature that was worth the trouble of guarding against.

At three P.M. we camped near some pools overhung by water-lilies far removed from a village, having had three wounded during the traverse through the settlements.

At dawn of the 2d, feeling somewhat uneasy at the fact that the track which brought us to these pools was not made by man but by elephants, and feeling certain that the people had made no provision of food beyond the day, I sent two hundred men back to the villages to procure each a load of manioc. By the manner these men performed this duty, the reflection came into my mind that they had little or no reasoning faculties, and that not a half of the

three hundred and eighty-nine people then in the camp would emerge out of Africa. They were now brimful of life and vitality,—their rifles were perfect, their accoutrements were new, and each possessed ten rounds of cartridges. With a little care for their own selves and a small portion of prudence, there was no reason why they should not nearly all emerge safe and sound; but they were so crude, stolid, unreasoning, that orders and instructions were unheeded, except when under actual supervision, and to supervise them effectually I should require one hundred English officers of similar intelligence and devotion to the four then with me. In the mean time they will lose their lives for trifles which a little sense would avoid, and until some frightful calamity overtakes them I shall never be able thoroughly to impress on their minds that to lose life foolishly is a crime. . . .

The next day we left the track and struck through the huge towering forest and jungly undergrowth by compass. My position in this column was the third from the leader, so that I could direct his course. In order to keep a steady movement, even if slow, I had to instruct the cutters that each man as he walked should choose an obstructing lliané, or obtrusive branch of bush, and give one sharp cut and pass on,—the two head men were confining themselves to an effective and broad "blaze" on the trees, every ten yards or so, for the benefit of the column, and, as the rear party would not follow us for perhaps two months, we were very particular that these "blazes" should be quite a hand's breadth peel of bark.

Naturally, penetrating a trackless wild for the first time, the march was at a funereal pace, in some places at the rate of four hundred yards an hour, in other more open portions, that is, of less undergrowth, we could travel at the rate of half, three-quarters, and even a mile per hour,—so that from

6.30 A.M. to eleven A.M., when we halted for lunch and rest, and from 12.30 P.M. to three or four P.M., in from six to seven hours per day, we could make a march of about five miles. On the usual African track seen in other regions we could have gone from fourteen to eighteen miles in the same time. Therefore our object was to keep by settlements, not only to be assured of food, but in the hope of utilizing the native roads.

At four P.M. of this day we were still on the march, having passed through a wilderness of creeks, mud, thick, scum-faced quagmires green with duckweed into which we sank knee-deep, and the stench exhaled from the fetid slough was most sickening. We had just emerged out of this baneful stretch of marshy ground, intersected by lazy creeks and shallow long stream-shaped pools, when the forest became suddenly darkened, so dark that I could scarcely read the compass, and a distant murmur increasing into loud soughing and wrestling and tossing of branches and groaning of mighty trees warned us of the approach of a tempest. As the ground round about was most uninviting, we had to press on through the increasing gloom, and then, as the rain began to drip, we commenced to form camp. The tents were hastily pitched over the short scrubby bush, while billhooks crashed and axes rang, clearing a space for the camp. The rain was cold and heavily dripped, and every drop, large as a dollar on their cotton clothes, sent a shiver through the men. The thunder roared above, the lightning flashed a vivid light of fire through the darkness, and still the weary hungry caravan filed in until nine o'clock. The rain was so heavy that fires could not be lit, and until three in the morning we sat huddled and crouching amid the cold, damp, and reeking exhalations and minute spray. Then bonfires were kindled, and round these scores of flaming pyramids the people sat

to be warmed into hilarious animation, to roast the bitter manioc, and to still the gnawing pain of their stomachs.

[The next day the river was reached, and the steel boat that had been brought in sections was put together and launched, taking on the sick and many of the loads of the carriers. And thus, day after day, they went on by land and stream, through such difficulties as we have described, and worse ones arising from scarcity of villages and lack of food, following the general course of the river eastward through the great forest. The expedition was not quite devoid of amusing incidents. Stanley tells of two that happened to Jephson, his most active and enthusiastic aid, whom nothing could deter and no difficulty appalled.]

On this day Jephson had two adventures. In his usual free, impulsive manner, and with swinging gait, he was directing the pioneers crushing through the jungle, indifferent to his costume, when he suddenly sank out of sight into an elephant pit! We might have imagined a playful and sportive young elephant crashing through the bushes, rending and tearing young saplings, and suddenly disappearing from the view of his more staid mamma. Jephson had intelligence, however, and aid was at hand, and he was pulled out none the worse. It was a mere amusing incident to be detailed in camp and to provoke a laugh.

He rushed ahead of the pioneers to trace the course to be followed, and presently encountered a tall native, with a spear in his hand, face to face. Both were so astonished as to be paralyzed, but Jephson's instinct was that of a Berserker. He flung himself, unarmed, upon the native, who, eluding his grasp, ran from him as he would from a lion, headlong down a steep bank into a creek, Jephson following. But the clayey soil was damp and slippery, his foot slipped, and the gallant captain of the "Advance" measured his length face downward with his feet up the slope, and such was his impetus that he slid down to the edge of the creek. When he recovered himself, it was to behold the denizen

of the woods hurrying up the opposite bank and casting wild eyes at this sudden pale-faced apparition who had so disturbed him as he brooded over the prospect of finding game in his traps that day.

[Amusing incidents, however, were not plentiful; unpleasant and tragical ones were abundant. As they sank deeper into the forest, settlements largely vanished, food failed, and starvation threatened the caravan. Many deserted, carrying rifles and ammunition with them; some died; others sold their arms and cartridges to Arabs whom they at length met. For more than five months the terrible journey continued, and it was a decimated and haggard band that at length, from the summit of an elevation, beheld the forest end and the plains begin. Food now became plentiful.]

On the evening of this day a happier community of men did not exist on the face of the round earth than those who rejoiced in the camp of Indé-Sura. On the morrow they were to bid farewell to the forest. The green grassy region of which we had dreamed in our dark hours, when slumbering heavily from exhaustion of body and prostration from hunger during the days of starvation, was close at hand. Their pots contained generous supplies of juicy meat; in the messes were roasted and boiled fowls, corn mush, plantain flour porridge, and ripe bananas. No wonder they were now exuberantly happy, and all except ten or twelve men were in finer condition than when they had embarked so hopefully for the journey in the port of Zanzibar. . . .

From the Ituri we entered a narrow belt of tall timber on its left bank, and, after waiting for the column to cross, marched on, led by Mr. Mounteney Jephson, along a broad elephant track for about six hundred yards, and then, to our undisguised joy, emerged upon a rolling plain, green as an English lawn, into broadest, sweetest daylight and warm and glorious sunshine, to inhale the pure air with an uncon-

trollable rapture. Judging of the feelings of others by my own, we felt as if we had thrown all age and a score of years away as we stepped with invigorated limbs upon the soft sward of young grass. We strode forward at a pace most unusual, and finally, unable to suppress our emotions, the whole caravan broke into a run. Every man's heart seemed enlarged and lifted up with boyish gladness. The blue heaven above us never seemed so spacious, lofty, pure, and serene as at this moment. We gazed at the sun itself, undaunted by its glowing brightness. The young grass, only a month since the burning of the old, was caressed by a bland soft breeze, and turned about as if to show us its lovely shades of tender green. Birds, so long estranged from us, sailed and soared through the lucent atmosphere; antelopes and elands stood on a grassy eminence gazing and wondering, and then bounded upward and halted, snorting their surprise, to which our own was equal; buffaloes lifted their heads in amazement at the intruders on their silent domain, heaved their bulky forms, and trooped away to a safer distance. A hundred square miles of glorious country opened to our view,—apparently deserted,—for we had not as yet been able to search out the fine details of it. Leagues upon leagues of bright green pasture land undulated in gentle waves, intersected by narrow windings of umbrageous trees that filled the hollows, scores of gentle hills studded with dark clumps of thicket, graced here and there by a stately tree, lorded it over level breadths of pasture and softly sloping champaigns; and far away to the east rose some frowning ranges of mountains beyond which we were certain slept in its deep gulf the blue Albert. Until breathlessness forced a halt, the caravan had sped on the double-quick, for this was also a pleasure that had been long deferred.

Then we halted on the crest of a commanding hill to

drink the beauty of a scene to which we knew no rival, which had been the subject of our thoughts and dreams for months, and now we were made "glad according to the days wherein we had been afflicted and the period wherein we had seen evil." Every face gloated over the beauty of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart. The men were radiant with the fulfilment of dear desires. Distrust and sullenness were now utterly banished. We were like men out of durance and the dungeon, free and unfettered, having exchanged foulness and damp for sweetness and purity, darkness and gloom for divine light and wholesome air. Our eyes followed the obscure track, roved over the pasture hillocks, great and small, every bosky inlet and swarded level around it, along the irregularities of the forest line that rose darkly funereal behind us, advancing here, receding there, yonder assuming a bay-like canoe, here a cape-like point. The mind grasped the minutest peculiarity around as quick as vision, to cling to it for many, many years. A score of years hence, if we live so long, let the allusion be made to this happy hour, when every soul trembled with joy, and praise rose spontaneously on every lip, and we shall be able to map the whole with precision and fidelity.

MARCH OF STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA TO ZANZIBAR.

A. J. WAUTERS.

[The story of Emin Pasha is somewhat well known. Stationed in command of a detachment of the Egyptian army on the Upper Nile, not far from its outflow from the Albert Nyanza Lake, he found himself cut off from civilization by the victorious advance of the Mahdi and his half-savage followers. Great Britain sent an army to recover

the lost territory, but failed, and the illustrious General Gordon lost his life. The Soudan was abandoned to the Mussulmen, and, as Emin could not be reached by way of the Nile, an expedition set out by the route of the Congo, under the indefatigable Stanley, who succeeded in reaching and rescuing Emin and his followers when in the most imminent danger. The story of Stanley's journey through the forest may fitly be followed by that of the march of Stanley and Emin, with their combined force of about fifteen hundred men, to Zanzibar.]

IN the history of antiquity there is the record of a retreat above all others great and glorious. It was that of the ten thousand Greeks who, after the battle of Cunaxa, through perils and dangers of every kind, without food, without guides, through wild and terrible country, pursued and harassed by Artaxerxes and his Persians, at last attained their native land. A thousand miles from the sea which they had thought never to behold again, they accomplished their march in one hundred and twenty days, mainly owing to the skill and courage of their leaders. Of these Xenophon, who was one of the heroes of this memorable campaign, afterwards became its immortal historian.

We are now face to face with an achievement of a similar kind, which cannot fail to take its place in the pages of the world's history, and which will have for its narrator the man who has accomplished the deed.

It is true, there were not ten thousand men that Stanley had to convoy to the shore of the Indian Ocean; but his caravan included many helpless women, children, and slaves. Instead of brave and well-disciplined forces, he had to control artful and cowardly Egyptians, timid negroes, and Zanzibaris, who, though loyal, were lazy. On the other hand, it was not one thousand, but more than fifteen hundred, miles that he had to travel before reaching the harbor of safety, a distance equal to that covered in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

Moreover, he was in the heart of the dark continent, beneath the burning rays of an equatorial sun, on the threshold of that mysterious region, the birthplace of the Nile, of which centuries of research failed to unveil the secrets.

And while he has thus thrown the achievements of the ten thousand into the shade, he has revealed an unknown country to the eyes of science, has introduced new nations to the world of history, has found the solution to the long-tried problem of the origin of the "Father of rivers."

On April 10, 1889, the camp at Kavalli was raised, and the caravan started, an interminable file of soldiers, porters, women, and children, carrying provisions, ammunition, and baggage of all sorts, and accompanied by all the cattle that could be procured. The retreat had commenced.

They encamped at Mazamboni's on the 12th. The same night Stanley was struck down with severe illness, which well-nigh proved fatal. For some time his life was in danger, but, thanks to his good constitution and the careful nursing and attention of Dr. Parke, the disorder was overcome, and the patient was convalescent.

Stanley's illness delayed the advance of the caravan for twenty-eight days. During that time several conspiracies were afloat in the camp among Emin's soldiers. Only one, however, was attempted to be realized. The ring-leader, a slave of Awach Effendi's, whom Stanley had made free at Kavalli, was arrested, and after court-martial, which found him guilty, was immediately executed. From that time there was no further breach of discipline.

By May 8 the column was able to resume its march. The route was to the south, skirting the region of the forests, which Stanley with his present party would not have dared to face, as the Egyptians seemed to have very vague notions about the journey. Besides, there was the

question of food, which would prevent a company of fifteen hundred people from attempting a passage through a district where caravans of only two hundred or three hundred had sometimes narrowly escaped perishing with hunger. . . .

In making his advance, Stanley did not escape the necessity of using powder and shot. First, the warlike Warasura, the name given to the Wanyoro in that district, congregated near the village of Buhobo, and endeavored to waylay the caravan. They were routed, and fled in all directions.

Then, two days later, whilst crossing the Semliki, the war-cry was heard again, and a well-directed volley of arrows was discharged upon their rear. Guns were again brought into use, and the natives were chased for some distance. Henceforward the course was clear.

Stanley was now on the threshold of a land of wonders. The valley of the Semliki lay outstretched before him, extending to the southwest far as the eye could reach. In its midst, bending now to the northeast, now to the northwest, eighty to one hundred yards wide, and averaging nine feet in depth, flowed the river, its rapid current bearing the ample volume of its waters towards the Albert Nyanza. On either hand were fertile plains, dotted over with villages, groves of bananas and acacias, well cultivated fields, and splendid pastures. These are bounded east and west by ridges of hills rising from three hundred to nine hundred feet above the level of the valley, and crowned by vast plateaus that slope gradually eastward to the Congo, and on the northwest join the table-land of Unyoro.

In the central portion of this latter region the hills rise ridge upon ridge, and there is one great mountain chain that culminates in a snow-clad peak, probably seventeen

thousand feet in height, the Ruwenzori, known by the natives as the "Cloud-King."

Ancient writers were well aware that beyond the sands of the desert lay a system of inland lakes connected by streams that together formed the Nile; behind these lakes, they averred, was a chain of mighty mountains, to which they gave the name of "Mountains of the Moon." The earliest explorers of Eastern Africa imagined that in Mounts Kenia and Kilima-Njaro, those other snow-peaks of the equatorial regions, they had discovered these Mountains of the Moon; but Captain Speke, with the marvellous clairvoyance of which he gave so many proofs during his short career, marked them on his map as lying between Lake Albert and Lake Tanganyika. Utilizing with a rare sagacity the information that he picked up from the natives along his route, he came to the conclusion that away to the northwest was a lake,—Muta Nzigé,—and that this lake was bounded by a lofty mountain-range that could be no other than the ancient Mountains of the Moon.

Twenty years ago this hypothesis was the cause of much scientific discussion. Speke's assertions were violently attacked, especially by Captain Burton, his fellow-traveller. Then the matter was forgotten.

But direct observation has proved that Speke was right. Stanley has now brought the Mountains of the Moon within the range of positive knowledge, and that in the very locality which Speke had indicated, thus rendering a striking tribute to the geographical genius of his illustrious predecessor.

To Europeans the mysteries of this ancient range have always been the subject of much curiosity, and almost all the officers of the expedition had a keen desire to distinguish themselves as climbers of these African Alps. Lieutenant Stairs succeeded in attaining the greatest altitude,

but had the mortification to find two deep gulfs between him and the snowy mount proper.

[The altitude reached was ten thousand six hundred and seventy-seven feet above sea-level.]

A march of nineteen days brought the caravan to the southwest angle of the range. On June 26 it left the Awamba, as that part of the Semliki valley is called, and entered the plains of Usongora. These at present are almost a desert, but there are traces of the recent existence of a large population, which has been driven off by the raids of the Warasura. The freebooting tribe here showed some signs of hostility. But no fighting was necessary; the report that the caravan was invincible had already preceded it, and on its appearance the Warasura were seized with a panic and fled.

On July 1 the caravan made its entry into the important town of Kative, well known for its salt-pit, which supplies not only Usongora, but also Toro, Ankori, Mpororo, Ruanda, Ukonju, and many other districts with salt.

Near Kative, Stanley found a definite solution to the problem of the sources of the Nile. The Semliki, of which he had just ascended the right bank, is none other than the channel which carries into Lake Albert the overflow of another lake, known upon the maps as Muta Nzigé, and of which he had a distant view in 1876. He now named it the Albert Edward Nyanza, in honor of the "first British prince who has shown a decided interest in African geography."

Compared with the Victoria, the Tanganyika, and the Nyassa, this upper lake of the western Nile-system is small, though its length cannot be less than fifty miles. It is about three thousand feet above the sea-level, that is, one thousand feet higher than Lake Albert. Between

the two lakes, the Semliki forms a series of falls and rapids.

Henceforward, thanks to Stanley, the upper Nile-system is clearly defined. The Muta Nzigé is the reservoir of all the waters from the west that by way of the Semliki fall into the Albert Nyanza, just as the Victoria Nyanza is the reservoir for all the waters from the east that by way of the Somerset also fall into Lake Albert.

And thus is verified the assertion of the Greek geographers,—that the Nile has its sources in two inland seas. The Muta Nzigé is the *palus occidentalis*, the Victoria Nyanza is the *palus orientalis.* The outpour of the lakes, the two streams of the Semliki and the Somerset, commingle their waters in a third reservoir, the Albert Nyanza, and reissue conjointly under the name of the Bahr-el-Jebel, which lower down is known as the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile. . . .

Alike from its picturesqueness and from the character of its population the region between Lake Albert Edward and Lake Victoria is one of the most interesting in Central Africa.

It consists of a series of wide plateaux ranging from four thousand feet to five thousand feet above the level of the sea, bounded by a chain of conical peaks. This chain joins the Ruwenzori range on the north, and includes, with the Kibanga, Ankori, Mpororo, and Ruanda districts, the watershed of Lake Albert Edward on the west and Lake Victoria on the east. The highest summits along the line are Mounts Gordon Bennett and Lawson on the north, and the elevation of the Mfumbiro Mountains in the centre, which all rise to a height of over twelve thousand feet. To the west of the chain are the plains of Ankori; to the south-east those of Karangwé. In both these districts the people are agriculturists, and uniformly hospitable. They are a

handsome race, many of them having regular well-defined features that would bear comparison with those of Europeans.

The Ankori country is subject to keen and searching winds which are extremely trying to health, and which proved very disastrous in thinning the numbers of the expedition. Never all along had fever been so prevalent; as many as one hundred and fifty cases broke out in a single day, and even seasoned veterans like Emin and Casati more than once were prostrated by its effects. The negroes, no matter of what tribe, fell out of the line of march, and laid themselves down by the wayside to "sleep off" their painful languor, whilst the Egyptians, too, worn out by fatigue, ulcers, and dysentery, would hide themselves in any recess and sink down on the ground, where, unless they were picked up and carried on by the rear-guard, they would be left among the natives, who (however well-disposed they might be) could yet not understand a word of the language they spoke.

So terrible were the ravages of the fever that in the month of July alone the caravan lost no less than one hundred and forty-one of its followers.

[On August 5 the expedition reached the African town of Kafurro, where it was hospitably received.]

Now again the caravan received a cordial welcome; the chiefs were all courteous, and the supply of provisions abundant. The district altogether is very fine; rich pastures on which large herds of cattle graze alternate with swelling uplands, planted with magnificent trees, or fruitful with luxuriant crops, and frequently crowned with thickets of acacia. Rhinoceroses, both black and white, are numerous, and herds of horned antelopes are not unfrequently to be seen.

And here, in passing onward from Karangwé to the adjacent district of Uzinja, Stanley made a remarkable discovery which was quite unexpected. He was following the route which had been taken by Speke and Grant in 1861, and, relying upon the indications of his map, he was entirely under the impression that he was still a long distance away from the southwest boundary of Lake Victoria; his surprise may be imagined when on making a bend to the northeast in the direction of Msalala he saw, immediately before him, the broad expanse of the Victoria Nyanza itself.

In all existing charts the Uzinja shore is marked as taking a northwesterly direction. This presumptive coastline, however, would now seem to be a succession of mountainous islands lying so closely one behind another, that Stanley himself, when he was making his circumnavigation of the lake in 1876, had been misled, and had conjectured them to be the mainland. It was obvious now that such was not the case, and, moreover, it was demonstrated that the lake extends far away beyond them to the southwest. This adjustment gives the lake an additional area of six thousand square miles.

And as the expedition now made its progress, fresh discoveries were ever being made, even in quarters where Stanley himself did not suppose that there was anything unknown to be revealed.

At length on the 28th of August, as the eye pierced through the foliage of the banana-trees, it rested on a cross that rose above the thatched roof of a Christian church. Here was the mission-station of Msalala, in charge of Mr. Mackay; here assuredly were the outskirts of the world of civilization! For twenty days a halt was made at Msalala. It was a well-earned rest.

[Here were found provisions which had been sent by the "Emin Pasha Relief Committee" a year and a half before.]

Much refreshed by the three weeks' repose, the caravan set forth again on the 6th of September upon the last stage of its march. It proceeded along the accustomed route, through Usikumu and Ihuru towards Mpwapwa.

Having twice already travelled along the greater part of this road, Stanley was sanguine in believing that no difficulties would arise, and that all hardships were at an end: but he was reckoning too fast; he had to learn that till he was actually in port, he had obstacles to overcome.

"Previously," wrote Stanley about this time, "I have seen my difficulties diminished as I have arrived nearer the coast. I cannot say so much now. Our long train of invalids tells quite a different tale. Until I can get these unfortunates on board a steamer there will be no peace for me. And the most disheartening thing about it is that after all the toil and trouble we have had in carrying them twelve hundred miles, and in fighting for them to protect their lives, we see so many of them die just as we are within sight of port.

"At the south of Lake Victoria we passed four of the most harassing days of the entire journey; there was respite during the night, otherwise we had to fight continuously with scarcely a moment's freedom from attack. The natives seem to have an inexplicable hatred towards the Egyptians, and in order to repulse them we were compelled to inflict severe penalty upon them."

Mpwapwa was reached on the 11th of November, fifty-five days after leaving Msalala, and one hundred and eighty-eight days after setting out from Kavalli. On the way, the number of the white men in the caravan had been increased by two, as it had been joined by Fathers Girault and Schinze of the Algerian mission; but in the ranks of the Egyptians, Zanzibaris, and negroes the gaps were appalling. Out of the fifteen hundred people who left Lake Nyanza scarcely a moiety survived to arrive at

Mpwapwa; the other seven hundred and fifty had fallen off or succumbed on the route, a number which tells its own sad and impressive tale of the sufferings that had to be endured during the two hundred and forty days of that gigantic march.

No sooner was the approach of the returning expedition made known at Zanzibar than measures were promptly taken to send out provisions to meet it on its way, the organization of the party being under the control of Major Wissmann, the German commissioner, and Mr. Stevens, the correspondent of the *New York Herald.*

The meeting with the envoys from the civilized world occurred on the 30th at Mswa. How welcome they were needs not to be told; they were not simply the bearers of material comfort, but the harbingers of joy, announcing the satisfaction with which it was hailed that the expedition had so happily accomplished its design.

"I feel"—this is what Stanley writes from Mswa—"just like a laborer on a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

Five days more and the protracted tramp was finished. The 2d of December was spent at Mbugani; the 3d at Bigiro; on the 4th the Kinghani River was crossed; and on the 5th—"Thalassa! Thalassa!"—the sea was in sight!

The Zanzibaris, catching a glimpse of the water beyond the gardens of Bagamoyo, were breathless with excitement; their eyes filled with tears as their hearts were stirred with emotion. It was their native place; they were at home once more.

At Bagamoyo the reception that awaited Stanley was such as had never been accorded to an explorer of this generation. The town was elaborately decorated; triumphal arches were erected across the avenues; the Ger-

man troops were drawn up under Major Wissmann, himself distinguished in the annals of African exploration, having twice traversed the continent, and being like Stanley enlisted by the King of the Belgians for the great scheme of civilizing Africa. There, too, were the consuls and representatives of various powers, bringing messages of congratulation from sovereigns, ministers, and scientific bodies. And now when Stanley and his companions, mounted on the horses which Major Wissmann had provided, made their entry in their travelling gear, their clothes in rags, their features furrowed with the sufferings they had undergone, covered with the dust of the last eight months' toil, excitement knew no bounds; palm-branches were waved; trumpets blazoned out their welcome; and salutes were thundered forth by the soldiers mustered on the shore, and from the troop-ships anchored in the harbor.

It was a noble triumph that had been nobly earned. Three years had elapsed since the expedition [under Stanley] had set out from Zanzibar on its critical adventure. Unwearied skill, indomitable patience, superhuman effort, had brought it to a prosperous issue. The hero had returned, himself safe and sound, and had brought back Emin Pasha, rescued from the savage heart of Africa.

HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THE GORILLA.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

(From "Equatorial Africa," copyright 1890 by Harper & Brothers.)

[Paul Du Chaillu, born in France in 1835, and subsequently a citizen of the United States, spent years in Africa, travelling in its interior in 1856–59, and again in 1863–65. He claims to have been the first man to penetrate the great equatorial forest, and was the first to

observe and hunt the gorilla in its native haunts. His stories about this great man-like ape were long discredited, but are now fully accepted. He is the author of "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," and various other works. We select from his writings an account of his early experience with the gorilla, beginning with his first sight of that animal.]

AND now that civilization of which I had mused so pleasantly a few minutes before received another shock. My men cut off the head of the snake [a huge serpent which he had just shot], and, dividing the body into proper pieces, roasted it and ate it on the spot; and I—poor, starved, but *civilized* mortal!—stood by, longing for a meal; but after a while I had to learn also how to eat snake or starve.

When the snake was eaten, we begun to look about the ruins of the village near where we sat. A degenerate kind of sugar-cane was growing on the very spot where the houses had formerly stood, and I made haste to pluck some of this and chew it for the little sweetness it had. But, as we were plucking, my men perceived what instantly threw us all into the greatest excitement. Here and there the cane was beaten down, torn up by the roots, and lying about in fragments which had evidently been chewed.

I knew that these were fresh tracks of the gorilla, and joy filled my heart. My men looked at each other in silence, and muttered *Nguyla*, which is as much as to say in Npongwe, *Ngina*, or, as we say, gorilla.

We followed these traces, and presently came to the footprints of the long-desired animal. It was the first time I had ever seen these footprints, and my sensations were indescribable. Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster of whose ferocity, strength, and cunning the natives had told me so much; an animal scarce known to the civilized world, and which no white man before had hunted. My heart beat

till I feared its loud pulsations, and my feelings were really excited to a painful degree.

By the tracks it was easy to know that there must have been several gorillas in company. We prepared at once to follow them.

The women were terrified, and we left them a good escort of two or three men to take care of them and reassure them. Then the rest of us looked once more carefully at our guns,—for the gorilla gives you no time to reload, and woe to him whom he attacks! We were armed to the teeth. My men were remarkably silent, as they were going on an expedition of more than usual risk; for the male gorilla is literally the king of the African forest. . . .

As we followed the tracks we could easily see that there were four or five of them; though none appeared very large. We saw where they had run along on all fours, the usual mode of progression of these animals; and where, from time to time, they had seated themselves to chew the canes they had borne off. The chase began to be very exciting. . . .

We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite. Alongside of this granite block lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorillas.

Slowly we pressed on through the dense brush, fearing almost to breathe lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately, he circled it at too great a distance. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running towards the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in

pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my aim, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape.

As I saw the gorillas running—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance was like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

[A few days afterwards a hunt was undertaken in which they saw tracks of the animal, and some of the party fired at and wounded a female, but had no further success. The next day they set out again]

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no sign of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys,—and not many of these,—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp lookout is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I knew at once by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

The singular noise of the breaking of tree branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla.

He had gone through the jungle on all fours; but when he saw our party, he raised himself erect and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep-gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll* which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now, truly, he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature,—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet,—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it possessed.

My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat, for they really eat this creature. I saw that they would come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I would myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this,—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way, the charm gave the wearer

a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women. This evening we had gorilla stories again, but all to the same point already mentioned,—that there are gorillas inhabited by human spirits.

[We may conclude with a brief description of the habits of this animal, as given by Du Chaillu.]

It is my good fortune to be the only white man who can speak of the gorilla from personal knowledge; and while my experience and observation prove that many of the actions reported of it are false and vain imaginings of ignorant negroes and credulous travellers, I can also vouch that no description can exceed the horror of its appearance, the ferocity of the attack of the male, or the impish malignity of its nature. . . .

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungles, preferring deep wooded valleys and also rugged heights. The high plains, also, whose surface is strewn with immense boulders, seem to be favorite haunts. Water occurs everywhere in this part of Africa, but I have noticed that the gorilla is always found very near to a plentiful supply.

It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarce ever found for two days together in the same neighborhood. In part this restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favorite food. The gorilla, though it has such immense canines, and its vast strength doubtless fits it to capture and kill almost any animal which frequents the forests, is a strict vegetarian. I examined the stomachs of all which I was lucky enough to kill, and never found traces of aught but berries, pineapple-leaves, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scanty supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander

on in constant battle with famine. Its vast paunch, which protrudes before it when it stands upright, proves it to be a great feeder; and, indeed, its great frame and enormous muscular development could not be supported on little food.

It is not true that it lives much or at all on trees. I found them almost always on the ground, although they often climb the trees to pick berries or nuts; but after eating they return to the ground. By the examination of the stomach of many specimens, I was able to ascertain with tolerable certainty the nature of its food, and I discovered that, for all *I* found, it had no need to ascend trees. It is fond of the wild sugar-cane, especially fond of the white ribs of the pineapple-leaf, and also eats the pith of some trees, and a kind of nut with a very hard shell. This shell is so hard that it requires a strong blow with a heavy hammer to break it; and here is probably one purpose of that enormous strength of jaw which long seemed to me thrown away on a non-carnivorous animal, and which is sufficiently evidenced by the manner in which the barrel of the musket of one of my unfortunate hunters was flattened by an enraged male gorilla.

Only the young gorillas sleep on trees, for protection from wild beasts. I have myself come upon fresh traces of a gorilla's bed upon several occasions, and could see that the male had seated himself with his back against a tree-trunk. In fact, on the back of the male gorilla there is generally a patch on which the hair is worn thin from this position; while the nest-building *Troglodytes calvus*, or bald-headed *nshiego*, which constantly sleeps under its leafy shelter on a tree-branch, has this bare place at its side, and in quite a different way. I believe, however, that while the male always sleeps at the foot of a tree, or elsewhere on the ground, the female and young may sometimes ascend to the tree-top, as I have seen marks of such ascension.

Of adults I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases, as with the "rogue" elephant, he is particularly morose and malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five; sometimes less, but never more. The young always run off on all-fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow after. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day at times without coming upon my quarry, when I felt sure that they were carefully avoiding me. When, however, at last fortune favors the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal, I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in the darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was generally feeding close by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off with loud and sudden cries.

The common walk of the gorilla is not on its hind legs, but on all-fours. In this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and as it runs the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side move together, which gives the beast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young, parties of which I have often pursued, never took to trees, but ran along the ground; and at a distance, with their bodies half erect, looked not unlike negroes making off from pursuit: the hind legs moved between the arms, and those were somewhat bowed outward. I have never

found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about her. I have watched them in the woods till, eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tender-heartedness, but killed their quarry without loss of time.

When the mother runs off from the hunter, the young one grasps her about the neck, and hangs beneath her breast with its little legs about her body.

The strength of the gorilla is evidently enormous. That with its jaws it can dent a musket barrel, and with its arms break trees from four to six inches in diameter, sufficiently proves that its vast bony frame has corresponding muscle. The negroes never attack them with other weapons than guns, and in those parts of the far interior where no European guns had yet reached, as among the Apingi, this great beast roamed unmolested, the monarch of the forest. To kill a gorilla gives a hunter a life-long reputation for courage and enterprise even among the bravest of the negro tribes, who are generally, it may be said, not lacking in this quality of courage. . . .

It uses no artificial weapon of offence, but attacks always with its arms, though in a struggle no doubt the powerful teeth would play a part. I have several times noticed skulls in which the huge canines were broken off, not worn down, as they are in almost all the adult gorillas, by gnawing at trees which they wished to break, and which, without being gnawed into, are too strong even for them. The negroes informed me that such teeth are broken in combats between the males for the possession of a female, and I think this quite probable. Such a combat must form a magnificent and awful spectacle. A struggle between two

well-matched gorillas would exceed, in that kind of excitement which the Romans took delight in, anything in that line which they were ever gratified with.

In height adult gorillas vary as much as men. The adult males in my collection range from five feet two inches to five feet eight.

[Du Chaillu found the gorilla absolutely untamable. He had in captivity a young one, between two or three years old, and two feet six inches high, which he made every effort to subdue by kindness, but found it so fierce and intractable that all his efforts proved unavailing. Starving was tried, but nothing seemed capable of subduing its savage temper. After something more than a month of captivity it died suddenly, continuing violent and untamable to the end. The hunter shipped a live gorilla for Europe, but it died on the way, and he had only museum specimens to offer in attestation of his narrative.]

BATTLING WITH THE CONGO SAVAGES.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

(From "Through the Dark Continent," copyright 1878 by Harper & Brothers.)

[Of all the explorers of the "Dark Continent," the names of two men stand particularly high, for their undaunted perseverance and the value of their discoveries, those of Livingstone and Stanley. The latter first gained reputation through his expedition in search of the former. Subsequently he crossed Africa, making discovery of the great Congo River system, and at a later date made a third great expedition for the release of Emin Pasha. In his Congo expedition, as described in his "Through the Dark Continent," Stanley's experiences differed essentially from that of other explorers. African travellers have met with endless difficulties, through the avarice, faithlessness, and procrastination of African chiefs, but have experienced little difficulty from hostile warlike demonstrations. Stanley, on the contrary, found

himself in the midst of the most savage and warlike of the African tribes, and had to fight his way down the great river for weeks, only his dauntless courage and resolution enabling him to overcome the opposition of the cannibal tribesmen. We can do no better, in selecting from "Through the Dark Continent," than to tell the story of one of these fierce battles, which would have turned back any man of less energy and determination. We take up the adventurers on the Livingstone (now the Congo) River, when they were passing the populous island of Mpika. The expedition at the time was in a perilous condition from sickness, "the small-pox was raging, dysentery had many victims," and other diseases abounded, two or three bodies being daily consigned to the deep waters of the Livingstone. Between the 14th and the 18th of December (1876) there were five deaths from small-pox. Our story begins on the 18th.]

THE crest of the island was about eighty feet above the river, and was a marvel of vegetation, chiefly of plantain and banana plantations. On the left rose the other bank with similar wooded heights, dipping occasionally into small creeks and again rising into ridges, with slopes, though steep, clothed with a perfect tangle of shrubs and plants.

After a descent of ten miles by this channel, we found the river increased in width to two thousand yards. While rowing down, close to the left bank, we were suddenly surprised by hearing a cry from one of the guards of the hospital canoes, and, turning round, saw an arrow fixed in his chest. The next instant, looking towards the bank, we saw the forms of many men in the jungle, and several arrows flew past my head in extremely unpleasant proximity.

We sheered off instantly, and, pulling hard down-stream, came near the landing-place of an untenanted market-green. Here we drew in-shore, and sending out ten scouts to lie in wait in the jungle, I mustered all the healthy men, about thirty in number, and proceeded to construct a fence of brushwood, inspired to unwonted activity by a knowledge of our lonely, defenceless state.

Presently a shriek of agony from another of my men rang out through the jungle, followed immediately by the sharp crack of the scouts' Snyders, which again was responded to by an infernal din of war-horns and yells, while arrows flew past us from all directions. Twenty more men were at once sent into the jungle to assist the scouts, while, with might and main, we labored to surround our intended camp with tall and dense hedges of brushwood, with sheltered nooks for riflemen.

After an hour's labor the camp was deemed sufficiently tenable, and the recall was sounded. The scouts retreated on the run, shouting as they approached, "Prepare! prepare! they are coming!"

About fifty yards of ground outside our camp had been cleared, which, upon the retreat of the scouts who had been keeping them in check, was soon filled by hundreds of savages, who pressed upon us from all sides but the river, in the full expectation that we were flying in fear. But they were mistaken, for we were at bay, and desperate in our resolve not to die without fighting. Accordingly, at such close quarters the contest soon became terrific. Again and again the savages hurled themselves upon our stockade, launching spear after spear with deadly force into the camp, to be each time repulsed. Sometimes the muzzle of our guns almost touched their breasts. The shrieks, cries, shouts of encouragement, the rattling volleys of musketry, the booming war-horns, the yells and defiance of the combatants, the groans and screams of the women and children in the hospital camp, made together such a medley of hideous sounds as can never be effaced from my memory.

For two hours the desperate conflict lasted. More than once, some of the Wangwana were about to abandon the struggle and run to the canoes, but Uledi, the coxswain, and Frank threatened them with clubbed muskets, and

with the muzzles of their rifles drove them back to the stockade. At dusk the enemy retreated from the vicinity of the clearing; but the hideous alarums produced from their ivory horns, and increased by the echoes of the close forest, still continued; and now and again a vengeful poison-laden arrow flew by with an ominous whiz to quiver in the earth at our feet, or fall harmlessly into the river behind us.

Sleep, under such circumstances, was out of the question; yet there were many weak, despairing souls whom even the fear of being eaten could not rouse to a sense of manliness and the necessity for resistance. Aware of this, I intrusted the task of keeping the people awake to Frank Pocock, Sheikh Abdallah, and Wadi Rehani, the "treasurer" of the expedition, who were ordered to pour kettles of cold water over their heads upon the least disposition to go to sleep.

At eleven P.M. a dark form was seen creeping from the bush on all fours towards our stockade. I moved quietly to where vigilant Uledi was maintaining watch and ward, and whispered to him to take two men and endeavor to catch him. Uledi willingly consented, and burrowed out through a slight opening in the fence. The eyes of those in the secret became fastened on the dim shadows of the hostile forms, so similar, it seemed to me, in their motions to a crocodile which I had seen on a rock near Kisorya in Ukerewé, as it endeavored to deceive a large diver into the belief that it was asleep while actually meditating its murder.

Soon we saw Uledi's form leap upon that of the prostrate savage, and heard him call out loud for help, which was at once given him by his two assistants; but an ominous rustling in the bushes behind announced that the cunning enemy were also on the alert, and, as they rushed to the rescue, Uledi snatched his captive's spears, and with his

two friends retreated into the camp, while our guns again awoke the echoes of the forest and the drowsy men in the camp to a midnight action as brisk as it was short.

Twit, twit, fell the arrows once more in showers, piercing the brush fence, perforating the foliage, or smartly tapping the trunks and branches, while we, crouching down on the ground under the thick shadows of the brushwood, replied with shot, slugs, and bullets, that swept the base of the jungle.

Silence was soon again restored and the strict watch renewed. From a distance the poisoned reeds still pattered about us, but, protected by our snug stockade and lying low in our covert, they were harmless, though they kept us awake listening to the low whiz and reminding one another that the foe was still near.

Morning dawned upon the strange scene. The cooks proceeded to make fires, to cook some food, under the shelter of the high banks, that we might break our long fasts. Frank and I made a sufficient meal out of six roasted bananas and a few cups of sugarless coffee.

After which, giving strict orders to Frank and Sheikh Abdallah to be vigilant in my absence, the boat was manned, and I was rowed to a distance of five hundred yards from the camp towards the right bank. Then, stopping to examine the shores, I was surprised to see, only a quarter of a mile below our camp, a large town, consisting, like those above, of a series of villages in a uniform line along the high bank, while a perfect wealth of palm-trees and banana plantations proved unquestionably the prosperity of the populous district. I recollected then that the intelligent dwarf already mentioned had spoken of a powerful chief, whose district, called Vinya-Njara, possessed so many men that it would be utterly impossible to pass him.

My plans were soon made. It was necessary that we should occupy the southernmost village in order to house the sick, to obtain food for ourselves, and to keep up communication with the land division when it should announce its presence.

We rowed back to the camp, by this time the observed of a thousand heads which projected from the jungle between our camp and the first village. As nothing had been unpacked from the boat and the hospital canoes, and only the defenders of the camp had disembarked, every soul was in a few seconds seated in his place, and pulling swiftly over the intervening quarter of a mile down to the landing of the first village,—targets, it is true, for several arrows for a short time, but no one could stop to reply. Arrived at the landing, two men were detailed off to each canoe and the boat, and we rushed up the high and steep bank. The village was empty, and, by cutting some trees down to block up each end, became at once perfectly defensible.

We were not long left unmolested. The savages recovered their wits, and strove desperately to dislodge us, but at each end of the village, which was about three hundred yards long, our muskets blazed incessantly. I also caused three or four sharp-shooters to ascend tall trees along the river-bank, which permitted them, though unseen, to overlook the tall grasses and rear of the village, and to defend us from fire. Meanwhile, for the first time for twenty-four hours, the sick (seventy-two in number) were allotted one-fourth of the village for themselves, as over one-half of them were victims of the pest, of which three had died in the canoes during the fearful hours of the previous night.

The combat lasted until noon, when mustering twenty-five men, we made a sally, and succeeded in clearing the

skirts of the village for the day. Uledi caught one of the natives by the foot, and succeeded in conveying him within the village, where he was secured as a most welcome prize, through whom we might possibly, if opportunities offered, bring this determined people to reason.

Then, while the scouts deployed in a crescent form from beyond the ends of the village into the forest, the rest of our force formed in line, and commenced to cut down all grass and weeds within a distance of a hundred yards. This work consumed three hours, after which the scouts were withdrawn, and we rested half an hour for another scant meal of bananas. Thus refreshed after our arduous toil, we set about building marksmen's nests at each end of the village fifteen feet high, which, manned with ten men each, commanded all approaches. For our purpose there were a number of soft-wood logs, already prepared in the village, and bark-rope and cane-fibre were abundant in every tent, for the inhabitants of Vinya-Njara devoted themselves, among other occupations, to fishing, and the manufacture of salt from the Pistia plants.

By evening our labors were nearly completed. During the night there was a slight alarm, and now and then the tapping on the roofs and the pattering among the leaves informed us that our enemies were still about, but we did not reply to them.

The next morning an assault was attempted, for the enemy emerged from the bush on the run into the clearing; but our arrangements seemed to surprise them, for they retreated again almost immediately into the gloomy obscurities of the jungle, where they maintained, with indomitable spirit, horn-blowing and a terrific "bo-bo-boing."

We had, it seems,—though I have not had time to mention it before,—passed the tribes which emitted cries of "Ooh-hu-hu, ooh-hu, ooh-hu-hu," for ever since our arrival

at Vinya-Njara we had listened with varied feelings to the remarkable war-strains of "Bo-bo, bo-bo,—bo-bo-o-o-oh," uttered in tones so singular as to impress even my African comrades with a sense of its eccentricity.

About noon a large flotilla of canoes was observed ascending the river close to the left bank, manned by such a dense mass of men that any number between five hundred and eight hundred would be within the mark. We watched them very carefully until they had ascended the river about half a mile above us, when, taking advantage of the current, they bore down towards us, blowing their war-horns, and drumming vigorously. At the same moment, as though this were a signal in concert with those on land, war-horns responded from the forest, and I had scarcely time to order every man to look out when the battle-tempest of arrows broke upon us from the woods. But the twenty men in the nests at the corners of the village proved sufficient to resist the attack from the forest side, Frank Pocock being in charge of one, and Sheikh Abdallah of the other, while I, with twenty men lining the bushes along the water line, defended the river side.

This was a period when every man felt that he must either fight or resign himself to the only other alternative, that of being heaved a headless corpse into the river. Our many successful struggles for a precarious existence had begun to animate even the most cowardly with that pride of life that superiority creates, and that feeling of invulnerability that frequent lucky escapes foster. I was conscious, as I cast my eyes about, that my followers were conspicuously distinguishing themselves, and were at last emerging from that low level of undeveloped manhood which is the general state of men untried and inexperienced. With a number of intelligent whites, that acquisition of

courageous qualities would have been assisted by natural good sense, and a few months' hard service such as we had undergone would have sufficed to render them calm and steady in critical times; but with such people as I had, who had long shown—with the exception of a few—a wonderful inaptitude for steadiness, the lesson had taken two years. These last few days on the Livingstone River had been rapidly perfecting that compact band for the yet more dangerous times and periods to come.

Therefore, though the notes of the war-horns were dreadful, our foe numerous and pertinacious, and evidently accustomed to victory, I failed to observe one man among my people then fighting who did not seem desirous to excel even Uledi, the coxswain.

The battle had continued half an hour with a desperate energy only qualified by our desperate state. Ammunition we possessed in abundance, and we made use of it with deadly effect; yet what might have become of us is doubtful, had not the advanced guard of Tippu-Tib and our land division arrived at this critical juncture, causing dismay to the savages in the forest, who announced the reinforcement by war-horns to the savages in the canoes, many of whom were at the moment making most strenuous efforts to effect a landing. The river savages, on hearing these signals, withdrew; but as they were paddling away they proclaimed their intention of preventing all escape, either up-river or down-river, and expressed their enormous contempt for us by throwing water towards us with their paddles. We saw all the canoes mysteriously disappear behind an island situated about sixteen hundred yards off and opposite to our camp.

It was a great pleasure to greet all our people once more, though they were in a wretched plight. Bad food, and a scarcity of even that during three days in the jungle, con-

stantly losing the road, wandering aimlessly about, searching for thinly-grown spots through which they might creep more easily, had reduced their physical strength so much that it was clear at a glance that several days must elapse before they would be able to resume their journey.

When all had arrived, I called the forty defenders of the camp together, and distributing cloth to each of them, told them that as the enemy had taken their canoes behind the island opposite, they very probably intended to resume the fight; that it was, therefore, our duty to prevent that if possible by making a night expedition and cutting the canoes adrift, which would leave them under the necessity of abandoning the project of attacking us; "besides," said I, "if we can do the job in a complete way, the enormous loss of canoes will have such an effect on them that it will clear our progress down-river."

Frank Pocock was requested to take his choice of crews, and man the four little canoes, which would carry about twenty men, and, proceeding to the south end of the islet, to spread his canoes across the mouth of the channel, between the islet and the right bank, while I proceeded in the boat to the north end of the islet, and, bearing down the channel, sought out the enemy's canoes and cut them adrift, which floating down were to be picked up by him.

It was a rainy, gusty night, and dark; but at ten P.M., the hour of deepest sleep, we set out with muffled oars, Frank to his appointed position, and I up-river, along the left bank, until, having ascended nearly opposite the lower end of Mpika Island, we cut rapidly across the river to the right bank. Then, resting on our oars, we searched the bank narrowly, until, seeing a fire on the bank, we rowed cautiously in, and discovered eight large canoes, each tied by a short cable of rattan to a stake driven deep into the clay.

Uledi, Bwana Hamadi, and myself soon set these free, and, giving each a push successively far into the stream, waited a short time, and then followed them in our boat. Four other canoes were cut adrift a few hundred yards below. On coming into the channel between the islet and the bank, numerous bright fires informed us that the largest number of the enemy was encamped on it, and that their canoes must be fastened below the several camps. We distinctly heard the murmur of voices and the coughing of shivering people, or of those who indulged in the pernicious *bhang;* but gliding under the shadows of the tall banks and in the solemn blackness of the trees, we were unperceived, and canoe after canoe, each with its paddles and scoops within, was pushed into the swift stream, which conveyed it down river to where we felt assured Frank was ready with his sharp and quick-eyed assistants.

In this manner thirty-eight canoes, some of great size, were set adrift; and not being able to discover more, we followed them noiselessly down-stream until we came to Frank's canoes, which were being borne down-stream by the weight of so many. However, casting the great stone anchor of the boat, canoe after canoe was attached to us, and leaving twenty-six in charge of Frank, we hoisted sail and rowed up-stream, with twelve canoes in tow. Arriving in camp, the canoes were delivered in charge to the Wangwana, and then the boat hastily returned to lend assistance to Frank, who made his presence known to us by occasionally blowing the trumpet. After relieving him of eight more canoes, he was able almost to keep up with us to camp, where we all arrived at five A.M., after a most successful night expedition.

At nine A.M. the boat was manned again, and we rowed to the scene of our midnight labors. The island was all

but abandoned! Only a few persons were left, and to them, with the aid of our interpreters, we communicated our terms,—viz., that we would occupy Vinya-Njara and retain all the canoes unless they made peace. We also informed them that we had one prisoner, who would be surrendered to them if they availed themselves of our offer of peace; that we had suffered heavily, and they had also suffered; that war was an evil which wise men avoided; that if they came with two canoes with their chiefs, two canoes with our chiefs should meet them in mid-stream, and make blood-brotherhood; and that on that condition some of their canoes should be restored, and we would purchase the rest.

They replied that what we had spoken was quite true, but as their chiefs were some distance away in the woods, they must have time to communicate with them, but that they would announce their decision next day. We then left them, not, however, without throwing packets of shells towards them, as an earnest of our wish to be friends, and rowed to our camp at Vinya-Njara.

The forests for a distance of ten miles around Vinya-Njara were clear of enemies. The friendly natives of Mpika Island came down to our assistance in negotiating a peace between us and the surly chiefs, who had all withdrawn into the forests on the right bank.

On the 22d December, the ceremony of blood-brotherhood having been formally concluded, in mid-river, between Safeni and the chief of Vinya-Njara, our captive and fifteen canoes were returned, and twenty-three canoes were retained by us for a satisfactory equivalent, and thus our desperate struggle terminated. Our losses at Vinya-Njara were four killed and thirteen wounded.

[This contest, so vividly described, was but one of twenty-eight desperate battles Stanley had with the hostile savages, some of them

fought while making portages through the woods around the succession of rapids and cataracts known as Stanley Falls, until they passed the realm of hostiles and reached friendly natives on the banks of the great Congo. We may follow this scene of battle and bloodshed with a picturesque description of insect life at the confluence of the Livingstone and Lowwa Rivers.]

In such cool, damp localities as the low banks near the confluence of these two important streams, entomologists might revel. The Myriapedes, with their lengthy sinuous bodies of bright shiny chocolate or deep black color, are always one of the first species to attract one's attention. Next come the crowded lines of brown, black, or yellow ants, and the termites which, with an insatiable appetite for destruction, are ever nibbling, gnawing, and prowling. If the mantis does not arrest the eye next, it will most assuredly be an unctuous earth caterpillar, with its polished and flexible armor, suggestive of slime and nausea. The mantis among insects is like the python among serpents. Its strange figure, trance-like attitudes, and mysterious ways have in all countries appealed to the imagination of the people. Though sometimes five inches in length, its waist is only about the thickness of its leg. Gaunt, weird, and mysterious in its action, it is as much a wonder among insects as a mastodon would be in a farm-yard. The lady-bird attracts the careless eye as it slowly wanders about, by its brilliant red, spotted with black; but if I were to enter into details of the insect life within the area of a square foot, an entire chapter might be readily filled. But to write upon the natural wonders of the tropics seems nowadays almost superfluous; it is so well understood that in these humid shades the earth seethes with life, that in these undrained recesses the primitive laboratory of nature is located, for disturbing which the unacclimatized will have to pay the bitter penalty of malarial fever.

One hears much about "the silence of the forest," but the tropical forest is not silent to the keen observer. The hum and murmur of hundreds of busy insect tribes make populous the twilight shadows that reign under the primeval growth. I hear the grinding of millions of mandibles, the furious hiss of a tribe just alarmed or about to rush to battle, millions of tiny wings rushing through the nether air, the march of an insect tribe under the leaves, the startling leap of an awakened mantis, the chirp of some eager and garrulous cricket, the buzz of an ant-lion, the roar of a bull-frog. Add to these the crackle of twigs, the fall of leaves, the dropping of nut and berry, the occasional crash of a branch, or the constant creaking and swaying of the forest tops as the strong wind brushes them or the gentle breezes awake them to whispers. Though one were blind and alone in the midst of a real tropical forest, one's sense of hearing would be painfully alive to the fact that an incredible number of minute industries, whose number one could never hope to estimate, were active in the shades. Silence is impossible in a tropical forest.

THE CONGO RIVER.

A. J. WAUTERS.

[The work from which our present selection is made—"Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by A. J. Wauters, chief editor of the "Mouvement Géographique," Brussels—is not, as its name indicates, a record of personal travels of the writer, but a description of Stanley's heroic effort to rescue Emin Pasha from his dangerous situation. We give here some selections descriptive of the great river of Central Africa, which have been preceded by an extract describing the march of Stanley and Emin Pasha from the Nile to Zanzibar.]

THROUGH A PAPYRUS SWAMP.

THE Congo claims the seventh place among the largest rivers of the world. It is nearly three thousand miles in length. In the volume of its waters it has no rival in the Eastern hemisphere, this being estimated at more than fifty thousand cubic yards a second. In the magnitude of its current it is surpassed only by the Amazon. It rises in the high plateaux of Mouxinga, between three thousand and four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and forms in two different places a series of rapids. Its course through Central Africa is often obstructed by islands, and extending in width from twelve to eighteen miles, describes a vast curve which is twice crossed by the Equator. On either side it receives numerous affluents, and thus drains a river-basin which in its area must be hardly less than half as large as the whole continent of Europe.

Long ago the Congo would have constituted the principal avenue to the interior had it not been that a succession of falls and rapids about one hundred miles from its mouth completely paralyzed all efforts for navigation. These rapids, until recently, have had the effect of making the Congo a sort of *cul-de-sac*, a den of slavers into which European merchants hesitated to venture with any design of forming settlements. When Stanley for the first time reached the western coast on his way from Zanzibar to Nyangwe, a few trade depots were scattered at long intervals along the shores of the lower river, and Boma, about twenty hours' journey from the coast, was the outpost of civilization and commerce; for travellers who should risk any farther advance there was the prospect of dying of hunger and of perishing in unknown districts where barbarism reigned supreme. This was ten years ago!

Such a discovery as Stanley's could not fail to awaken the keenest interest. Here was revealed to the eyes of Europe a vast region in the heart of Africa, rich, fertile,

and densely populated, and permeated by a colossal riverway, the mouth of which presented the exceptional advantage of being dominated by no European power. The opportunity for commercial enterprise was too fine to be overlooked, and accordingly, under the auspices of Leopold, King of the Belgians, a conference was held in Berlin, which resulted in the formation of the "Congo Free State" in the year 1885.

[The cause of the long isolation from civilized man of the great fertile region of the Congo is made very clear by our author in his description of the insuperable hinderances to navigation.]

Parallel to the coast of Africa, and at no great distance from it, there lies a range of low mountains formed on the edge of the plateaux, the uniformity of which is broken at intervals by some isolated peaks. Across this coast-chain the waters collected in the central plains have hollowed out for themselves channels along which they escape towards the sea, and these channels are shut in by rocky cliffs between which the streams roll on with an impetuous rush.

Of these watercourses none is so noted, nor at the same time so wild and romantic, as that along which pours the enormous volume of the waters of the Congo. Between Matadi and Leopoldville the stream is interrupted by no less than thirty-two falls or rapids, every one of which presents a spectacle of real magnificence.

Imagination may well conceive of the river-bed as a gigantic staircase, some two hundred miles in length, descending from an altitude of eight hundred feet, and divided by thirty-two steps all differing in width and height; it is enclosed on either hand by rocky banks, and ever and again obstructed by dark projecting reefs and blocks of stone of every size and shape. Such is the Cyclopean channel along which rushes the Congo. It is

the monarch of the Old-World rivers, here in its infant course spreading out into an expanse of water some two thousand or three thousand yards wide, and here again contracting itself to a breadth of three hundred yards, but continuously gaining in its depth and velocity what it loses in its superficial extent. At every angle of the channel through which it rolls it seems to assume a different character; in one place it appears to be possessed with a furious rage that is indomitable, as it precipitates itself into an amphitheatre of rocks where the waters whirl in tumultuous eddies and dashing themselves against the granite crags are mingled in terrific chaos; at another place, after having continued its wild career for some miles (as at the rapids of Nsongo and Lumba), the foaming billows of the river gradually subside and are lulled to rest, till they spread themselves out in the tranquillity of a placid lake.

The calm, however, is all a delusion; soon again the still waters are animated with redoubled fury; once more they dash forward with increased velocity, and finding a yet steeper slope, they hurl themselves into another of the romantic gorges, where they renew their ebullitions with an awful roar.

On either side of the river, as thus it tears along its impetuous course, are lines of hills, often rising into peaks with bare summits, broken either by sloping valleys or by deep ravines, the sides of which are clothed with tall rank grass, except in parts where they are marshy, or covered with dense forests.

Such is the region of the Falls; such is the giant barrier which Nature has erected almost adjacent to the mouth of the Congo, as though she desired to throw every impediment she could in the way of access to these regions of Africa, and to do her utmost to provide a bulwark to defend

the wealth of the interior. For three centuries every effort of the intruder has been baffled; the barrier has been effectual to rebuff every expedition that has been taken in hand, and has defied each successive attempt to penetrate the secrets of the mysterious land.

[While navigation is thus rendered impossible, land travel is very difficult to perform.]

The caravan road is a mere footpath, rarely more than thirty inches wide, winding through a stifling labyrinth of grass several yards high. Long and toilsome ascents under the glare of the African sun are succeeded by descents equally wearisome leading to the marshes in the hollow of the deep ravines. At intervals along the slopes there are extensive groves of palm-trees or bananas, baobabs also being not uncommon. On the lower ground the way proceeds through fine forests, thick with trees of various species, connected one with another by wreaths of creepers that form verdant arches overhead, and are the resort of the widow-bird, with its black plumage and long tail, as well as of countless smaller birds resembling bengalis, which rise in swarms as their solitude is disturbed. Only in single file is it possible for any caravan to make advance.

Across the Luvu River the agents of the Free State have formed a suspension-bridge of iron rods attached to baobabs on either bank, a structure of which white men and Zanzibaris avail themselves, but so frail that the natives, as a rule, hesitate to trust their feet upon it, as it oscillates so suspiciously under their weight.

Beyond Palaballa the country is almost reduced to the condition of a desert, mainly in consequence of the withdrawal of the natives from the neighborhood of the caravan routes. This they have done not from any fear of the white man, whom they are disposed to trust entirely, but

through the depredations of the negro porters, who have no sense of any rights of property save the rights of the strongest. With the recent increase of the caravan traffic between Matadi and Leopoldville the damage done to the plantations adjacent to the line of route became more and more intolerable; while in addition to this, the soldiers, Haoussa, Zanzibari, or Bangala, who were engaged for escort, would perpetually commit outrages which the European was powerless to repress. The natives, therefore, recognized the expediency of retiring farther off; they removed their huts, and re-erected them at such a distance from the line of thoroughfare as they concluded would render their homesteads safe from the attacks of such marauders.

It followed, as a consequence of this migration, that on entering the district Stanley's seven hundred and fifty men had nothing to depend on from the products of the place. They found themselves without the opportunity of providing their requisite supplies, because there were no longer any of the accustomed markets to which the inhabitants of the villages within reach of the route had hitherto been sending the produce of their fields, their hunting-grounds, and their fisheries. Even in the interior of the country when the report was circulated that the notorious Boula Matari was advancing with one thousand men, all armed with guns, the alarm was so great that for a week the ordinary market-places were quite deserted.

Very notable are these markets as demonstrating the commercial capabilities of the natives, which are quite surprising. A visit to one of them, that of Kuzo-Kienzi, is described by Captain Thys. "Here," he says, "is a gathering of between two hundred and three hundred salespeople of both sexes, with their variety of goods displayed either in baskets or spread out on banana-leaves,

a throng of purchasers meanwhile moving to and fro and inspecting the commodities. The women, who are more numerous than the men, squat down in front of their goods and exhibit a peculiar aptitude for their occupation; they solicit the attention of the passer-by, they eulogize the quality of what they offer to sell, they exclaim indignantly when a price is tendered below the proper value, and with insinuating smile beguile their customers to make a purchase. The sale of vegetables is entirely committed to the women.

"The enumeration of the articles exhibited for sale comprises a long list. At Kuzo-Kienzi I have myself seen goats, pigs, fowls, fish (both fresh and smoke-dried), hippopotamus-meat and hides, rows of spitted rats, locusts, shrimps, sweet potatoes, maize, haricot beans, green peas, yams, bananas, earth-nuts, eggs, manioc (cooked as well as raw), manioc-bread, made up both into rolls and long loaves, pineapples, sugar-cane, palm-nuts, tobacco-leaves in considerable quantity, palm-wine supplied either in jars procured from the coast or in their own native calabashes, cabbages, sorrel, spinach, pimento, and punnets of mixed salad arranged very much as in our European market-gardens. In addition to these I noticed a few small lots of ivory, strong ropes of native manufacture, mats, European stuffs in considerable variety, powder, glass, pottery, beads,—in short, almost every conceivable kind of ware.

"Avenues run through the market-place, which is divided into sections each appropriated to its own kind of merchandise; in one place is the ivory-mart, in another the tobacco-mart, by far the greater allotments being assigned to the vegetable department.

"There are three kinds of currency in use,—the handkerchief, the mitaku, which is brass wire, and the blue bead known as *matare.* A class of men who may be

described as a sort of money-changers have their own proper quarters, effecting such exchanges as the business of the market may require.

"As an ordinary rule traffic would commence about ten in the morning and be continued till nearly four in the afternoon; and the close of the market I must reluctantly report is characterized by those scenes of disorder which not unfrequently are witnessed in the like circumstances at home. Immoderate drinking as ever provokes angry disputes, the intoxicating palm-wine being here the substitute for beer and gin."

A pleasing exception is the Lukunga to the general aspect of the Congo-banks in the region of the Falls. Its valley is fertile, and the soil well adapted to the cultivation of any kind of tropical produce, so that attempts have been already made to promote the growth of mountain-rice, coffee, eucalyptus, and other crops.

Stretched across the landscape on the far side of the Lukunga lies the Ndunga range, the loftiest in the entire district, from the middle of which, rearing itself some eight hundred feet above the surrounding eminences, is a quartzose projection, known as Mount Bidi. The summit of this commands an extensive view. At the base of the mountain, between the Congo on the north and the village of Lutete on the east, are valleys rich in vegetation and abounding in plantations, from which the requirements of many villages are supplied. Farther off is a succession of extensive plains, on which dark-green tracts indicate the position of other villages nestling in the shelter of their venerable *safos*. It is here at the Lukunga that the second portion of the Falls district is reached. . . .

A glance at the map at once makes it evident that the Congo, before making its way to the wild ravines of the Falls, opens out into a large expanse of about nine square

miles, approaching to the circular in form, on which Stanley has bestowed his own name, designating it "Stanley Pool."

In all the narratives of the Congo exploration no name is of more frequent occurrence than that of this important lake; no place has been more repeatedly the subject of dispute, as none can have a greater political significance, whilst nowhere has the progress of European occupation been more rapid. Stanley Pool, in fact, is the common port of all the navigable highways above it; it is the terminus of what is one of the finest net-works of rivers in the world, offering for the development of steam navigation a course which in various directions has been surveyed for over eight thousand miles.

Hence steamers can have access to not a few of the most fertile and populous regions of Central Africa. To Stanley Falls and the Aruwimi the route lies along the Congo itself; by the Kasai and Sankullu the way is open to the territory of the Bashilangé and the Baluba; by the Chuapa to the heart of the Balolo country; by the Lomami to the confines of Nyangwe and Urua; and by the Mobangi-Welle to the land of the Niam-niam. . . .

"There are few more charming sights," Captain Thys has written, "than that enjoyed after a tedious and toilsome march of seventeen days through the region of the Falls, when, on attaining the height of Leopoldville, the wide panorama mirrored in Stanley Pool bursts upon the view. The lake lies expanded as an inland sea, and is enclosed by wooded hills of which the outline becomes indistinct in the blue perspective. First, turning to the far extremity of the wide-spread water, the eye rests upon the island of Bamu, looking like an elongation of the Kalina point; the landscape beyond is bounded by the heights on the French shore, which are clothed with verdure, and

which are in close proximity to some rugged white rocks to which Stanley, on account of some resemblance which he traced, gave the name of "Dover Cliffs." On the north shore, the French settlement of Brazzaville comes clearly in view, as well as the stores of the firm of Daumas, Béraud & Co. at Mfua. The opposite bank is lower but equally wooded, and nestling among surrounding plantations can be described the houses of Kinchassa, the Kintamo village, whose chief, Ngaliema, plays so important a part in the story of the foundation of the Free State. Nearest of all, close at our feet, are the buildings of Leopoldville." . . .

Of all [the settlements on Stanley Pool], Leopoldville is considerably the most important. On the slope of a hill a kind of terrace has been formed, where, amidst bananas, mangoes, papaws, palms, and other fruiting trees, stand two lines of dwelling-houses, with their accessory stores and other erections. The hill-sides and the valleys have all been put under cultivation,—fine plantations of manioc, maize, rice, haricots, sweet potatoes, coffee, and cocoa covering an area of somewhere about seventy acres. As to vegetables, no European garden could make a much finer or more varied display,—peas, cabbages, lettuces, onions, leeks, radishes, carrots, all flourish. A little way apart are the enclosures for goats and for donkeys, shelters for larger cattle being in course of construction. Beyond these are clusters of huts of all shapes and dimensions, the homes of the natives and the barracks of the Haoussa and Bangala soldiers; whilst, finally, down by the water's side, there are the carpenters', blacksmiths', and engineers' worksheds, in which steamers are built and repaired with a bustle and activity that would not discredit any European dockyard.

Regularly every morning as the day dawns, the bell

sounds and the negro trumpeter blows his matutinal reveille. The whole settlement awakes, and both terraces and huts are at once full of animation: groups of laborers hasten to the plantations; the goods in the storehouses, delivered the day before, are unpacked; at the forges the sturdy negroes, half naked, wield their ponderous hammers; meanwhile, at the military quarters, the cannibal Bangala are being drilled by European officers, and trained in the use of breech-loaders.

It only bides the time for the railway to be opened with Stanley Pool for its terminus, and a brilliant future must be before the land: the arrival of the first locomotive will be greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. Not the least occasion is there to fear that the natives, like the Chinese some years ago, will proceed to throw rails and engine into the water; the period of their initiation into the arts of civilization has hitherto been brief, but they have already outlived the fabulous age of the dragon with the rabbit's eyes.

[We shall end these selections by a brief description of the Upper Congo.]

Altogether unique is the navigable highway which the Congo forms between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. The distance between these two points is over one thousand miles, or something less than the united length of the Rhine and the Rhone. Its width is nowhere less than four hundred yards, and in many parts extends to several miles; between the points of confluence of the Mongalla and the Itumbiri it is over twenty miles, about the width of the Straits of Dover, and unapproached in magnitude by any other watercourse in the world.

From the district of Bolobo, until it has passed the point of confluence with the Aruwimi, its course is studded with innumerable islands, and a navigator has not unfrequently

the simultaneous choice of ten or more different channels, each in itself a river some hundreds of yards in breadth, and separated by islands that vary from three miles to thirty miles in length. From the entire absence of any external indications, these channels at present require very watchful navigation, and in some parts present a certain amount of danger; but there can be little doubt that when the forthcoming survey has been completed, at least one channel will be proved to exist that is perfectly adapted for rapid navigation, and available to steamers of considerable size.

All the islands appear heavily clothed with vegetation which is reflected in the waters around; palm-trees of five or six species, tamarisks, cotton-trees, acacias, calamus, cola-trees, and gigantic baobabs grow in profusion; and the ubiquitous caoutchouc creeper, with its white blossoms, of which the natives have not yet learnt the value, casts its interlacing growth over the massy forest, as if to throw an impenetrable barrier in the way of any curious intruder.

Any one navigating these narrow channels, with their bordering of flowers and verdure, might almost imagine himself on the ornamental waters of some familiar and cultivated domain. The scene is quite restful to the eye, after the imposing if somewhat monotonous panorama which the river presents when the view stretches afar across the woods and savannas on its shores.

The banks beyond Chumbiri are for the most part low, being only broken by a few hills at Upoto. Everywhere the soil seems wonderfully fertile, and is clothed with a dense vegetation which is frequently enlivened by the more brilliant green of the banana plantations that surround the villages, and by the aid of a telescope may often be made out miles away over the plains beyond the swampy shores of the river.

The population is very irregularly distributed, some large tracts being apparently quite deserted, whilst in others an almost uninterrupted line of villages extends away for miles. Generally friendly, the people not unfrequently are quite hospitable. They come in considerable numbers in their canoes to greet a passing boat, signalling to travellers that they should stop and trade with them, and always showing themselves eager for business transactions.

THE LAND OF THE MOON.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

[Captain Burton, an English traveller, born about 1821, whose numerous works describe journeys in Arabia, South America, Iceland, and Africa, owes his particular distinction in the latter country to his discovery of the great Lake Tanganyika. At the period of his expedition, which left Zanzibar in 1857, nothing was known of the interior in this region, except from reports of Arab traders. The country of Unyamwezi, the Land of the Moon, was believed to be inhabited by fierce and barbarous tribes, but Burton determined to cross it, in search of the "Sea of Ujiji, or Unyamwezi Lake." He was accompanied in this expedition by Captain Speke, the discoverer of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The ascent of the mountain ranges bordering the interior proved a difficult matter. The final episode in this part of his journey is thus described by the traveller:]

THE great labor still remained. Trembling with ague, with swimming heads, ears deafened by weakness, and limbs that would hardly support us, we contemplated with a dogged despair the apparently perpendicular path that ignored a zigzag, and the ladders of root and boulder, hemmed in with tangled vegetation, up which we and our starving, drooping asses were about to toil. On the 10th of September we hardened our hearts, and began to breast

the Pass Terrible. My companion was so weak that he required the aid of two or three supporters; I, much less unnerved, managed with one. After rounding in two places wall-like sheets of rock—at their bases green grass and fresh water were standing close to camp, and yet no one had driven the donkeys to feed—and crossing a bushy jungly step, we faced a long steep of loose white soil and rolling stones, up which we could see the Wanyamwezi porters swarming, more like baboons scaling a precipice than human beings, and the asses falling after every few yards.

As we moved slowly and painfully forward, compelled to lie down by cough, thirst, and fatigue, the *sayhah* or war-cry rang loud from hill to hill, and Indian files of archers and spearmen streamed like lines of black ants in all directions down the paths. The predatory Wahumba, awaiting the caravan's departure, had seized the opportunity of driving the cattle and plundering the villages of Inenge. Two passing parties of men, armed to the teeth, gave us this information; whereupon the negro "Jelai" proposed, fear-maddened, a *sauve qui peut*,—leaving to their fate his employers, who, bearing the mark of Abel in this land of Cain, were ever held to be the head and front of all offence. Khudabakhsh, the brave of braves, being attacked by a slight fever, lay down, declaring himself unable to proceed, moaned like a bereaved mother, and cried for drink like a sick girl. The rest of the Baloch, headed by the jemadar, were in the rear; they levelled their matchlocks at one of the armed parties as it approached them, and, but for the interference of Kidogo, blood would have been shed.

By resting after every few yards, and by clinging to our supporters, we reached, after about six hours, the summit of the Pass Terrible, and there we sat down among the

aromatic flowers and bright shrubs—the gift of mountain dews—to recover strength and breath. My companion could hardly return an answer; he had advanced mechanically and almost in a state of coma. The view from the summit appeared eminently suggestive, perhaps unusually so, because disclosing a retrospect of severe hardships, now past and gone. Below the foreground of giant fractures, huge rocks, and detached boulders, emerging from a shaggy growth of mountain vegetation, with forest glens and hanging woods, black with shade gathering in the steeper folds, appeared, distant yet near, the tawny basin of Inenge, dotted with large square villages, streaked with lines of tender green, that denoted the watercourses, mottled by the shadows of flying clouds, and patched with black where the grass had been freshly fired. A glowing sun gilded the canopy of dense smoke which curtained the nearer plain, and in the background the hazy atmosphere painted with its azure the broken wall of hill which we had traversed on the previous day.

Somewhat revived by the *tramontana* which rolled like an ice-brook down the Pass, we advanced over an easy step of rolling ground, decked with cactus and the flat-topped mimosa, with green grass and bright shrubs, to a small and dirty camp, in a hollow flanked by heights, upon which several settlements appeared. At this place, called the "Great Rubeho," in distinction from its western neighbor, I was compelled to halt. . . .

On the 14th of September, our tempers being sensibly cooled by the weather, we left the hill-top and broke ground upon the counter-slope or landward descent of the Usagara Mountains. Following a narrow footpath that wound along the hill-flanks, on red earth growing thick clumps of cactus and feathery mimosa, after forty-five minutes' march we found a kraal in a swampy green gap,

bisected by a sluggish rivulet that irrigated scanty fields of grain, gourds, and watermelons, the property of distant villagers. For the first time since many days I had strength enough to muster the porters and to inspect their loads. The outfit, which was expected to last a year, had been half exhausted in three months. I summoned Said bin Salim, and passed on to him my anxiety. Like a veritable Arab, he declared, without the least emotion, that we had enough to reach Unyanyembe, where we certainly should be joined by the escort of twenty-two porters. "But how do you know that?" I inquired. "Allah is all-knowing," replied Said; "but the caravan *will* come." Such fatalism is infectious. I ceased to think upon the subject.

On the 15th, after sending forward the luggage, and waiting as agreed upon for the return of the porters to carry my companion, I set out about noon, through hot sunshine tempered by the cool hill-breeze. Emerging from the grassy hollow, the path skirted a well-wooded hill and traversed a small savanna, overgrown with stunted straw and hedged in by a bushy forest. At this point massive trees, here single, there in holts and clumps, foliaged more gloomily than church-yard yews, and studded with delicate pink flowers, rose from the tawny sunburned expanse around, and defended from the fiery glare braky rings of emerald shrubbery, sharply defined as if by the forester's hand. The savanna extended to the edge of a step, which, falling deep and steep, suddenly disclosed to view, below and far beyond the shaggy ribs and the dark ravines and folds of the foreground, the plateau of Ugogo and its eastern desert.

The spectacle was truly impressive. The vault above seemed "an ample æther," raised by its exceeding transparency higher than it is wont to be. Up to the curved rim of the western horizon lay, burnished by the rays of

a burning sun, plains rippled like a yellow sea by the wavy reek of the dancing air, broken towards the north by a few detached cones rising island-like from the surface, and zebraed with long black lines, where bush and scrub and strip of thorn jungle, supplanted upon the watercourses, trending in mazy net-work southward to the Rwaha River, the scorched grass and withered cane-stubbles, which seemed to be the staple growth of the land. There was nothing of effeminate or luxuriant beauty, nothing of the flush and fulness characterizing tropical nature, in this first aspect of Ugogo. It appeared, what it is, stern and wild, —the rough nurse of rugged men,—and perhaps the anticipation of dangers and difficulties ever present to the minds of those preparing to endure the waywardness of its children contributed not a little to the fascination of the scene.

[The table-land of interior Africa being reached, and the territory of Ugogo traversed, the adventurers crossed the borders of Unyamwezi, the "Land of the Moon."]

There is the evidence of barbarous tradition for a belief in the existence of Unyamwezi as a great empire united under a single despot. The elders declare that their patriarchal ancestor became after death the first tree, and afforded shade to his children and descendants. According to the Arabs, the people still perform pilgrimage to a holy tree, and believe that the penalty of sacrilege in cutting off a twig would be visited by sudden and mysterious death. All agree in relating that during the olden time Unyamwezi was united under a single sovereign, whose tribe was the Wakalaganza, still inhabiting the western district, Usagozi. According to the people, whose greatest chronical measure is a *masika*, or rainy season, in the days of the grandfathers of their grandfathers the last of the Wanyamwezi emperors died. His children and nobles divided and dismembered

his dominions, further partitions ensued, and finally the old empire fell into the hands of a rabble of petty chiefs. Their wild computation would point to an epoch of one hundred and fifty years ago,—a date by no means improbable.

These glimmerings of light thrown by African tradition illustrate the accounts given by the early Portuguese concerning the extent and the civilization of the Unyamwezi empire. Moreover, African travellers in the seventeenth century concur in asserting that, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred years ago, there was an outpouring of the barbarians from the heart of Æthiopia and from the shores of the Central Lake towards the eastern and southern coasts of the peninsula, a general waving and wandering of tribes, which caused great ethnological and geographical confusion, public demoralization, dismemberment of races, and change, confusion, and corruption of tongues.

The general character of Unyamwezi is rolling ground, intersected with low conical and tabular hills, whose lines ramify in all directions. No mountain is found in the country. The superjacent stratum is clay, overlying the sandstone based upon various granites, which in some places crop out, picturesquely disposed in blocks and boulders, and huge domes and lumpy masses; iron-stone is met with at a depth varying from five to twelve feet, and at Kazeh, the Arab settlement in Unyanyembe, bits of coarse ore were found by digging not more than four feet in a chance spot. During the rains a coat of many-tinted greens conceals the soil; in the dry season the land is gray, lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide sheets of dark mud. Dwarfed stumps and charred "black-jacks" deform the fields, which are sometimes ditched or

hedged in, while a thin forest of parachute-shaped thorns diversifies the waves of rolling land and earth-hills spotted with sunburnt stone. The reclaimed tracts and clearings are divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle varying from two to twelve miles in length. As in most parts of Eastern Africa, the country is dotted with "fairy mounts,"—dwarf mounds, the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the débris of insect architecture; they appear to be rich ground, as they are always diligently cultivated. The yield of the soil, according to the Arabs, averages sixty-fold, even in unfavorable seasons.

The Land of the Moon, which is the garden of Central Inter-tropical Africa, presents an aspect of peaceful rural beauty which soothes the eye like a medicine after the red glare of barren Ugogo, and the dark monotonous verdure of the western provinces. The inhabitants are comparatively numerous in the villages, which rise at short intervals above their impervious walls of the lustrous green milk-bush, with its coral-shaped arms, variegating the well-hoed plains; while in the pasture-lands frequent herds of many-colored cattle, plump, round-barrelled, and high-humped, like the Indian breeds, and mingled flocks of goats and sheep dispersed over the landscape, suggest ideas of barbarous comfort and plenty. There are few scenes more soft and soothing than a view of Unyamwezi in the balmy evenings of spring. As the large yellow sun nears the horizon, a deep stillness falls upon earth: even the zephyr seems to lose the power of rustling the lightest leaf. The milky haze of mid-day disappears from the firmament, the flush of departing day mantles the distant features of scenery with a lovely rose-tint, and the twilight is an orange glow that burns like distant horizontal fires, passing upward through an imperceptibly graduated scale of colors—saffron, yellow, tender green, and the lightest

azure—into the dark blue of the infinite space above. The charm of the hour seems to affect even the unimaginative Africans, as they sit in the central spaces of their villages, or, stretched under the forest-trees, gaze upon the glories around.

The rainy monsoon is here ushered in, accompanied, and terminated by storms of thunder and lightning, and occasional hail-falls. The blinding flashes of white, yellow, or rose color play over the firmament uninterruptedly for hours, during which no darkness is visible. In the lighter storms thirty and thirty-five flashes may be counted in a minute: so vivid is the glare that it discloses the finest shades of color, and appears followed by a thick and palpable gloom, such as would hang before a blind man's eyes, while a deafening roar, simultaneously following the flash, seems to travel, as it were, to and fro overhead. Several claps sometimes sound almost at the same moment, and as if coming from different directions. The same storm will, after the most violent of its discharges, pass over, and be immediately followed by a second, showing the superabundance of electricity in the atmosphere.

Travellers from Unyamwezi homeward returned often represent that country to be the healthiest in Eastern and Central Africa: they quote, as a proof, the keenness of their appetites, and the quantity of food which they consume. The older residents, however, modify their opinions: they declare that digestion does not wait upon appetite; and that, as in Egypt, Mazanderan, Malabar, and other hot-damp countries, no man long retains rude health. The sequelæ of their maladies are always severe; few care to use remedies, deeming them inefficacious against morbific influences to them unknown; convalescence is protracted, painful, and uncertain, and at length they are compelled to lead the lives of confirmed invalids. The gifts of the

climate, lassitude and indolence, according to them, predispose to corpulence; and the regular warmth induces baldness, and thins the beard, thus assimilating strangers in body as in mind to the aborigines. They are unanimous in quoting a curious effect of climate, which they attribute to a corruption of the "humors and juices of the body." Men who, after a lengthened sojourn in these regions, return to Oman, throw away the surplus provisions brought from the African coast, burn their clothes and bedding, and for the first two or three months eschew society; a peculiar effluvium rendering them, it is said, offensive to the finer olfactories of their compatriots.

The races requiring notice in this region are two, the Wakimbu and the Wanyamwezi.

The Wakimbu, who are immigrants into Unyamwezi, claim a noble origin, and derive themselves from the broad lands running south of Unyanyembe as far westward as K'hokoro. . . . In these regions there are few obstacles to immigrants. They visit the sultan, make a small present, obtain permission to settle, and name the village after their own chief; but the original proprietors still maintain their rights to the soil. The Wakimbu build firmly-stockaded villages, tend cattle, and cultivate sorghum and maize, millet and pulse, cucumbers and watermelons. Apparently they are poor, being generally clad in skins. They barter slaves and ivory in small quantities to the merchants, and some travel to the coast. They are considered treacherous by their neighbors, and Mapokera, the Sultan of Tura, is, according to the Arabs, prone to commit *avanies.* They are known by a number of small lines formed by raising the skin with a needle, and opening it by points laterally between the hair of the temples and the eyebrows. In appearance they are dark and uncomely; their arms are bows and arrows, spears, and knives stuck in the leathern

waist-belt; some wear necklaces of curiously-plaited straw, others a strip of white cow-skin bound around the brow,—a truly savage and African decoration. Their language differs from Kinyamwezi.

The Wanyamwezi tribe, the proprietors of the soil, is the typical race in this portion of Central Africa: its comparative industry and commercial activity have secured to it a superiority over the other kindred races.

The aspect of the Wanyamwezi is alone sufficient to disprove the existence of very elevated lands in this part of the African interior. They are usually of a dark sepia-brown, rarely colored like diluted India ink, as are the Wahiao and slave races to the south, with negroid features markedly less Semitic than the people of the eastern coast. The effluvium from their skins, especially after exercise or excitement, marks their connection with the negro. The hair curls crisply, but it grows to the length of four or five inches before it splits; it is usually twisted into many little ringlets or hanks; it hangs down like a fringe to the neck, and is combed off the forehead after the manner of the ancient Egyptians and the modern Hottentots.

There are but few ceremonies among the Wanyamwezi. A woman about to become a mother retires from the hut to the jungle, and after a few hours returns with a child wrapped in goat-skin upon her back, and probably carrying a load of firewood on her head. The medical treatment of the Arabs with salt and various astringents for forty days is here unknown. Twins are not common as among the Kafir race, and one of the two is invariably put to death; the universal custom among these tribes is for the mother to wrap a gourd or calabash in skins, to place it to sleep with, and to feed it like, the survivor.

If the wife die without issue, the widower claims from her parents the sum paid to them upon marriage; if she leave

a child, the property is preserved for it. When the father can afford it, a birth is celebrated by copious libations of pombe. Children are suckled till the end of the second year. Their only education is in the use of the bow and arrow; after the fourth summer the boy begins to learn archery with diminutive weapons, which are gradually increased in strength. Names are given without ceremony, and, as in the countries to the eastward, many of the heathens have been called after their Arab visitors.

The children in Unyamwezi generally are the property not of the uncle but of the father, who can sell or slay them without blame; in Usukuma or the northern lands, however, succession and inheritance are claimed by the nephews or sisters' sons. The Wanyamwezi have adopted the curious practice of leaving property to their illegitimate children by slave-girls or concubines, to the exclusion of their issue by wives; they justify it by the fact of the former requiring their assistance more than the latter, who have friends and relatives to aid them. As soon as the boy can walk he tends the flocks; after the age of ten he drives the cattle to pasture, and, considering himself independent of his father, he plants a tobacco-plot and aspires to build a hut for himself. There is not a boy "which cannot earn his own meat." . . .

The habitations of the Eastern Wanyamwezi are the *tembe*, which in the west give way to the circular African hut; among the poorer subtribes the dwelling is a mere stack of straw. The best tembe have large projecting eaves supported by uprights: cleanliness, however, can never be expected in them. Having no limestone, the people ornament the inner and outer walls with long lines of ovals formed by pressure of the finger tips, after dipping them in ashes and water for whitewash, and into red clay or black mud for variety of color. With this primitive

material they sometimes attempt rude imitations of nature,—human beings and serpents. In some parts the cross appears, but the people apparently ignore it as a symbol. Rude carving is also attempted upon the massive posts at the entrances of villages, but the figures, though to appearance idolatrous, are never worshipped.

ANIMALS AND PEOPLE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

HERMANN VON WISSMANN.

[Between the years 1880 and 1887, Major Von Wissmann, an adventurous German traveller, made three expeditions to Equatorial Africa, materially increasing our knowledge of the country and its people by his varied and intelligent observations, as well as throwing fresh light on the methods pursued by the Arab slave-hunters. From his work entitled "My Second Journey through Equatorial Africa, from the Congo to the Zambesi, in the Years 1886 and 1887," the following selections are made, being desultory extracts from its pages. In the journey here described he entered at the mouth of the Congo, followed the course of that river to the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika, passed southward down that lake and Lake Nyassa and the river Shire to the Zambesi, which he pursued to its mouth. We begin our selections by an account of animal life on the Congo.]

ARRIVED at Quamouth, at the mouth of the Cassai, we learned that the "Peace" was not due for a week, and we therefore decided to go on a hunting expedition to a district on the Upper Congo, near the mouth of the Lefini, where game is plentiful. The first moonlight night a herd of elephants was seen wading through the stream above the camp. The huge beasts felt so secure that they had given themselves up to the enjoyment of bathing to their hearts' content. They were playfully racing through the

shallow water, chasing each other in their delight, uttering shrieks such as I had never heard before. I crept to the edge of the wood near the bank, but was stopped by a lagoon which emptied itself there. I then rowed up the river in a canoe, making a large curve round the animals; and afterwards drifting up to them, I kept my gun ready to fire. The elephants marked their sense of my nearness by a suspicious snorting, whilst one of them cautiously drove the whole herd out of the water into a thicket. Now the gigantic beasts broke away towards the primeval forest close up to the camp-fires, when, frightened by the glare of the latter, they disappeared into the impenetrable thicket, whither to follow them would have been useless.

In spite of the numbers of elephants, buffaloes, and wild boars, I did not once get the chance of a shot, as it was impossible to creep along either in the primeval forest or in the long grass of the savannas. I therefore returned without prey to Quamouth, where the "Peace" arrived on March 20 to take me up the Cassai. . . .

Being amply provided with fuel, we steamed on until dusk [on March 22], and soon dropped anchor off an island covered with high grass. After dark the island, a pasture-ground for hippopotami, was soon alive with them. I took a short moonlight walk with Herr von Nimptsch, and, disturbing them at their supper, we made these pachydermata scamper heavily away to their place of refuge. Only one of them seemed unwilling to be disturbed; he was standing in the deep grass, and warned us off by snorting rapidly. We tried to make him go on by throwing hard clods of earth at him, but as we did not succeed in moving him, we decided upon retreating and leaving the irritated animal undisturbed.

Next day we passed into an almost inextricable net of channels separated by long-stretching grass-grown islands

and banks. The right bank, as we were told, is inhabited by the Wabuma, the left by the Wanfumu, although the existence of *homo sapiens* could scarcely be credited in the midst of this vast waste of water; nor have I anywhere else got the impression of so undisturbed a desert as in these parts. In this place it was that I with my attendants shot seven elephants and several hippopotami, so that our canoes could scarcely carry the meat which our men were supplied with for several months.

We could almost fancy we were transplanted into an antediluvian period. Fearless, as if man, the most dangerous beast of prey, were unknown in these regions, the huge pachydermata were moving about, while, as a rule, they only leave their protecting waters and the shadow of the primeval forest at night. Hippopotami were lying basking in the hot sun; elephants were marching along the river-side singly and in herds, occasionally bathing in the shallow places of the river, with buffaloes calmly walking among them. We also noticed an abundance of all sorts of birds,—pelicans quietly waiting for their prey, flocks of different kinds of wild ducks which the lagoons were stocked with, beautiful black geese almost resembling swans, and the so-called spur-goose. On some dry branches on the bank were perched lurking cormorants and splendidly-dyed kingfishers; the river eagle was seen proudly soaring along the bank; while white-headed vultures were perching on naked branches, and thousands of lesser birds, such as strand-runners, rails, and fish-hawks, were haunting the place. Different kinds of storks were gravely and solemnly stalking across the flooded islands, and on the bank the large heron was visible in the shade of some overhanging branches.

Apparently undisturbed peace is reigning everywhere among those thousands of different creatures, all enticed

by the mighty stream, with its cooling floods and its abundance of animal life. Now and again the deep-toned voice of the *behemoth* makes the peaceful stillness resound, involuntarily causing one to start. Here one has to get accustomed to sounds that try one's nerves most painfully by their loudness and strangeness. That reminds me of the above-named elephant-hunt in this same neighborhood. We had killed only female animals and young ones, and were surprised not to have found one male among the lot, when in the dead of night the huge creatures came in search of their families. They stopped close to the camp, where the flesh of their mates was being dried by the bright fires. The scent of the blood must have convinced them of the loss they had sustained, for they raised a wailing sound so deep, so strange and mournful, that I was startled from my sleep and deeply touched with the singularly impressive tones. . . .

The primeval forest was everywhere enlivened by numerous parrots and hosts of monkeys, but directly after sunset the deep silence of the desert prevails, which, as a European, you will never experience on your native continent. Be it imagination, be it excitement of the nerves, the slightest sound which at night interrupts the deep quiet seems to startle you. The piercing shrieks of the nocturnal monkey, the spashing of a fish pursued by a crocodile, or the deep thundering of the hippopotamus, causes the auricular nerves to be constantly on the alert.

[The condition of undisturbed freedom and peace of animal life here described, which has doubtless continued for untold centuries, is nearing its end. The white man, with his rifle, is invading the primeval scene like a fatal pestilence, and death by violence will reap a plentiful harvest there in the years to come. Having described the animal life on the Cassai, some account of its human inhabitants will be in order.]

The Lebue forms the boundary between the Bangodi and the numerous tribe of the Badinga. The latter are the most dexterous river navigators I know; a full-manned canoe, in which twelve men, standing behind each other, were handling oars of two metres' length, manages to keep up with the "Peace" [a steam vessel]. Such a full-manned canoe is a beautiful sight, with the stalwart, muscular, dark-brown figures smoothly swinging their oars up and down so as to keep the plumes on their heads in wild motion. Resting one foot on the edge of the vessel, they made the slender canoe glide rapidly along the yellow water, singing in rough tones to the vigorous strokes of their oars. The Badinga always strike me as having particularly muscular thighs and calves. Their gait appears heavy, probably from their almost living in canoes. They have their plantations on islands, or close to the river; the palms that furnish them with wine likewise grow near the water, and on their fishing expeditions they have to make use of a canoe.

The every-day life of the Badinga requires, on the whole, very little exercise besides rowing. In the morning the men, after having basked in the first rays of the sun, will inspect their weir-baskets, collect into their calabashes the wine that during the night has been gathering in the palms, and perhaps visit a neighboring village on the riverside. Then they return home and partake of the meal cooked by their wives, consisting of manioc porridge and roasted sweet potatoes, with dried fish, after which they give themselves up to the enjoyment of their palm wine.

Thus, in districts where the palm grows plentifully, you will often find the male part of the population in a state of intoxication. For this reason, therefore, it is not advisable to visit such countries in the afternoon, for the negro, when intoxicated, is easily inclined to quarrel; he will at

such times even lose the timidity habitual to him; while, if you arrive in the morning, the people have not had time to get into their daily fit of drunkenness, and have enough to do in discussing the wonderful stranger and in preparing their sales. You will very seldom find tipsy women; they have too much work to be able to enjoy their wine undisturbed, as they have to manage the whole farm. Then they have the meals to cook for their lords and masters, to get the fish ready for drying, to keep their cottages clean,—which is mostly done with the utmost neatness,—and to perform those general duties which always fall to the share of our wives and mothers, though there is not much required of a mother here, the baby negroes being literally left to self-education.

[Passing up the Sankurru, an important tributary of the Cassai, and from this stream up its tributary the Lomami, our traveller met another interesting tribe, belonging to that race of dwarfs which seems so wide-spread in Africa.

Our way led across undulating prairie, bordered on the left by immeasurable primeval forest, which, as our guide said, extended without interruption to the Lomami. Behind us we could still distinguish the course of the Sankurru by a streak of fog which, as far as the eye could reach, covered the ground like a gigantic snake, stretching from south to north. The deeply indented brooks were bordered by white sandstone; the crystal water was cool and of pleasant taste.

On passing some miserable villages of the lean little Badingo, we found the population to be evidently a mixture of Batna. The Batna are said to live in the large primeval forest, which we were warned not to enter; the roads, which mostly consist of elephant paths, being very much grown over, and leading through many ravines, which are

very difficult to pass. But as I did not want to turn too far to the south towards the route of my former travels, I took a more northerly direction, which led us into dark primeval forests abounding with lianas, where, before coming on some villages, we had to cut roads which were entirely blocked up by felled trees.

Close behind those barricades some natives, painted black and red, and ready with their bows, stopped our passage. As it was of consequence to me to open peaceable intercourse with the timid savages and to acquire guides, I halted before we reached the villages and pitched a camp. The people called themselves Quitundu, also Betundu, and the village was called Backashocko. They belonged to the Batetela, mixed with Bassonge who had fled into the forests. The shape of the huts was like the Batetela's; small stems, rudely shaped to a point, were roughly joined by trellis-work and covered with grass. Hides and stuffs made from bark covered the hips of the Betundu, whose hair, plaited in two or more stiff tails, stood off their heads like horns.

I was greatly pleased to see in the afternoon some Batua of pure quality, real beauties. The people were short, of a brown-yellowish color, or rather light yellow, with a brown shading. They were long-limbed and thin, though not angular, and wore neither ornaments, painting, nor head-dresses. I was chiefly struck with their beautiful and clever eyes, lighter than those of the Batetela, and their delicate rosy lips, by no means pouting like those of the negro. The demeanor of our new friends, whom I treated with particular kindness, was not savage like that of the Batetela, but rather timidly modest, I may say maidenly shy. The little men on the whole reminded me of portraits of the Bushmen of the south of this continent. Their arms consisted of small bows and delicate arrows, which,

before using, they dip into a calabash filled with poison which they carry fastened in their belts.

By means of great patience and a continual encouraging smile, and by forcing my voice to the most gentle intonation I could manage, I succeeded in communicating with them, and catching some of their idiomatic expressions, which entirely differed from those of the other tribes. . . .

For each word the Batna told me I gave them a bead, in giving them which I had to be careful not to touch them, for my coming near them made them start with fear. Bugslag approached them, kindly talking the while, armed with a long pole which he raised behind one of the dwarfs; then he suddenly made his hand glide down until he touched the dwarf's head. As if struck by lightning, the little savage took to his heels; but we succeeded later in taking the measurements of some Batna who came to visit us, all varying from 1.45 to 1.40 metres [from four feet seven inches to four feet nine inches]. I never saw any women among them. The difference between the young and the old men was very striking. While the young people, with their rounded figures, their fresh complexions, and above all their graceful, easy, quiet motions, made an agreeable impression, the old might literally be called painfully ugly. The reason of which seems to be the poor food and the savage and roving life in the primeval forest. In consequence of their extreme leanness, the deeply wrinkled skin of the body assumed the color of parchment. The long limbs were perfectly withered, and the head appeared disproportionately large on account of the thinness of the neck. The people conversed rapidly and with much emphasis; the young greatly respecting the word of the old.

Here, as I had everywhere occasion to observe, the Batna were, on the whole, not so much despised by the Bassonge tribes as by the Baluba; they were very much

feared on account of the poison of their arrows, which was said to be very fatal in its consequences. We were told that the Batna were soon going to kill the powerful chief Zappu Zapp, who had made himself master throughout this neighborhood.

The real home of the Batna is the dark primeval forest, which in all seasons yields a variety of fruits,—perhaps only known to and eaten by them,—roots, fungi, or herbs, and especially meat, the latter consisting of lesser and lower animals, as rats, nocturnal monkeys, bats, a number of rodentia, many of which may be unknown, now and then a wild boar, a monkey, and by chance even an elephant. Other game is not found in the primeval forest, but of smaller animals there is all the more abundance. Caterpillars, cicadas, white ants, and chrysalides also offer an abundant change.

Henceforward we frequently met Batna, without, however, being able to make any observations, the little folk being too much reserved to come forward at all. On the morning of our departure some Batna approached me with a trifling present of manioc roots, and when I smilingly refused it, they pursued me, imploring me to accept it; upon my granting their wish they went away contented. On the previous day I had given these Batna some small presents in the hope of augmenting my stock of words; they evidently acted in this way under the impression that my presents, if they did not return them, would give me some power over them. Such mistrust is quite a mark of the genuine savage.

The deep quiet of the primeval forest, which continually put obstacles in our way, thus causing much work and trouble, was scarcely interrupted by the note of a bird. I rarely remember to have heard the piercing cry of the helmet-bird of an evening, or the noise produced by the

rustling wings of the rhinoceros-bird. Only the white ants were incessantly making a rustling sound at their work. Any attempt at astronomical work had to be abandoned under this never-opening leafy roof.

[We shall conclude with a description of the habits of some tribes in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa.]

The Wakonde burn their corpses three days after death, life having then without any doubt fled from the body; the ashes are collected into small jars and preserved by the family. These tribes often also dissect their dead, especially if the reason for death is not quite clear. They open the stomach with a piece of palm bark, and examine its walls and contents.

The Wawemba bury their dead, but in the course of three days they open the grave, take out the corpse, and completely dissect it; they cut the flesh off the bones, and after having anointed the latter with oil they scatter them in the savanna.

A kind of ordeal, such as I have found to be extensively practised in Inner Angola, is frequently used here for settling disputes. If any offence is to be investigated, all the persons in question are assembled in a circle. The chief takes up a wooden instrument exactly resembling the toy known among our children as a "Soldatenschere." While repeating the nature of the offence, this "Soldatenschere" makes its apparently automatic movements, then suddenly folding up hits the breast of the offender.

In order to search for stolen objects they make use of a board with a handle at each end. Two persons suspected of theft are compelled to take hold of the handle crosswise, and are led by the judge to the place where the stolen article is supposed to be hid. The two, in a bent attitude, are made to move the board close along the ground or the

wall of the hut. The evil conscience of one of the two is noticed by the other in his movement when approaching the hidden object, and in order to be released from suspicion the former calls the judge's attention to this circumstance.

In accordance with the habit in West Africa, it is customary among these tribes to settle a dispute between two persons by drinking a poisonous draught. There is a certain poisonous bark which, boiled in water and millet beer, rarely causes death, but either instant vomiting or violent swelling of the stomach and great pain. The two persons in question have to drink of this beverage, and the one who vomits is cleared of the suspicion.

The succession to the dignity of chief does not pass to the sons of the chief, but to his eldest sister's eldest son. If this is not possible, a new chief is elected. They assemble and hold a grand banquet, at which much millet beer is drunk, and discuss who is to be elected. As soon as the greater number of the drinkers are agreed, the whole assembly throw themselves on the one selected, seize and bind him, and take him into the common hut, where he is released from his fetters and proclaimed chief. If he shows himself at all timid at this sudden and startling attack, or attempts to flee, they agree upon some one else.

The greatest festival of the year, which here as with us consists of twelve months, is the festival of the new fire. Throughout the country the fires are extinguished on the eve of the holiday and the ashes carried to a heap outside the village. Then a great carousing commences, and as soon as the moon has attained a certain height the chief begins to make a new fire for the coming year. Into a small square board of soft dry wood, which in the centre has a little funnel-shaped opening, a span-long peg of wood pointed at the end is inserted and twirled round by the chief until the soft wood begins to glow. The first spark

is kindled by vigorous blowing, and taken up with pieces of tinder by the wives of the chiefs, who in their turn distribute them to the women passing around. This fire has to last for the next twelve months.

Polygamy rarely occurs among the tribes I have mentioned; only rich people indulge in the luxury of a harem, the number of women in which never exceeds three. When a girl has developed into a woman, she is put into a state of intoxication by strong drinks, painted white and red, and laid before the parental hut, so as to show the villagers and fellow-tribesmen that they may now woo the beauty. A suitor first makes himself known to the girl's mother, and in the evening now and again throws small presents for her parents into their house. If they are thrown out again, the suitor is dismissed; if accepted, he has to continue them until the father and mother declare themselves satisfied and consent to the wooer fetching their daughter. If the woman objects, all the presents or their worth have to be returned; if she consents, she is, with the assistance of other young villagers, taken by force from her parents' hut at night, and, according to custom, she is brought, screaming and struggling, into the hut of her lover, where the whole village assembles, singing and drinking.

DISCOVERY OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

[In a previous paper some incidents of Captain Burton's journey inland from the coast of Zanzibar were given, with his description of the inhabitants of the "Land of the Moon." In the present one is recorded his discovery of the great inland lake of south-central Africa, and his exploration of its waters. After a severe struggle with

the tropical luxuriance of grasses and reeds through which the approach to the lake led, Burton rode to the summit of a steep and stony hill, where he asked his servant, Bombay, "What is that streak of light which lies below?" "I am of the opinion," said Bombay, "that that is *the* water." A few yards farther, and a scene burst upon his view that filled him with wonder and delight.]

NOTHING, in sooth, could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the foot-path zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere and marvellously fertile, shelves towards a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking wavelets. Farther in front stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The background in front is a high and broken wall of steel-colored mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply pencilled against the azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-color, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave.

To the south, and opposite the long low point behind which the Malagarazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape, which, like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the

neatness and finish of art,—mosques and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards,—contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken *coup d'œil* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove creeks on the East African seaboard, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for soul and sight.

[Early the next morning Burton procured a boat, and set out over the quiet water towards the town of Ujiji, his present destination. He was surprised to see no indications of the important commercial mart he had been led to expect.]

Around the ghaut a few scattered huts, in the humblest beehive shape, represented the port-town. Advancing some hundred yards through a din of shouts and screams, tom-toms, and trumpets, which defies description, and mobbed by a swarm of black beings, whose eyes seemed about to start from their heads with surprise, I passed a relic of Arab civilization, the "bazaar." It is a plot of higher ground, cleared of grass, and flanked by a crooked tree; there between ten A.M. and three P.M.—weather permitting—a mass of standing and squatting negroes buy and sell, barter and exchange, offer and chaffer with a hubhub heard for miles, and there a spear- or dagger-thrust brings on, by no means unfrequently, a skirmishing faction-fight. The articles exposed for sale are sometimes goats, sheep, and poultry, generally fish, vegetables, and a few fruits, plantains, and melons; palm wine is a staple commodity, and occasionally an ivory or a slave is hawked

about; those industriously disposed employ themselves during the intervals of bargaining in spinning a coarse yarn with the rudest spindle, or in picking the cotton, which is placed in little baskets on the ground.

I was led to a ruinous tembe, built by an Arab merchant, Hamid bin Salim, who had allowed it to be tenanted by ticks and slaves. Situated, however, half a mile from, and backed by, the little village of Kawele, whose mushroom huts barely protruded their summits above the dense vegetation, and placed at a similar distance from the water in front, it had the double advantage of proximity to provisions, and of a view which at first was highly enjoyable. The Tanganyika is ever seen to advantage from its shores; upon its surface the sight wearies with the unvarying tintage,—all shining greens and hazy blues,—while continuous parallels of lofty hills, like the sides of a huge trough, close the prospect and suggest the idea of confinement. . . .

Ujiji—also called Manyofo, which appears, however, peculiar to a certain sultanat or district—is the name of a province, not, as has been represented, of a single town. It was first visited by the Arabs about 1840, ten years after they had penetrated to Unyamwezi; they found it conveniently situated as a mart upon the Tanganyika Lake, and a central point where their depots might be established, and whence their factors and slaves could navigate the waters and collect slaves and ivory from the tribes upon its banks.

Abundant humidity and a fertile soil, evidenced by the large forest-trees and the profusion of ferns, render Ujiji the most productive province in this section of Africa: vegetables, which must elsewhere be cultivated, here seem to flourish almost spontaneously. Rice of excellent quality was formerly raised by the Arabs upon the shores of the Tanganyika; it grew luxuriantly, attaining, it is said, the height of eight or nine feet. The inhabitants, however,

preferring sorghum, and wearied out by the depredations of the monkey, the elephant, and the hippopotamus, have allowed the more civilized cereal to degenerate.

The bazaar at Ujiji is well supplied. Fresh fish of various kinds is always procurable, except during the violence of the rains: the people, however, invariably cut it up and clean it out before bringing it to market. Good honey abounds after the wet monsoon. By the favor of the chief, milk and butter may be purchased every day. Long-tailed sheep and well-bred goats, poultry and eggs,—the two latter are never eaten by the people,—are brought in from the adjoining countries: the Arabs breed a few Manilla ducks, and the people rear, but will not sell, pigeons. . . .

The lakists are an almost amphibious race, excellent divers, strong swimmers and fishermen, and vigorous ichthyophagists all. At times, when excited by the morning coolness and by the prospect of a good haul, they indulge in a manner of merriment which resembles the gambols of sportive water-fowls: standing upright and balancing themselves in their hollow logs, which appear but little larger than themselves, they strike the water furiously with their paddles, skimming over the surface, dashing to and fro, splashing one another, urging forward, backing, and wheeling their craft, now capsizing, then regaining their position with wonderful dexterity. They make coarse hooks, and have many varieties of nets and creels. Conspicuous on the waters and in the villages is the dewa, or "otter" of Oman, a triangle of stout reeds, which shows the position of the net. A stronger kind, and used for the larger ground-fish, is a cage of open basket-work, provided like the former with a bait and two entrances. The fish once entangled cannot escape, and a log of wood used as a trimmer, attached to a float-rope of rushy plants, directs the fisherman.

The Wajiji are considered by the Arabs to be the most troublesome race in these black regions. They are taught by the example of their chiefs to be rude, insolent, and extortionate; they demand beads even for pointing out the road; they will deride and imitate a stranger's speech and manner before his face; they can do nothing without a long preliminary of the fiercest scolding; they are as ready with a blow as with a word; and they may often be seen playing at "rough and tumble," fighting, pushing, and tearing hair, in their boats. A Mjiji uses his dagger or his spear upon a guest with little hesitation; he thinks twice, however, before drawing blood, if it will cause a feud. Their roughness of manner is dashed with a curious ceremoniousness. When the sultan appears among his people, he stands in a circle and claps his hands, to which all respond in the same way. Women courtesy to one another, bending the right knee almost to the ground. When two men meet, they clasp each other's arms with both hands, rubbing them up and down, and ejaculating for some minutes, ' Nama sanga? nama sanga?"—Art thou well? They then pass the hands down to the forearm, exclaiming, "Wáhke? wáhke?"—How art thou? and finally they clap palms at each other, a token of respect which appears common to these tribes of Central Africa. The children have all the frowning and unprepossessing look of their parents; they reject little civilities, and seem to spend life in disputes, biting and clawing like wild-cats. There appears to be little family affection in this undemonstrative race. . . .

At first the cold damp climate of the Lake Regions did not agree with us; perhaps, too, the fish diet was over-rich and fat, and the abundance of vegetables led to little excesses. All energy seemed to have abandoned us. I lay for a fortnight upon the earth, too blind to read or write

except with long intervals, too weak to ride, and too ill to converse. My companion, who, when arriving at the Tanganyika Lake, was almost as "groggy" upon his legs as I was, suffered from a painful ophthalmia, and from a curious distortion of face, which made him chew sideways, like a ruminant. Valentine was nearly blind; and he also had a wry mouth, by no means the properest for the process of mastication. Gaetano, who arrived at Ujiji on the 17th of February, was half starved, and his anxiety to make up for lost time brought on a severe attack of fever. The Baloch complained of influenzas and catarrhs: too lazy to build huts after occupying Kannena's "Traveller's Bungalow" for the usual week, they had been turned out in favor of fresh visitors, and their tempers were as sore as their lungs and throats.

[Having procured canoes, Burton set out to explore the lake to the north, where he was told a large river flowed from it. For several days they coasted along the eastern shore.]

This is the place for a few words concerning boating and voyaging upon the Tanganyika Lake. The Wajiji, and indeed all these races, never work silently or regularly. The paddling is accompanied by a long, monotonous, melancholy howl, answered by the yells and shouts of the chorus, and broken occasionally by a shrill scream of delight from the boys which seems violently to excite the adults. The bray and clang of the horns, shaums, and tom-toms, blown and banged incessantly by one or more men in the bow of each canoe, made worse by brazen-lunged imitations of these instruments in the squeaking trebles of the younger paddlers, lasts throughout the live-long day, except when terror induces a general silence.

These "Wáná Máji"—sons of water—work in "spirts," applying lustily to the task till the perspiration pours

down their sooty persons. Despite my remonstrances, they insisted upon splashing the water in shovelfuls over the canoe. They make terribly long faces, however, they tremble like dogs in a storm of sleet, and they are ready to whimper when compelled by sickness or accident to sit with me under the endless cold-wave bath in the hold. After a few minutes of exertion, fatigued and worn, they stop to quarrel, or they progress languidly till recruited for another effort. When two boats are together they race continually till a bump—the signal for a general grin—and the difficulty of using the entangled paddles afford an excuse for a little loitering, and for the loud chatter and violent abuse without which apparently this people cannot hold converse. At times they halt to eat, drink, and smoke: the bhang-pipe is produced after every hour, and the paddles are taken in while they indulge in the usual screaming, convulsive, whooping cough. They halt for their own purposes, but not for ours; all powers of persuasion fail when they are requested to put into a likely place for collecting shells or stones.

For some superstitious reason they allow no questions to be asked; they will not dip a pot for water into the lake, fearing to be followed and perhaps boarded by crocodiles, which are hated and dreaded by these black navigators, much as is the shark by our seamen; and for the same cause not a scrap of food must be thrown overboard; even the offal must be cast into the hold. "Whittling" is here a mortal sin: to chip or break off the smallest bit of even a condemned old tub drawn up on the beach causes a serious disturbance. By the advice of a kind and amiable friend, I had supplied myself with the desiderata for sounding and ascertaining the bottom of the lake: the crew would have seen me under water rather than halt for a moment when it did not suit their purpose. The wild

men lose half an hour, when time is most precious, to secure a dead fish as it floats past the canoe entangled in its net. They never pass a village without a dispute, some wishing to land, others objecting because some wish it. The captain, who occupies some comfortable place in the bow, stern, or waist, has little authority; and if the canoe be allowed to touch the shore, its men will spring out, without an idea of consulting aught beyond their own inclinations. Arrived at the halting-place, they pour on shore; some proceed to gather firewood, others go in search of rations, and others raise the boothies.

[The explorer failed to reach the northern extremity of the lake, and to see the river spoken of, through troubles with the Arabs and his rowers. He also found himself without sufficient goods to enable him to obtain the means of exploring the lake south of the Ujiji. He had barely enough to reach the coast by the shortest route, and was forced to be content with what he had already learned. He thus sums up the result of his observations on the lake.]

The Tanganyika occupies the centre of the length of the African continent, which extends from 32° N. to 33° S. latitude, and it lies on the western extremity of the eastern third of the breadth. Its general direction is parallel to the inner African line of volcanic action drawn from Gondar southward through the regions about Kilimangáo (Kilimanjáro) to Mount Njesa, the eastern wall of the Nyassa Lake. The general formation suggests, as in the case of the Dead Sea, the idea of a volcano of depression, —not, like the Nyanza or Ukerewe, a vast reservoir formed by the drainage of mountains. Judging from the eye, the walls of this basin rise in an almost continuous curtain, rarely waving and infracted, to two thousand or three thousand feet above the water-level. The lower slopes are well wooded: upon the higher summits large trees are said not to grow; the deficiency of soil, and the

prevalence of high, fierce winds, would account for the phenomena. The lay is almost due north and south, and the form a long oval, widening in the central portions and contracting systematically at both extremities.

[The total length is somewhat less than two hundred and fifty geographical miles.]

About Ujiji the water appears to vary in breadth from thirty to thirty-five miles, but the serpentine form of the banks, with a succession of serrations and indentations of salient and re-entering angles,—some jutting far and irregularly into the bed,—render the estimate of average difficult. The Arabs agree in correctly stating, that opposite Ujiji the shortest breadth of the lake is about equal to the channel which divides Zanzibar from the mainland, or between twenty-three and twenty-four miles. At Uvira the breadth narrows to eight miles. Assuming, therefore, the total length at two hundred and fifty, and the mean breadth at twenty geographical miles, the circumference of the Tanganyika would represent, in round numbers, a total of five hundred and fifty miles; the superficial area, which seems to vary little, covers about five thousand square miles. . . .

A careful investigation and comparison of statements leads to the belief that the Tanganyika receives and absorbs the whole river-system—the net-work of streams, nullahs, and torrents—of that portion of the Central African depression whose water-shed converges towards the great reservoir. Geographers will doubt that such a mass, situated at so considerable an altitude, can maintain its level without an effluent. Moreover, the freshness of the water would, under normal circumstances, argue the escape of saline matter washed down by the influents from the area of drainage. But may not the Tanganyika, situated, like the Dead Sea, as the reservoir for supplying with humidity

the winds which have parted with their moisture in the barren and arid regions of the south, maintain its general level by the exact balance of supply and evaporation? And may not the saline particles deposited in its waters be wanting in some constituent which renders them evident to the taste?

LAKES TANGANYIKA AND NYASSA AND THE SHIRÉ RIVER.

HERMANN VON WISSMANN.

Wissmann's journey through Equatorial Africa led him, in its final course, to Lake Tanganyika, down which he passed from Ujiji to the road leading to Lake Nyassa. Embarking on the latter lake, he sailed down its length, and then pursued his journey by way of the Shiré River to the Zambesi, whose waters quickly brought him to civilized settlements. We take him up in his journey on the waters of the first-named lake.]

THE water of the lake is clear, of a somewhat brackish taste, caused, I suppose, by its saline contents. The banks are covered with many different shells. Sea-gulls were very plentiful, whereas I saw fresh-water birds only near the mouths of rivers and brooks. These were the only spots where we found hippopotami and crocodiles, which are said to venture exceptionally far into the lake. During the day we had to encounter high breakers and a smart breeze, which made rowing very difficult. In the evening it generally grew calmer, or a land breeze would set in, enabling us to sail along the coast southward.

We always proceeded on our nocturnal journeys until the smart morning breeze set in, when we sought refuge in a sheltering port, and rested until the abating of the wind permitted us to continue our journey. Our Wajiji would sometimes throw beads and pieces of stuff into the water

in order to pacify the water-spirit. When the weather was calm, and I forced them to take the oars, they would wheeze like German water-rats. As the thunder-storms during the rainy season often bring violent gales in their train, a vessel used on the Tanganyika should be a thoroughly seaworthy ship. . . .

When we resumed our journey we sailed for three hours through yellow-tinted waters; the color was owing to small flakes, probably the seeds of a water-plant. The banks became more rocky and picturesque; huge boulders forming high precipices caused immense breakers. From the boat we observed a couple of leopards with two cubs basking on one of the rocks. I landed with Bugslag, but we missed the chance of firing at them by trying to creep closer along; the handsome creatures had disappeared in the maze of rocks. Vexed at our failure, we were just about to return, when deep below us among the rubble we distinctly heard the mewing of the young leopards, but could not in any way succeed in getting at them.

The banks grew more and more splendid. Immense pillars projected into the deep green water; passages and capes more than ten metres high opened out below the rocks. The wild scenery, now and again interrupted by luxuriant vegetation in connection with the conformations of the rocks, presented a striking picture. A herd of about one hundred baboons suffered us to pass them without showing any more irritation than the short disconnected tones of surprise peculiar to them, which resemble the startled cry of a roebuck. By shooting into the water, not at the monkeys,—for ever since I saw a large ape in the agony of death I have entirely lost my taste for such animal hunts, —a most ridiculous scene was brought about. Shrieks, barking, and quarrelling proceeded from each throat of this young party. The strange figures, among which we

were struck by some species of nearly double the ordinary size, waddled and galloped in grotesque leaps up the precipice, and a shower of rubble and stones, among them boulders of several hundred-weight, kept tumbling down to us into the lake.

Our people roared with laughter, and would have it that the monkeys had aimed at us. For further observation I shot once more, and again a shower of stones pelted down upon us, so that I felt inclined to agree with the Wajiji; for the number of stones was too great to have rolled down accidentally under the movements of the flying monkeys.

In the splendidly clear waters, in which we could see stones at about fifteen metres' distance, we noticed great abundance of fish, by which our Wajiji greatly profited. . . .

From Niumkorlo [where the lake was left, near its southern end, for the land journey to the Nyassa] we ascended the steep and rocky slope; we passed the Nunsua and Manbesi, and encamped in the wilderness in a meadow pleasantly relieved by an immeasurable tree-savanna. The rainy season having set in, many watercourses were rushing down to the lake in magnificent cascades, which, wherever they came to a stand-still, formed bogs and pools, and so afforded a favorite resort for buffaloes. Guinea-fowls were very plentiful, and for the last few days had rarely been wanting on board. I never saw wild grapes so large and sweet as they were here.

[We shall not follow our traveller on his journey overland to the Nyassa, it being attended by no incident of special interest, but return to him after his embarkation on the waters of this important lake.]

The Nyassa, in its shape and situation and meterological aspects, greatly resembles the Tanganyika. Here, as there, a strong southeasterly breeze blows continually during the

dry season, causing a very rough sea; here, as there, the calm is frequently interrupted by thunder-storms, which, however, are said not to be accompanied by such gales as are met with on the Tanganyika. During the rainy season water-spouts are frequent. Far more rain falls in the peninsulas or promontories projecting into the lake than farther inland. On the whole, more rain falls on the lake than on the coast.

Navigation on this lake is difficult, as the sands reach out to a distance of five English miles from the shore, while reefs threaten the navigation for sometimes two English miles off the coast. Huge rocks tower here and there from the sandy shallows, or form a striking contrast to the light-colored sand beneath the clear water. Contrary to the frequently brackish water of the Tanganyika, that of the Nyassa is clear and sweet, which accounts for the entirely different fauna of the lake. That of the Tanganyika more nearly resembles that of the sea, while the Nyassa is the abode of animals which are observed in every fresh-water lake.

The beach of the Tanganyika is covered with many kinds of shells, gulls and sea-swallows sport on the banks, while fresh-water birds are only found at the mouths of the rivers. The banks of the Nyassa are destitute of shells; there are no sea-nettles, as on the other lake; and cormorants everywhere perch on the bare trees at the water-side,—trees that have died as a result of the noxious excrement of these birds. Where the banks of the Nyassa are uninhabited, they display abundance of game. Buffaloes, wild antelopes, and giraffes are frequent; and from the mainland the sound of the lion's roar, an animal that can live only where there is plenty of game, induced us to undertake frequent hunting expeditions in places where we dropped anchor for cutting wood.

Bugslag once shot an antelope near the bank, and came to the beach to call some people to carry the game to the boat. On returning he found only scanty remains of the animal, which had been torn to pieces; with difficulty he succeeded in driving away some impudent vultures. Traces showed that during his absence some hyenas had possessed themselves of the prey. In similar cases I have spread my handkerchief or part of my clothes on the game, and so caused the beasts of prey to be scared away by scenting the nearness of man.

One evening our men, who had been fetching fire-wood to the beach, were sitting round the fire they had made, when suddenly a buffalo broke from a thicket and hurried past them. Immediately behind him two lions jumped out, but, frightened by the fire and the presence of men, they abstained from pursuing the buffalo any farther, and after a short pause retreated into the thicket.

At one point of the lake, where lagoons, intersected by jungles and thickets of reeds, stretched for miles backward, we dropped anchor one evening, but could scarcely get any sleep on account of the incessant roaring and trampling of hundreds of hippopotami, which in the evening exchange the lagoons for the banks of the lake.

Next day I landed with Bugslag and entered upon a wilderness, than which a better cannot be imagined for the home of the huge behemoth. Lagoons, creeks, and dried-up watercourses furrowed in inextricable lines on either muddy or sandy flat, covered with jungle-like reeds or marshy plants. Only the splashing of a frightened hippopotamus, or a short, far-sounding bellow, interrupted the deep calm of this pathless wilderness, where only the narrow tunnel-shaped dwellings of the huge pachydermata, running through the jungles, could be traced. Once, when knee-deep in the water in a bent attitude, proceeding

among the jungles which closed immediately above our heads, we suddenly met a gigantic hippopotamus. For a moment the animal stopped short, and afterwards, to our great satisfaction, broke away in a side direction. After this startling encounter we preferred giving up the exploration of this wilderness.

In the south the lake scenery is beautiful. High hills advance there close to the bank, tongues of land form harbors, and many islands or high reefs of rocks break the monotony of the flat banks. The traffic on the lake is not so lively as on the Tanganyika.

On the west side of the Nyassa are two large settlements of slave-traders, Arabs and people of Kilwa and Lindi. These Arabs transact their chief business with the murderous Wawemba. They supply the latter with guns, powder, cloth, and beads in exchange for slaves. Ivory is, in proportion, rarely brought here, for in these latitudes—I may say from the eighth degree south latitude southward—the gun is found throughout the continent, and this has immensely decreased the number of elephants. Only in large pathless deserts is the elephant still found as stationary game.

Bugslag, in cutting wood for the steamer, came upon a large settlement of slave-catchers, those nefarious vagabonds who depopulate Africa; the same miserable robbers of human flesh and blood, with the same insolence and barbarism usual with men of such an occupation, as in the northern centres of the slave-trade. Nay, he was thankful to find himself on board again unscathed, for he had been jeered at and threatened.

[There are also missionary stations adjoining the Nyassa, but apparently much less successful in their purpose than are the slave-traders. He thus describes one of these:]

In a harbor much sheltered by islands we dropped anchor off the missionary station Livingstonia. This rather neglected station was inhabited by only one black schoolmaster. The climate is so fatal that the missionary societies have abandoned the idea of sending white men or Europeans to this place. A very large number of graves bore witness to the unhealthy nature of this locality, which in its outer dress has been so much favored by nature. From the ever-smooth, deep-blue, narrow harbor the mainland soon rises to an imposing height, only leaving a short strip of level land on the banks. Fan-palms and huge adansonias surround the banks, and numerous villages peep out of the thickets of bananas. The southern part of the lake is rich in fish, and in the evening the great number of fishing-canoes, lighted up with fires, presented a splendid picture.

On the 26th [of July, 1887] we entered the affluent of the Nyassa, the Shiré. This river varies in breadth from eighty to one hundred metres, and has at its commencement level banks, here and there showing thickets of reeds and papyrus. The coasts are densely populated, and when busy crossing an apparently much-frequented ferry, we met a slave caravan with Arabs. This is the most southern point visited by Arabs; farther south and southwest the tribes are too numerous and strongly armed to make slave-hunting profitable.

After some little time the Shiré falls into a lake of about two German miles in length. This is the Pamolondo, which has particularly clear water, and such an equal depth that we measured everywhere almost exactly ten feet. This little lake greatly abounds in fish, and never have I seen pelicans in such numbers as here. In the same latitude as before the Shiré flows out of the small lake. The banks of the river change, are less populated, and consequently abound in game, as does the river itself, which abounds

with hippopotami and crocodiles. We often saw large droves of zebras, and at night frequently heard the mighty thundering voice of the lord of the desert.

On the 28th we reached Mutope, a small station of the Commercial Company, and with it for the present the end of our journey; for some way farther down rapids and small falls interrupt the navigation of the river. . . .

Choosing a broad road with traces of wheels, I rode in advance of my troop on a horse sent to meet me, and in the afternoon reached Blantyre, the large Scotch missionary station, and afterwards Mandala, the station of the African Lakes Company. The broad roads, the avenues of beautiful lofty trees, mostly eucalyptus, the numerous houses, neatly built in European fashion of bricks, with glass windows, and surrounded by pretty gardens, fields of European corn, and similar signs of civilization, awakened within me the same comfortable feeling as if I had been in Europe.

These two settlements are the best and most highly developed I have seen in Inner Africa. A large number of merchants, missionaries, schoolmasters, tradespeople, and fine ladies, all Scotch by birth, formed a colony imposing for these parts, and their looks proved the climate to be comparatively healthy. Both stations may be considered prominent test stations for this part of the tropics, for I could scarcely say what has been unattempted in the way of garden and field culture, plantations, and cattle-breeding. At the missionary station corn, vegetables, and flowers were cultivated, and cattle bred, for the maintenance of the black and white population; but they had at Mandala, after several attempts, fallen back chiefly upon coffee plantations, and had even brought over the necessary apparatus for husking and cleansing the coffee.

It would lead me too far were I to enlarge upon the

results of the different experiments. But not to give the reader a wrong idea of the results of such undertakings, I must not omit to mention that large sums of money, probably mostly arising from pious legacies, were invested here without the necessity of obtaining corresponding interest. An undertaking meant to pay cannot from the beginning be furnished with such comfort—I might say luxury—as these two stations, one of which, the missionary station, was founded and is maintained by donations, which, practically speaking, *à fond perdu*, have only been given for converting the heathen to Christianity. The African Lakes Company is likewise partly a commercial, partly a missionary, association, and in like manner chiefly subsists on donations. . . .

I resumed my downward journey on the Shiré on the 25th. The first two or three German miles of the river can hardly be called navigable, on account of the islands, sands, and narrow channels. The river, which now and then assumes the shape of lagoons, has deep banks, with plain grass savanna relieved by groves of borassus palms. The banks are in some places literally covered with crocodiles, of which Bugslag and I shot a large number. The muscular power of such a reptile is remarkable. The animal, after being hit, would jump up repeatedly more than a metre high; then he would throw himself on his back and lie dead on the spot. Others, not mortally wounded, would plunge into the river with extraordinarily vigorous leaps. In some places we came upon such numbers of hippopotami that now and then they endangered the safety of the boat. What sounded like the distant rolling of thunder once made us start up in wonder, it being the dry season and the sky being serene; but a violent vibration of the boat afterwards, and the rising of air-bubbles alongside, convinced us that it had been caused by the

snorting of a hippopotamus, which strangely resembles the noise of distant thunder. . . .

A very comical sight, which incited our black followers to roars of laughter, was a gigantic heron standing in the shallow water, shot through his wing. The bird had attacked with his beak one of my men who went to fetch him, pushed the man on in front till he fell down in the water, and belabored him till a shot from Bugslag's gun wounded the heron's wing and put an end to this unequal struggle.

On the 27th we passed a vast level and monotonous wilderness, where now and then fan-palms towered above the high grass and low brushwood. Elephants were still plentiful in this wilderness, as we learned from their many tracks leading into the water; but though we had been told at Mandala that we should frequently encounter large herds of them, we scarcely caught sight of one. There were, however, large flocks of antelopes, more numerous than I have ever before seen them. Out of a flock of at least one hundred and fifty, Bugslag shot a large ram, which supplied us with meat for three days. . . .

Next day we passed, on the right, some enormous lagoons, stretching far into the land, and supplied by a branch of the Shiré. A shot at a crocodile had an extraordinary effect. Clouds of birds, which enlivened the sloughs and lagoons, rose with a deafening noise. Ducks, geese, pelicans, herons, storks, rails, snipe, and innumerable other species in many thousands suddenly disturbed the still life of the water-waste. On the 31st the caravan pulled from the waters of the Shiré into the broad, imposing Father Zambesi.

[On August 8 the Portuguese harbor of Quilimane, at the mouth of the Zambesi, was reached, and the long journey through barbaric lands was at an end.]

THE PEOPLE AND FORESTS OF EASTERN AFRICA.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

[The description of Africa by travellers began, a fraction of a century ago, by long-drawn-out narratives of a plunge into the unknown, an incessant battle with man and nature, and an unceasing feast of mysteries. Such is rapidly ceasing to be the case. Africa is no longer a "dark continent." It has been traversed east and west, north and south, and the more recent travellers are beginning to take up the fragments of detail which their predecessors left untouched. Drummond's "Tropical Africa" is one of these later works, and from it we have chosen a description of African forest paths which has excited much general interest.]

SOMEWHERE in the Shiré Highlands, in 1859, Livingstone saw a large lake,—Lake Shirwa,—which is still almost unknown. It lies away to the east, and is bounded by a range of mountains whose lofty summits are visible from the hills round Blantyre [a missionary station on the Shiré]. . . . The waters of Shiré are brackish to the taste and undrinkable; but the saltness must have a peculiar charm for game, for nowhere else in Africa did I see such splendid herds of the larger animals as here. The zebra was especially abundant; and so unaccustomed to be disturbed are these creatures, that with a little care one could watch their movements safely within a very few yards. It may seem unorthodox to say so, but I do not know if among the larger animals there is anything handsomer in creation than the zebra. At close quarters his striped coat is all but as fine as the tiger's, while the form and movement of his body are in every way nobler. The gait, certainly, is not to be compared for gracefulness with that of the many species of antelope and deer who nibble the grass beside

him, and one can never quite forget that scientifically he is an ass; but taking him all in all, this fleet and beautiful animal ought to have a higher place in the regard of man than he has yet received.

We were much surprised, considering that this region is almost uninhabited, to discover near the lake shore a native path so beaten, and so recently beaten, by multitudes of human feet, that it could only represent some trunk route through the continent. Following it for a few miles, we soon discovered its function. It was one of the great slave routes through Africa. Signs of the horrid traffic soon became visible on every side; and from symmetrical arrangements of small piles of stones and freshly-cut twigs, planted semaphore-wise upon the path, our native guides made out that a slave-caravan was actually passing at the time. We were, in fact, between two portions of it, the stones and twigs being telegraphic signals between front and rear. Our natives seemed much alarmed at this discovery, and refused to proceed unless we promised not to interfere,—a proceeding which, had we attempted it, would simply have meant murder for us and slavery for them. Next day, from a hill-top, we saw the slave encampment far below, and the ghastly procession marshalling for its march to the distant coast, which many of the hundreds who composed it would never reach alive.

Talking of native foot-paths leads me to turn aside for a moment to explain to the uninitiated the true mode of African travel. In spite of all the books that have been lavished upon us by our great explorers, few people seem to have any accurate understanding of this most simple process. Some have the impression that everything is done by bullock-wagons,—an idea borrowed from the Cape, but hopelessly inapplicable to Central Africa, where a wheel at present would be as great a novelty as a polar bear. Others

at the opposite extreme suppose that the explorer works along solely by compass, making a bee-line for his destination, and steering his caravan through the trackless wilderness like a ship at sea. Now it may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer in forcing his passage through Africa has ever, for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track. Probably no country in the world, civilized or uncivilized, is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every state with its neighbor, and therefore with all the rest.

The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction, and hold on his way. Let him begin at Zanzibar, plant his foot on a native foot-path, and set his face towards Tanganyika. In eight months he will be there. He has simply to persevere. From village to village he will be handed on, zigzagging it may be sometimes to avoid the impossible barriers of nature or the rarer perils of hostile tribes, but never taking to the woods, never guided solely by the stars, never in fact leaving a beaten track, till hundreds and hundreds of miles are between him and the sea, and his interminable foot-path ends with a canoe, on the shores of Tanganyika. Crossing the lake, landing near some native village, he picks up the thread once more. Again he plods on and on, now on foot, now by canoe, but always keeping his line of villages, until some day suddenly he snuffs the sea-breeze again, and his faithful foot-wide guide lands him on the Atlantic seaboard.

Nor is there any art in finding out these successive villages with their intercommunicating links. He *must* find them out. A whole army of guides, servants, carriers, soldiers, and camp-followers accompany him in his march,

and this nondescript army must be fed. Indian corn, cassava, mawere, beans, and bananas,—these do not grow wild even in Africa. Every meal has to be bought and paid for in cloth and beads; and scarcely three days can pass without a call having to be made at some village where the necessary supplies can be obtained.

A caravan, as a rule, must live from hand to mouth, and its march becomes simply a regulated procession through a chain of markets. Not, however, that there are any real markets,—there are neither bazaars nor stores in native Africa. Thousands of the villages through which the traveller eats his way may never have victualled a caravan before. But, with the chief's consent, which is usually easily purchased for a showy present, the villages unlock their larders, the women flock to the grinding-stones, and basketfuls of food are swiftly exchanged for unknown equivalents in beads and calico.

The native tracks which I have just described are the same in character all over Africa. They are veritable foot-paths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic. As a rule, these foot-paths are marvellously direct. Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe.

Yet within this general straightforwardness there is a singular eccentricity and indirectness in detail. Although the African foot-path is on the whole a bee-line, no fifty yards of it are ever straight. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered no native will ever think of removing it. Why should he? It is easier to walk round it The next man who comes that way will do the same. He knows that a hundred men are following him;

he looks at the stone; a moment, and it might be unearthed and tossed aside, but no; he also holds on his way. It is not that he resents the trouble, it is the idea that is wanting. It would no more occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object, and that for the general weal he might displace it, than that its feldspar was of the orthoclase variety. Generations and generations of men have passed that stone, and it still waits for a man with an altruistic idea.

But it would be a very stony country indeed—and Africa is far from stony—that would wholly account for the aggravating obliqueness and indecision of the African foot-path. Probably each four miles, on an average path, is spun out by an infinite series of minor sinuosities to five or six. Now these deflections are not meaningless. Each has some history,—a history dating back perhaps a thousand years, but to which all clue has centuries ago been lost. The leading cause probably is fallen trees. When a tree falls across a path no man ever removes it. As in the case of the stone, the native goes round it. It is too green to burn in his hut; before it is dry, and the white ants have eaten it, the new detour has become part and parcel of the path. The smaller irregularities, on the other hand, represent the trees and stumps of the primeval forest where the track was made at first. But whatever the cause, it is certain that for persistent straightforwardness in the general, and utter vacillation and irresolution in the particular, the African roads are unique in engineering.

[Before proceeding with this chapter of Professor Drummond's work, we must turn to another part of the book, and describe the principal means by which African forests and meadows are relieved of the débris of fallen trees. It is the wood-eating termite, or white ant, that does it.]

In travelling through the great forests of the Rocky Mountains or of the Western States, the broken branches, and fallen trunks strewing the ground breast-high with all sorts of decaying litter, frequently make locomotion impossible. To attempt to ride through these Western forests with their meshwork of interlocked branches and decaying trunks, is often out of the question, and one has to dismount and drag his horse after him as if he were clambering through a wood-yard. But in an African forest not a fallen branch is seen. One is struck at first at a certain clean look about the great forests of the interior, a novel and unaccountable cleanness, as if the forest bed was carefully swept and dusted daily by unseen elves

And so indeed it is. Scavengers of a hundred kinds remove decaying animal matter,—from the carcass of a fallen elephant to the broken wing of a gnat,—eating it, or carrying it out of sight, and burying it in the deodorizing earth. And the countless millions of termites perform a similar function for the vegetable world, making away with all plants and trees, all stems, twigs, and tissues, the moment the finger of decay strikes the signal. Constantly in these woods one comes across what appear to be sticks and branches and bundles of fagots, but when closely examined they are seen to be mere casts in mud. From these hollow tubes, which preserve the original form of the branch down to the minutest knot or fork, the ligneous tissue is often entirely removed, while others are met with in all stages of demolition. . . . When a fallen trunk lying upon the ground is the object of attack, the outer cylinder is frequently left quite intact, and it is only when one tries to drag it off to his camp-fire that he finds to his disgust that he is dealing with a mere hollow tube a few lines in thickness filled up with mud.

[This mud is carried in industriously by the termites, and built into tunnels and galleries, within which they work safe from the assaults of their numerous enemies. The working white ants never appear above ground except as a dire necessity. With this digression we shall return to Lake Shirwa.]

Though one of the smaller African lakes, Shirwa is probably larger than all the lakes of Great Britain put together. With the splendid environment of mountains on three of its sides, softened and distanced by perpetual summer haze, it reminds one somewhat of the Great Salt Lake simmering in a July sun. We pitched our tent for a day or two on its western shore among a harmless and surprised people who had never gazed on the pallid countenances of Englishmen before. Owing to the ravages of the slaver the people of Shirwa are few, scattered, and poor, and live in abiding terror. The densest population is to be found on the small island, heavily timbered with baobabs, which forms a picturesque feature of the northern end. These Wa-Nyassa, or people of the lake, as they call themselves, have been driven here by fear, and they rarely leave their lake-dwelling unless under cover of night. Even then they are liable to capture by any man of a stronger tribe who happens to meet them, and numbers who have been kidnapped in this way are to be found in the villages of neighboring chiefs. This is an amenity of existence in Africa that strikes one as very terrible. It is impossible for those at home to understand how literally savage man is a chattel, and how much of his time is spent in the safe-guarding of his main asset,—*i.e.*, himself. There are actually districts in Africa where *three* natives cannot be sent a message, in case two should combine and sell the third before they return.

[Drummond thus describes the forests of East Central Africa and their inhabitants. For this description he has been severely taken to

task by Stanley,—but the two travellers gained their experience in different regions.]

Clothe the mountainous plateaux with endless forest,—not grand umbrageous forest like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest,—with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunk and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun. Nor is there anything in these trees to the casual eye to remind you that you are in the tropics. Here and there one comes upon a borassus or fan-palm, a candelabra-like euphorbia, a mimosa aflame with color, or a sepulchral baobab. A close inspection will also disclose curious creepers and climbers; and among the branches strange orchids hide their eccentric flowers. But the outward type of tree is the same as we have at home, —trees resembling the ash, the beech, and the elm, only seldom so large, except by the streams, and never so beautiful.

Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you of where you are. The beasts, to be sure, are different, but unless you watch for them you will seldom see any; the birds are different, but you rarely hear them; and as for the rocks, they are our own familiar gneisses and granites, with honest basalt dykes boring through them, and leopard-skin lichens staining their weathered sides. Thousands and thousands of miles, then, of vast, thin forest, shadeless, trackless, voiceless,—forest in mountain and forest in plain, —this is East Central Africa. . . .

The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gay-plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swinging from his trapeze in the shaded bowers,—these

are unknown to Africa. Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months a monkey will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few; the trees are poor; and, to be honest, though the endless forest-clad mountains have a sublimity of their own, and though there are tropical bits along some of the mountain-streams of exquisite beauty, nowhere is there anything in grace and sweetness and strength to compare with a Highland glen.

[This description has been caustically criticised by Stanley, who traversed forests in the Congo and northern lake region of the densest tropical luxuriance. The two travellers were in different regions, and both described what they saw.]

Hidden away in these endless forests, like birds'-nests in a wood, in terror of one another, and of their common foe the slaver, are small native villages; and here in his virgin simplicity dwells primeval man, without clothes, without civilization, without learning, without religion, the genuine child of nature, thoughtless, careless, and contented. This man is apparently quite happy; he has practically no wants. One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty sticks tied together make him a house. The bark he peels from them make his clothes; the fruits which hang on them form his food. It is perfectly astonishing, when one thinks of it, what nature can do for the animal-man, to see with what small capital, after all, a human being can get through the world. I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions—and he was an average commoner—were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows, the bowstring cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all. Four items, as an

auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half a century of this human being. No man knows what a man is till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man. That is to say, no man knows how great man is till he has seen how small he has been once.

The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is a misuse of words. He does not need to work; with so bountiful a nature round him, it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in a tortoise. The fact is, Africa is a nation of the unemployed.

This completeness, however, will be a sad drawback to development. Already it is found difficult to create new wants; and when labor is required, and you have already paid your man a yard of calico and a string of beads, you have nothing in your possession to bribe him to another hand's turn. Nothing almost that you have would be the slightest use to him. Among the presents which I took for chiefs, I was innocent enough to include a watch. I might as well have taken a grand piano. The mere idea of time has scarcely yet penetrated the African mind, and forms no element in his calculations. . . . I often wished I could get inside an African for an afternoon, and just see how he looked at things, for I am sure our worlds are as different as the color of our skins.

Talking of skins, I may observe in passing that the highland African is not a negro, nor is his skin black. It is a deep, full-toned brown, something like the color of a good cigar. The whole surface is diced with a delicate pattern, which gives it great richness and beauty, and I often thought how effective a row of books would be bound in native morocco. . . .

Too ill armed to hunt, they live all but exclusively on a

vegetable diet. A small part of the year they depend, like the monkeys, upon wild fruits and herbs; but the staple food is a small, tasteless millet-seed, which they grow in gardens, crush in a mortar, and stir with water into a thick porridge. Twice a day, nearly all the year round, each man stuffs himself with this coarse and tasteless dough, shovelling it into his mouth in handfuls, and consuming at a sitting a pile the size of an ant-heap.

His one occupation is to grow this millet, and his gardening is a curiosity. Selecting a spot in the forest, he climbs a tree, and with a small home-made axe lops off the branches one by one. He then wades through the litter to the next tree, and hacks it to pieces also, leaving the trunk standing erect. Upon all the trees within a circle of thirty or forty yards diameter his axe works similar havoc, till the ground stands breast-high in leaves and branches. Next, the whole is set on fire and burnt to ashes. Then, when the first rains moisten the hard ground and wash the fertile chemical constituents of the ash into the soil, he attacks it with his hoe, drops in a few handfuls of millet, and the year's work is over. . . .

Between the acts he does nothing but lounge and sleep; his wife, or wives, are the millers and bakers; they work hard to prepare his food, and are rewarded by having to take their own meals apart, for no African would ever demean himself by eating with a woman. I have tried to think of something else that these people habitually do, but their vacuous life leaves nothing more to tell.

DISCOVERY OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

[Dr. Livingstone, the most famous of African explorers, was of Scottish birth, being born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, March 19, 1813. He went to South Africa as a missionary in 1840, and from that time until his death, in 1873, was engaged in missionary labors and travels in that country, with few intermissions. His discoveries in South and Central Africa were numerous and strikingly interesting, none among them being of greater interest than that of the falls of the Zambesi, named by him Victoria Falls. We give his graphic description of this great cataract. Among the most striking events in Dr. Livingstone's career were his discovery by the daring explorer Henry M. Stanley, after he had long vanished in Central Africa, and the subsequent pathetic incidents of his death.]

ON the 3d of November we bade adieu to our friends at Linyanti, accompanied by Sekeletu and about two hundred followers. We were all fed at his expense, and he took cattle for this purpose from every station we came to. The principal men of the Makololo, Lebeóle, Ntlarié, Nkwatléle, etc., were also of the party. We passed through the patch of the *tsetse*,* which exists between Linyanti and Sesheke, by night. The majority of the company went on by daylight, in order to prepare our beds. Sekeletu and I, with about forty young men, waited outside the *tsetse* till dark. We then went forward, and about ten o'clock it became so pitchy dark that both horses and men were completely blinded. The lightning spread over the sky, forming eight or ten branches at a time, in shape exactly

* An African fly, whose bite is often fatal to horses, cattle, and dogs, though harmless to man.

like those of a tree. This, with great volumes of sheet-lightning, enabled us at times to see the whole country. The intervals between the flashes were so densely dark as to convey the idea of stone-blindness. The horses trembled, cried out, and turned round, as if searching for each other, and every new flash revealed the men taking different directions, laughing, and stumbling against each other.

While at Sesheke, Sekeletu supplied me with twelve oxen,—three of which were accustomed to being ridden upon,—hoes, and beads to purchase a canoe when we should strike the Leeambye beyond the falls. He likewise presented abundance of good fresh butter and honey, and did everything in his power to make me comfortable for the journey. I was entirely dependent on his generosity, for the goods I originally brought from the Cape were all expended by the time I set off from Linyanti to the west coast. I there drew seventy pounds of my salary, paid my men with it, and purchased goods for the return journey to Linyanti. These being now all expended, the Makololo again fitted me out, and sent me on to the east coast. I was thus dependent on their bounty, and that of other Africans, for the means of going from Linyanti to Loanda, and again from Linyanti to the east coast, and I feel deeply grateful to them. Coin would have been of no benefit, for gold and silver are quite unknown.

As this was the point from which we intended to strike off to the northeast, I resolved on the following day to visit the Falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mosioa-tunya, or more anciently Shongwe. Of these we had often heard since we came into the country; indeed, one of the questions asked by Sebituane was, "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" They did not go near enough to examine them, but, viewing them with awe at a distance, said, in reference to the vapor and noise, "Mosi oa tunya"

(smoke does sound there). It was previously called Shongwe, the meaning of which I could not ascertain. The word for a "pot" resembles this, and it may mean a seething caldron, but I am not certain of it. Being persuaded that Mr. Oswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever visited the Zambesi in the centre of the country, and that this is the connecting link between the known and unknown portions of that river, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo did, and gave the only English name I have affixed to any part of the country.

Sekeletu intended to accompany me, but one canoe only having come instead of the two he had ordered, he resigned it to me. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapor appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of color and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.

The only want felt is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges

three hundred or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high.

But, though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards.

The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. If one imagines the Thames filled with low, tree-covered hills immediately beyond the tunnel, extending as far as Gravesend, the bed of black basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a fissure made therein from one end of the tunnel to the other down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of

the tunnel through thirty miles of hills, the pathway being one hundred feet down from the bed of the river instead of what it is, with the lips of the fissure from eighty to one hundred feet apart, then fancy the Thames leaping bodily into the gulf, and forced there to change its direction, and flow from the right to the left bank, and then rush boiling and roaring through the hills, he may have some idea of what takes place at this, the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa.

In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. (The sun was on the meridian, and the declination about equal to the latitude of the place.) From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf, but, as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapor, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock.

On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapor to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam exactly as bits of steel, when burned in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray.

I have mentioned that we saw five columns of vapor ascending from this strange abyss. They are evidently formed by the compression suffered by the force of the water's own fall into an unyielding wedge-shaped space. Of the five columns, two on the right and one on the left of the island were the largest, and the streams which formed them seemed each to exceed in size the falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres when that river is in flood. This was the period of low water in the Leeambye; but, as far as I could guess, there was a flow of five or six hundred yards of water, which, at the edge of the fall, seemed at least three feet deep.

The fissure is said by the Makololo to be very much deeper farther to the eastward; there is one part at which the walls are so sloping that people accustomed to it can go down by descending in a sitting position. The Makololo on one occasion, pursuing some fugitive Batoka, saw them, unable to stop the impetus of their flight at the edge, literally dashed to pieces at the bottom. They beheld the

stream like a "white cord" at the bottom, and so far down (probably three hundred feet) that they became giddy, and were fain to go away holding on to the ground.

Sekeletu and his large party having conveyed me thus far, and furnished me with a company of one hundred and fourteen men to carry the tusks to the coast, we bade adieu to the Makololo on the 20th of November, and proceeded northward to the Lekone. The country around is very beautiful, and was once well peopled with Batoka, who possessed enormous herds of cattle. When Sebituane came in former times, with his small but warlike party of Makololo, to this spot, a general rising took place of the Batoka through the whole country, in order to "eat him up;" but his usual success followed him, and, dispersing them, the Makololo obtained so many cattle that they could not take any note of the herds of sheep and goats. The *tsetse* has been brought by buffaloes into some districts where formerly cattle abounded. This obliged us to travel the first few stages by night. We could not well detect the nature of the country in the dim moonlight; the path, however, seemed to lead along the high bank of what may have been the ancient bed of the Zambesi before the fissure was made. The Lekone now winds in it in an opposite direction to that in which the ancient river must have flowed.

For a few days we travelled over an uninhabited, gently undulating, and most beautiful district, the border territory between those who accept and those who reject the sway of the Makololo. The face of the country appears as if in long waves, running north and south. There are no rivers, though water stands in pools in the hollows. We were now come into the country which my people all magnify as a perfect paradise. Sebituane was driven from it by the Matebele. It suited him exactly for cattle, corn, and

health. The soil is dry, and often a reddish sand; there are few trees, but fine large shady ones stand dotted here and there over the country where towns formerly stood. One of the fig family I measured, and found to be forty feet in circumference; the heart had been burned out, and some one had made a lodging in it, for we saw the remains of a bed and a fire. The sight of the open country, with the increased altitude we were attaining, was most refreshing to the spirits. Large game abound. We see in the distance buffaloes, elands, hartebeest, gnus, and elephants, all very tame, as no one disturbs them. Lions, which always accompany other large animals, roared about us, but, as it was moonlight, there was no danger. In the evening, while standing on a mass of granite, one began to roar at me, though it was still light.

On the 3d of December we crossed the river Mozuma, or river of Dila, having travelled through a beautifully undulating pastoral country. To the south, and a little east of this, stands the hill Tabu Cheu, or "White Mountains," from a mass of white rock, probably dolomite, on its top. But none of the hills are of any great altitude. The Mozuma, or river of Dila, was the first watercourse which indicated that we were now on the slopes towards the eastern coast. It contained no flowing water, but revealed in its banks what gave me great pleasure at the time,—pieces of lignite, possibly indicating the existence of a mineral, namely, coal, the want of which in the central country I had always deplored. Again and again we came to the ruins of large towns, containing the only hieroglyphics of this country, worn millstones, with the round ball of quartz with which the grinding was effected. Great numbers of these balls were lying about, showing that the depopulation had been the result of war; for, had the people removed in peace, they would have taken the balls with them.

When we had passed the outskirting villages, which alone consider themselves in a state of war with the Makololo, we found the Batoka, or Batonga, as they here call themselves, quite friendly. Great numbers of them came from all the surrounding villages with presents of maize and masuka, and expressed great joy at the first appearance of a white man, and harbinger of peace. The women clothe themselves better than the Balonda, but the men go *in puris naturalibus.* They walk about without the smallest sense of shame.

The farther we advanced, the more we found the country swarming with inhabitants. Great numbers came to see the white man, a sight they had never beheld before. They always brought presents of maize and masuka. Their mode of salutation is quite singular. They throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressions of thankfulness and welcome, uttering the words "Kina bomba." This method of salutation was to me very disagreeable, and I never could get reconciled to it. I called out, "Stop, stop; I don't want that;" but they, imagining I was dissatisfied, only tumbled about more furiously, and slapped their thighs with greater vigor. . . .

As we approached nearer the Zambesi, the country became covered with broad-leaved bushes, pretty thickly planted, and we had several times to shout to elephants to get out of our way. At an open space, a herd of buffaloes came trotting up to look at our oxen, and it was only by shooting one that I made them retreat. The meat is very much like that of an ox, and this one was very fine. The only danger we actually encountered was from a female elephant, with three young ones of different sizes. Charging through the centre of our extended line, and causing the men to throw down their burdens in a great hurry, she

received a spear for her temerity. I never saw an elephant with more than one calf before. We knew that we were near our Zambesi again, even before the great river burst upon our sight, by the numbers of water-fowl we met. I killed four geese with two shots, and, had I followed the wishes of my men, could have secured a meal of water-fowl for the whole party. I never saw a river with so much animal life around and in it, and, as the Barotse say, "Its fish and fowl are always fat." When our eyes were gladdened by a view of its goodly broad waters, we found it very much larger than it is even above the fall. One might try to make his voice heard across it in vain. Its flow was more rapid than near Sesheke, being often four and a half miles an hour.

AMONG TRAITORS AND BARBARIANS.

SERPA PINTO.

[In 1877, Major Serpa Pinto, a Portuguese officer, who in 1869 had taken part in conflicts with the natives of the Lower Zambesi, was sent by the Central Geographical Commission to conduct a Portuguese expedition across Africa. Entering Africa at Loanda, he crossed the continent in that latitude, and afterwards journeyed southward to Pretoria, in the Boer republic. Some of his most exciting adventures were encountered in the kingdom of the Lui, on the Upper Zambesi, and these we transcribe. Lobossi, the king of the Barôze, Lui, or Ungenge,—three names of one kingdom,—had a prime minister named Gambella, who proved hostile to the white explorer, whose life was threatened. We take up the narrative at this point.]

THE council, in view of the attitude and reasoning of Machauana, resolved that sentence of death should not be passed on me; but, as it would appear, one of its members

came to a contrary decision, on his own account, for that night, having left the camp with the intention of taking the altitudes of the moon, an assegai, cast by some unseen hand, came so near me that the shaft glanced along my left arm. I cast a hasty glance in the direction whence the missile came, and saw, in the dim light, a negro, at twenty paces' distance, preparing for another throw. To draw my revolver and fire at the rascal was an act rather of instinct than of thought. At sight of the flash the fellow turned and fled in the direction of the city, and I pursued him. Finding me at his heels, he threw himself on the ground. This made me cautious, and I approached him very gingerly, prepared again to fire if I saw any evidence of treachery.

I saw, however, that the burly black was lying on his arms, and that his assegais had fallen by his side.

I seized hold of one of his arms, and whilst I felt his flesh tremble at contact with my hand, I also felt a hot liquid running between my fingers. The man was wounded. I made him rise, when, trembling with fear, he uttered certain words which I did not understand. Pointing the revolver at his head, I compelled him to go before me to the camp.

The report of the pistol had been heard there, but had passed unheeded, the firing of a gun or two, in the course of the evening, being a common occurrence. I called for two confidential followers, into whose hands I delivered my prisoner, and then proceeded to examine his wound. The ball had penetrated close to the upper head of the right humerus, near the collar-bone, and not having come out, I presumed that it was fixed in the shoulder-blade. As there was no blood apparent in the respiratory passages, I considered that the lungs had not been touched, and the small stream which ran from the wound convinced me also that

none of the principal arteries had been cut. Under these circumstances, the wound did not assume a very serious aspect, at least for the moment.

Having bound up his hurt, I sent for Caiumbuca, and ordered him to accompany me to the King's house, my young niggers with the prisoner following behind.

Lobossi had returned from his woman's quarters, and was conversing with Gambella before retiring for the night. I presented to him the wounded man, and inquired who and what he was. The King appeared to be both alarmed and horrified at seeing me covered with the blood of the assassin, which I had not washed off, when a hurried glance exchanged between the bravo and Gambella revealed to me the true head of the attempted crime. Lobossi immediately ordered the fellow to be removed, and said that he should get little sleep that night, from thinking of the spectacle I presented.

I narrated the occurrence, and Gambella loudly applauded what I had done. His only regret was that I had not killed the wretch outright, and that he would take a terrible vengeance for the act.

The negro was unknown in Lialue [Lobossi's capital city], and the men of Lobossi's body-guard asseverated that they had never seen him. Lobossi begged me to keep the incident a profound secret, assuring me that nothing more of the kind should occur so long as I remained in his dominions.

I returned to the camp, more than ever distrustful of the friendly professions of Gambella.

[At midnight he was visited in his tent by a young negress, Mariana by name, friendly to him, who whispered to him that some of his own trusted men were deceiving and betraying him. The next day Lobossi sent him word that the men he wished to accompany him to the coast were ready. But that night a terrific assault was made on his camp.]

My encampment was very extensive, and spread out more than usual, owing to the Quimbares having taken up their quarters in the huts of the Quimbundos since the latter had left me. The centre was a vast circular space, more than a hundred yards in diameter. On one side was a row of huts, in which my own habitation was situated, having round it a cane-hedge, within whose precincts no one passed except my immediate body-servants.

We had reached the 6th of September. The thermometer during the day had stood persistently at 33° Centigrade, and the heat reflected from the sandy soil had been oppressive.

Night came down serene and fresh, and I, seated at the door of my hut, was thinking of my country, my relatives, and my friends; I was musing also upon the future fate of my enterprise, so seriously threatened in the country where I was at present sojourning; but though sad thoughts would often chase the bright ones from my mind, I lost neither faith nor hope of bringing my undertaking to a successful issue. Still, the event of the night before was a black cloud which I essayed in vain to banish from my memory.

My Quimbares, who had retired within their huts, were chatting round their fires, and I alone, of all my company, was in the open air. Suddenly my attention was caught by a number of bright lights flitting round the encampment.

Unable as I was at the moment to explain the meaning of this strange spectacle, nevertheless my mind misgave me as to its object, and I jumped up and looked out from the cane-fencing which surrounded my dwelling.

Directly I caught a fair view of the field, the whole was revealed to me, and an involuntary cry of horror escaped from my lips. Some hundreds of aborigines surrounded

the encampment, and were throwing burning brands upon the huts, whose only covering was a loose thatch of dry grass. In a minute the flames, incited by a strong east wind, spread in every direction. The Quimbares, in alarm, rushed out from their burning huts, and ran hither and thither like madmen. Augusto and the Benguella men gathered quickly about me. In presence of such imminent peril there fell upon me what I have more than once experienced under similar circumstances, namely, the completest self-possession. My mind became cool and collected, and I felt only the determination to resist and to come out victorious.

I called aloud to my people, half demented at finding themselves begirt by a ring of fire, and succeeded in collecting them together in the space occupying the centre of the camp.

Aided by Augusto and the Benguella men, I dashed into my hut, then in flames, and managed to get out in safety the trunk containing the instruments, my papers, the labor of so many months, and the powder. By that time the whole of the huts were ablaze, but happily the fire could not reach us where we stood. Verissimo was at my side. I turned to him and said, "I can defend myself here for a considerable time; make your way through, where and how you can, and speed to Lialui. There see Lobossi, and tell him that his people are attacking me. See also Machauana, and inform him of my danger."

Verissimo ran towards the burning huts, and I watched him till he disappeared amid the ruins. By that time the assegais were falling thickly round us, and already some of my men had been badly wounded, among others Silva Porto's negro Jamba, whose right eyebrow was pierced by one of the weapons. My Quimbares answered these volleys with rifle-balls, but still the natives came on, and had now

made their way into the encampment, where the huts all lying in ashes offered no effective barrier to their advance. I was standing in the middle of the ground before alluded to, guarding my country's flag, whilst all round me my valiant Quimbares, who had now recovered heart, were firing in good earnest. But were they all there? No. One man was wanting,—one man who before all others should have been at my side, but whom no one had seen,—Caiumbuca, my second in command, had disappeared.

As the fires were going down, I perceived the danger to be most imminent. Our enemies were a hundred to our one.

It was like a glimpse of the infernal regions to behold those stalwart negroes, by the light of the lurid flames, darting hither and thither, screaming in unearthly accents, and ever advancing nearer, beneath the cover of their shields, whilst they brandished in the air and then cast their murderous assegais. It was a fearful struggle, but wherein the breech-loading rifles, by their sustained fire, still kept at bay that horde of howling savages.

Nevertheless, I resolved in my mind that the contest could not long continue thus, for our ammunition was rapidly disappearing. At the outset I had but four thousand charges for the Snider rifles and twenty thousand for the ordinary; but it was not the latter which would save us, and directly our firing should slacken, through the falling off of our rapidly-charged breech-loaders, we should be overwhelmed by the blood-thirsty savages.

Augusto, who fought like an enraged lion, came to me with anguish depicted in his face, as he held up his rifle, which had just burst. I passed the word to my little nigger Pepeca to give him my elephant rifle and cartridge-box. Thus armed, the brave fellow ran to the front, and discharged his piece point-blank against the enemy where

their ranks were thickest. At the instant the infernal shouts of the assailants changed their tone, and, amid screams of fright, they precipitately fled.

It was not till the following day that I learned, through King Lobossi, what had produced this sudden change in the aspect of affairs. It was solely due to the unexpected shots of Augusto.

In the cartridge-box intrusted to him were some balls charged with nitro-glycerin!

The effect of these fearful missiles, which decapitated or otherwise tore in pieces all those subject to their explosion, had produced the timely panic among those ignorant savages, who fancied that they saw in this novel assault an irresistible sorcery. Their unpremeditated employment at such a critical time seemed almost providential.

I saw at once that I was saved. Half an hour afterwards Verissimo appeared with a large force, commanded by Machauana, who had come to my rescue by order of the King. Lobossi sent me word that he was a stranger to the whole affair, and he could only suppose that his people, imagining that it was my intention to attack them in conjunction with the Muzungoes of the east, who were collected under Manuanino [a rival claimant of the throne], had taken the initiative, and fallen upon me of their own accord; but that he would take the most vigorous measures to prevent my suffering further aggression. I explained the matter to myself another way, feeling convinced that, if the assault had not been ordered by him, it was the work of Gambella.

Verissimo, seeing the disasters occasioned by the conflict, asked me what was now to be done, a question I answered in the words of one of the greatest Portuguese of ancient times,—"Bury the dead and look after the living." . . .

At break of day I went to seek the King, and spoke to

him in bitter terms of the events of the preceding night. Before his people, there assembled, I held him responsible for what had occurred, and said aloud that they who had to bemoan the loss of parents and kindred should attribute the blame to him, and him only.

I further said that I should proceed upon my journey without loss of time, and announced my intention of pitching my camp among the mountains, where I could with greater advantage resist any fresh attack.

He used every effort to worm out of me the sorcery I had employed the night before, which had caused the assailants to take such hasty flight; for to sorcery alone he and his subjects attributed the terrible effects caused by the explosive balls accidentally employed by Augusto.

[The adventurer kept his word, removing his camp fifteen miles away, to a point in the forest on the flanks of the mountains of Catongo. Here a new misadventure occurred, the result of the treachery of Caiumbuca. He had directed Augusto to call him at eleven o'clock at night, that he might make an astronomical observation.]

In the middle of the night I awoke at Augusto's summons, and did so very quietly, believing it to be the hour I had appointed; but no sooner had I answered the faithful fellow's call than he said, in a broken voice, "Sir, we are betrayed; all our people have fled, and have stolen everything."

I sprang to my feet and hurried out of the hut. True enough, the camp was deserted.

There were Augusto, Verissimo, Camutombo, Catraio, Moêro, and Pepeca, and the wives of the young niggers, all silent,—lost in wonderment,—and eyeing one another. I gave vent to a burst of bitter laughter. What astonished me, under the circumstances, was to see that Augusto, Verissimo, and Camutombo had stopped behind.

So critical, indeed, had my position become, living in the midst of so much misery and surrounded by so many dangers, that I really could not understand why any of them should care to remain my companion and partake of my lot, where stronger men and more energetic spirits had fled from their disinclination to do so.

I sat down, with my eight faithful ones around me, and began making inquiries about what had occurred. But I sought in vain for details, which none could give me. The men had all fled, without one of those who were left behind having been a witness of the desertion. The dogs, to which they were all known, uttered no warning bark. Pepeca, who had been the round of the huts, had found them all empty.

The few loads which had been deposited at the door of my own hut, and which consisted of powder and cartridges, had also disappeared. This was the deepest wrong they could inflict upon me. All that they had left were the contents of my scanty dwelling. These were my papers, my instruments, and my arms, but arms that were now valueless, for one of the stolen loads contained my cartridges, and without them the former were of no account.

Without delay I made an inventory of my miserable belongings, and found I had thirty charges with steel balls for the Lepage rifle, and twenty-five cartridges with large shot for the Devisme musket, which were but of little use. And those were all my heavy weapons.

I could not but bow my head before this last heavy blow which had been dealt me, and a terrible tightening of the heart awaked, for the first time since I set foot in Africa, the presentiment that I was lost! I was in the centre of Africa, in the midst of the forest, without resources, possessing some thirty bullets at most, when to the sole chance

of bringing down game I had to look for food, when in fact game only could save our lives, and when I had as supporters but three men, three lads, and two women.

Augusto accused himself again and again for having slept, when I had told him to keep watch, and in his rage would, at a word from me, have followed the fugitives and essayed to carry out his threat of killing them all. I had some difficulty to restrain the fury of my faithful negro, and scarcely conscious of what I said, certainly without my words carrying any conviction to my own mind, I ordered them to retire to rest, to fear nothing, and that I would find a remedy for the evil. Meanwhile, I would keep watch.

When they were all gone and I was left to myself, I sat down by my fire with my senses dazed and my limbs nerveless. The moral shock reacted on my body, already considerably shattered by constant fever. With my arms on my knees and my head buried in my hands, I watched the wood as it blazed, without a single thought or idea assuming a definite shape in my mind. I was, in fact, in a state bordering on imbecility. Nevertheless instinct, the child of habit, soon made me conscious that I was unarmed, and I aroused myself sufficiently to call Pepeca and bid him bring me my gun. He came, delivered me the weapon, which, almost unknowingly, I laid across my knees, and again retired.

[What followed Pinto describes at length, with dramatic vividness, but it must here be condensed. As he sat looking at the rifle, it occurred to him that it was the one given him by the King of Portugal at the outset of his enterprise. The sight of it recalled some important facts to his mind. The leather case which accompanied it contained the instruments for casting bullets and charging cartridges, together with a box of percussion-caps. His net had leaden weights, suitable for making bullets. And finally, in his trunk, he had two tin boxes of

powder, which had been used to keep his sextant box in place. From these materials, during the succeeding day, he succeeded in making two hundred and thirty-five cartridges. In a few days afterwards he succeeded in inducing the King to furnish him men and canoes, and started on his journey down the Zambesi, with the hope that, by husbanding his cartridges, they might last him until a civilized region was reached. It will suffice here to say that this was safely effected, and we shall end our extracts with his description of an important cataract on the Upper Zambesi.]

That night my sleep was broken by the roar of the cataract of Gonha, which, below the rapids of the Situmba, interrupts the navigation of the Zambesi.

On the 4th at early morning, after partaking of an enormous dish of ground-nuts, a present from the chief of the hamlets, I took a guide and set off for the cataract. The arm of the Liambri, whose left bank I skirted, runs first to the southeast, then bends towards the west, and finally runs perfectly east and west, and in that position receives two other branches of the river, which form three islands covered with splendid vegetation. At the site where the river begins to bend westward there is a fall in the ground of three yards in one hundred and twenty, forming the Situmba rapids. After the junction of the three branches of the Zambesi, it assumes a width of not more than six hundred and fifty-six yards, where it throws out a small arm to the southwest of trifling depth and volume. The rest of the waters as they speed onward meet with a transverse cutting of basalt, with a rapid drop in the level of forty-nine feet, over which they precipitate themselves with a frightful roar.

The cutting lies north-northwest and creates three grand falls, a centre and two side ones. Between and over the rocks which separate the three great masses of water tumble innumerable cascades, producing a marvellous effect.

On the north a third branch of the river continues running on the same upper level as the cataract, and then disembogues into the main artery in five exquisitely beautiful cascades, the last of which is four hundred and forty yards below the great fall. There the river bends again to the south-southwest, narrows to fifty yards, and has a current of one hundred and sixty-five yards per minute.

The different points of view whence one can take in the entire space of the falls render the scene more and more surprising, and never had I before beheld, in the various countries I had visited, a more completely beautiful spectacle.

Gonha does not possess perhaps the imposing character proper to great cataracts; for all about it the landscape is soft, varied, and attractive. The forest vegetation is so mixed up and blended with the rock and water, that the result is one harmonious whole, as if the hand of a great artist had studied the aspect which each feature should assume.

Nor does the fall of the water into the vast abyss cause that deafening noise which is generally so painful; the copious vegetation which surrounds it doubtless helps, when at a very short distance, to muffle the roar.

No vapors arise from the depths to be converted into rain and make a near approach so dank and disagreeable; the falls allow of free access on every side, as if nature had taken delight in allowing one of her loveliest works to be gazed upon at leisure. Gonha is like a magnificent casket which is visible to all who approach it, and which displays its exquisite workmanship for all the world to wonder at and admire.

MISSIONARY LIFE AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

[Rev. Robert Moffat, a Scottish missionary, born in Edinburgh in 1795, began his missionary labors in South Africa in 1817. He spent more than twenty years in this work, and in 1842 described his experiences in "Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa." His daughter married the famous explorer, Dr. David Livingstone. He died in 1883. Mr. Moffat gives much interesting information concerning the inhabitants of the country north of Cape Colony. Great Namaqua Land, lying north of the Orange River, in the western coast region of Africa, was the scene of his labors. This country, inhabited by a tribe of Hottentots, had among its chiefs a warrior named Africaner, who was the terror of the colonists, by whom he had been badly treated. Shortly before Mr. Moffat's appearance on the scene, this warrior had been visited by a missionary named Ebner and induced to accept baptism, with a number of his people. Mr. Moffat met Mr. Ebner, heard of his success, and determined to leave Cape Colony for Africaner's territory. We extract his account of this enterprise.]

As I approached the boundaries of the colony it was evident to me that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were sceptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; another that he would strip off my skin and make a drum of it to dance to; and another most consoling prediction was that he would make a drinking-cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind, motherly lady, who, wiping the tears from her eyes, bade me farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you must soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

[Such a fate was not reserved for the daring missionary. The people were reserved, but the chief received him kindly.]

Christian Africaner made his appearance, and, after the usual salutation, inquired if I was the missionary appointed by the directors in London; to which I replied in the affirmative. This seemed to afford him much pleasure, and he added that, as I was young, he hoped that I would live long with him and his people. He then ordered a number of women to come; I was rather puzzled to know what he intended by sending for women, till they arrived, bearing bundles of native mats and long sticks, like fishing-rods. Africaner, pointing to a spot of ground, said, "There you must build a house for the missionary."

A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. Since that time I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation) are at best not very comfortable.

I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. Nor were these all

the contingencies of such a dwelling, for, as the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep, and try to defend myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel.

[Africaner seemed to be a thorough convert to Christianity, becoming a constant reader of the Bible, and assisting earnestly in the labors of the mission.]

During the whole period I lived there I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to "lean to virtue's side." One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe!" He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry, and it would have made any one smile to have seen Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about a hundred and twenty, washing themselves at the fountain.

[After several months of this life, Mr. Moffat found it necessary that he should visit Cape Town, and, with some difficulty, persuaded Africaner to accompany him. It was agreed that the chief should go in disguise, as one of Mr. Moffat's servants. As they proceeded, the people often denounced the savage, and wondered how the missionary had escaped his clutches,—much to the amusement of the listening chief. At one farm the following interesting scene took place.]

On approaching the place, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the wagon to the valley below, while I walked towards the house. The farmer, seeing a

stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. "Moffat!" he rejoined, in a faltering voice; "it is your *ghost!*" and moved some steps backward. "I am no ghost," I said. "Don't come near me!" he exclaimed; "you have been long murdered by Africaner." "But *I am* no ghost," I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him, and myself, too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. "Everybody says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones;" and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my own people, who were looking on from the wagon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?"

As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the wagon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, "He is now a truly good man;" to which he replied, "I can believe almost anything you say, but *that* I cannot credit." By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet; on his countenance sat a smile, he well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The man closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle."

I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer and the goodness of his disposition, I said, "This, then, is Africaner." He started back, looking intensely at the man as if he had just dropped from the clouds "Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed. The chief arose, doffed his old hat, and, making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer and his no less hospitable wife now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

[The dreaded chief was well received at Cape Town, his conversion being considered an extraordinary result of missionary enterprise. His New Testament, which was almost worn out by constant use, was a highly interesting object to the settlers. He returned without interference, and with valuable presents. Mr. Moffat, however, had less success with many of the people than with the chief, finding them difficult to convince. He tells the following story:]

A wily rain-maker, who was the oracle of the village in which he dwelt, once remarked, after hearing me enlarge on the subject of creation, "If you verily believe that that Being created all men, then, according to reason, you must also believe that in making white people he has improved on his work. He tried his hand on Bushmen first, and he did not like them, because they were so ugly, and their language like that of the frogs. He then tried his hand

on the Hottentots, but these did not please him either. He then exercised his power and skill, and made the Bechuanas, which was a great improvement; and at last he made the white people; therefore," exulting, with an air of triumph at the discovery, "the white people are so much wiser than we are in making walking houses (wagons), teaching the oxen to draw them over hill and dale, and instructing them also to plough the gardens, instead of making their wives do it, like the Bechuanas." His discovery received the applause of the people, while the poor missionary's arguments, drawn from the source of Divine truth, were thrown into the shade.

With all their concessions, they would with little ceremony pronounce our customs clumsy, awkward, and troublesome. They could not account for our putting our legs, feet, and arms into bags, and using buttons for the purpose of fastening bandages around our bodies, instead of suspending them as ornaments from the neck or hair of the head. Washing the body, instead of lubricating it with grease and red ochre, was a disgusting custom, and cleanliness about our food, house, and bedding contributed to their amusement in no small degree.

A native, roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for me on the coals, was told that he had better turn it with a stick or fork, instead of his hands, which he invariably rubbed on his dirty body for the sake of the precious fat. This suggestion made him and his companions laugh extravagantly, and they were wont to repeat it as an interesting joke wherever they came.

[As to the methods of the rain-makers, the following account is interesting:]

Years of drought had been severely felt, and the natives, tenacious of their faith in the potency of a man, held a

council and passed resolutions to send for a rain-maker of renown from the Bahurusti tribe, two hundred miles northeast of the Kuruman station. Rain-makers have always most honor among a strange people, and therefore they are generally foreigners. The heavens had been as brass; scarcely a cloud had been seen for months, even on the distant horizon. Suddenly a shout was raised, and the whole town was in motion: the rain-maker was approaching. Every voice was raised to the highest pitch with acclamations of enthusiastic joy. He had sent a harbinger to announce his approach, with peremptory orders for all the inhabitants to wash their feet. Every one seemed to fly in swiftest obedience to the adjoining river. Noble and ignoble, even the girl who attended to our kitchen fire, ran; old and young ran; all the world could not have stopped them. By this time the clouds began to gather, and a crowd went out to welcome the mighty man, who, as they imagined, was now collecting in the heavens his stores of rain.

Just as he was descending the height into the town, the immense concourse danced and shouted so that the very earth rang, and at the same time the lightnings darted and the thunders roared in awful grandeur. A few heavy drops fell, which produced the most thrilling ecstasy in the deluded multitude, whose shoutings baffled all description. Faith hung upon the lips of the impostor, while he proclaimed aloud that this year the women must cultivate gardens on the hills and not in the valleys, for the latter would be deluged. After the din had somewhat subsided, a few individuals came to our dwellings to treat us and our doctrines with derision. "Where is your God?" one asked, with a sneer. We were silent, because the wicked were before us. "Have you not seen our Morimo? Have you not beheld him cast from his arm the fiery spears, and

rend the heavens? Have you not heard with your ears his voice in the clouds?" adding, with an interjection of supreme disgust, "You talk of Jehovah and Jesus; what can they do?" Never in my life do I remember a text being brought home with such power as the words of the Psalmist, "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen."

The rain-maker found the clouds in our country rather harder to manage than those he had left. He complained that secret rogues were disobeying his proclamations. When urged to make repeated trials, he would reply, "You only give me sheep and goats to kill, therefore I can only make goat-rain; give me fat slaughter-oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain." One day, as he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, on which one of the principal men entered his house to congratulate him; but to his utter amazement found him totally insensible to what was transpiring. "Halloo! by my father, I thought you were making rain," said the intruder; when the magician, arising from his slumbers and seeing his wife sitting on the floor, shaking a milk-sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning, "Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?" This reply gave entire satisfaction, and it presently spread through the length and breadth of the town that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack. The moisture caused by this shower was dried up by a scorching sun; many long weeks followed without a single cloud; and when they did appear, they were sometimes seen, to the great mortification of the conjurer, to discharge their watery treasures at an immense distance.

The rain-maker had recourse to numerous expedients and stratagems, and continued his performances for many

weeks. All his efforts, however, proving unsuccessful, he kept himself very secluded for a fortnight, and, after cogitating how he could make his own cause good, he appeared in the public fold and proclaimed that he had discovered the cause of the drought. All were now eagerly listening; he dilated some time, until he had raised their expectation to the highest pitch, when he revealed the mystery. "Do you not see, when clouds come over us, that Hamilton and Moffat look at them?" This question receiving a hearty and unanimous affirmation, he added that our white faces frightened away the clouds, and they need not expect rain so long as we were in the country. This was a home-stroke, and it was an easy matter for us to calculate what the influence of such a charge would be on the public mind.

We were very soon informed of the evil of our conduct, to which we plead guilty, promising that as we were not aware that we were doing wrong, being as anxious as any of them for rain, we would willingly look to our chins or the ground all the day long, if it would serve their purpose. It was rather remarkable, that much as they admired my long black beard, they thought that in this case it was most to blame. However, this season of trial passed over to our great comfort, though it was followed for some time with many indications of suspicion and distrust.

[In October, 1823, Mr. Moffat visited Cape Town with his family, taking the son of the principal chief and another chief with him. Their astonishment at what they saw, and their interpretations thereof, are worth describing.]

It was with some difficulty that they were prevailed upon to go on board one of the ships in the bay; nor would they enter the boat until I had preceded them. They were perfectly astounded, when hoisted on the deck, with the

enormous size of the hull, and the height of the masts; and when they saw a boy mount the rigging, and ascend to the very mast-head, they were speechless with amazement.

Taisho whispered to the young prince, "*A ga si khatla?*" ("Is it not an ape?") When they entered the splendid cabin, and looked into the deep hold, they could scarcely be convinced that the vessel was not resting on the bottom of the ocean. "Do these water-houses (ships) unload like wagon-oxen every night?" they inquired. "Do they graze in the sea to keep them alive?" A ship in full sail approaching the roads, they were asked what they thought of that. "We have no thoughts here; we hope to think again when we get to the shore," was their reply.

[The indication of conversion of a native, Mr. Moffat says, was the beginning to put on clothes and wash the body.]

A man might be seen in a jacket with one sleeve, because the other was not finished, or he lacked material to complete it. Another in a leathern or duffel jacket, with the sleeves of different colors, or of fine printed cotton. Gowns were seen like Joseph's coat of many colors, and dresses of such fantastic shapes as were calculated to excite a smile in the gravest of us.

Our congregation now became a variegated mass, including all descriptions, from the lubricated wild man of the desert to the clean, comfortable, and well-dressed believer. The same spirit diffused itself through all the routine of domestic economy. Formerly a chest, a chair, a candle, or a table were things unknown, and supposed to be only the superfluous accompaniments of beings of another order. Although they never disputed the superiority of our attainments in being able to manufacture those superfluities, they would, however, question our common

sense in taking so much trouble about them. They thought us particularly extravagant in burning fat in the form of candles, instead of rubbing it on our bodies or depositing it in our stomachs.

[They, in time, however, adopted these superfluities in their own habitations, and even burnt candles at night to read by. We shall conclude these extracts with Mr. Moffat's description of a tribe of tree-dwelling natives, whom he encountered on a visit to the land of the Matabeles.]

Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowlful of locusts.

Not having eaten anything that day, and, from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman, who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more, in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighboring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see

the stranger, who was as great a curiosity to them as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks; on one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door.

On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent are by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of the game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Mosilikatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abound in that country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased they supported the augmented weight on the branches by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load they removed these for firewood.

ADVENTURES WITH ANIMALS.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

[As some description of animal life in South Africa, and the methods of the natives in dealing with wild animals, may be of interest, we extract from the works of Dr. Livingstone a series of disconnected descriptions, giving various details of adventure and incident in his experience of the animals of that region. Our first extract records an adventure with a lion, which came very near to making an end of the explorer and his experiences together.]

It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as the dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft.

When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also.

If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, "Stop a little, till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together.

Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed

to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gun-shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers.

[The *tsetse*, which is such a dangerous scourge to the cattle, is thus described:]

It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown color as the common honey-bee; the after part of the body has three or four yellow bars across it; the wings project beyond this part considerably,

and it is remarkably alert, avoiding most dexterously all attempts to capture it with the hand at common temperatures; in the cool of the mornings and evenings it is less agile. Its peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveller whose means of locomotion are domestic animals; for it is well known that the bite of this poisonous insect is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. In this journey, though we were not aware of any great number having at any time lighted on our cattle, we lost forty-three fine oxen by its bite. We watched the animals carefully, and believe that not a score of flies were ever upon them.

A most remarkable feature in the bite of the *tsetse* is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and even calves, so long as they continue to suck the cows. We never experienced the slightest injury from them ourselves, personally, although we lived two months in their habitat, which was in this case as sharply defined as in many others, for the south bank of the Chobe was infested by them, and the northern bank, where our cattle were placed, only fifty yards distant, contained not a single specimen. This was the more remarkable, as we often saw natives carrying over raw meat to the opposite bank with many *tsetse* settled upon it.

The mule, ass, and goat enjoy the same immunity from the *tsetse* as man and the game. Many large tribes on the Zambesi can keep no domestic animals except the goat, in consequence of the scourge existing in their country. Our children were frequently bitten, yet suffered no harm; and we saw around us numbers of zebras, buffaloes, pigs, pallahs, and other antelopes, feeding quietly in the very habitat of the *tsetse*, yet as undisturbed by its bite as oxen are when they first receive the fatal poison. There is not so much difference in the natures of the horse and zebra, the buffalo

and ox, the sheep and antelope, as to afford any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Is a man not as much a domestic animal as a dog? The curious feature in the case, that dogs perish though fed on milk, whereas the calves escape so long as they continue sucking, made us imagine that the mischief might be produced by some plant in the locality, and not by *tsetse;* but Major Vardon, of the Madras army, settled that point by riding a horse up to a small hill infested by the insect without allowing him time to graze, and though he only remained long enough to take a view of the country, yet in ten days afterwards the horse was dead.

[The habits of the land-tortoise and of the ostrich next enlist our attention.]

Occasionally we lighted upon land tortoises, which, with their unlaid eggs, make a very agreeable dish. We saw many of their trails leading to the salt fountain; they must have come great distances for this health-giving article. In lieu thereof they often devour wood-ashes. It is wonderful how this reptile holds its place in the country. When seen, it never escapes. The young are taken for the sake of their shells; these are made into boxes, which, filled with sweet-smelling roots, the women hang around their persons. When older it is used as food, and the shell converted into a rude basin to hold food or water. It owes its continuance neither to speed nor cunning. Its color, yellow and dark brown, is well adapted, by its similarity to the surrounding grass and brushwood, to render it indistinguishable; and, though it makes an awkward attempt to run on the approach of man, its trust is in its bony covering, from which even the teeth of a hyena glance off foiled. When this long-lived creature is about to deposit her eggs, she lets herself into the ground by throwing the

earth up round her shell, until only the top is visible; then covering up the eggs, she leaves them until the rains begin to fall and the fresh herbage appears; the young ones then come out, their shells still quite soft, and, unattended by their dam, begin the world for themselves. Their food is tender grass and a plant named thotona, and they frequently resort to heaps of ashes and places containing efflorescence of the nitrates for the salts these contain. . . .

The ostrich is generally seen quietly feeding on some spot where no one can approach him without being detected by his wary eye. As the wagon moves along far to the windward he thinks it is intending to circumvent him, so he rushes up a mile or so from the leeward, and so near to the front oxen that one sometimes gets a shot at the silly bird. When he begins to run all the game in sight follow his example. I have seen this folly taken advantage of when he was feeding quietly in a valley open at both ends. A number of men would commence running, as if to cut off his retreat from the end through which the wind came; and although he had the whole country hundreds of miles before him by going to the other end, on he madly rushed to get past the men, and so was speared. He never swerves from the course he once adopts, but only increases his speed.

When the ostrich is feeding, his pace is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, it is twenty-six inches; and when terrified, as in the case noticed, it is from eleven and a half to thirteen and even fourteen feet in length. Only in one case was I at all satisfied of being able to count the rate of speed by a stop-watch, and, if I am not mistaken, there were thirty in ten seconds; generally one's eye can no more follow the legs than it can the spokes of a carriage-wheel in rapid motion. If we take the above number, and twelve feet stride as the

average pace, we have a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. It cannot be very much above that, and is therefore slower than a railway locomotive. They are sometimes shot by the horseman making a cross cut to their undeviating course, but few Englishmen ever succeed in killing them.

The ostrich begins to lay her eggs before she has fixed on a spot for a nest, which is only a hollow a few inches deep in the sand, and about a yard in diameter. Solitary eggs, named by the Bechuanas *lesetla*, are thus found lying forsaken all over the country, and become a prey to the jackal. She seems averse to risking a spot for a nest, and often lays her eggs in that of another ostrich, so that as many as forty-five have been found in one nest. Some eggs contain small concretions of the matter which forms the shell, as occurs also in the egg of the common fowl: this has given rise to the idea of stones in the eggs. Both male and female assist in the incubations; but the numbers of females being always greatest, it is probable that cases occur in which the females have the entire charge. Several eggs lie out of the nest, and are thought to be intended as food for the first of the newly-hatched brood till the rest come out and enable the whole to start in quest of food. I have several times seen newly-hatched young in charge of the cock, who made a very good attempt at appearing lame in the plover fashion, in order to draw off the attention of pursuers. The young squat down and remain immovable when too small to run far, but attain a wonderful degree of speed when about the size of common fowls. It cannot be asserted that ostriches are polygamous, though they often appear to be so. When caught they are easily tamed, but are of no use in their domesticated state.

The egg is possessed of very great vital power. One kept in a room during more than three months, in a temperature about 60°, when broken, was found to have a partially-

developed live chick in it. The Bushmen carefully avoid touching the eggs, or leaving marks of human feet near them, when they find a nest. They go up the wind to the spot, and with a long stick remove some of them occasionally, and, by preventing any suspicion, keep the hen laying on for months, as we do with fowls. The eggs have a strong, disagreeable flavor, which only the keen appetite of the desert can reconcile one to. The Hottentots use their trousers to carry home the twenty or twenty-five eggs usually found in a nest; and it has happened that an Englishman intending to imitate this knowing dodge, comes to the wagons with blistered legs, and after great toil, finds all the eggs uneatable, from having been some time sat upon.

[The following evidence of the faithfulness and intelligence of the Africans is of interest, as contrasted with many statements to the contrary.]

The grass here was so tall that the oxen became uneasy, and one night the sight of a hyena made them rush away into the forest to the east of us. On rising on the morning of the 19th, I found that my Bakwain lad had run away with them. This I have often seen with persons of this tribe, even when the cattle are startled by a lion. Away go the young men in company with them, and dash through bush and brake for miles, till they think the panic is a little subsided; they then commence whistling to the cattle in the manner they do when milking the cows: having calmed them, they remain as a guard till the morning. The men generally return with their shins well peeled by the thorns. Each comrade of the Mopato would expect his fellow to act thus, without looking for any other reward than the brief praise of the chief. Our lad, Kibopechoe, had gone after the oxen, but had lost them in the rush through the

flat, trackless forest. He remained on their trail all the next day and all the next night. On Sunday morning, as I was setting off in search of him, I found him near the wagon. He had found the oxen late in the afternoon of Saturday, and had been obliged to stand by them all night. It was wonderful how he managed without a compass, and in such a country, to find his way home at all, bringing about forty oxen with him.

We wished to avoid the *tsetse* of our former path, so kept a course on the magnetic meridian from Lurilopepe. The necessity of making a new path much increased our toil. We were, however, rewarded in latitude 18° with a sight we had not enjoyed the year before, namely, large patches of grape-bearing vines. There they stood before my eyes; but the sight was so entirely unexpected that I stood some time gazing at the clusters of grapes with which they were loaded, with no more thought of plucking than if I had been beholding them in a dream. The Bushmen know and eat them; but they are not well-flavored on account of the great astringency of the seeds, which are in shape and size like split peas. The elephants are fond of the fruit, plant, and root alike.

[We conclude with a description of the method by which the Bushmen kill lions.]

As the water in this pond dried up, we were soon obliged to move again. One of the Bushmen took out his dice, and, after throwing them, said that God told him to go home. He threw again, in order to show me the command, but the opposite result followed; so he remained and was useful, for we lost the oxen again by a lion driving them off to a very great distance. The lions here are not often heard. They seem to have a wholesome dread of the Bushmen, who, when they observe evidence of a lion's

having made a full meal, follow up his spoor so quietly that his slumbers are not disturbed. One discharges a poisoned arrow from a distance of only a few feet, while his companion simultaneously throws his skin cloak on the beast's head. The sudden surprise makes the lion lose his presence of mind, and he bounds away in the greatest confusion and terror. Our friends here showed me the poison which they use on these occasions. It is the entrails of a caterpillar called N'gwa, half an inch long. They squeeze out these, and place them all around the bottom of the barb, and allow the poison to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after working with it, as a small portion introduced into a scratch acts like morbid matter in dissection-wounds. The agony is so great that the person cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitations a raging maniac. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, and becomes furious, biting the trees and ground in rage.

As we went north the country became very lovely; many new trees appeared; the grass was green, and often higher than the wagons; the vines festooned the trees, among which appeared the real banian (*Ficus Indica*) with its drop-shoots, and the wild date and palmyra, and several other trees which were new to me; the hollows contained large patches of water. Next came watercourses, now resembling small rivers, twenty yards broad and four feet deep. The farther we went, the broader and deeper these became; their bottoms contained great numbers of deep holes, made by elephants wading in them; in these the oxen floundered desperately, so that our wagon-pole broke, compelling us to work up to the breast in water for three hours and a half; yet I suffered no harm.

JOHANNESBURG AND THE TRANSVAAL.

CHARLES MORRIS.

[During the early part of 1896 the Transvaal Republic, which had been brought into prominence by the great gold-bearing lodes discovered there, became of leading interest through the Jameson raid, which for a time threatened to precipitate Great Britain and Germany into a war. Such being the case, it seems advisable to precede a description of this region by a short historical statement concerning the origin and development of the Boer republic.]

THE Dutch came early to South Africa. The site of Cape Town was settled by them at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There they remained undisturbed from without for a century. But in 1795, when the French occupied Holland, the English, in reprisal, took Cape Town, holding it to be then a part of France. It was afterwards restored to Holland, but was taken again by England in 1806, on a fresh outbreak of war with France. At a later date English emigrants began to pour into the country; the Dutch Boers, or farmers, to pour out. English methods were not to their taste, and, harnessing their ox-teams and deserting their farms, they *trecked*, or travelled, to the wilderness of the north, in search of a farming paradise north of the Orange River, the limit of the English colony. Some of them settled in Natal, but the English followed them there and drove them farther afield. Others crossed the river Vaal, and settled in the Kafir district since known as the Transvaal.

The Boers, a sturdy, dull-brained, slow-thinking, pastoral people, dwelling on great farms in patriarchal simplicity, and almost without law save their individual wills, had

two antipathies: first, the savage Kafirs; second, the civilized but meddlesome Englishmen. With the first they were continually hostile, with the second in frequent dispute. England made claims on their new territory, based rather on might than right, but finally withdrew them, and in 1852 acknowledged the independence of the Transvaal, in 1854 that of the Orange Free State.

So things remained till 1874, when war broke out between the English and the Kafirs. About the same time the Transvaal Boers made war on Secocoeni, a Kafir chief. The English whipped the Kafirs; the Kafirs whipped the Dutch. Some of the latter, fearing to be overwhelmed, asked the victorious English for assistance, and offered to turn over their republic, then bankrupt, to England in payment for protection. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the English commissioner, hastily accepted the offer,—which was an individual, not a national one,—and proclaimed the Transvaal to be an English colony.

In 1879 the well-known Zulu war broke out, one of whose disasters was the death of Prince Napoleon. It ended in the defeat of the Zulus, the capture of their chief Cetywayo, and, finally, in the annexation of Zululand to Great Britain. It was followed by hostility with the Boers, who grew hostile to the English annexation proclaimed four years before. They demanded that their independent government should be restored; and when the English authorities refused to pull down the English flag in Pretoria, the Boer capital, they called a meeting, pulled it down themselves, and hoisted the Transvaal standard in its place. This took place on December 16, 1880.

War followed, and with an unexpected result. The English, so long victorious in South Africa, were beaten by the Boers in every conflict. Disaster followed disaster. A part of the Ninety-fourth Regiment was killed or captured

almost to a man. An English force, coming to the relief of Standiton, their chief stronghold in the Transvaal, was nearly annihilated at Majuba Hill. The Dutch charged up the hill in the face of the enemy, killed, wounded, and captured more than half the six hundred, and lost themselves but one man killed and five wounded. This was growing serious. England accepted mediation. Peace followed. The independence of the Transvaal Republic was acknowledged, so far as its internal affairs were concerned, though the English retained their suzerainty in regard to its foreign policy.

And then came the great gold discoveries, the inpouring of miners,—largely English,—and a decided change in the conditions of the population. In 1881 the Transvaal contained one thousand English inhabitants to each eight thousand Boers. Since then these proportions have been largely reversed, and the foreigners now outnumber the natives more than six to one.

What made this remarkable change? The discovery of gold, that magic talisman which so rapidly peopled the wildernesses of California and Australia, and is now producing a similar result in South Africa. It had been known years before that gold existed in this region, but it was not until 1884 that the rich gold-fields of the Witwatersrand (White Waters Range) were discovered. These are a range of hills running through the Transvaal, and forming the water-shed between the Vaal and Limpopo rivers, and so rich in this precious metal that in 1895 they yielded forty-two millions of dollars, an output nearly the same as those of the United States and Australia.

The result was a very natural one. Foreign miners and adventurers flocked into the land. Johannesburg, the central settlement of the gold-field, grew with abnormal rapidity. "For a new town, named only in 1886," says an

1889 traveller, "there was a surprising manifestation of Old-World liveliness. It almost seemed as though a handful of miners had bought a town ready made, with streets, squares, and public buildings complete; and that some great carrying company had brought it over sea and land and delivered it in a habitable form, with the electric light laid on, the beds made, and the corks drawn for dinner."

The Boers did not like foreigners, and were not in love with enterprise, but they needed money, their government being almost bankrupt. They therefore proclaimed a large area a free gold-field. Love of gold has done the rest. But the South African farmer, though he appreciates English money, is not eager for English neighbors. "Many have received for their farms sums of money they had never dreamed they would possess. But the Boer farmer has little liking for the bustle, stir, and excitement raised around him by speculation and by labor. When he makes a large sum by the sale of his land he does as his fathers did before him: he harnesses up his ox-teams and goes away to some unsettled region to look for land where he may make a quiet home, undisturbed by the commercial spirit of the nineteenth century." The government as well as the people recognized both the advantages and the disadvantages of the new conditions. The miners must not be given the suffrage. If so, there would be a speedy end to the old pastoral quiet of the land. But they might be admitted to taxation, and thus lend their aid to fill the Transvaal coffers. It was a new example of taxation without representation, and naturally there arose bitter feeling. True, the Transvaal law permitted naturalization after two years' residence; but the new-comers did not want to give up their home allegiance; they merely wanted to vote.

As it happened, President Krüger and his council, while

not averse to foreign money, did not want foreign domination. He well knew that if the camel of *uitlander* (outsider) suffrage once got its head inside his tent, its body would follow, and he and his people would have to get out. So, with true Boer phlegm, he sturdily held his own, and let the mutterings of discontent pass unheeded.

Meanwhile, England had surrounded the Transvaal. On every side, except where Portugal touched the republic, England possessed the land; and from the region to the north,—the so-called "Rhodesia,"—on New-Year's day, 1896, Dr. Jameson, the administrator of this province, led a force of men into the Transvaal, with the avowed purpose of putting an end to the strained conditions. What secret purpose he may have had remained unavowed.

For once the bold Jameson had reckoned without his host. The uitlanders who had invited him failed to rise in his aid. The sturdy Boers threw off their phlegm, rose in their wrath, and utterly defeated the invaders, making prisoners of all who remained alive.

Thus stands the situation to-day. What the future may bring forth remains to be seen. It will not be many years before the uitlanders—principally English-speaking—will outnumber their hosts ten to one. Then Johannesburg, at least, is likely to proclaim its independence, whatever may happen to the remainder of Boerdom.

And now, laying aside the pen of the historian, let us take up that of the traveller, enter the Transvaal by one of its railway gates, and see what the country has to show.

The railway—that modern high-road of civilization—has crept from several directions into Johannesburg. Three lines have reached it: one from Cape Town, one from Durban, in Natal, and one from Delagoa Bay, *via* Pretoria. The Cape Town road connects by a branch line with Kim-

berly, in the diamond district, and thus joins the capitals of diamonds and gold.

It is inland from Durban, on the Natal coast, that our journey is to be made. The road is a narrow-gauge single-track one, which twists and winds tortuously as it makes the rapid climb from the Natal lowlands to the elevated interior. At Newcastle, two hundred and sixty-eight miles from Durban, it reaches an elevation of nearly four thousand feet, and brings us into a climate markedly different from that we left a few hours ago.

Beyond Newcastle the road curves and winds in an exaggerated fashion, describing loops, tangents, almost circles, climbing steep grades, passing some rough country *via* a long tunnel, and finally reaching Charlestown, five thousand four hundred feet above the sea, and near the triangular meeting-point of Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State.

Charlestown station passed, we find ourselves in the Transvaal Republic, and must here let our eyes gather food for our pen. We are now on the broad level of the *veldt*, a vast, gently undulating sea of verdure, treeless, and extending for seemingly unending miles with no rise other than an occasional low hill in the far distance. This is the pasture-land of the great herds of the Boers, the pastoral region which they reached in their exodus from Cape Town, and where they vainly hoped to dwell in patriarchal peace. Unluckily for them the days of the patriarchs have passed away and antediluvian quiet has fled from the earth.

The land, as we rattle onward, seems almost uninhabited, We pass miles without seeing man or house; only the broad pastures, with their browsing herds, appear. The Boer farms are measured in square miles rather than acres. They are rather townships or counties than farms. Miles often lie between house and house. Around these home-

steads, or farmsteads,—low, broad, comfortable-looking structures,—are visible the only trees of the veldt, such few species as the soil will endure. The house with its grove looks like an island in the broad sea of the plain.

Now and then, from the car-windows, travellers are seen. Here are some natives—each with a blanket, a pair of shoes, a kettle of food, and his dusky skin as his sole earthly possessions—on their way to Johannesburg to work for some months in the mines, whence they will return home to revel for other months in native luxury. Now a solid-faced farmer jogs along the wheel-track called a road in his two-wheeled gig drawn by two, or mayhap four, horses. Horses enough are not wanting, if the inclination for display be present. Then we pass the slowly trudging freight vehicles of the veldt, huge, deeply-laden wagons, bearing wool and hides, or merchandise and provisions, and drawn by long teams of sleek oxen, attached by iron chains to the vehicle. A young native generally leads the first yoke by a leather strap tied to their horns. But in the road beside walks the driver, a Boer bearing a huge whip, with a stock twelve feet and a lash twenty feet long. His skill with this unwieldly weapon is usually marvellous. He can make it snap like a succession of pistol-shots in the air, and touch any spot on any ox of his team with a precision that seems incredible. Here and there we pass several of these teams "outspanned"—unharnessed, that is—for rest and feeding, the oxen browsing while their group of drivers are cooking their own more varied meal.

And so on we go, crossing the Vaal River at Standerton on an iron bridge, passing, miles beyond, Heidelburg,—like the former a town of wide streets and straggling, one-storied houses,—and finally reaching the skirts of Johannesburg. In the distance beyond we now catch sight of

the long, gold-haunted ridge of the Witwatersrand, a range of low hills extending east and west forty or fifty miles, along whose foot, as far as sight can reach, appear the buildings and towers of stamping-mills and mining shafts, while to the ear comes from afar the dull boom of the ore-crushing stamps.

Into the metropolis of the Transvaal rolls the train. To the traveller, who has for hours been rolling over the monotonous, lonesome veldt, the change is a striking one as he finds himself on every side surrounded by houses and people, while the smoke of the chimneys and the low roar of the mills suggests an activity in strange contrast to the broad peacefulness of the almost uninhabited plain.

Ten years ago Johannesburg was a new-born mining camp, just given the dignity of a name; while the surface of the Rand was barely scratched by the pickaxe of the prospector. To-day the former is a city that is fast approaching a population of one hundred thousand, while the latter is being riven to its roots in search of the yellow evil which it has so long concealed. This teeming population came from all quarters of the world, but are mainly of English speech, being adventurers from California, Australia, Cape Colony, Great Britain, and all regions wherein the stirring Anglo-Saxon has made his home. Native Africans are also there in numbers, and altogether the town is in striking contrast to staid Pretoria, the Boer capital, and in which the Boer steadfastness is still the prevailing tone.

Johannesburg is spread widely over the bottom and sides of a great valley, and, like all the towns of the Transvaal, is marked by streets of immense width, as yet unpaved. Bordering them are long rows of one-story dwellings, absolutely wanting in display, among which the two- and three-story stores look grandly pretentious. As if in

harmony with the color of the soil, the houses are usually painted a dark red. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are lighted by gas or electricity, while the convenience of the street-car is not wanting in this overgrown mining camp.

As for people, they are present in multitudes, of every shade of color and variety of costume from the black hide of the Kafir to the English full dress. The Grand National Hotel, an outreaching shed of a structure, is the principal hostelry. Its table is good, while the conveniences of billiard-room, reading-room, and bar are not wanting. As regards the opportunity for amusements, it is offered in the form of a brace of theatres, an amphitheatre, a gymnasium, and concert- and music-halls. Civilization, in this form, follows the Anglo-Saxon wherever he goes, and has here not followed him with ease, as will appear when we are told that nearly all the material and furniture of the houses of the city have been brought in ox-wagons from the seacoast four hundred miles away.

The street scenes of Johannesburg are by no means devoid of interest. Ox-teams and great wagons crowd the squares. They have brought their loads of produce and merchandise, which are generally disposed of at auction. The street-cars are not the only vehicles of travel. There are two-wheeled cabs in numbers, and in addition barouches and victorias, often elegant. Fine saddle-horses help to occupy the streets, and bicycles are by no means wanting.

On the sidewalk fashionably attired ladies, on shopping errands intent, share the footway with Boers and roughly-dressed miners, while natives find a childish delight in peering into the paradise of the shop windows. The Stock Exchange, during business hours, is so full that its excited inmates overflow into the street, and the eager dealing in mining shares is as earnest and passionate as is this form

of legalized gambling in all centres of modern civilization.

Dust is the *bête noir* of Johannesburg. The streets are almost constantly blindingly full of it, the dust-clouds being often so dense that one cannot see across the street. It is a land of frequent thunder-storms also, and lightning often works havoc.

Leaving Johannesburg by rail, we may readily fly to Pretoria, thirty-five miles away. This is a dwarf city as compared with its giant neighbor, but is better and more substantially built, and displays a profusion of foliage very restful to the tired eye. The dwellings are surrounded by large gardens, with flowers and fruit-trees, while the great shady blue gums of the streets cannot but yield delight. The city is lighted by electricity. The great building of the town is the Government House, occupying an entire square in the centre of Pretoria. It is three stories high, and its brick walls are covered outwardly with gray cement. On its central façade appears in gilt letters the Dutch motto "Eendragt Maakt Magt" (Might makes Right), an adage which should be reversed if we would tell truly the story of South Africa.

But it is not to see towns that one seeks the Transvaal. The gold lodes are the centre of attraction there, and these it is our task now to seek. The gold-bearing strata here differ materially from those of other lands, consisting of "reefs" of conglomerate rock, in which quartzose pebbles are bedded in disintegrated schists. For nearly fifty miles along this ridge the mining claims extend, and over a district of great width. More than two thousand head of stamps are thundering away night and day, powdering the gold-bearing pebbles, from which, by aid of amalgamation, chlorination, and particularly by the new-discovered process of the cyanide of potassium bath, the gold is extracted.

Some of the shafts have been sunk to a depth of six hundred feet, showing the almost inexhaustible extent of the formation. The ore is not rich,—yielding not more than an ounce of gold to the ton. It would be valueless under old methods of extraction, but under the new system is proving highly profitable.

As for the crushing-mills, there is one near Johannesburg which has one hundred and sixty stamps in operation, and which roars away with an appalling clatter by no means wholesome for the ear-drums. It runs day and night, Sunday included. This one mine and its mills employs a thousand natives and two hundred European operatives.

The gold-bearing reefs extend into the territory of the South Africa Mining Company, the so-called "Rhodesia," popularly named after Cecil I. Rhodes, the South African autocrat. Here, in the former Mashonaland, a wonder appears. Great ruins have been here discovered, of cities of gold-seekers who belonged to remote centuries of the past. The principal ruin is at a place called Zimbabwe, where remain triple walls of hewn granite thirty feet high, while among the ruins are columns, pilasters, and figures of colossal birds. From Zimbabwe remains of a line of fortifications extend for three hundred miles, connecting it with another city and fortress of the past. Tools of the ancient gold-miners are found. This may have been the Ophir of Scriptures. Certainly it was a region from which much of the gold of ancient days came.

If we leave Johannesburg by rail for Cape Town, it is to make a journey of one thousand and thirteen miles in extent. The railway is single track, of three and a half feet gauge. Passing southward, we still find ourselves in the great, rolling, treeless veldt, with few farm-houses and sparse villages. The road is well made, the bridges substantial, the station buildings attractive. Passing through

Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, we enter a country of different formation, covered by the low shrub called the karroo bush. Great flocks of sheep and goats are kept here, and some of ostriches.

Entering Cape Colony the karroo bush continues. Farther south great sheep farms are passed, from three to five thousand acres in extent. Goats are also kept in multitudes, and beyond Beaufort West flocks of ostriches are almost as common as those of sheep. In 1865 this country had eighty domesticated birds, now it has one hundred and fifty thousand. They formerly sold for five hundred dollars each, now a young one may be bought for ten dollars.

From the station of Matjesfontein, three thousand six hundred feet in elevation, the descent to the coast begins. The karroo region is left, and for more than thirty miles the descending grade is very steep, and the road sharp in curves, and costly in tunnels, embankments, and viaducts. At length the lower level is attained, and a rich grass land, with great fields of oats and rye, meets the gratified eye. Farther on we pass a mountain region called the Paarl, with neat farm-houses along its base, and numberless vineyards, this being a great grape-yielding and wine-producing country. Then comes again a great stretch of the karroo, beyond which, its head swathed in clouds, Table Mountain looms. Soon a beach of white sand and the long waves of the Atlantic heave into view, and entering Cape Town the train lands us in a large, handsome station. Our long journey is at an end.

THE AFRICAN DIAMOND-MINES.

EMIL HOLUB.

[Dr. Holub, a noted African traveller, gives us in his "Seven Years in South Africa" a highly interesting account of "travel, researches, and hunting adventures between the diamond-fields and the Zambesi (1872–79)." From this work we select the following description of the condition of the diamond-diggings at that period. The principal change since is in the increased depth of the excavations.]

Although the first diamonds that were found were by the Boers somewhat contemptuously called "pebbles," the discovery stirred up among them a keen desire for the acquisition of territory; and when the annexation of the diamond-fields was subsequently effected by the English, the controversy that was waged between the latter and the government of the Orange Free State was very bitter, both sides claiming to be the rightful possessors by virtue of concessions that had been made to them by one or other of the native chieftains, Waterboer, Yantje, and Gassibone.

As the weakest must always go to the wall, so the Orange Free State, after a brief effort to assert the rights of ownership, was obliged to yield; nevertheless it did not cease to insist upon the justice of its original claim. All attempts of England to arbitrate between the new province and the republic, all efforts to gain recognition for laws that should compass on equal terms the mutual benefit of conflicting states, were altogether unavailing, until at last England herself, either prompted by her own magnanimity, or impelled by some sense of justice, finally purchased the claims of the Free State by a compensation of ninety thousand pounds towards the extension of a rail-

road which should connect the Free State with one of the lines in the eastern portion of Cape Colony.

The whole region of the diamond-fields may be subdivided into three districts. The oldest fields are on the Vaal River, and extend from the town of Bloemhof, in the Transvaal, to the river-diggings at the confluence of the Vaal and the Harts; next to them are the dry-diggings, so called because the "pebbles" were originally obtained by sifting the earth and not by washing it,—these lie around the town of Kimberley; and thirdly, there are the fields at Sagersfontein and Coffeefontein, in the Orange Free State, beyond the English dependency of Griqualand.

The settlement at the river-diggings sprang up with a rapidity as marvellous as those of California. At first, Klipdrift, opposite Pniel, a mission station, was regarded as its capital and centre, but within the last nine years Kimberley (formerly known as New Rush) has become so important, that it necessarily holds first rank.

Within a year after the discovery of the "crystal stone" in the valley of the Vaal, where the indolent Korannas alone had dragged on a dreamy existence, long rows of tenements had started up, although for the most part they were unsubstantial huts; but very soon South Africa, from end to end, became infected with the diamond-fever. Young and old, sick and healthy, servants and masters, country-folk and townsmen, sailors and soldiers, deserting their calling, and Dutch Boers, with their whole families, yielded to the impulse to migrate to the alluring scene that had suddenly became so famous. The encampments that they made were transformed with incredible speed into regular towns of four thousand or five thousand inhabitants; and when the intelligence was circulated that the "Star of Africa," a diamond of eighty-three carats and a half, had been picked up, every European steamer

brought over hundreds of adventurers, all eager to take their chance of securing similar good fortune for themselves.

Thus in addition to Klipdrift grew up the towns of Hebron, River Town, Gong Gong, Blue Jacket, New Kierk's Rush, Delportshope, Waldeck's Plant, and others, the glory of many of them, however, being destined to be very transient, some of them passing away as suddenly as they had risen. The report was no sooner spread that on the plain of the Dutoitspan Farm, below the river-diggings on the Vaal, diamonds had been found in abundance on the surface of the earth, than the old stations were forthwith abandoned, every one hurrying off in hot haste to the dry-diggings, which were supposed to be much more prolific.

Out of the large number of those who succeeded in quickly realizing large fortunes, a large proportion squandered their wealth as rapidly as they had acquired it, and as the new settlements soon developed themselves into dens of vice and demoralization, the majority of the population, being mere adventurers, came utterly to grief.

On the Vaal itself the diamonds are collected from the alluvial rubble. This rubble consists of blocks of greenstone, containing fine, almond-shaped chalcedonies and agates, some as large as a man's fist and like milk quartz, others smaller and of a pink or carmine tint, and occasionally blue or yellow. It covers the district between Bloemhof and Hebron, and is known distinctively as Vaal-stone. But, besides greenstone, the rubble includes a number of other elements: it consists partially of fragments of the trap-dyke that is characteristic of the district between Hebron and the mouth of the Harts, as well as nearly all the hills in the east of Cape Colony, in the Orange Free State, and in Griqualand; it contains, likewise, a certain proportion of milk quartz, clay slate, sand yielding mag-

netic iron, and numerous pyropes; these vary in size from that of a grain of millet to that of a grain of maize, and were awhile mistaken for garnets and rubies; moreover, it contains portions of the limestone that extends both ways from the Vaal, though not forming the actual valley of the river: it is a stone in which I never discovered any fossils.

The diggers, after obtaining their portion of diamond rubble from the "claims," as the parcels of ground allotted them by the authorities were called, had first to convey it down to the river; they had next to sift it from the heavier lumps of stone, and then to wash it in cradles, three or four feet long and about one and a half wide, until they had entirely got rid of the clay. In the residuum they had finally to search carefully for the treasure. The stones found in this locality were, as a general rule, very small, but their color was good and their quality fine; they were called "glass-stones," while the larger and more valuable brilliants obtained in the two other districts were distinguished as "true river-stones."

The second, and hitherto the most important, diamond-field is that which I have called the central diggings; they are what formerly were understood by the dry-diggings. They include the four mines in the Kimberley district, and form two separate groups, the northwestern containing Kimberley and Old de Beers adjoining it on the east, and the eastern group, containing Dutoitspan, with Bultfontein closing it on the south and west. This eastern group lies about two miles from Kimberley, and about one mile from Old de Beers. Kimberley itself is about twenty-two miles to the southeast of Klipdrift, and is the most important of the four mines I have mentioned, being that where the greatest numbers of diamonds of all qualities are found. The stones found at Dutoitspan are valued very much on

account of their bright yellow color, those obtained at Bultfontein being generally smaller, but equal in purity to the "river-stones."

Diamond mines vary in depth from forty-five to two hundred feet,* and may be from two hundred to seven hundred yards in diameter. The diggings are locally called "kopjes," being divided into "claims," which are either thirty feet square, or thirty feet long by ten feet wide; of these a digger may hold any number from one to twenty, but he is required to work them all. For the ordinary "claim" the monthly payment generally amounts to about twenty florins for ground-rent and for water-rate, made to the government and a Mining Board, which consists of a committee of diggers appointed to overlook the working of the whole. In Dutoitspan and Bultfontein there is an additional tax paid to the proprietors,—*i.e.*, the owners of the farms; but in the Kimberley and Old de Beers group the government has purchased all rights of possession from the firm of Ebden & Co.

I have little doubt in my own mind that these pits are the openings of mud craters, but I am not of opinion that the four diggings are branches of the same crater; it is only a certain resemblance between the stones found in Old de Beers and those found in Kimberley that affords the least ground for considering that there is any subterranean communication between the two diggings. At the river-diggings I believe that one or more crater-mouths existed in the vicinity of the river-bed above Bloemhof.

The palmy days of the diamond-diggings were in 1870 and 1871, when, if report be true, a swaggering digger would occasionally light his pipe with a five-pound note,

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* The Kimberley mine in 1891 was seven hundred feet deep, and is now still deeper.

and when a doctor's assistant was able to clear eleven hundred pounds in seven months. But since 1871 the value of the diamonds has been constantly on the decline; and although the yield has been so largely increased that the aggregate profits have not diminished, yet the actual expenses of working have become tenfold greater. Notwithstanding the fall in the value of the stones, the price of the land has risen immensely. At the first opening of the Kimberley kopje, the ordinary claim of nine hundred square feet could be had for ten pounds. It is true that the purchase only extended to the surface of the soil; but now that the excavations are made to the depth of about two hundred feet, some of the richer pits fetch from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand pounds, a proof that the real prosperity of the diamond-fields has not deteriorated, because (just as in the gold-diggings) the rush of adventurers eager for sudden wealth has been replaced by the application of diligent and systematic industry.

As time has progressed, the mode of obtaining the diamonds has gradually become more skilled and scientific. As the diggers first worked in their allotments with the assistance of what hired laborers they could get, Hottentots, Kafirs, and Bechuanas, their apparatus was of the rudest character. It consisted only of a stake, driven into the ground at the upper edge of the pit, with an iron or wooden pulley attached, enabling them to draw up the buckets of diamond-earth by hand. This acted very well as long as the walls of the mine were perpendicular; but when they were at all on the incline, or when, as would sometimes happen, the earth had to be carried a hundred yards or more over the heads of other workers, one stake was driven in at the bottom of the pit and three at the top, and along this there ran two grooved iron rods, that supported a framework, provided with a hook to which a

bucket could be attached. As the excavations grew deeper, and the diggers became the owners of more than one claim apiece, the expense of raising the larger quantities of earth, and the waste of time, began to be seriously felt, and led to the introduction of wooden whims,—great capstans worked by horse-power. Many of these cumbrous machines are still in use; but the more wealthy diggers, as well as the companies that have recently been formed, now generally employ steam-engines.

This is specially the case at the Kimberley kopje. Although these are the smallest of the diamond mines, they are the richest, and consequently attract the largest proportion of diggers.

It soon became impossible to find space for the separate hand-pulleys to stand side by side, and huge deal scaffolds were erected, three stories high, so that three distinct lifting-apparatus could be worked one above another, without requiring a basement area of much more than six square feet. At present, however, the edge of the embankment is almost entirely covered with horse-whims and steam-engines that have been brought from England.

It is no longer allowable for the diamond-earth to be sorted near the place where it is brought up, a practice that was found to lead to much annoyance and disagreement; but the owners are obliged to subject their earth to scrutiny, either within the limits of their own allotments, or to have it conveyed to a piece of ground hired outside the town for the purpose.

The process of sorting is also more complicated than it used to be. Formerly the earth containing the diamonds was cleared of its coarser parts by means of sieves; it was then turned over and shaken out on to a flat table, where it was merely examined by the help of a stick, or a little piece of iron. It necessarily resulted from this rough-and-

ready method that many diamonds were overlooked, and the earth thus examined was afterwards sold as being very likely to yield a number of small stones, and often proved very remunerative to the buyer.

Now, however, washing machines, some of them very elaborate, worked by steam-power, horse-power, or hand-labor, according to the means of the claim-owners, are almost universally employed. The earth is gradually cleared of clay, until only the stony particles remain; and these are rinsed repeatedly in water until they are thoroughly clean; then they are placed, generally every evening, in sieves for the moisture to drain off, and, after a slight shaking, they are turned on to a table before the claim-owner or overseer. Whatever diamonds there may be are generally detected at first sight; being heavier than other stones, they gravitate to the bottom of the fine-wire sieve, and consequently come uppermost when the contents are turned out for the final inspection.

In proportion as the machinery has become more elaborate and the modes of working more perfect, so have expenses increased, and diamond-digging now requires a considerable capital. This, of course, has tended to clear the work of a large crowd of mere adventurers, and made it a much calmer and more business-like pursuit than it was originally. The authorized rules and regulations for the protection of the diggers and of the merchants have likewise materially improved the condition of both.

As viewed from the edge of the surrounding clay walls, the appearance of one of the great diamond-fields is so peculiar as almost to defy any verbal description. It can only be compared to a huge crater, which, previously to the excavations, was filled to the very brink on which we stand with volcanic eruptions, composed of crumbling diamond-bearing earth, consisting mainly of decomposed

tufa. That crater now stands full of the rectangular "claims," dug out to every variety of depth. Before us are masses of earth piled up like pillars, clustered like towers, or spread out in plateaux; sometimes they seem standing erect as walls, sometimes they descend in steps; here they seem to arrange themselves in terraces, and there they gape asunder as pits; altogether they combine to form a picture of such wild confusion that at dusk or in the pale glimmer of moonshine it would require no great stretch of the imagination to believe them the ruins of some city of the past, that after the lapse of centuries was being brought afresh to light.

But any illusion of this sort is all dispelled as one watches the restless activity of the throngs that people the bottom of the deep dim hollow. The vision of the city of the dead dissolves into the scene of a teeming ant-hill; all is life and eagerness and bustle. The very eye grows confused at the labyrinth of wires stretching out like a giant cobweb over the space below, while the movements of the countless buckets making their transit backward and forward only add to the bewilderment. Meanwhile, to the ear everything is equally trying: there is the hoarse creaking of the windlasses; there is the perpetual hum of the wires; there is the constant thud of the falling masses of earth; there is the unceasing splash of water from the pumps; and these, combined with the shouts and singing of the laborers, so affect the nerves of the spectator that, deafened and giddy, he is glad to retire from the strange and striking scene. . . .

A residence in the diamond-fields undoubtedly has various inconveniences, but nothing is so trying as the atmosphere. Every day during the dry winter season lungs, eyes, and ears are painfully distressed by the storms of dust that impregnate the air with every conceivable kind

LION HEAD, CAPE TOWN.

of filth, which, penetrating the houses, defiles (if it does not destroy) everything on which it rests. The workers in the diggings, the drivers of wagons, and all whose occupations keep them long in the open air are especially sufferers from this cause.

Nor is the summer much less unpleasant. During the rainy season the country is flooded by the violent downpour; the rain often fills up the shallow track-pan (one of the salt lakes that dry up every year, lying in a depression about half a mile long at the south end of Dutoitspan) in a single day; and as the immediate consequence, the streets of Kimberley become so deluged that the traffic is impeded, and foot-passengers can only with difficulty proceed at all. The new corporation has endeavored to remedy this difficulty by laying down gutters and taking other measures for draining the thoroughfares.

LIFE IN CAPE COLONY AND NATAL.

LADY M. A. BARKER.

Lady Mary Ann Barker, an English writer, was born in the island of Jamaica, where, in 1852, she married Captain G. R. Stewart, of the Royal Artillery. He died in 1860, and in 1865 she married Frederick Napier Broome, whom she accompanied to New Zealand, her experiences there being given in a book entitled "Station Life in New Zealand." She afterwards resided with her husband at Maritzburg, in Natal, South Africa, her experiences in which country are racily described in her "Life in South Africa." From this work the following selections are made, beginning with her account of Cape Town, where she landed October 16, 1875.]

How pleasant is the process familiarly known as "looking about one," particularly when performed under exception-

ally favorable circumstances! A long and happy day commenced with a stroll through the botanic gardens, parallel with which runs, on one side, a splendid oak avenue just now in all the vivid freshness of its young spring leaves. The gardens are beautifully kept, and are valuable as affording a sort of experimental nursery, in which new plants and trees can be brought up on trial and their adaptability to the soil and climate ascertained. For instance, the first thing that caught my eye was the gigantic trunk of an Australian blue-gum-tree, which had attained to a girth and height not often seen in its own land. The flora of the Cape Colony is exceptionally varied and beautiful, but one peculiarity incidentally alluded to by my charming guide struck me as very noticeable. It is that in this dry climate and porous soil all the efforts of uncultivated nature are devoted to the *stems* of the vegetation: on their sap-retaining power depends the life of the plant; so blossom and leaf, though exquisitely indicated, are fragile and incomplete compared to the solidity and bulbous appearance of the stalk.

Everything is sacrificed to the practical principle of keeping life together, and it is not until these stout-stemmed plants are cultivated and duly sheltered and watered, and can grow, as it were, with confidence, that they are able to do justice to the inherent beauty of pencilled petal and veined leaf. Then the stem contracts to ordinary dimensions, and leaf and blossom expand into things which may well be a joy to the botanist's eye. A thousand times during that shady saunter did I envy my companions their scientific acquaintance with the beautiful green things of earth, and that intimate knowledge of a subject which enhances one's appreciation of its charms as much as bringing a lamp into a darkened picture-gallery. There are the treasures of form and color, but from igno-

rant eyes more than half their charms and wonders are held back.

A few steps beyond the garden stand the library and natural history museum. The former is truly a credit to the Colony. Spacious, handsome, rich in literary treasures, it would bear comparison with similar institutions in far older and wealthier places. But I have often noticed in colonies how much importance is attached to the possession of a good public library, and how fond, as a rule, colonists are of books. In a new settlement other shops may be ill supplied, but there is always a good bookseller's, and all books are to be bought there at pretty nearly the same prices as in England. Here each volume costs precisely the same as it would in London, and it would puzzle ever so greedy a reader to name a book which would not be instantly handed to him.

The museum is well worth a visit of many more hours than we could afford minutes, and, as might be expected, contains numerous specimens of the *Bok* family, whose tapering horns and slender legs are to be seen at every turn of one's head. Models are there also of the largest diamonds, and especially well copied is the famous "Star of South Africa," a magnificent brilliant of purest water, sold here originally for something like twelve thousand pounds, and resold for double that sum three or four years back.

In these few hours I perceive, or think I perceive, a certain soreness, if one may use the word, on the part of the Cape Colonists about the unappreciativeness of the English public towards their produce and possessions. For instance, an enormous quantity of wine is annually exported, which reaches London by a devious route and fetches a high price, as it is fairly entitled to do from its excellence. If that same wine were sent direct to a London

merchant and boldly sold as Cape wine, it is said that the profit on it would be a very different affair. The same prejudice exists against Cape diamonds. Of course, as in other things, a large proportion of inferior stones are forced into the market and serve to give the diamonds that bad name which we all know is so fatal to a dog. But it is only necessary to pretend that a really fine Cape diamond has come from Brazil to insure its fetching a handsome price, and in that way even jewellers themselves have been known to buy and give a good round sum, too, for stones they would otherwise have looked upon with suspicion. Already I have seen a straw-colored diamond from "Du Toit's pan" in the diamond-fields cut in Amsterdam and set in London, which could hold its own for purity, radiance and color against any other stone of the same rare tint, without fear or favor; but of course such gems are not common, and fairly good diamonds cost as much here as in any other part of the world.

The light morning mists from that dampness of yesterday have rolled gradually away as the beautiful sunshine dried the atmosphere, and by mid-day the table-cloth, as the colonists affectionately call the white, fleece-like vapor which so often rests on their pet mountain, has been folded up and laid aside in cloudland for future use. I don't know what picture other people may have made to their own minds of the shape and size of Table Mountain, but it was quite a surprise and the least little bit in the world of a disappointment to me to find that it cuts the sky (and what a beautiful sky it is!) with a perfectly straight and level line. A gentle, undulating foreground broken into ravines, where patches of green *veldts* or fields, clumps of trees and early settlers' houses nestle cosily down, guides the eye half-way up the mountain. There the rounder forms abruptly cease, and great granite cliffs rise, bare and

straight, up to the level line stretching ever so far along. "It is so characteristic," and "You grow to be so fond of that mountain," are observations I have heard made in reply to the carping criticisms of travellers, and already I begin to understand the meaning of the phrases. But you need to see the mountain from various points of view and under different influences of sun and clouds before you can take in its striking and peculiar charms.

On each side of the straight line which is emphatically Table Mountain, but actually forming part of it, is a bold headland of the shape one is usually accustomed to in mountains. The "Devil's Peak" is uncompromising enough for any one's taste, while the "Lion's Head" charms the eye by its bluff form and deep purple fissures. These grand promontories are not, however, half so beloved by Cape Colonists as their own Table Mountain, and it is curious and amusing to notice how the influence of this odd straight ridge, ever before their eyes, has unconsciously guided and influenced their architectural tastes. All the roofs of the houses are straight,—straight as the mountain; a gable is almost unknown, and even the few steeples are dwarfed to an imperceptible departure from the prevailing straight line. The very trees which shade the parade-ground and border the road in places have their tops blown absolutely straight and flat, as though giant shears had trimmed them; but I must confess, in spite of a natural anxiety to carry out my theory, that the violent "sou'easters" are the "straighteners" in their case.

Cape Town is so straggling that it is difficult to form any idea of its real size, but the low houses are neat and the streets are well kept and look quaint and lively enough to my new eyes this morning. There are plenty of people moving about with a sociable, business-like air; lots of different shades of black and brown Malays, with pointed

hats on the men's heads: the women encircle their dusky, smiling faces with a gay cotton handkerchief and throw another of a still brighter hue over their shoulders. When you add to this that they wear a full, flowing, stiffly-starched cotton gown of a third bright color, you can perhaps form some idea of how they enliven the streets. Swarms of children everywhere, romping and laughing and showing their white teeth in broadest of grins. The white children strike me at once as looking marvellously well,—such chubby cheeks, such sturdy fat legs,—and all, black or white, with that amazing air of independence peculiar to baby-colonists. Nobody seems to mind them and nothing seems to harm them. Here are half a dozen tiny boys shouting and laughing at one side of the road, and half a dozen baby-girls at the other (they all seem to play separately): they are all driving each other, for "horses" is the one game here. By the side of a pond sit two toddles of about three years old, in one garment apiece and pointed hats: they are very busy with string and a pin; but who is taking care of them and why don't they tumble in? They are as fat as ortolans and grin at us in the most friendly fashion.

We must remember that this chances to be the very best moment of the whole year in which to see the Cape and the dwellers thereat. The cold weather has left its bright roses on the children's cheeks, and the winter rains exceptionally having this year made every blade of grass and leaf of tree to laugh and sing in freshest green. After the dry, windy summer I am assured there is hardly a leaf and never a blade of grass to be seen in Cape Town, and only a little straggling verdure under the shelter of the mountain. The great want of this place is water. No river, scarcely a brook, refreshes one's eye for many and many a league inward. The necessary water for the use

of the town is brought down by pipes from the numerous springs which trickle out of the granite cliffs of Table Mountain, but there is never a sufficiency to spare for watering roads or grass-plots. This scarcity is a double loss to residents and visitors, for one misses it both for use and beauty.

[From Cape Colony our travellers proceeded to Natal, where they made their home in the town of Maritzburg. Lady Barker tells an interesting story of the events of her life there, of which, however, we have space but for one or two incidents. The first is an account of Zulu marriage customs. After describing a Zulu wedding conducted in civilized fashion, she tells us how the uncivilized natives conduct this ceremony.]

In spite of the imposing appearance of bride and bridegroom, in spite of the good sign all this aping of our ways really is, in spite of a hundred considerations of that nature which ought to have weighed with me, but did not, I fear, I took far more interest in a real Kafir marriage, a portion of whose preliminary proceedings I saw two days after this gala procession in white muslin and gray tweed.

I was working in the veranda after breakfast,—for you must know that it is so cold in-doors that we all spend the middle part of the day basking like lizards in the delicious warmth of sunny air outside,—when I heard a distant but loud noise beyond the sod fence between us and a track leading over the hills, in whose hollows many a Kafir kraal nestles snugly. I knew it must be something unusual, for I saw all our Kafirs come running out in a state of great excitement, calling to each other to make haste. G—— too left the funeral obsequies of a cat-murdered pigeon in which he was busily employed, and scampered off to the gate, shouting to me to come and see. So I, who am the idlest mortal in the world, and dearly love an excuse for leaving whatever rational employment I am engaged upon,

snatched up the baby, who was supremely happy digging in the dust in the sunshine, called Maria in case there might be anything to explain, and ran off to the gate also.

But there was nothing to be seen, not even dust: we only heard a sound of monotonous singing and loud grunting coming nearer and nearer, and by and by a muffled tread of bare hurrying feet shuffling through the powdered earth of the track. My own people had clambered up on the fence, and were gesticulating wildly and laughing and shouting, Tom waving the great wooden spoon with which he stirs his everlasting "scoff." "What is it, Maria?" I asked. Maria shook her head and looked very solemn, saying, "I doan know," but even while she spoke a broad grin broke all over her face, and she showed her exquisite teeth from ear to ear as she said, half contemptuously, "It's only a wild Kafir wedding, lady. There are the warriors: that's what they do when they don't know any better." Evidently, Maria inclined to the long white muslin gown of the civilized bride which I had so minutely described to her, and she turned away in disdain.

Yes, here they come,—first, a body of stalwart warriors dressed in skins, with immense plumes of feathers on their heads, their lithe, muscular bodies shining like ebony as they flash past me,—not so quickly, however, but that they have time for the *politesse* of tossing up shields and spears with a loud shout of "Inkosi!" which salutation the baby, who takes it entirely to himself, returns with great gravity and unction. These are the vanguard, the flower of Kafir chivalry, who are escorting the daughter of a chieftain to her new home in a kraal on the opposite range of hills. They make it a point of honor to go as quickly as possible, for they are like the stroke oar and give the time to the others.

After them come the male relatives of the bride, a

motley crew, numerous, but altogether wanting in the style and bearing of the warriors. Their garb, too, is a wretched mixture, and a compromise between clothes and no clothes, and they shuffle breathlessly along, some with sacks over their shoulders, some with old tunics of red or blue and nothing else, and some only with two flaps or aprons. But all wear snuff boxes in their ears,—snuff boxes made of every conceivable material,—hollow reeds, cowries, tiger-cats' teeth, old cartridge-cases, acorn-shells, empty chrysalises of some large moth,—all sorts of miscellaneous rubbish which could by any means be turned to this use. Then comes a more compact and respectable-looking body of men, all with rings on their heads, the Kafir sign and token of well-to-do-ness, with bare legs, but draped in bright-colored rugs or blankets. They too fling up their right arm and cry "Inkosi!" as they race along, but are more intent on urging on their charge, the bride, who is in their midst. Poor girl! she has some five or six miles yet to go, and she looks ready to drop now; but there seems to be no consideration for her fatigue, and I observe that she evidently shrinks from the sticks which her escort flourish about.

She is a good-looking, tall girl, with a nice expression in spite of her jaded and hurried air. She wears only a large sheet of coarse brownish cloth draped gracefully and decently around her, leaving, however, her straight, shapely legs bare to run. On her right arm she too bears a pretty little shield made of dun and white ox-hide, and her face is smeared over brow and cheeks with red clay, her hair also being tinged with it. She glances wistfully, I fancy, at Maria standing near me in her good clothes and with her fat, comfortable look.

Kafir girls dread being married, for it is simply taking a hard place without wages. Love has very rarely anything

to do with the union, and yet the only cases of murder of which I have heard have been committed under the influence of either love or jealousy. This has always seemed odd to me, as a Kafir girl does not appear at all prone to one or the other. When I say to Maria, "Perhaps you will want to marry some day, Maria, and leave me?" she shakes her head vehemently, and says, "No, no, I should not like to do that: I should have to work much harder, and no one would be kind to me." Maria too looks compassionately at her savage sister racing along, and murmurs, "Maria would not like to have to run so fast as that." Certainly, she is not in good condition for a hand gallop across these hills, for she is bursting out of all her gowns, although she is growing very tall as well.

There is no other woman in the bridal cavalcade, which is a numerous one, and closes with a perfect mob of youths and boys grunting and shuffling along. Maria says, doubtfully, "I think they are only taking that girl to look at her kraal. She won't be married just yet, for they say the beer is not ready so soon." This information is shouted out as some of the party rush past us, but I cannot catch the exact words amid the loud monotonous song with a sort of chorus or accompaniment of grunts.

[Natal has its literary aspirations, and a bazaar was held by the Natal Literary Society for the purpose of raising funds for the establishment of a library and reading-room. It was very successful, too, people contributing and buying liberally. But we are not going all the way to South Africa to describe a bazaar, and introduce it only as the frame for an amusing story which Lady Barker has to tell.]

Some of our best customers were funny old Dutchmen from far up country, who had come down to the races and the agricultural show, which were all going on at the same time. They bought recklessly the most astounding things,

but wisely made it a condition of purchase that they should not be required to take away the goods. In fact, they hit upon the expedient of presenting to one stall what they bought at another; and one worthy, who looked for all the world as if he had sat for his portrait in dear old Geoffrey Crayon's "Sketch-Book," brought us at our stall a large wax doll dressed as a bride, and implored us to accept it, and so rid him of its companionship. An immense glass vase was bestowed on us in a similar fashion later on in the evening, and at last we quite came to hail the sight of those huge beaver hats, with their broad brims and peaked crowns, as an omen of good fortune. But what I most wanted to see all the time were the heroes of the rocket practice. You do not know, perhaps, that delicious and veritable South African story; so I must tell it to you, only you ought to see my dear Boers, or emigrant farmers, to appreciate it thoroughly.

A little time ago the dwellers in a certain small settlement far away on the frontier took alarm at the threatening attitude of their black neighbors. I need not go into the rights—or rather the wrongs—of the story here, but skip all preliminary details and start fair one fine morning when a *commando* was about to march. Now, a commando means a small expedition armed to the teeth, which sets forth to do as much retaliatory mischief as it can. It had occurred to the chiefs of this warlike force that a rocket apparatus would be a very fine thing, and likely to strike awe into savage tribes, and so would a small, light cannon. The necessary funds were forthcoming, and some kind friend in England sent them out a beautiful little rocket-tube, all complete, and the most knowing and destructive of light field-pieces.

They reached their destination in the very nick of time, —the eve, in fact, of the departure of this valiant com-

mando. It was deemed advisable to make trial of these new weapons before starting, and an order was issued for the commando to assemble a little earlier in the market-square, and learn to handle their artillery pieces before marching. Not only did the militia assemble, but all the townsfolk, men, women, and children, and clustered like bees round the rocket-tube, which had been placed near the powder-magazine, so as to be handy to the ammunition. The first difficulty consisted in finding anybody who had ever seen a cannon before: as for a rocket-tube, that was indeed a new invention. The most careful search only succeeded in producing a Boer who had many, many years ago made a voyage in an old tea-ship which carried a couple of small guns for firing signals, etc. This valiant artilleryman was at once elected commander-in-chief of the rocket-tube and the little cannon, while everybody stood by to see some smart practice.

The tube was duly hung on its tripod, and the reluctant fellow-passenger of the two old cannon proceeded to load, and attempted to fire it. The loading was comparatively easy, but the firing! I only wish I understood the technical terms of rocket-firing, but, although they have been minutely explained to me half a dozen times, I don't feel strong enough on the subject to venture to use them. The results were, that some connecting cord or other having been severed contrary to the method generally pursued by experts in letting off a rocket, *half* of the projectile took fire, could not escape from the tube on account of the other half blocking up the passage, and there was an awful internal commotion instead of an explosion. The tripod gyrated rapidly, the whizzing and fizzing became more pronounced every moment, and at last, with a whish and a bang, out rushed the ill-treated and imprisoned rocket. But there was no clear space for it. It ricochetted among

the trees, zigzagging here and there, opening out a line for itself with lightning speed among the terrified and flustered crowd. There seemed no end to the progress of that blazing stick. A wild cry arose, "The powder magazine!" but before the stick could reach so far, it brought up all standing in a wagon, and made one final leap among the oxen, killing two of them and breaking the leg of a third.

This was an unfortunate beginning for the new captain, but he excused himself on the ground that, after all, rockets were not guns: with those he was perfectly familiar, having smoked his pipe often and often on board the tea-ship long ago, with those two cannon full in view. Yet the peaceablest cannons have a nasty trick of running back and treading on the toes of the by-standers; and to guard against such well-known habits it seemed advisable to plant the *trail* of this little fellow securely in the ground, so that he must perforce keep steady. "Volunteers to the front with spades!" was the cry, and a good-sized grave was made for the trail of the gun, which was then lightly covered up with earth. There was now no fear in loading him, and, instead of one, two charges of powder were carefully rammed home, and two shells put in.

There was some hitch, also, about applying the fuse to this weapon, fuses not having been known on board the tea-ship; but at last something was ignited, and out jumped *one* shell right into the middle of the market-square, and buried itself in the ground. But, alas and alas! the cannon now behaved in a wholly unexpected manner. It turned itself deliberately over on its back, with its muzzle pointing full among the groups of gaping Dutchmen in its rear, its wheels spun round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and a fearful growling and sputtering could be heard inside it. The recollection of the second shell now obtruded itself

vividly on all minds, and caused a furious stampede among the spectators. The fat Dutchmen looked as if they were playing some child's game. One ran behind another, putting his hands on his shoulders, but no sooner did any person find himself the first of a file than he shook off the detaining hands of the man behind him and fled to the rear to hold on to his neighbor. However ludicrous this may have looked, it was still very natural with the muzzle of a half-loaded cannon pointing full towards you, and one is thankful to know that with such dangerous weapons around no serious harm was done.

If you could only see the fellow-countrymen of these heroes, you would appreciate the story better,—their wonderful diversity of height, their equally marvellous diversity of breadth, of garb and equipment. One man will be over six feet high, a giant in form and build, mounted on a splendid saddle fresh from the store, spick and span in all details. His neighbor in the ranks will be five feet nothing, and an absolute circle as to shape; he will have rolled with difficulty on to the back of a gaunt steed, and his horse-furniture will consist of two old saddle-flaps sewn together with a strip of bullock-hide, and with a sheepskin thrown over all. You may imagine that a regiment thus turned out would look somewhat droll to the eyes of a martinet in such matters, even without the addition of a cannon lying on its back kicking, or a twirling rocket-tube sputtering and fizzing.

QUEEN RANAVALONA OF MADAGASCAR.

IDA PFEIFFER.

[The veteran lady traveller from whose "Last Travels" our present selection is taken spent a period in Madagascar, of the manners and customs of whose people she gives a very interesting account. The selection here given relates principally to Queen Ranavalona I. (Ranavola, as spelled by our author), a woman whose deeds of cruelty would have justified at that time the seizure of her kingdom by the French, as has just been done in the reign of her descendant, Ranavalona III. Mrs. Pfeiffer first describes the ceremonies of a court introduction.]

OUR introduction at court took place on the 2d of June. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon our bearers carried us to the palace. Over the door is fixed a great gilt eagle with extended wings. According to the rule laid down here by etiquette, we stepped over the threshold first with the right foot, and observed the same ceremony on coming to a second gate leading to a great court-yard in front of the palace. Here we saw the queen sitting on a balcony on the first story, and were directed to stand in a row in the court-yard opposite to her. Under the balcony stood some soldiers, who went through sundry evolutions, concluding with a very comic point of drill, which consisted in suddenly poking up the right foot as if it had been stung by a tarantula.

The queen was wrapped, according to the custom of the country, in a wide silk simbu, and wore on her head a big golden crown. Though she sat in the shade, a very large umbrella of crimson silk was held up over her head, this being, it appears, a point of regal state.

The queen is of rather dark complexion, strong and sturdily built, and, though already seventy-five years of

age, she is, to the misfortune of her poor country, still hale and of active mind. At one time she is said to have been a great drunkard, but she has given up that fatal propensity some years ago.

To the right of the queen stood her son, Prince Rakoto, and on the left her adopted son, Prince Ramboasalama; behind her sat and stood sundry nephews and nieces, and other relatives, male and female, and several grandees of the empire.

The minister who had conducted us to the palace made a short speech to the queen, after which we had to bow three times, and to repeat the words "*Esaratsara tombokse*," equivalent to "We salute you cordially," to which she replied, "*Esaratsara*," which means "Well—good!" Then we turned to the left to salute the tomb of King Radama lying a few paces on one side, with three similar bows, whereupon we returned to our former place in front of the balcony and made three more. Mr. Lambert, on this occasion, held up a gold-piece of fifty francs' value, and put it in the hands of the minister who accompanied us. This gift, which every stranger has to offer when he is presented for the first time at court, is called "Monosina." It is not necessary that it should consist of a fifty-franc piece; the queen contents herself with a Spanish dollar or a five-franc piece. Mr. Lambert had, however, already given fifty francs on the occasion of the *sambas-sambas*.

After the delivery of the gold-piece, the queen asked Mr. Lambert if he wished to put any question to her, or if he stood in need of anything, to which he answered "No." She was also condescending enough to turn to me and ask if I was well, and if I had escaped the fever. After I had answered this question, we stayed a few minutes longer, looking at each other, when the bowings and greetings began anew. We had to take leave of Radama's monu-

ment, and on retiring were again reminded not on any account to put the left foot first over the threshold.

Such is the way in which the proud Queen of Madagascar grants audience to strangers. She considers herself far too high and exalted to let them come near her at the first interview. Those who have the great good fortune to win her especial favor may afterwards be introduced into the palace itself, but this is never achieved at a first audience.

The royal palace is a very large wooden building, consisting of a ground-floor and two stories, surmounted by a peculiarly high roof. The stories are surrounded by broad galleries. Around the building are pillars, also of wood, eighty feet high, supporting the roof, which rises to a height of forty feet above them, resting in the centre on a pillar no less than a hundred and twenty feet high. All these columns, the one in the centre not excepted, consist of a single trunk; and when it is considered that the woods which contain trees of sufficient size to furnish these columns are fifty or sixty English miles from the capital, that the roads are nowhere paved, and in some cases quite impassable, and that all the pillars are dragged hither without the help of a single beast of burden, or any kind of machine, and are afterwards prepared and set up by means of the simplest tools, the building of this palace may with truth be called a gigantic undertaking, and the place itself be ranked among the wonders of the world. In bringing home the chief pillar alone five thousand persons were employed, and twelve days were occupied in its erection.

All these labors were performed by people as compulsory service, for which they received neither wages nor food. I was told that during the progress of the work fifteen thousand people fell victims to the hard toil and the want of proper nourishment. But the queen is very little

disturbed by such a circumstance; half the population might perish, if only her high behests are fulfilled.

In front of the principal building a handsome spacious court-yard has been left; around this space stand several pretty houses, all of wood. The chief building is, in fact, uninhabited, and contains only great halls of state and banqueting-rooms; the dwelling-rooms and sleeping-rooms of the queen are in one of the side buildings, communicating by a gallery with the palace.

On the left, the "silver palace" adjoins the larger one. It takes its name from the fact that all the Vandyked ends with which the roof is decorated, and the window and door frames, are hung with innumerable little silver bells. This palace is the residence of Prince Rakoto, who, however, makes very little use of it, generally living at his house in the city.

Beside the silver palace stands the monument of King Radama, a tiny wooden house without windows; to this fact, however, and to the further circumstance of its being built upon a pedestal, it owes its sole resemblance to a monument.

The singular custom prevails in Madagascar, that when a king dies, all his treasures in gold- and silver-ware and other valuables are laid with him in the grave. In case of need, the heir can dig up the treasure, and, so far as I could ascertain, this had been done in every instance. . . .

I do not grudge the queen the treasure she has accumulated; but it would be a fortunate thing for the population of the island if it were to be buried very soon, in company —of course—with its gracious possessor. She is certainly one of the proudest and most cruel women on the face of the earth, and her whole history is a record of bloodshed and deeds of horror. At a moderate computation it is reckoned that from twenty to thirty thousand people perish

annually in Madagascar, some through the continual executions and poisonings, others through grievous labor purposely inflicted, and from warfare. If this woman's rule lasts much longer, the beautiful island will be quite depopulated; the population is said to have already shrunk to half the number that it comprised in King Radama's time, and a vast number of villages have disappeared from the face of the land.

Executions and massacres are often conducted in wholesale fashion, and fall chiefly upon the Seklaves, whom the queen seems to look upon with peculiar hatred; but the Malagaseys and the other nations are not much less distasteful to her; and the only tribe that finds any favor at all in her eyes is, as I have already said, the Hovas, from whom she is herself descended.

These Hovas were once the most scorned and hated of all the races in Madagascar; they were regarded as the Pariahs are regarded in India. Under King Radama, however, and especially under the present queen, this race has distinguished itself, and attained the first place by dint of intelligence, bravery, and ambition. But, unhappily, the race has not been improved by prosperity, and the good qualities of the Hovas are more than overbalanced by their evil propensities. Mr. Laborde even declares that the Hova embodies in himself the vices of all the tribes in the island. Mendacity, cunning, and hypocrisy are not only habitual, but cherished vices with him, and he tries to initiate his offspring therein at the earliest possible age. The Hovas dwell among themselves in a continual state of suspicion, and friendship is with them an impossibility. Their cunning and slyness are said to be incredible; the most practised diplomatists of Europe would be no match for them in these qualities.

Of Malay origin, the Hovas are undoubtedly less ugly

than the other races in Madagascar. Their features have less of the negro type, and are even better shaped than those of the Malays in Java and the Indian Archipelago, whose superiors they are also in stature and bodily strength. Their complexion varies through every shade from olive-yellow to dark reddish-brown. Some are very light; but, on the other hand, I noticed many, especially among the soldiers, whose color approximated so much to the red tint that I should have taken them more for genuine "redskins" than even the North American Indians, to whom that name is applied from the ruddy tinge in their skin. Their eyes and hair are black; they wear the hair long, and this is of a frizzly woolly texture.

Even the Hovas, the favorites of the queen, are ruled with a ruthless iron hand; and though they may not be put to death by hundreds and thousands like other nations, they are still punished with death for very trifling offences.

[The author proceeds to site a number of massacres and instances of ruthless cruelty committed by order of the queen, which may profitably be omitted, and less severe instances cited.]

In the year 1855 certain people in the province of Vonizonga unfortunately took it into their heads to assert that they had discovered a means of catching a thief by invisible agency; that when he stretched out his hand with felonious intent, they could charm his arm so as to prevent him from drawing it back or moving from the spot. When the queen heard of this, she commanded that the people in question should be severely punished, for she fancied she herself might one day come into that district, and be killed by similar witchcraft. Two hundred persons were taken prisoners, and condemmed to the *tanguin*, of whom a hundred and eighty perished.

The tanguin, or poison test, is often applied to persons

of all grades,—to the high nobles as well as the slaves; for the mere accusation of any crime is sufficient to bring it upon the victim. Any man may start up as accuser. He need not bring forward any proofs, for the only condition he has to fulfil is to deposit a sum of twenty-eight and a half dollars. The accused persons are not allowed to make any defence, for they must submit to the poisoning ordeal under all circumstances. When any one gets through without perishing, a third part of the deposited money is given to him, a second third belongs to the queen, and the remainder is given back to the accuser. If the accused dies, the accuser receives all his money back, for then the accusation is looked upon as well founded.

The poisoning process is managed in the following manner. The poison employed is taken from the kernel of a fruit as large as a peach, growing upon trees called *Tanguinea Veneniflora.* The lampi-tanguini, or person who administers the poison, announces to the accused the day on which he is to take it. For forty-eight hours before the appointed time he is allowed to eat very little, and for the last twenty-four hours before the trial nothing at all.

His friends accompany him to the poisoner's house; here he has to undress himself, and make oath that he has not had resource to any kind of magic. The lampi-tanguini then scrapes away as much powder from the kernel with a knife as he judges necessary for the trial. Before administering the dose to the accused he asks him if he confesses his crime; but the culprit never does this, as he would have to take the poison notwithstanding. The lampi-tanguini spreads the poison on three little pieces of skin, about an inch in size, cut from the back of a fat fowl; these he rolls together and bids the accused swallow them.

In former days almost every one who was subjected to this ordeal died in great agony; but for the last ten years

every one who has not been condemned by the queen herself to the tanguin is permitted to make use of the following antidote. As soon as he has taken the poison his friends make him drink rice-water in such quantities that his whole body sometimes swells visibly, and quick and violent vomiting is generally brought on. If the poisoned man is fortunate enough to get rid not only of the poison, but of the three little skins (which latter must be returned uninjured), he is declared innocent, and his relations carry him home in triumph with songs and rejoicings. But if one of the pieces of skin should fail to reappear, or if it be at all injured, his life is forfeited, and he is executed with the spear or by some other means.

One of the nobles who frequently visited our house had been condemned several years ago to take the tanguin. Happily for him, he threw up the poison and the three pieces of skin in perfect condition. His brother ran in great haste to the wife of the accused to announce this joyful event to her, and the poor woman was so moved by it that she sank fainting to the ground. I was astonished at hearing of such a display of feeling from one of the women of Madagascar, and could not at first believe the account true. I heard, however, that if the husband had died, she would have been called a witch, and probably condemned to the tanguin likewise, so that the violent emotion was probably caused more by joy at her own deliverance than by the good fortune of her husband.

During my stay in Tananarivo a woman suddenly lost several of her children by death. The mother was accused of causing the fate of the poor little ones by magic arts, and was condemned to the tanguin. The poor creature threw up the poison and two of the skins, but as the third did not make its appearance, she was killed without mercy.

[Other instances of cruelty are cited, and the author continues:]

But executions, poisonings, slavery, plunderings, and other punishments do not exhaust the people's catalogue of woes. In devising plans of malignity and cruelty Queen Ranavola's penetration is wonderful, and she has invented further means of ruining the unhappy population and plunging it still deeper into misery. One device for carrying out this end, often adopted by the queen, is a royal journey. Thus, in the year 1845, Queen Ranavola made a progress to the province of Mancrinerina, ostensibly to enjoy the sport of buffalo-hunting. On this journey she was accompanied by more than fifty thousand persons. She had invited all the officers, all the nobles, far and near, around Tananarivo, and, that the procession should appear as splendid as possible, every one had to bring with him all his servants and slaves. Of soldiers alone ten thousand marched with them, and almost as many bearers, and twelve thousand men always kept a day's journey in advance, to make the roads broader and repair them. Nor were the inhabitants of the villages spared through which the queen passed. A certain number, at least, had to follow the train, with their wives and children. Many of the people were sent forward, like the road-menders, to prepare the night's lodging for the queen,—no trifling task, as the houses or tents prepared for the royal family had to be surrounded by a high rampart of earth, lest her gracious majesty should be attacked by enemies during the night, and torn forcibly away from her beloved people.

Inasmuch as this philanthropic potentate is accustomed, on a journey of this kind, only to make provision for her own support, and gives her companions nothing but the permission to live on the stores they have brought for themselves (provided, of course, they have been able to procure any), famine very soon makes its appearance

among the mass of soldiers, people, and slaves. This was the case in the journey of which I speak; and in the four months of its duration nearly ten thousand people, and among them a great proportion of women and children, are said to have perished. Even the majority of the nobles had to suffer the greatest privations; for, wherever a little rice was left, it was sold at such a high price that only the richest and noblest were able to purchase it.

In the first years of Queen Ranavola's rule, before she found herself seated securely enough on the throne to gratify her blood-thirsty propensities on her own subjects, her hatred was chiefly directed towards the descendants of King Radama and towards the Europeans. Regarding the latter, she frequently held councils with her ministers and other grandees concerning the measures to be taken to keep the detested race away from her territories. Mr. Laborde informed me that on these occasions the most absurd and extravagant propositions were brought forward. Thus, for instance, one of the wise councillors urged the expediency of building a very high, strong wall in the sea round about Madagascar, so that no ship should be able to approach any of the harbors. A second wiseacre proposed to the queen to have four gigantic pairs of shears manufactured and fixed on the roads leading from the various harbors to the capital. Whenever a European came along the shears were to be clapped to the moment he stepped between them, and thus the daring intruder would be cut in two. A third councillor, as wise as his companions, advised the queen to have a machine prepared with a great iron plate, against which the cannon-balls fired from hostile ships would rebound and sink the aggressive vessels by being hurled back upon them.

All these suggestions were received by her majesty with much approbation, and formed matter for deliberation in

the exalted council for days and weeks; but, unfortunately, none of them were found practicable.

The queen is particularly fond of witnessing fights between bulls, and this noble sport is frequently carried on in the fine large court-yard in front of the palace. Among the honored combatants some are her favorites: she asks after their health every day, and is as anxious about them as a European lady might be about her lapdogs; and, to carry out the simile, she often takes more interest in their well-being than in the comforts of her servants and friends.

In one of these contests, one of her favorite bulls—in fact, the chief of them—was slain: the poor queen was inconsolable at her loss. Until now no one had ever seen her weep. But then she had never met with so heavy a misfortune. She had certainly lost her parents, her husband, a few children, and some brothers and sisters; but what were all these in comparison to the favorite bull? She wept much and bitterly, and it was long before she would take comfort. The animal was buried with all the honors accorded to a grandee of the state. It was wrapped in a number of simbus, and covered with a great white cloth, and the marshals had to lay it in the grave. The marshals showed on this occasion that the race of courtiers flourishes in Madagascar; they were so proud of the distinction that they boast of it to the present day. Two great stones are placed on the grave, in memory of the dear departed, and the queen is said to think of him still with gentle sorrow.

The bull's monument is in the inner town. I saw it myself, and thought, also with sorrow, not of the bull, but of the unhappy people languishing under the cruel oppression of this barbarous queen.

DESERT TRAVELLING IN AUSTRALIA.

PETER EGERTON WARBURTON.

[The exploration of Australia was a task needing no little endurance in its performers, and testing their powers to the uttermost. Within the bordering region of the coast the vast interior of the island is largely rainless, and desert conditions widely prevail in regions where sufficient rain would make a country of the highest fertility. Several daring explorers traversed the interior in the early period of settlement, including Eyre, Sturt, Kennedy, Leichhardt, Stuart, Warburton, etc. Of the narratives of these explorers we have chosen Colonel Warburton's "Journey across the Western Interior of Australia" (1872–73) to select from, giving, as it does, a vivid description of the sufferings of the explorers. He had gone, with camels for beasts of burden, through vast reaches of forbidding country, and was now approaching running water and the coast.]

We are to commence our flight to the Oakover at sunset. God grant us strength to get through! Richard is very weak and so am I. To get rid of a small box, we selected a few bottles of homœopathic medicines for use and ate up all the rest. How much of our property we had thrown away before we resorted to this expedient of lightening the loads may be guessed. I started later than we intended, our course about west by south. The sand-hills are more troublesome than we have had them for some time. When we wanted to look north and south for water, the sand-hills generally ran east and west; now, when we particularly wish to avoid crossing them, we are compelled to do so from their running northwest by west. The eclipse of the moon darkened our journey for several hours, but we made a favorable stretch westward for the last few miles of our night's journey. I could not go so

far as I had hoped, from the fatiguing character of the country. Camped at 3.15 A.M.

5*th* [November, 1873].—A strong east wind is blowing. We are compelled to give up smoking while on a short allowance of water. It is a deprivation, for smoke and water stand in the place of food. We started west-south-west at 6.30 P.M., and made twenty-five miles, though we had most trying sand-hills to cross. I became quite unable to continue the journey, being reduced to a skeleton by thirst, famine, and fatigue. I was so emaciated and weak I could scarcely rise from the ground, or stagger half a dozen steps when up. Charley [a native member of the party] had been absent all day, and we were alarmed about him when he did not return at sunset. I knew not what to do. Delay was death to us all, as we had not water enough to carry us through; on the other hand, to leave the camp without the lad seemed an inhuman act, as he must then perish. It was six against one, so I waited till the moon was well up, and started at nine P.M.

We made about eight miles, and while crossing a flat heard, to our intense delight, a "cooee," and Charley joined us. Poor lad, how rejoiced we were to see him again so unexpectedly! The lad had actually walked about twenty miles after all the fatigue of the previous night's travelling; he had run up a large party of natives, and gone to their water. This news of more water permitted us to use at once what we had with us, and the recovery of Charley put us in good spirits. It may, I think, be admitted that the hand of Providence was distinctly visible in this instance.

I had deferred starting until nine P.M., to give the absent boy a chance of regaining the camp. It turned out afterwards that had we expedited our departure by ten minutes, or postponed it for the same length of time, Charley would have missed us; and had this happened, there is little doubt

that not only myself, but probably other members of the expedition, would have perished from thirst. The route pursued by us was at right angles with the course taken by the boy, and the chances of our stumbling up against each other in the dark were infinitesimally small. Providence mercifully directed it otherwise, and our departure was so timed that, after travelling from two to two hours and a half, when all hope of the recovery of the wanderer was almost abandoned, I was gladdened by the "cooee" of the brave lad, whose keen ears had caught the sound of the bells attached to the camels' necks.

To the energy and courage of this untutored native may, under the guidance of the Almighty, be attributed the salvation of the party. It was by no accident that he encountered the friendly well. For fourteen miles he followed up the tracks of some blacks, though fatigued by a day of severe work, and, receiving a kindly welcome from the natives, he had hurried back, unmindful of his own exhausted condition, to apprise his companions of the important discovery he had made. We turned towards the native camp, and halted a short distance from it, that we might not frighten them away. I was so utterly exhausted when we camped at three A.M., that it was evident I never could have gone on after that night without more food and water. I would therefore thankfully acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God in saving my life by guiding us to a place where we got both.

7th.—Reached the well at six A.M. The natives fled at our approach, but returned after a little time. Wallaby were procured from them by barter. The fresh meat and plenty of water restored me for a time from my forlorn condition. There are so many natives that they drink more of their own water than we can well spare them. We obtained here the rest we all so much needed.

8*th.*—The natives all disappeared at daylight, and our hope of more food goes with them. I have invariably throughout the journey carried my pistol in my belt, but for the last few days its weight was too much for me, and I had put it in my bag. While lying under the shade of a blanket, with my head on the bag, one barrel unaccountably went off, and, had not the muzzle been turned from me, I should have had the ball through my head. My life has again been given to me. Our position now is lat. 20° 41′, long. (by account) 122° 30′; so I hope we are not more than three days' journey from the Oakover, and we expect to find some tributary before reaching the river itself. We trust a better country may supply us with some means of getting food. The natives at this camp have a large sea-shell for a drinking-cup; they have also an old butcher's knife, and seem to be acquainted with cattle. I think they have seen white men before. That they possessed a knowledge of cattle was inferred from the signs they made, and from a tolerably good imitation of lowing when they saw the camels. All these things cheer us with the hope of our reaching a country in which we may find something to eat.

The terrible sand-hills we have crossed have impeded our progress, and the country yields us nothing whatever; I cannot get even a crow or a snake. The sun-dried camel meat affords us only a nominal subsistence; there is not a particle of nourishment in it. We are not particular, and whatever we could get we should eat. One of the camels is reported to be ailing. These animals, though most enduring when well, appear liable to many sudden and unaccountable maladies. We started towards the west at seven P.M. Crossed some sand ridges; but the flats, though more extensive, are very bad for travelling over, being thickly covered with immense tussocks of spinifex. This and the ailing camel lessened our progress. Passed one small dry

clay-pan and several ant-hills, which looks as if we were gradually clearing those frightful sand-hills that have worn us out and cost us so many camels. Camped at 3.30 A.M. . . .

We killed our last meat on the 20th of October; a large bull camel has therefore fed us for three weeks. It must be remembered that we have no flour, tea, nor sugar; neither have we an atom of salt, so we cannot salt our meat. We are seven in all, and are living entirely upon sun-dried slips of meat, which are as tasteless and innutritious as a piece of dead bark. Unless the game drops into our hands in great abundance, we must kill another camel directly we get to water. Most of us are nearly exhausted from starvation, and our only resource is a camel, which would disappear from before us in a twinkling.

Started at 6.15 P.M. Travelled five hours; then took a latitude, which put us in 21° 2′; so we turned west for three hours more, completing twenty miles over very hard country and heavy sand-hills.

12th.—We find no appearance of change in the country, and suppose that we are more to the eastward than we supposed, or else the head of the Oakover is laid down more to the eastward than it is. The error is most probably mine, as it is difficult to keep the longitude quite correct after travelling so many months on a general westerly course. Our position is most critical, in consequence of the weakness of the camels. They cannot get over this terrible country and stand the fierce heat without frequent watering and rest. Without water we are helpless.

Three P.M. I have decided to send Lewis, the two camel men, and the black boy on ahead with the best and strongest camels, to try and reach the river, returning to us with water if successful. My son and Dennis White and myself remain behind, but following the first party as fast as our jaded camels can take us. We have abandoned

everything but our small supply of water and meat, and each party has a gun.

Lewis and his party started at 6 P.M. We left ourselves at 6.30. We could only make about four miles, when we lay down till 2 A.M. Starting again, we had made about eight miles when we were surprised by a voice, and found we had overtaken the advanced party, one of whose camels had knocked up on the previous night. This was a death-blow to our hopes of getting relief by sending them on first. We are hemmed in on every side; every trial we make fails, and I can now only hope that some one or more of the party may reach water sooner or later. As for myself, I can see no hope of life, for I cannot hold up without food and water. I have given Lewis written instructions to justify his leaving me should I die, and have made such arrangement as I can for the preservation of my journals and maps. The advance party has started again, and we followed till a little after sunrise, when our camels showed signs of distress, and we camped. Should the advance party see likely smokes, they are to turn to them.

My party at least are now in that state that, unless it please God to save us, we cannot live more than twenty-four hours. We are at our last drop of water, and the smallest bit of dried meat chokes me. I fear my son must share my fate, as he will not leave me. God have mercy upon us, for we are brought very low, and by the time death reaches us we shall not regret exchanging our present misery for that state in which the weary are at rest.

We have tried to do our duty, and have been disappointed in all our expectations. I have been in excellent health during the whole journey, and am so still, being merely worn out from want of food and water. Let no self-reproaches afflict any one respecting me. I undertook

the journey for the benefit of my family, and I was quite equal to it under all the circumstances that could be reasonably anticipated; but difficulties and losses have come upon us so thickly for the last few months that we have not been able to move. Thus, our provisions are gone, but this would not have stopped us could we have found water without such laborious search. The country is terrible. I do not believe men ever traversed so vast an extent of continuous desert.

We follow this afternoon on the advance tracks as far as our camels can take us. Richard shot me a little bird. It was only about the size of a sparrow, but it did me good. If the country would only give any single thing we could eat I should do very well, but we cannot find a snake, kite, or crow. There are a few wallabies in the spinifex, but we cannot get them. Our miseries are not a little increased by the ants. We cannot get a moment's rest, night or day, for them.

13th.—My rear party could only advance eight miles, when the camels gave in. Our food is scanty enough, but our great want is water. We have a little, but dare not take more than a spoonful at a time, while the heat is so great that the slightest exposure and exertion bring on a parching thirst. We are as low and weak as living men well can be, and our only hope of prolonging our lives is in the advance party finding some native camp; we have seen smokes, but are in too crippled a state to go to them.

14th.—Early this morning my son took our man White, and started in the direction of the smoke we had last seen. At mid-day, while I was sipping in solitude a drop of water out of a spoon, Lewis came up with a bag of water. Never shall I forget the draught of water I then got, but I was so weak that I almost fainted shortly after drinking it. The advance party had run up a smoke and found a well

about twelve miles off. Our lives were saved, but poor Charley was nearly killed. He had gone forward alone (at his own request, and as he had done before) to the native camp, the remainder of the party with the camels keeping out of sight. The blacks treated Charley kindly and gave him water; but when he cooeed for the party to come up, and the camels appeared, then I suppose the men were frightened, and supposed Charley had entrapped them. They instantly speared him in the back and arm, cut his skull with a waddy, and nearly broke his jaw.

I do not think this attack was made with any premeditated malice; but doubtless they would have killed the lad had not the remainder of the party, rushing to his rescue, frightened them away. Unfortunately, the few medicines we had not eaten had by some oversight been left behind at the camp, where we abandoned almost everything but the clothes we happened to stand up in. Lewis returned to the well, and was to come out and meet us next day with more water. We started at sunset, but could not keep on the tracks for more than two miles, when we camped.

15*th.*—We made another effort at daylight to get on, but one of the camels broke down, though it had not carried a saddle. The poor beast had become quite blind, and staggered about in a most alarming way. We could not get her beyond a mile and a half when she knocked up under the shade of a bush, and would go no farther. We therefore also sat down to await the water to be sent out to us. The heat was intense, and my son, having been obliged to walk because the camel could not carry him, suffered very greatly from thirst; and had not water been brought us before mid-day, it would have gone ill with him. Between ten and eleven A.M. Lewis returned with water from the well.

The camel, though we gave it some water, could not move from the shade of the bush. We tried to drive it, and to drag it, but to no purpose, therefore we shot it. My son and White returned to the well for more water, and to bring out camels to carry the meat. Lewis remained with me to cut up the camel and prepare it for carriage. We sent the head and tail, with the liver and half the heart and kidneys, to make soup for Charley, and a little picking for the rest. I hope the fact of the camel's head not having been turned towards Mecca, or its throat cut by a "True Believer," may not prejudice the camel men against the use of what we send.

Cutting up the camel and eating the "titbits" was the work of the day. We have now only five camels, and one of them so weak it cannot carry a saddle. Could we but reach the Oakover, we might manage some way or other; but the camels must take us there, or we shall never see it. I am sanguine now that we shall get there with at least four camels; two days ago I never expected to be able to leave the spot I was lying on.

[This painful progress continued until December 4, when they reached a creek tributary to the Oakover. On the 11th they reached the river. Thenceforth water was not lacking, but food was very scarce, and their privation continued. They camped on the river, and sent two of their party on the only two camels capable of travel towards the coast in search of aid. We take up the narrative again on Christmas-day.]

We cannot but draw a mental picture of our friends in Adelaide sitting down to their Christmas-dinner, while we lie sweltering on the ground starving, and should be thankful to have the pickings out of any pig's trough. This is no exaggeration, but literal truth. We cut out three bee-holes to-day, but found no honey in any of them. No sign of Lewis. If he is not here by the close of Sunday next,

I shall be obliged to suppose he has gone to Roebourne, in which case there can be no hope of his return for the next three weeks, and, except God grant us His help, we cannot live so long on our present supply.

Our lives have been preserved through many and great dangers, so my trust is in God's mercy towards us; it never fails, though it does not take always the course we look for.

We fancied we should find many opossums in the gum-trees, but have not seen one. We have fish close to us, but though we deprive ourselves of the entrails of a bird as bait, they will not take it. We eat everything clean through from head to tail. Prejudiced cooks may not accept my advice, but I am quite satisfied all birds ought to be cooked whole, extracting what you please afterwards. We omitted the latter operation, but this is a matter depending on circumstances.

Our last Christmas at Alice Springs was miserable enough, as we then thought, but the present beats it out and out.

26th.—Desperately hot, but still dry. Obtained a shag and two white cockatoos. Richard's leg is improving, yet he is exceedingly weak; not very much better than I am.

27th.—Passed in our ordinary heated idleness.

28th.—Threatening rain, but none fell. How heavily time hangs on our hands! We drink, smoke, and sleep as much as we can, then talk about what we should like to eat.

29th.—Sahleh's finger is very bad indeed from the scorpion sting. The state of our blood allows no wound to heal of itself, and I have no medicine suitable to his case. If it continues to get worse without any prospect of surgical aid, some one (not I) will have to chop his finger off with a tomahawk or he will lose his arm and his life.

Lewis not having returned, I am compelled to think either that there is no station on the De Grey, or that he has missed it and gone on to Roebourne, in which case he cannot be back for a fortnight. Our position stands thus: We have abundance of water, a little tobacco, and a few bits of dried camel. Occasionally an iguana or a cockatoo enlivens our fare, and lastly, I hope the late rain will bring up some thistles or pig-weed that we can eat.

Our difficulties are to make our meat last, though, so far from doing us good, we are all afflicted with scurvy, diarrhœa, and affection of the kidneys from the use of it. We cannot catch the fish, we cannot find opossums or snakes, the birds won't sit down by us, and we can't get up to go to them. We thought we should have no difficulty in feeding ourselves on the river, but it turns out that from one cause or another we can get very little, and we are daily dropping down a peg or two lower.

I am, however, satisfied that sending down to look for the station was our best plan; if it fail, the two who have been sent may save their lives, and we have a chance of saving ours if we can only hold out, whereas had we all remained, we should have eaten the two camels that are gone, and scarcely have progressed twenty miles; after that our case would have been hopeless. I cannot tell how it may turn out, but I do not regret the measure. We must wait patiently, I am sure Lewis will do all that can be done. His endurance, perseverance, and judgment are beyond all praise, and his various services have been most valuable. My great fear is that the summer rains may set in and stop his return, but we must hope for the best.

A few hours after making the above entry in my journal Lewis returned with an ample supply for all our wants and with six horses to carry us down.

I need not say how thankful we were, or how quickly

we set to work at the food. The camels with the heavier supplies are to come up to-morrow. We all feel most grateful to Messrs. Grant, Harper, and Anderson for their promptitude and liberality.

My companions are all eating to the extent of their powers; for myself, I was too weak to stand the sudden change of food, and am ill in consequence.

[On the 26th of January they reached the settlement, having spent much more than a year in their journey.]

I have now only to close my journal. All distances forward and backward included, our land travelling, as nearly as I can estimate it, has amounted to four thousand miles. We have all got through our trials better than could have been expected. I believe my son and myself are the only two European sufferers. I have lost the sight of one eye, and my son is much shaken in health. Sahleh, the Afghan, left his finger in Roebourne. Beyond this I know of no harm that has been done. We started with seventeen camels and ended with two.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS.

WILLIAM KELLY.

[William Kelly, the author of several works of travel in the United States, gives in his "Life in Victoria" a graphic picture of the conditions of social life in Australia in the early days of the gold-digging excitement. His narrative is full of pictures of the semi-barbarous state of affairs then existing. From these we select a portion of his account of life in the mines in 1853. He had just reached Ballarat, one of the most active of the gold-digging centres.]

Our sailor acquaintances and my party next morning resolved ourselves into a joint-stock company, and took the road to the gold-field, under the guidance of two return diggers. The road lay through bold ranges, and was exceedingly beautiful in places, but marked most disagreeably at close intervals throughout with dead and dying bullocks, in a pitiful state of emaciation, whose lacerated hides showed that even to the last stage they were mercilessly flayed by the relentless beasts in human form employed to drive them. It is a strange thing, but strictly true, as far as my experience teaches me, that while in most all other associations betwixt man and the brute creation a degree of sympathy, if not affection, arises from constant companionship, even though it may be alternated with quarrelsome interludes, no symptom of regard ever pulsates, no chord of kindness ever seems to awaken, in the callous heart of the remorseless bullock-driver for his patient team.

The reciprocal attachment between man and the horse or dog is proverbial. The drunken tinker may thrash his donkey unreasonably at times, but there are moments when he will pull his long ears with friendly warmth. The keeper of wild beasts may use his pole or his scourge sternly on occasion, but a juncture of reconciliation soon follows, when he will pat the leopard softly on the head, and thrust him a titbit of atonement through the bars of his cage. But the bullock-puncher is a type of humanity apart from his fellows; he is neither to be propitiated by the willingness of his team, nor appeased by their most prodigious exertions; cuts and curses are their reward, cuts and curses their punishment. After the most toilsome day's journey he will ruthlessly turn them scalding and bleeding from the yoke, without caring to provide them either food or water, next morning goading them as

cruelly as if they came to their task lusty from replenishment; and, finally, when a meekly enduring brute, yielding to exhausted nature, sinks, without a moan, upon the road from pure inanition, the man-devil will drive the spike of the whip-handle into his still living eye, and unyoke the poor dying beast with a horrible malediction. I marked the class in America, in California, in Mexico, in Central America, at the Cape, and in Australia, and they all seem to be of the self-same family,—fiends incarnate,—without a drop of the milk of human kindness in their veins, inaccessible at all times to the promptings of charity or mercy.

About half-way from Bunningyong one of our volunteer guides took us a little aside the track to show us the scene of a clever trick, put in practice by a pair of brothers who commenced their traffic in Ballarat by sly grog-selling on a small scale; but the profits of the trade were so enormous, they gradually extended it until they were enabled to buy a horse-team of their own and take their supplies direct from head-quarters. On their last journey in the district they got safely thus far with a full freight, which, at the current rates, would have completed "their pile;" but they got stuck in a piece of swampy ground in the dusk and were unable to proceed, while in the morning they found their misfortune aggravated by the abduction of their horses; but necessity, that prolific mother, quickly presented them with a bantling, under the instigation of which they set to work sinking a hole, as if they had discovered a fresh lead. They were mysteriously silent as to their reasons for making the experiment, and altogether deported themselves in that studiously cautious manner calculated to excite remarks and suspicion. The result was that the whisper of a new find soon swelled into the trumpet-tongued rumor of a great discovery, which was

followed by a great rush; but long before a single hole was bottomed the brothers sold the last drop of their grog, and departed without their cart before the cheat was discovered or punished, as it surely would have been could the dupes have laid hands on them.

The first glance at the great and glorious field of Ballarat we got was the celebrated Canadian Gully, then radiant with the still fresh fame of the enormous one-hundred-and-thirty-seven-pound nugget. I was first struck, before approaching it closely, with the general aspect of the surrounding district, which, by a retrospective effort, I hastily compared on my mind's tablets with the contour of all the Californian diggings, without being able to discover any analogy in outline, any palpable geological resemblance in general configuration, any special lineament or feature, which could warrant Mr. Hargraves in jumping to the conclusion that gold should necessarily exist in Australia because its geological construction and indications so closely resembled those of California.

I have never been on the Sydney side, and am therefore unable to speak as to the style and configuration of the auriferous country within which the Turon diggings were discovered, but I have been on all the olden fields in Victoria, over their flats, through their gullies, and among their reefs. I have fossicked [pried into; examined minutely] on their surface, examined their shafts, crawled through their drives, and worked in their quartz tunnels, seeing little in common betwixt the countries but the gold, and even that is dissimilar. The gold-fields of California exist in their integrity amidst, or contiguous to, the hips and flanks of the great mountain ranges in distorted regions, peaked, jagged, and irregular from the throes of volcanic convulsion. The gold there, in my time, never selected the smooth level meadows or hanging slopes as resting-places. It was

most generally to be found diffused with the soil in the beds or shallow banks of the brawling streamlets, which, leaping from the icy crags of the great Sierra Nevada, hurried, in their almost hidden channels, through deep-seated ravines, whose sides, in their steepness, resembled precipices, the metal, as it became ground finer and finer from attrition and in the various processes of disintegration, finding its way beneath the alluvial deposit of the more open and remote rivers. Diggers there had not to penetrate, as it were, into the bowels of the earth for the precious metal; they found it in the stratum immediately under the earthy deposit, either associated with the hard-packed gravelly subsoil, or in the holes or pockets of the water-worn rocks, and sometimes, like mosaic-work, laminated in the friable sandstone. They rarely worked below the surface, and always close by the margins of brooks or rivers, coming tentwards after the day's toil clean and washed, without stain or soil on their apparel.

But Ballarat affords no indications of violent volcanic parturition. There is nothing in the tournure of its rounded ranges that could not be seen in any ordinary steppe, plain, or prairie. There is no leviathan system of mountain chains at all contiguous. The precious metal there spreads out and subsides on the pipe-clay bottom of flat, wide-spread plains, or settles in great subterranean gutters deep down below the surface, in the entrails of broad elongated slopes, miscalled gullies. It is scarcely ever found in payable quantities in the stratum just beneath the alluvial deposit. On the contrary, the digger is obliged to sink his shaft through stratum after stratum, from fifty to sixty, eighty to ninety, and now to over three hundred feet, before he reaches the embowelled treasure, and he then emerges with the wash-stuff in a coating of yellow muck, as if he were clothed from top to toe in a

complete suit of chamois leather. I am therefore unable, for the life of me, to imagine by what comparative process the analogy is traced, where, according to all ordinary rules, everything appears to be in exact contrast.

Coming in among the diggers, nothing could possibly be more unlike in external appearance than that of the Californian and the Ballaratian. There was an air of comely chivalry about the former, bearded like a pard, with his steeple-crowned sombrero and his wide colored flannel shirt, gathered in above the hips with a red sash, that was stuck round with knifes, daggers, and revolvers; while the latter, in the commonplace garb of an ordinary navvie, without any more attractive-looking weapon than his tobacco-knife, worked like a horse, above and below ground, by night and by day, in a panoply of mud, as if he took minute baths in a thick solution of yellow ochre.

Although I thought I had derived a tolerably accurate notion of digging operations from oral description, I was wholly unprepared for the reality, and as I stood on the platform where the windlass is worked and peered down the clean, straight, dry shafts, rounded and perpendicular as the tunnel of a steamer, or into the wet ones, squared and slabbed with mechanical accuracy, I almost fancied that Victorian digging was a special trade, followed out by strict mathematical rules; and I had very little difficulty in making up my mind, from the specimens then before me, that Ballarat at least was no field for the amateur or 'prentice digger, which also seemed to be an opinion very generally shared in by my now numerous companions.

I could detect a shadow of apprehension overcasting the features of my young Scotch friends and my salt-water comrades as they looked down the holes at the diminuent manikins, working away, up to their very hips in water, by the dim light of a twinkling little candle. I was rather

amused as two of the sailors who had made very free with the brandy bottle were roaring out in chorus, at the end of each verse of our great national and nautical melody, "Britons never shall be slaves," to hear them thus angrily addressed from a yellow digger who just appeared above-ground from a wet deep hole, "Shut up, you pair of bloody fools; only take my place below there for six hours, and see whether Britons ever can be slaves or not." . . .

We first crossed the range to the empty shrine which was erst the repository of the celebrated nugget,—the Mecca of all digging pilgrims. Empty, did I say? We found this natural treasure-chest nearly full of muddy water, situated half-way up on the hip of a quick slope, a proof in itself of the changes which the face of the country must have undergone since the auriferous deposits found a final resting-place, for the simple laws of gravitation would forbid the possibility of a solid chunk of gold, one hundred and thirty-seven pounds weight, remaining on the side of the hill while comparatively unponderous matter settled down at an apparently low level. . . .

This hole, after being first opened for a few feet, was shepherded by three different parties, each going through the form of taking out a few shovelfuls of soil in fulfilment of the digging code, and keeping a watch on the adjoining holes to see if the lead should be struck; but, such not being the case, the last party, after sinking sixty feet, forsook it, and so it remained deserted for some time, until a party of new chums struck into it to make their maiden essay at digging, more for the purpose of taking an initiatory lesson in the art of shaft-sinking than with the expectation of making their fortune. But lo! after clearing off three feet of dirty stuff, one of the lime-juicers struck his pick on a lump of something not hard enough for stone nor soft enough for clay, which yielded a dull muffled

sound to his blow. He struck again with the same result, and again too; then sinking a hole at the edge to prize the obstacle out of the way with a bar, a corner of the nugget was revealed, and its precious nature disclosed to his delighted view, brought to light after a dark entombment of ages. The lucky novices, though charmed no doubt at their discovery, did not permit their wild excitement to overmaster their prudence. One was despatched to the camp for a guard of honor, to escort it to the treasury, and during his absence the others discovered around the bed of the monster a litter of little nuggets, to the value of about three hundred pounds. Thus, in a few hours, those fortunate diggers dug up seven thousand pounds' worth of gold, which enabled them to leave the colony with their piles within a month after their arrival.

[The author, after giving further particulars concerning the diggings, proceeds with a lively description of the methods adopted by the government to collect the license fee charged for mining, and of the miners to avoid its payment.]

I was not permitted to indulge very long in my meditations, for W-l-n shouted down, "Come up, boys,—come along quick,—the game is started!" And as I was being hoisted up I heard the swelling uproar and the loud chorus of "Joes!" [the name given by the miners to the police] from every side. As I gained the surface everybody was in commotion, diggers with their licenses lowering down their mates without them; others, with folded arms, cursing the system and damning the government; some "stealing away" like hares when hounds are in the neighborhood; and several "tally-ho'd," bursting for points where they could escape arrest, while "Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe!" resounded on all sides, the half-clad Amazons running up the hill-sides like so many bearers of

the "fiery cross," to spread to the neighboring gullies the commencement of the police foray. The police, acting on a preconcerted plan of attack, kept closing in upon their prey, the mounted portion, under the commander-in-chief commissioner, occupying commanding positions on the elevated ridges to intercept escape or retreat. A strong body of the foot force, fully armed, swept down the gully in extended line, attended by a corps of light infantry traps in loose attire, like greyhounds on the slip, ready to rush from the leash as the quarry started.

But the orders of the officers could not be heard from the loud and continuous roars of "Joe! Joe! Joe!"—"Damn the b—y government!—the beaks, the traps, commissioners, and all,—the robbers, the bushrangers," and every other vile epithet that could be remembered, almost into their ears. At length the excitement got perfectly wild, as a smart fellow, closely pursued by the men-hounds, took a line of the gully cut up with yawning holes, from which the crossing planks had been purposely removed, every extraordinary spring just carrying him beyond the grasp of capture, his tracks being filled the instant he left them, and the outstretched arm of the trap within an inch of seizure in the following leap. I myself was strangely inoculated with the nervous quiver of excitement, and I think I gave an involuntary cheer as the game and mettle of the digger began to tell.

But now arose a terrific menacing outcry of "Shame! shame!—damnation!—treachery!—meanness!" which a glance in the direction of the general gaze showed me was caused by a charge of the mounted men on the high ground to head back the poor fugitive. I really thought a conflict would have ensued, for there was a mad rush to the point where the collision was likely to take place, and fierce vows of vengeance registered by many a stalwart

fellow, who bounded past me to join in the fray. A moment after, the mounted men wheeled at a sharp angle, and a fresh shout arose as another young fellow flew before then with almost supernatural fleetness, like a fresh hare started as the hunted one was on the point of being run down. I marvelled to see him keep the open ground with the gully at his side impracticable for cavalry; but no, he made straight on for a bunch of tents with a speed I never saw equalled by a pedestrian. It was even betting, too, that he would have reached the screen first, when lo! he stopped short so suddenly as only just to escape being ridden down by the commissioner,—the Cardigan of the charge,—who seized him by the shirt-collar in passing.

The rush of diggers now became diverted to the scene of caption. I hurried forward there too, although fearing I should witness the shedding of blood and the sacrifice of human life, but as I approached I was agreeably disappointed at hearing loud roars of laughter, and jeering outbursts of "Joe! Joe!" amidst which the crowd opened out a passage for the crestfallen heroes, who rode away under such a salute of opprobrious epithets as I never heard before, for the young fellow who had led them off the idle chase stopped short the moment he saw the real fugitive was safe, coolly inquiring of his captor "what crime he was guilty of to be hunted like a felon." "Your license, you scoundrel!" was the curt reply. Upon which he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the document, to the ineffable disgust of their high mightinesses, who, in grasping at the shadow, had lost the substance.

It was a capital ruse, adopted in an emergency, and played with greater skill than if there had been a regular rehearsal. I flatter myself that I am a loyal man on the average, and a respectable upholder of law and order, but I was unable to repress an emotion of gratification at the

result of the chase, or an impulse of hero-worship as I sought the sole actor in the successful diversion to offer my congratulations. The myrmidons of the law now moved up the middle of the gully in close order, attended by anything but an admiring cortège, who made it a point never to let the cry of "Joe! Joe!" subside for a moment. Occasionally a license was demanded, and its production was the signal for fresh outbursts of the tumult; but the "license meet" was brought to a close by two other successful feints that were played off by a pair of diggers, who simulating a guilty timidity, dropped themselves in a slide down their ropes into the bottoms of their wet holes, followed by a brace of traps with dashing gallantry, who chased them into muddy drives, where the lurkers purposely crawled, to lead their pursuers into the muck. Of course they were hauled up in triumph, but the hallelujahs were quickly superseded by choking screams of "Joe! Joe!" when the prisoners produced their digging warrants.

The commissioner did not venture on another "throw off," but moved away sullenly with his forces, to the tune of "Joe! Joe! Joe!" and expressions of regret "that he would have to drink the royal family's health after dinner at his own expense," and such like observations. But the reflection which obtruded itself on me was the absolute loss which accrued to the public by the frequent recurrence of these digger-hunts, in diverting thousands of industrious men from employment, who, at the lowest average of the day, would have produced half an ounce of gold to each hand; which, of course, had its indirect effect on trade and business,—in fact, on the general prosperity of the colony.

THE WHITE AND PINK TERRACES OF NEW ZEALAND.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

[Many travellers have described those marvels of nature,—now, alas! no more,—the White and Pink Terraces of New Zealand, in their time among the most beautiful of pictures wrought by nature upon the face of the earth. Unfortunately, a few years ago, a volcanic explosion rent the ground in their vicinity, and destroyed in an hour that charming scene which nature had toiled for an age to produce. Nothing remains to indicate their former existence except an occasional description. Of these we select one from the "Oceana" of Froude the historian, who visited Australia and New Zealand in 1885, and was fortunate enough to behold this scene before the hand of ruin was lifted to blot it off the face of the earth. The story of the traveller begins with his arrival at Ohinemutie, the starting-point for the locality of the geysers and terraces.]

OUR immediate business was to visit the famous Terraces, the eighth wonder of the world. . . . The Terraces were twenty-four miles off. We were to drive first through the mountains to a native village which had once been a famous missionary station, called Wairoa. There we were to sleep at an establishment affiliated to the Lake Hotel, and the next day a native boat would take us across Tarawara Lake, a piece of water as large as Rotorua, at the extremity of which the miracle of nature was to be found.

We had brought a letter of introduction from Sir George Grey to the chief of Wairoa,—a very great chief, we learned afterwards, who declined allegiance to the king. It was to his tribe that the Terraces belonged, and to them we were to be indebted for boat and crew and permission to see the place. The sum exacted varied with the number of the party. There were three of us, and we should have four pounds to pay. The tariff is fixed, to limit extortion; the

money goes to the villagers, who make a night of it and get drunk after each expedition.

A native guide, a lady, would attend us and show off the wonders. There was a choice of two, whose portraits we had studied in the Auckland photograph shops. Both were middle-aged. Sophia was small and pretty, she had bright black eyes, with a soft expression, and spoke excellent English. Kate was famous for having once dived after and saved a tourist who had fallen into the water, and had received the Humane Society's medal. We delayed our selection till we had seen these famous rivals.

[The road to Wairoa led through a beautiful forest, with sweet wild strawberries on all its sunny banks.]

At night it is said to be more beautiful than in the day, the fireflies being so many and so brilliant that the glades seem as if lighted up for a festival of the fairies. It is altogether a preternatural kind of place; on emerging from beneath the trees we found ourselves on the edge of a circular lake or basin of beautifully transparent sapphire-colored water, a mile in diameter, with no stream running into it or out of it, and closed completely round with woods, cliffs, and rocky slopes. No boat or canoe floats on its mysterious surface. It is said to contain no living thing save a dragon, which has been seen on sunny days to crawl upon a bank to warm himself. I was reminded instantly of the mountain lake in the "Arabian Nights" where the fisherman drew his net at the bidding of the genius. Here, if anywhere in the world, was the identical spot where the five fish were taken out—red, blue, yellow, purple, and green—who terrified the king's cook by talking in the frying-pan. The dragon might really be there for anything that I could tell; anything might be there, so weird, so enchanted, was the whole scene.

Following the beach for a quarter of a mile, and listening to the voices of the waves which rippled on the shingle, we turned round a shoulder of rock, and saw, a hundred feet below us, and divided from the blue lake by a ridge over which a strong hand might throw a stone, a second lake of a dingy green color,—not enchanted, this one, but merely uncanny looking. I suppose below both these are mineral springs which account for the tint. Out of the green lake a river did run,—a strong, rapid stream, falling in cataracts down a broken ravine, and overhung by dense clumps of trees with large glossy leaves. The road followed the water into a valley, which opened out at the lower end. There stood Wairoa and its inhabitants.

[Wairoa was not without its attractions. The river that came from the green lake had a cataract of its own, which all visitors were expected to see and pay for seeing.]

The fall itself was worth a visit, being finer perhaps than the finest in Wales or Cumberland. We had to crawl down a steep slippery path through overhanging bushes to look at it from the bottom. The water fell about two hundred feet, at two leaps, broken in the middle by a black mass of rock. Trees started out from the precipices and hung over the torrent. Gigantic and exquisitely graceful ferns stretched forward their waving fronds and dipped them in the spray. One fern especially I noticed, which I had never seen or heard of, which crawls like ivy over the stones, winds round them in careless wreaths, and fringes them with tassels of green.

Returning to the upper regions, we followed a path which ran along the shoulder of a mountain. On our left were high beetling crags, on our right a precipice eight hundred feet deep, with green open meadows below. The river, having escaped out of the gorge, was winding peacefully

through them between wooded banks, a boat-house at the end, and beyond the wide waters of Tarawara, enclosed by a grand range of hills, which soared up blue and beautiful into the evening air. I had rarely looked on a softer and sweeter scene. . . .

We strolled home. On the way I found what I took to be a daisy, and wondered as I had wondered at the pimpernel at Melbourne. It was not a daisy, however, but one of those freaks of nature in which the form of one thing is imitated, one knows not why, by another.

[The next day they started out with Kate for guide, a big, bony, deaf half-caste, with the features and arms of a prize-fighter. She had had eight husbands, who had "died away somehow." However, as Sophia had been out the day before, Kate must go that day,—and despite her looks she proved an excellent guide. They were rowed across the lake, and landed at the mouth of a small river, where a hot spring bubbled up violently through a hole in the rock. Here Kate was joined by a native girl, Marileha by name, who was studying to become a guide.]

We took off our boots and stockings, put on canvas shoes which a wetting would not spoil, and followed our two guides through the bush, waiting for what fate had in store for us, Miss Mari laughing, shouting, and singing to amuse Kate, whose head still ached. After a winding walk of half a mile, we came again on the river, which was rushing deep and swift through reeds and Ti-tree. A rickety canoe was waiting there, in which we crossed, climbed a bank, and stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hill-side, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred feet wide.

The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam

rising out of the boiling fountain from which the silicious stream proceeded. The stairs were about twenty in number, the height of each being about six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid with a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth,—twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more; each step down being always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle, of which the crater was the centre. On reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half submerged, like ice at the beginning of a thaw.

There was nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of shape. A crater has been opened through the rock a hundred and twenty feet above the lake. The water, which comes up boiling from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystallizes as it is exposed to the air. The water continues to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down, and, for reasons which men of science can no doubt supply, the crystals take the form which I have described.

The process is a rapid one; a piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor was already stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Tourists ambitious of immortality have pencilled their names and the date of their visit on the white surface over which the stream was running. Some of these inscriptions were six and seven years old, yet the strokes were as fresh as on the day they were made, being protected by the film of glass which was instantly drawn over them.

The thickness of the crust is, I believe, unascertained, the Maories objecting to scientific examination of their treasure. It struck me, however, that this singular cascade must have been of recent—indeed, measurably recent—origin. In the middle of the terrace were the remains

of a Ti-tree bush, which was standing where a small patch of soil was still uncovered. Part of this, where the silica had not reached the roots, was in leaf and alive. The rest had been similarly alive within a year or two, for it had not yet rotted, but had died as the crust rose round it. Clearly nothing could grow through the crust, and the bush was a living evidence of the rate at which it was forming. It appeared to me that this particular staircase was not perhaps a hundred years old, but that terraces like it had successively been formed all along the hill-side as the crater opened now at one spot and now at another.

Wherever the rock showed elsewhere through the soil it was of the same material as that which I saw growing. If the supply of silicic acid was stopped the surface would dry and crack. Ti-trees would then spring up over it. The crystal steps would crumble into less regular outlines, and in a century or two the fairy-like wonder which we were gazing at would be indistinguishable from the adjoining slopes. We walked, or rather waded, upward to the boiling pool; it was not in that we were to be bathed. It was about sixty feet across, and was of unknown depth. The heat was too intense to allow us to approach the edge, and we could see little, from the dense clouds of smoke which lay upon it. We were more fortunate afterwards at the crater of the second Terrace.

The crystallization is ice-like, and the phenomenon, except for the alternate horizontal and vertical arrangement of the deposited silica, is like what would be seen in any northern region when a severe frost suddenly seizes hold of a waterfall before snow has fallen and buried it.

A fixed number of minutes is allotted for each of the "sights." Kate was peremptory with E—— and myself. Miss Marileha had charge of my son. "Come along, boy," I heard her say to him. We were dragged off the White

Terrace in spite of ourselves, but soon forgot it in the many and various wonders which were waiting for us. Columns of steam were rising all round us. We had already heard, near at hand, a noise like the blast-pipe of some enormous steam-engine. Climbing up a rocky path through the bush, we came on a black gaping chasm, the craggy sides of which we could just distinguish through the vapor. Water was boiling furiously at the bottom, and it was as if a legion of imprisoned devils were roaring to be let out. "Devil's Hole" they called the place, and the name suited well with it.

Behind a rock a few yards distant we found a large open pool, boiling also so violently that great volumes of water heaved and rolled and spouted, as if in a gigantic saucepan standing over a furnace. It was full of sulphur. Heat, noise, and smell were alike intolerable. To look at the thing, and then escape from it, was all that we could do, and we were glad to be led away out of sight and hearing.

Again a climb, and we were on an open level plateau, two acres or so in extent, smoking rocks all round it, and, scattered over its surface, a number of pale brown mud-heaps, exactly like African ant-hills. Each of these was the cone of some sulphurous geyser. Some were quiet, some were active. Suspicious bubbles of steam spurted out under our feet as we trod, and we were warned to be careful where we went. Here we found a photographer, who had bought permission from the Maories, at work with his instruments, and Marileha was made to stand for her likeness on the top of one of the mud piles. We did not envy him his occupation, for the whole place smelt of brimstone and of the near neighborhood of the Nether Pit.

Our own attention was directed particularly to a hole filled with mud of a peculiar kind, much relished by the

natives, and eaten by them as porridge. To us, who had been curious about their food, this dirty mess was interesting. It did not, however, solve the problem. Mud could hardly be so nutritious as they professed to find it, though it may have had medicinal virtues to assist the digestion of crayfish.

The lake into which the Terrace descended lay close below us. It was green and hot (the temperature near 100°), patched over with beds of rank reed and rush, which were forced into unnatural luxuriance. After leaving the mud-heaps we went to the water-side, where we found our luncheon laid out in an open-air saloon, with a smooth floor of silica, and natural slabs of silica ranged round the sides as benches. Steam fountains were playing in half a dozen places. The floor was hot,—a mere skin between us and Cocytus. The slabs were hot, just to the point of being agreeable to sit upon. This spot was a favorite winter resort of the Maori,—their palavering hall, where they had their constitutional debates, their store-room, their kitchen, and their dining-room. Here they had their innocent meals on dried fish and fruit, here also their less innocent, on dried slices of their enemies. . . .

We were now to be ferried across the lake. The canoe had been brought up,—a scooped-out tree-trunk, as long as a racing eight-oar, and about as narrow. It was leaky, and so low in the water that the lightest ripple washed over the gunwale. The bottom, however, was littered with fresh-gathered fern, which for the present was dry, and we were directed to lie down upon it. Marileha stood in the bow, wielding her paddle, with her elf locks rolling wildly down her back. The hot waves lapped in and splashed us. The lake was weird and evil-looking. Here Kate had earned her medal. Some gentleman, unused to boats, had lost his balance, or his courage, and had fallen

overboard. Kate had dived after him as he sank, and fished him up again.

The Pink Terrace, the object of our voyage, opened out before us on the opposite shore. It was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with pale-rose color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause, but there is probably something besides. The water has not, I believe, been completely analyzed. Miss Mari used her paddle like a mistress. She carried us over with no worse misfortune than a light splashing, and landed us at the Terrace foot.

[Here they were delivered over to the care of a Maori youth, who was to lead them to a bathing pool.]

The youth took charge of us, and led us up the shining stairs. The crystals were even more beautiful than those which we had seen, falling like clusters of rosy icicles, or hanging in festoons like creepers trailing from a rail. At the foot of each cascade the water lay in pools of ultramarine, their exquisite color being due, in part, I suppose, to the light of the sky refracted upward from the bottom. In the deepest of these we were to bathe. The temperature was 94° or 95°. The water lay inviting in its crystal basin. E—— declined the adventure. I and A—— hung our clothes on a Ti-bush and followed our Maori, who had already plunged in, being unencumbered, except with a blanket, to show us the way. His black head and copper shoulders were so animal-like that I did not altogether admire his company; but he was a man and a brother, and I knew that he must be clean, at any rate, poor fellow, from perpetual washing. The water was deep enough to swim in comfortably, though not over our heads. We lay on our backs and floated for ten minutes in exquisite enjoyment, and the alkali, or the flint, or the perfect purity of

the element, seemed to saturate our systems. I, for one, when I was dressed again, could have fancied myself back in the old days when I did not know that I had a body, and could run up hill as lightly as down.

The bath over, we pursued our way. The marvel of the Terrace was still before us, reserved to the last, like the finish in a pheasant battue. The crater at the White Terrace had been boiling; the steam rushing out of it had filled the air with cloud; and the scorching heat had kept us at a distance. Here the temperature was twenty degrees lower; there was still vapor hovering over the surface, but it was lighter and more transparent, and a soft breeze now and then blew it completely aside. We could stand on the brim and gaze as through an opening in the earth into an azure infinity beyond. Down and down, and fainter and softer as they receded, the white crystals projected from the rocky wall over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never again see on this side of eternity. Not the violet, not the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable ether itself, could convey to one who had not looked on it a sense of that supernatural loveliness. Comparison could only soil such inimitable purity. The only color I ever saw in sky or on earth the least resembling the aspect of this extraordinary pool was the flame of burning sulphur. Here was a bath, if mortal flesh could have borne to dive into it! Had it been in Norway, we should have seen far down the floating Lorelei, inviting us to plunge and leave life and all belonging to it for such a home and such a companionship. It was a bath for the gods and not for man. Artemis and her nymphs should have been swimming there, and we Actæons daring our fate to gaze on them.

This was the end of our adventure,—a unique experience. There was nothing more to see, and any more vulgar wonders would now have been too tame to interest us. [They returned to the canoe, and were rowed over the lake and down the river.] Flights of ducks rose noisily out of the reed-beds. Cormorants wheeled above our heads. Great water-hens, with crimson heads and steadfast eyes, stared at us as we went by. The stream, when we struck into it, ran deep and swift and serpentine, low-hidden between flags and bushes. It was scarcely as broad as our canoe was long, and if we had touched the bank anywhere we should have been overturned. Spurts of steam shot out at us from holes in the banks. By this time it seemed natural that they should be there as part of the constitution of things. In a few minutes we were at the spot where we had landed in the morning.

[Rousing their sleeping rowers, they launched once more on the waters of Lake Tarawara, and in two hours more were climbing the hill-side path to Wairoa. That evening the village spent in drunken orgies, the four pounds paid by the travellers being all converted into whiskey. The ending of this vile custom is the only alleviation which the world possesses for the volcanic destruction of the Terraces.]

ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

[The islands of the South Pacific have been the scenes of many adventurous voyages and the subject of much interesting description in the early days of oceanic discovery. And of these daring adventurers the best known is the famous Captain Cook, who made several voyages to the southern seas, and during the last of these was killed by the natives on the Sandwich Islands, February 14, 1779. We have

chosen from the narrative of this last voyage a description of the discovery of a hitherto unknown island, Wateeoo, and of the habits and actions of the natives. Omai, spoken of in this account, was a native of the Friendly Islands, who had been in England and was being taken home by Captain Cook.]

AFTER leaving Mangeea [a new-discovered island, lying several days' sail northeast of New Zealand], on the afternoon of the 30th [of March, 1777], we continued our course northward all that night, and till noon of the 31st, when we again saw land, in the direction of northeast by north, distant eight or ten leagues.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, we had got abreast of its north end, within four leagues of it, but to leeward, and could now pronounce it to be an island, nearly of the same appearance and extent with that we had so lately left. At the same time another island, but much smaller, was seen right ahead. We could have soon reached this; but the largest one had the preference, as being most likely to furnish a supply of food for the cattle, of which we began to be in great want.

With this view I determined to work up to it; but as there was but little wind, and that little was unfavorable, we were still two leagues to leeward at eight o'clock the following morning. Soon after, I sent two armed boats from the "Resolution" and one from the "Discovery," under the command of Lieutenant Gore, to look for anchoring-ground and a landing-place. In the mean time we plyed up under the island with the ships.

Just as the boats were putting off, we observed several single canoes coming from the shore. They went first to the "Discovery," she being the nearest ship. It was not long after when three of these canoes came alongside of the "Resolution," each conducted by one man. They are long and narrow, and supported by outriggers. The stern

is elevated about three or four feet, something like a ship's stern-post. The head is flat above, but prow-like below, and turns down at the extremity like the end of a violin. Some knives, beads, and other trifles were conveyed to our visitors, and they gave us a few cocoanuts upon our asking for them. But they did not part with them by way of exchange for what they had received from us. For they seemed to have no idea of bartering, nor did they appear to estimate any of our presents at a high rate.

With a little persuasion, one of them made his canoe fast to the ship and came on board; and the other two, encouraged by his example, soon followed him. Their whole behavior marked that they were quite at their ease, and felt no sort of apprehension of our detaining or using them ill.

After their departure another canoe arrived, conducted by a man who brought a bunch of plantains as a present to me; asking for me by name, having learnt it from Omai, who was sent before us in the boat with Mr. Gore. In return for this civility I gave him an axe and a piece of red cloth, and he paddled back to the shore well satisfied. I afterwards understood from Omai that this present had been sent from the king or principal chief of the island.

Not long after, a double canoe, in which were twelve men, came towards us. As they drew near the ship they recited some words in concert, by way of chorus, one of their number first standing up and giving the word before each repetition. When they had finished their solemn chant, they came alongside and asked for the chief. As soon as I showed myself, a pig and a few cocoanuts were conveyed up into the ship, and the principal person in the canoe made me an additional present of a piece of matting as soon as he and his companions got on board.

Our visitors were conducted to the cabin and to other parts of the ship. Some objects seemed to strike them

with a degree of surprise, but nothing fixed their attention for a moment. They were afraid to come near the cows and horses, nor did they form the least conception of their nature. But the sheep and goats did not surpass the limits of their ideas; for they gave us to understand that they knew them to be birds. It will appear rather incredible that human ignorance could ever make so strange a mistake, there not being the most distant similitude between a sheep or goat and any winged animal. But these people seemed to know nothing of the existence of any other land-animals besides hogs, dogs, and birds. Our sheep and goats, they could see, were very different animals from the two first, and therefore they inferred that they must belong to the latter class, in which they know there is a considerable variety of species. I made a present to my new friend of what I thought might be most acceptable to him; but on his going away he seemed rather disappointed than pleased. I afterwards understood that he was very desirous of obtaining a dog, of which animal the island could not boast, though the inhabitants knew that the race existed in other islands of their ocean. Captain Clerke had received the same present with the same view from another man, who met with from him the like disappointment.

The people in these canoes were in general of a middling size, and not unlike those of Mangeea; though several were of a blacker cast than any we saw there. Their hair was tied on the crown of the head, or flowing loose about the shoulders; and though in some it was of a frizzling disposition, yet, for the most part, that, as well as the straight sort, was long. Their features were various, and some of the young men rather handsome. Like those of Mangeea they had girdles of glazed cloth, or fine matting, the ends of which, being brought betwixt the thighs, covered the adjoining parts. Ornaments, composed of a

sort of broad grass, stained with red, and strung with berries of the nightshade, were worn about their necks. Their ears were bored, but not slit; and they were punctured upon the legs, from the knee to the heel, which made them appear as if they wore a kind of boots. They also resembled the inhabitants of Mangeea in the length of their beards, and, like them, wore a sort of sandals upon their feet. Their behavior was frank and cheerful, with a great deal of good nature.

[On the next day Mr. Gore was sent on shore, to learn if food could be had for the cattle. Omai went with him as interpreter. A dog, the property of Omai, was also sent them. The story of what happened is told by Mr. Anderson, one of the four persons who landed.]

Mr. Burney, the first lieutenant of the "Discovery," and I, went in one canoe, a little time before the other; and our conductors, watching attentively the motions of the surf, landed us safely upon the reef. An islander took hold of each of us, obviously with an attention to support us in walking, over the rugged rocks, to the beach, where several of the others met us, holding the green boughs of a species of mimosa in their hands, and saluted us by applying their noses to ours.

We were conducted from the beach by our guides amidst a great crowd of people, who flocked with very eager curiosity to look at us; and would have prevented our proceeding, had not some men, who seemed to have authority, dealt blows, with little distinction, among them, to keep them off. We were then led up an avenue of cocoa-palms; and soon came to a number of men, arranged in two rows, armed with clubs, which they held on their shoulders, much in the manner we rest a musquet.

After walking a little way among these, we found a person who seemed a chief, sitting on the ground cross-

legged, cooling himself with a sort of triangular fan, made of a leaf of the cocoa-palm, with a polished handle, of black wood, fixed to one corner. In his ears were large bunches of beautiful red feathers, which pointed forward. But he had no other mark or ornament to distinguish him from the rest of the people, though they all obeyed him with the greatest alacrity. He either naturally had, or at this time put on, a serious, but not severe countenance; and we were desired to salute him as he sat, by some people who seemed of consequence.

We proceeded still among the men armed with clubs, and came to a second chief, who sat fanning himself, and ornamented as the first. He was remarkable for his size and uncommon corpulence, though, to appearance, not above thirty years of age. In the same manner we were conducted to a third chief, who seemed older than the two former, and, though not so fat as the second, was of a large size. He also was sitting, and adorned with red feathers; and after saluting him as we had done the others, he desired us to sit down. Which we were very willing to do, being pretty well fatigued with walking up, and with the excessive heat we felt among the vast crowd that surrounded us.

In a few minutes the people were ordered to separate; and we saw, at the distance of thirty yards, about twenty young women, ornamented as the chiefs with red feathers, engaged in a dance, which they performed to a slow and serious air, sung by them all. We got up and went forward to see them; and though we must have been strange objects to them, they continued their dance, without paying the least attention to us. They seemed to be directed by a man who served as a prompter, and mentioned each motion they were to make. But they never changed the spot, as we do in dancing, and though their feet were not

at rest, this exercise consisted more in moving the fingers very nimbly, at the same time holding their hands in a prone position near the face, and now and then also clapping them together.

Their motions and song were performed in such exact concert, that it would seem they had been taught with great care; and probably they were selected for this ceremony, as few of those whom we saw in the crowd equalled them in beauty. In general they were rather stout than slender, with black hair flowing in ringlets down the neck, and of an olive complexion. Their features were rather fuller than what we allow to perfect beauties, and much alike; but their eyes were of a deep black, and each countenance expressed a degree of complacency and modesty peculiar to the sex in every part of the world, but perhaps more conspicuous here where Nature presented us with her productions in the fullest perfection, unbiassed in sentiment by custom, or unrestrained in manner by art. Their shape and limbs were elegantly formed. For as their dress consisted only of a piece of glazed cloth fastened about the waist and scarcely reaching so low as the knees, in many we had an opportunity of observing every part. This dance was not finished when we heard a noise, as if some horses had been galloping towards us; and, on looking aside, we saw the people armed with clubs, who had been desired, as we supposed, to entertain us with the sight of their manner of fighting. This they now did, one party pursuing another who fled.

As we supposed the ceremony of being introduced to the chiefs was at an end, we began to look about for Mr. Gore and Omai; and, though the crowd would hardly suffer us to move, we at length found them coming up, as much incommoded by the number of people as we had been, and introduced in the same manner to the three

chiefs, whose names were Otteroo, Taroa, and Fatouweera. Each of these expected a present; and Mr. Gore gave them such things as he had brought with him from the ship for that purpose. After this, making use of Omai as his interpreter, he informed the chiefs with what intention we had come on shore, but was given to understand that he must wait till the next day, and then he should have what was wanted.

They now seemed to take some pains to separate us from each other, and every one of us had his circle to surround and gaze at him. For my own part, I was, at one time, above an hour apart from my friends; and when I told the chief with whom I sat that I wanted to speak to Omai, he peremptorily refused my request. At the same time I found the people began to steal several trifling things which I had in my pocket; and when I took the liberty of complaining to the chief of this treatment, he justified it. From these circumstances I now entertained apprehensions that they might have formed the design of detaining us among them. They did not, indeed, seem to be of a disposition so savage as to make us anxious for the safety of our persons; but it was, nevertheless, vexing to think we had hazarded being detained by their curiosity.

In this situation I asked for something to eat, and they readily brought to me some cocoanuts, bread-fruit, and a sort of sour pudding, which was presented by a woman. And on my complaining much of the heat, occasioned by the crowd, the chief himself condescended to fan me, and gave me a small piece of cloth which he had round his waist.

Mr. Burney happened to come to the place where I was. I mentioned my suspicions to him, and, to put it to the test whether they were well founded, we attempted to get

to the beach. But we were stopped, when about half-way, by some men, who told us that we must go back to the place we had left. On coming up we found Omai entertaining the same apprehensions. But he had, as he fancied, an additional reason for being afraid, for he had observed that they dug a hole in the ground for an oven, which they were now heating; and he could assign no other reason for this than that they meant to roast and eat us, as is practised by the inhabitants of New Zealand. Nay, he went so far as to ask them the question, at which they were greatly surprised, asking, in return, whether that was a custom with us. Mr. Burney and I were rather angry that they should be thus suspected by him, there having, as yet, been no appearances, in their conduct towards us, of their being capable of such brutality.

In this manner we were detained the greatest part of the day, being sometimes together and sometimes separated, but always in a crowd, who, not satisfied with gazing at us, frequently desired us to uncover parts of our skin, the sight of which commonly produced a general murmur of admiration. At the same time they did not omit these opportunities of rifling our pockets, and at last one of them snatched a small bayonet from Mr. Gore, which hung in its sheath by his side. This was represented to the chief, who pretended to send some person in search of it. But, in all probability, he countenanced the theft, for, soon after, Omai had a dagger stolen from his side in the same manner, though he did not miss it immediately.

Whether they observed any signs of uneasiness in us, or that they voluntarily repeated their emblems of friendship when we expressed a desire to go, I cannot tell; but at this time they brought some green boughs, and, sticking their ends in the ground, desired we might hold them as we sat. Upon our urging again the business we came

upon, they gave us to understand that we must stay and eat with them; and a pig which we saw soon after, lying near the oven, which they had prepared and heated, removed Omai's apprehensions of being put into it himself, and made us think it might be intended for our repast. The chief also promised to send some people to procure food for the cattle; but it was not till pretty late in the afternoon that we saw them return with a few plantain-trees, which they carried to our boats.

In the mean time Mr. Burney and I attempted to go again to the beach; but when we arrived, found ourselves watched by people who, to appearances, had been placed there for this purpose. For when I tried to wade in upon the reef, one of them took hold of my clothes and dragged me back. I picked up some small pieces of coral, which they required me to throw down again, and on my refusal they made no scruple to take them forcibly from me. I had gathered some small plants, but these also I could not be permitted to retain, and they took a fan from Mr. Burney which he had received as a present on coming ashore. Omai said we had done wrong in taking up anything, for it was not the custom here to permit freedoms of that kind to strangers till they had in some measure naturalized them to the country by entertaining them with festivity for two or three days.

Finding that the only method of procuring better treatment was to yield implicit obedience to their will, we went up again to the place we had left; and they now promised that we should have a canoe to carry us off to our boats, after we had eaten of a repast which had been prepared for us.

Accordingly, the second chief to whom we had been introduced in the morning, having seated himself upon a low, broad stool of blackish wood, tolerably polished, and

directing the multitude to make a pretty large ring, made us sit down by him. A considerable number of cocoanuts were now brought, and, shortly after, a long green basket, with a sufficient quantity of baked plantains to have served a dozen persons. A piece of the young hog that had been dressed was then set before each of us, of which we were desired to eat. Our appetites, however, had failed, from the fatigue of the day, and though we did eat a little to please them, it was without satisfaction to ourselves.

It being now near sunset, we told them it was time to go on board. This they allowed, and sent down to the beach the remainder of the victuals that had been dressed, to be carried with us to the ships. But before we set out Omai was treated with a drink he had been used to in his own country, which, we observed, was made here, as at other islands in the South Sea, by chewing the root of a sort of pepper. We found a canoe ready to put us off to our boats, which the natives did with the same caution as when we landed. But even here their thievish disposition did not leave them; for a person of some consequence among them, who came with us, took an opportunity, just as they were pushing the canoe into the surf, to snatch a bag out of her, which I had, with the greatest difficulty, preserved all the day, there being in it a small pocket-pistol which I was unwilling to part with. Perceiving him, I called out, expressing as much displeasure as I could; on which he thought proper to return and swim with the bag to the canoe, but denied he had stolen it, though detected in the very act. They put us on board our boats, with the cocoanuts, plantains, and other provisions which they had brought, and we rowed to the ships, very well pleased that we had at last got out of the hands of our troublesome masters.

TAHITI AND OTHER PACIFIC ISLANDS.

LADY ANNE BRASSEY.

[A yacht journey round the world, with the provision for comfort which a pleasure yacht affords, must be an enjoyable trip; and can be made enjoyable to others if the traveller have quick eyes to observe and ready pen to write. Mrs. Brassey's "Round the World in the Yacht Sunbeam" is such a record, and we copy from her interesting narrative some of her observations in Tahiti and other South Sea islands.]

WE passed Anaa, or Chain Island, in the morning watch, before daybreak. I came on deck to try and get a glimpse of it, and was rewarded by a glorious sunrise. We had a nice eight-knot breeze and a strong current in our favor, and just before breakfast Tom descried from the mast-head Amanu, or Möller Island, which we had hardly expected to make before ten or eleven o'clock. Some one remarked that it seemed almost as if it had come out to meet us. The reef encircling this island varies much in height and vegetation. In some places it supports a noble grove of trees, in others the sea breaks over the half submerged coral bed, the first obstacle it has met for four thousand miles, with a roar like thunder.

Before we lost sight of Amana, the island of Hao Harpe, or Bow Island, was visible on our port bow. . . . After lunch we hove to, and the gig's crew were ordered to arm themselves with revolvers and rifles, which they were not to show unless required to do so. All the gentlemen had revolvers, and Mabelle and I were also provided with two small ones, Phillips and Muriel being the only unarmed members of the party. I took a bag-full of beads, knives, looking-glasses, and pictures for barter and presents, and

with these preparations we set off to make our first personal acquaintance with the islanders of the South Pacific. . . .

It is really impossible to describe the beauty of the scene before us [in the tranquil lagune which they entered]. Submarine coral forests, of every color, studded with sea-flowers, anemones, and echinidæ, of a brilliancy only to be seem in dreamland; shoals of the brightest and swiftest fish darting and flashing in and out; shells, every one of which was fitted to hold the place of honor in a conchologist's collection, moving slowly along with their living inmates: this is what we saw when we looked down, from the side of the boat, into the depths below. The surface of the water glittered with every imaginable tint, from the palest aqua-marine to the brightest emerald, from the pure light blue of the turquoise to the deep dark blue of the sapphire, and was dotted here and there with patches of red, brown, and green coral, rising from the mass below. Before us, on the shore, there spread the rich growth of tropical vegetation, shaded by palms and cocoanuts, and enlivened by the presence of native women in red, blue, and green garments, and men in motley costumes, bringing fish, fowls, and bunches of cocoanuts, borne, like the grapes brought back from the land of Canaan by the spies, on poles.

As soon as we touched the shore, the men rushed forward to meet us, and to shake hands, and, having left the muskets and revolvers judiciously out of sight in the boat, we were conducted to a cluster of huts, made of branches, or rather leaves, of the palm-tree, tied by their foot-stalks across two poles, and hanging down to the ground. Here we were met by the women and children, who likewise all went through the ceremony of shaking hands with us, after which the head-woman, who was very good-looking,

and was dressed in a cherry-colored calico gown, with two long plaits of black hair hanging down her back, spread a mat for me to sit upon just outside the hut. Most of the women were good-looking, with dark complexions and quantities of well-greased, neatly plaited, black hair, but we did not see a single young girl, though there were plenty of children and babies, and lots of boys, the latter of whom, like some of the older women, had only a piece of palm matting round their loins. We therefore came to the conclusion that the girls must have been sent away intentionally when the approach of the yacht was observed.

As soon as I was seated, the head-woman told one of the men to knock down some cocoanuts from the trees close by, and after cutting off the ends she offered us a drink of the fresh cool milk, which was all the sweeter and better for the fact that the nuts were not nearly ripe. While this was going on the natives brought piles of cocoanuts, fish, and fowls, and laid them at our feet as a present. Some of the fish were of a dark-brown color, like bream, others were long and thin, with a pipe-like nose and four fins, somewhat resembling the wings of a flying-fish.

Seeing smoke in the distance, rising from under some high palm-trees, we thought we should like to go and see whence it proceeded, and accordingly set off to walk through a sort of bush, over sharp coral that cut one's boots terribly, the sun blazing down on us fiercely all the time, until we reached a little settlement, consisting of several huts, the inhabitants of which were absent. Fine plaited mats for beds, cocoanut shells for cups, mother-of-pearl shells for plates, and coral, of various kinds and shapes, for dishes and cooking utensils, formed their only furniture.

We saw three women, one very old, with nothing but a palm-leaf mat as a covering, the others dressed in the ap-

parently universal costume, consisting of a long, bright-colored gown, put into a yoke at the shoulders, and flowing thence loosely to the ground, which completely conceals the wearer's form, even to the tips of her toes. I think these dresses must have come from England or America, for they are evidently machine-made, and the cotton stuff of which they are composed has the most extraordinary patterns printed on it I ever saw. Cherry and white, dark blue and yellow or white stripes, red with yellow spots, and blue with yellow crosses, appear to be the favorite designs. The women seemed gentle and kind, and were delighted with some beads, looking-glasses, and knives I gave them, in return for which they brought us quantities of beautiful shells. . . .

The only animals we met with in our ramble were four pigs and a few chickens, and no other live-stock of any kind was visible. No attempt seemed to be made at the cultivation of the ground. . . . On our way back to the huts we peeped into several of the canoes drawn up on the beach, in which were some fish-spears, and a fish-hook nearly three inches long, made of solid mother-of-pearl, the natural curve of the shell from which it was cut being preserved. A piece of bone was securely fastened to it by means of some pig's hair, but there was no bait, and it seems that the glitter of the mother-of-pearl alone serves as a sufficient allurement to the fish. . . .

The cocoanuts, fowls, fish, coral, etc., having been put into our boat, we shook hands with the friendly islanders and embarked, and having rounded the point we soon found ourselves again in the broken water outside the lagune, where the race of the tide and the overfall [of water flowing over the coral reef] were now much more violent than they had been when we landed. If we had once been drawn into the current, we should have stood a good chance

of being knocked to pieces on the coral reefs, strong as our boat was; but the danger was happily avoided, and we reached the yacht safely, much to Tom's relief.

[The reception here described signifies that civilization has made a fair degree of progress in the South Sea islands. The time was, not so long ago, when the armament they took with them would have been more useful than on this occasion, and when they would not have found the natives dressed in painted calicoes. They landed, two days afterwards, on another island, named Maitea, where they were similarly received, though the natives were at a loss to account for their visit. "'No sell brandy?'—'No.' 'No stealy man?'—'No.' 'No do what, then?'" Their experience of civilized mankind had evidently not been encouraging. On the next day—December 2, 1876—the island of Tahiti was reached, and the "Sunbeam" dropped anchor in the harbor of Papiete.]

A couple of hours later, by which time the weather had cleared, we went ashore, and at once found ourselves in the midst of a fairy-like scene, to describe which is almost impossible, so bewildering is it in the brightness and variety of its coloring. The magnolias and yellow and scarlet hibiscus, overshadowing the water, the velvety turf, on to which one steps from the boat, the white road running between rows of wooden houses, whose little gardens are a mass of flowers, the men and women clad in the gayest robes and decked with flowers, the piles of unfamiliar fruit lying on the grass, waiting to be transported to the coasting vessel in the harbor, the wide-spreading background of hills clad in verdure to their summits,—these are but a few of the objects which greet the new-comer in his first contact with the shore.

The streets of Papiete, running back at right angles with the beach, seem to have wonderfully grand names, such as the Rue de Rivoli, Rue de Paris, etc. Every street is shaded by an avenue of high trees, whose branches meet

and interlace overhead, forming a sort of leafy tunnel, through which the sea breeze passes refreshingly. The French commandant lives in a charming residence, surrounded by gardens, just opposite the palace of Queen Pomare, who is at present at the island of Bola-Bola, taking care of her little grandchild, aged five, the queen of the island. . . .

At five in the afternoon we went for a row in the "Glance" and the "Flash" [two of the yacht's boats] to the coral reef, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun. Who can describe these wonderful gardens of the deep, on which we now gazed through ten and twenty fathoms of crystal water? Who can enumerate or describe the strange creatures moving about and darting hither and thither, amid the masses of coral forming their submarine home? There were shells of rare shape, brighter than if they had been polished by the hand of the most skilful artist; crabs of all sizes, scuttling and sidling along; sea-anemones, spreading their delicate feelers in search of prey; and many other kinds of zoophytes, crawling slowly over the reef; and scarlet, blue, yellow, gold, violet, spotted, striped, and winged fish, short, long, pointed, and blunted, of the most varied shapes, were darting about like birds among the coral trees. . . .

The shades of night compelled us to return to the yacht, laden with corals of many different species. After dinner the bay was illuminated by the torches of the native fishermen, in canoes, on the reef. Tom and I went to look at them, but did not see them catch anything. Each canoe contained at least three people, one of whom propelled the boat, another stood up waving a torch dipped in some resinous substance, which threw a strong light on the water, while the third stood in the bows, armed with a spear, made of a bundle of wires tied to a long pole, not at

all unlike a gigantic egg-whip, with all its loops cut into points. This is aimed with great dexterity at the fish, who are either transfixed or jammed between the prongs. The fine figures of the natives, lighted up by the flickering torches, and standing out in bold relief against the dark-blue, starlit sky, would have served as models for the sculptors of ancient Greece.

Sunday, December 3.—At a quarter of five this morning some of us landed to see the market, this being the great day when the natives come in from the country and surrounding villages, by sea and by land, in boats or on horseback, to sell their produce and buy necessaries for the coming week. We walked through the shady streets to the two covered market buildings, partitioned across with great bunches of oranges, plantains, and many-colored vegetables, hung on strings. The mats, beds, and pillows still lying about suggested the idea that the sales men and women had passed the night among their wares. The gayly-attired, good-looking, flower-decorated crowd, of some seven or eight hundred people, all chatting and laughing, and some staring at us,—but not rudely,—looked much more like a chorus of opera-singers, dressed for their parts in some grand spectacle, than ordinary market-going peasants.

Whichever way one turned, the prospect was an animated and attractive one. Here, beneath the shade of large, smooth, light-green banana-leaves, was a group of earnest bargainers for mysterious looking fish, luscious fruit, and vegetables; there, sheltered by a drooping mango, whose rich clusters of purple and orange fruit hung in tempting proximity to lips and hands, another little crowd was similarly engaged. Orange-trees were evidently favorite *rendezvous;* and a row of flower-sellers had established themselves in front of a hedge of scarlet hibiscus and double cape-jasmine. Every vender carries his stock-in-trade,

however small the articles composing it might be, on a bamboo pole, across his shoulder, occasionally with rather ludicrous effect; as, for instance, when the thick but light pole supported only a tiny fish six inches long at one end, and two mangoes at the other. Everybody seemed to have brought to market just what he or she happened to have on hand, however small the quantity. The women would have one, two, or three new-laid eggs in a leaf basket, one crab or lobster, three or four prawns, or one little trout. Under these circumstances, marketing for so large a party as ours was a somewhat lengthy operation, and I was much amused in watching our *provedor*, as he went about collecting things by ones or twos, until he had piled a little cart quite full, and had it pushed off to the shady quay. . . .

After service [in the native church] we drove through the shady avenues of the town into the open country, past trim little villas and sugar-cane plantations, until we turned off the main road and entered an avenue of mangoes, whence a rough road, cut through a guava thicket, leads to the main gate of Fautahua,—a regular square Indian bungalow, with thatched roof, verandas covered with creepers, windows opening to the ground, and steps leading to the gardens on every side, ample accommodation for stables, kitchens, servants, being provided in numerous outbuildings.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Brander dressed me in one of her own native costumes, and we drove to the outskirts of a dense forest, through which a foot-path leads to the waterfall and fort of Fautahua. Here we found horses waiting for us, on which we rode, accompanied by the gentlemen on foot, through a thick growth of palms, orange-trees, guavas, and other tropical trees, some of which were overhung and almost choked by luxuriant creepers. Specially noticeable among the latter was a gor-

geous purple passion-flower, with orange-colored fruit as big as pumpkins, that covered everything with its vigorous growth. The path was always narrow, and sometimes steep, and we had frequently almost to creep under the overhanging boughs, or to turn aside to avoid a more than usually dense mass of creepers.

We crossed several small rivers, and at last reached a spot that commanded a view of the waterfall, on the other side of a deep ravine. Just below the fort that crowns the height a river issues from a narrow cleft in the rock, and falls at a single bound from the edge of an almost perpendicular cliff, six hundred feet high, into the valley beneath. First, one sees the rush of blue water, gradually changing in its descent into a cloud of white spray, which in its turn is lost in a rainbow of mist. Imagine that from beneath the shade of feathery palms and broad-leaved bananas, through a net-work of ferns and creepers, you are looking upon the Staubbach, in Switzerland, magnified in height, and with a background of verdure-clad mountains, and you will have some idea of the fall of Fautahua as we beheld it.

After resting a little while and taking some sketches, we climbed up to the fort itself, a place of considerable interest, where the natives held out to the very last against the French. On the bank opposite the fort the last islander killed during the struggle for independence was shot while trying to escape. Situated in the centre of a group of mountains, with valleys branching off in all directions, the fort could hold communication with every part of the coast; and there can be little doubt that it would have held out much longer than it did but for the treachery of one of the garrison, who led the invaders, under cover of the night, and by devious paths, to the top of a hill commanding the position. Now the ramparts and earthworks are overrun and almost hidden by roses. Originally planted, I

suppose, by the new-comers, they have spread rapidly in all directions, till the hill-sides and summits are quite a-blush with the fragrant bloom.

Having enjoyed some strawberries and some icy-cold water from a spring, and heard a long account of the war from the *gardiens*, we found it was time to commence our return journey, as it was now getting late. We descended much more quickly than we had come up, but daylight had faded into the brief tropical twilight, and that again into the shades of night, ere we reached the carriage.

Dinner and evening service brought the day to a conclusion, and I retired, not unwillingly, to bed to dream of the charms of Tahiti.

SEA AND LAND IN FIJI.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

[Of the celebrated tropical island of Fiji, since 1874 an appenage of the far-reaching British empire, we have here to give no moving adventures "by flood or field," but a simple description of the charms of nature in this lovely island-gem of the southern seas. Cumming's "At Home in Fiji" is couched in the form of letters to his friends at home in England. What is to be seen in the waters surrounding the island is so well told in the following epistle that we give it in whole.]

DEAR NELL,—I cannot say how I long to have you here to share the delight of sitting on this high headland overlooking the lovely sea. The air is balmy, and we almost always have a faint delicious breeze (sometimes it is anything but faint). From this tiny garden we look down through a veil of glittering palm-leaves, brightened by a foreground of rosy oleanders and vivid scarlet hibiscus; and between these glimmer the blue waters of the Pacific,

and dreamy isles which seem to float on the horizon. I think, on a clear day, we can count eight or ten of these.

Just below us lies the harbor, like a calm sea-lake, on which ride vessels of all sizes,—trading schooners and brigs, which carry the produce of the isles to Australia and New Zealand. Larger vessels trade with Germany. Then there is an occasional man-of-war or merchant steamer, and always native canoes passing to and fro, with great three-cornered yellow mat sails, and brown men, who often sing quaint *mékés* as they approach the town, with an odd sort of accompaniment on their *lali*, or wooden drum. The chief's canoes carry a flag, and sometimes a fringe of streamers of native cloth floating from the sail; and the canoe itself is adorned at both ends with glistening white shells like poached eggs (Cyprea oviformis). Sometimes several canoes pass us racing, or they meet, and their sails at different angles form pretty groups.

How striking a scene it must have been when, in the old days, the chiefs sailed forth to war at the head of a large fleet of these! On one such occasion, when Thakombau went to attack Verota, he mustered a hundred and twenty-nine canoes. Only think how bravely they must have flown before the breeze, with the golden sunlight on the yellow sails! These canoes are balanced by large outriggers,—that is, a beam of wood, or piece of cocoa-palm stem, floating alongside, and attached to the canoe by bamboos. They are most picturesque, and the great mat sails, seen against the intense blue of the water, are a valuable addition to the scene. Indeed, the eye that loves exquisite color can never weary here.

The rich blue of the harbor is separated from the purplish indigo of the great ocean by a submarine rainbow of indescribable loveliness. This is caused by the coral reef, which produces a gleaming ray as if from a hidden prism.

The patches of coral, sea-weed, and sometimes white sand, lying at irregular depths, beneath a shallow covering of the most crystalline emerald-green water, produce every shade of aqua-marine, mauve, sienna, and orange, all marvellously blended. The shades are continually varying with the ebb and flow of the tide, which at high water covers the reef to the depth of several feet, while at low tide patches here and there stand high and dry, or are covered by only a few inches of water; treacherous ground, however, on which to land, as the sharp coral spikes break under the feet, cutting the thickest leather, and perhaps landing you in a hole several feet in depth, with still sharper coral down below.

The highest edge of the reef lies towards the ocean, and a line of dazzling white surf marks where the great green breakers wage their ceaseless warfare on the barrier; but the passage through the reef is plainly marked by a break in the white line, and a broad roadway of deep blue connecting the inner waters with the great deep; and this, again, passes in gradual gradations of color from the intense blue of the harbor to the glittering green of the shallow water on the inner side of the reef. Altogether it is most fascinating. The scene is loveliest at noon, when the sun is right overhead, and lights up the colors beneath the water on the coral caves. Also you must be some way up the hill to get a good view of the reef. Of the radiant opal tints which overspread sea, isles, and sky, at the outgoings of morning and evening, I need not tell you; our own northern shores supply sunrise and sunset colors more vivid than we often see in the tropics.

This afternoon has been one of unmitigated enjoyment spent on the reef, where for so many days I have enviously watched the Fijian girls disporting themselves at low tide, and bringing back baskets full of all sorts of curious fish,

many of them literally rainbow-colored. Some are most gorgeous, and are called parrot-fish. They have large bony beaks, rather than ordinary mouths, to enable them to feed on the corals, which at certain seasons are said to be "in flower" and very unwholesome; so we always eat these radiant fish with some qualms, for some people have had the ill-luck to get poisoned, and have suffered severely in consequence.

[A boat trip to these reefs is thus described :]

When the tide is low and the sea without a ripple, you float idly over the coral beds, suffering your boat to lie at rest or drift with the current, as a stroke of the oar would disturb the clear surface of the water, beneath which lie such inexhaustible stores of loveliness. Every sort and kind of coral grow together there, from the outstretched branches, which look like garden shrubs, to the great tables of solid coral, on which lie strewn shells and sponges, and heaps of brain and mushroom corals.

These living shrubs assume every shade of color; some are delicate pink or blue; others of a brilliant mauve; some pale primrose. But vain is the attempt to carry home these beautiful flowers of the sea; their color is their life. It is, in fact, simply a gelatinous slime, which drips away, as the living creatures melt away and die, when exposed to the upper air. So the corals we know in England are merely skeletons, and very poor substitutes for the lovely objects we see and covet in their native condition.

Besides, like everything in that submarine garden, much of its charm is derived from the medium through which we behold it,—the clear translucent water,—which spreads a glamour of enchantment over objects already beautiful, glorifying the scarlet corallines and the waving branches of green and brown weed, wherein play exquisite fish of

all vivid hues and sizes, from the tiniest gem-like atoms which flash in the light like sapphires and rubies, to the great big-headed parrot-fish, which has strong white teeth specially adapted for crunching the coral, and thence extracting the insects on which he feeds.

There are great red fish, and purple green fish, and some of bright gold, with bars or spots of black; but loveliest of all are the shoals of minute fish, some of the most vivid green, others of a blue that is quite dazzling. Some have markings so brilliant that I can only compare them to peacock's feathers. They all congregate in families, and a happy life they surely must have. Some of the loveliest of these are so tiny that you can keep a dozen in a tumbler; others are about the length of your finger. Besides these myriads of minute fish there are all manners of living creatures which peep out from their homes beneath the ledges and crevices of the coral,—vigilant crabs of all sizes and colors, and sea-anemones in endless variety, and wonderful specimens of echini. . . .

To-day we captured a most extraordinary creature, a starfish which seemed as if it must be nearly related to the sea-urchin, for its fifteen arms were each covered with gray and orange spines, very sharp, precisely like those of the echinus, while the under side was a mass of pale-yellow fleshy feelers, like those of a sea-anemone, with a sucker at the end of each. It was a strange and most interesting creature when we first beheld it, but looked very unhappy when it found itself in a bucket; and when reduced to a "specimen" it will be a poor ugly object. . . .

The existence of these barrier reefs is an unspeakable benefit to the isles, supplying them with natural breakwaters and harbors, surrounding each with a lagoon of calm, shallow water, on which the smallest boats can ply as safely as on an inland lake, and within shelter of which

they can, in most places, pass from one isle to another. There is invariably a passage through the reef opposite the mouth of any river, as the coral insect cannot live within the influence of fresh water. Thus an entrance is secured to the haven of rest, and a very straight and narrow way it often is, and one which calls for careful steering, when the angry breakers are dashing in mad fury on the reef on either side,—great rolling waves curling upward in a succession of mighty walls of green water, and falling in such a surging cataract of foam as would make short work of the luckless canoe that should drift within their reach. Once inside the reef all is secure, save when some unusual storm troubles even these calm waters, as it might ruffle the surface of any lake.

[From the water our traveller goes to the land, and gives us a suggestive bit of description of the island.]

I have just come in from such a scramble. Certainly these hills of Ovalau are most tantalizing. From the sea they do look so attractive, and not particularly difficult to ascend; but when it comes to the attempt, you find that even in the rare instances where the semblance of a foot-path exists, it takes a very good scrambler to follow it, over great boulders of rock, or up almost perpendicular banks of soapy mud. Should you attempt to leave the path, you find it almost impossible to force a passage through the dense underwood; and even the tracks, which from the sea look like grass, turn out to be tall reeds, reaching far above your head, and matted together with strong vines, which totally prevent your advance, and large spiders' webs, which cling to your face and hair. Still, it is worth a considerable exertion, for the reward of at length reaching some point whence you look down on the lovely sea and all the far-away isles.

This island is itself quite beautiful, though by no means a desirable one on which to establish a capital [it contains Levuka, the capital of the Fiji group], as it consists entirely of very steep hills, rising to a height of about three thousand feet, crowned with great crags, and rent by deep gorges densely wooded. The only available building land is a narrow strip on the edge of the sea; and though, of course, the lower spurs of the hills may eventually be dotted with villas, there is no possibility of extending the town unless by expensive terracing,—a game which would certainly not be worth the candle, as saith the proverb.

I must say the little town greatly exceeded our expectations. We had imagined it was still the haunt of uproarious planters and white men of the lowest type, described by visitors a few years ago, instead of which we find a most orderly and respectable community, of about six hundred whites, inhabiting one hundred and eighty wooden houses. We are told that the reformation in the sobriety of the town is partly due to the Good Templars, who here muster a very considerable brotherhood. Doubtless their work is greatly facilitated by the increased price of gin, which in former days flowed like water, at the modest price of one shilling a bottle, but has now risen to five times that sum. It used to be said that ships needed no chart to bring them to Fiji, for they would find the way marked by floating gin bottles, increasing in numbers as they approached the group. Those were the days when men meeting at noonday to discuss grave matters of business found their deliberations assisted by a jug of raw gin, to be drunk in tumblers as other men would drink water. Certainly if the multitude of broken bottles which strew the beach were any evidence of the amount of liquor consumed, we might imagine that the old drinking days were not yet wholly forgotten. . . .

In one respect we are greatly disappointed in this place, —*there are scarcely any flowers.* This strikes us all the more, as we have come here direct from Australia, where we left the whole country literally aflame with blossom. And here in the tropics, where people always vainly imagine that flowers are so abundant, we have fewer than in any place I have yet been to. . . . As to wild flowers, I have walked day after day till I was weary without finding as many flowers as would fill a small vase.

The ferns, however, are exceedingly lovely. Innumerable species grow in richest profusion in every damp ravine, and great tufts of birds'-nest and other ferns cling to the mossy boughs of the gray old trees. Every here and there you come upon a rocky stream or shady pool round which they cluster in such luxuriance and variety that it makes you long to transport the whole fairy-like dell to some place where all fern lovers might revel in its beauty. And this is only the undergrowth; for the cool shade overhead is produced by the interwoven fronds of great tree-ferns, their exquisite crown of green supported by a slender stem from twenty to thirty feet high, up which twine delicate creepers of all sorts, which steal in and out among the great fronds, and so weave a canopy of exquisite beauty. Loveliest of all are the delicate climbing-ferns, the tender leaves of which—some richly *fringed* with seed—hang mid-air on long hair-like trails, or else, drooping in festoons, climb from tree to tree, forming a perfect net-work of loveliness. It is a most fairy-like foliage, and the people show their reverence for its beauty by calling it *Wa Kolo*, or God's fern.

I ought to mention that though there are no flowers within reach, there are several flowering trees with unattainable and, happily, not very tempting blossoms. These are all alike remarkable for having a most insignificant calyx, and being almost entirely composed of a great bunch

of silky stamens which fall in showers on the ground below. The most attractive of these is the *Kaveeka*, or Malay apple, which bears tufts of crimson blossoms especially attractive to certain lovely scarlet and green parrots with purple heads, and which in due season bears a very juicy though insipid crimson or white fruit. These parrots are few and far between, and I miss the flocks of bright wings which so delighted me in my glimpse of Australian bush. . . .

I suppose you know that one of the remarkable peculiarities of these isles is the strange lack of animal life. There were literally no indigenous four-footed creatures except rats and flying-foxes, and even the native rat has died out since foreign rats arrived from ships. Even the pigs, which in some places now run wild in the jungle, were originally introduced by the Tongans, who also brought cats, ducks, and fowls.

Happily, the list of Fijian reptiles is equally small, so that flies and mosquitoes are almost the only creatures we have to combat, and they are an irritating plague. We know that centipedes and scorpions do exist, but they are very rare. I wish I could say as much for the cockroaches which infest every house, and are in their turn devoured by large spiders. I lay awake this morning watching the process. The unlucky cockroach contrived to get entangled in a strong web, and old Mr. Spider darted out and tied him up securely, and then feasted at his leisure. Of course we carefully cherish these spider allies, and glory in webs which would greatly horrify your housemaids. The ants are also most energetic friends, and organize burial-parties for the cockroaches as fast as we can kill them. Every morning we see solemn funerals moving across the veranda to the garden, and there are parties of about one hundred of the tiniest ants dragging away the corpse of a large cockroach.

Happily, serpents are almost unknown, and the few that exist are not venomous. So we walk through densest underwood, among dead leaves and decaying timber, without fear of meeting anything more alarming than innocent lizards or an occasional land-crab. Of lizards I have seen a large green kind, and scores of a tiny blue and bronze, which flash like jewels in the sunlight.

[The author goes on to describe a picnic-party on the island of Moturiki, the private property of Thakombau, recent native king. One of the party was Sir Arthur Gordon, governor of the island group. The making of *yangona*, a native beverage, is thus described:]

Sir Arthur considers that a punctilious observance of the principal points in native etiquette is a means to secure respect and gain influence with the people who now hail him as their highest chief; so, among other ceremonies that have to be observed, is the invariable brewing of yangona (which you have heard spoken of in other groups as the *kava*). This, from a purely artistic point of view, is a very attractive scene, so I will describe it to you minutely. Picture to yourself the deep shade of the house, its brown smoke-stained rafters and dark thatch-roof, with a film of blue smoke rising from the fireplace at the far end, which is simply a square in the floor edged with stones, round which, on mats, lie the boatmen, and a group of natives with flowers coquettishly stuck in their hair, and very slight drapery of native cloth, and fringes of bright croton-leaves.

A great wooden bowl, with four legs, is then brought in. It is beautifully polished from long use, and has a purple bloom like that on a grape. A rope is fastened to it, and the end of this is thrown to the chief. The yangona-root is then brought in, scraped and cleaned, cut up into small pieces, and distributed to a select circle of young men to

chew. The operation is not *quite* so nasty as might be supposed, as they repeatedly rinse their mouths with fresh water during the process, which occupies some time; while all the company sit round most solemnly, and some sing quaint *mékés* (*i.e.*, choruses), very wild and characteristic. They are so old that many of them are incomprehensible even to the singers, who merely repeat the words in an unknown tongue, as they learnt them from their parents.

When the chewing process is complete, each man produces a lump of finely-chewed white fibre. This is then deposited in a large wooden bowl, and one of the number is told off to pour water on the yangona, and wring it out through a piece of hybiscus fibre, which is like a piece of fine netting. A turbid yellowish fluid is thus produced, in taste resembling rhubarb and magnesia, flavored with sal volatile. It is handed round in cups made of the shell of large cocoanuts, the chief being the first to drink, while all the onlookers join in a very peculiar measured hand-clapping. When he is finished they shout some exclamation in chorus, and clap hands in a different manner. Then all the others drink in regular order of precedence.

Though no one pretends to like the taste of yangona, its after-effects are said to be so pleasantly stimulating that a considerable number of white men drink it habitually, and even insist on having it prepared by chewing, which is a custom imported from Tonga, and one which has never been adopted in the interior of Fiji, where the old manner of grating the root is preferred. It certainly sounds less nasty, but *connoisseurs* declare with one voice that grated yangona is not comparable to that which has been chewed. The gentlemen all say that sometimes, when they have had a very long day of hard walking, they are thankful to the native who brings them this, the only stimulant which he has to offer, and that its effect is like sal volatile. Con-

firmed drinkers acquire a craving for it. Its action is peculiar, inasmuch as drunkenness from this cause does not affect the brain, but paralyzes the muscles, so that a man lies helpless upon the ground, perfectly aware of all that is going on.

AMONG THE PAPUANS.

THEODORE F. BEVAN.

[The "Toil, Travel, and Discovery in British New Guinea" of Theodore F. Bevan yields much interesting information concerning the people, scenery, and modes of life in that great island of the South Seas, which has only recently been claimed as the property of European nations. We select from it some passages indicative of an explorer's life and experiences.]

ON June 6, 1885, I journeyed overland through a rough hilly country to Bonna Bonna, and found that neatly-kept village thronged with visitors from the mainland, their numerous canoes drawn up above tide-mark on the beach. Away beyond Mullens Harbor was the narrow isthmus connecting with Milne Bay, and which was probably formed at no very remote date by alluvial deposits brought down from the high mountains by numerous mountain torrents, and emptied into what was then probably a narrow strait, disconnecting no inconsiderable portion of the present mainland. The view of New Guinea that morning was a specially glorious one, for there, along fifty miles or more of range, seas of mountains (in every shade of blue and purple) rose wave-like to a height of six thousand feet and upward, among which one or two odd pinnacles shone, like inverted icicles, clear-cut against a cloudless sky.

But here, close at hand, under the shadow of the primeval

forest, where flowering mucunas spread a carpet of red and yellow velvet, which it seemed like a desecration to profane with footfall, a pagan rite was performed. On a rude platform environing a giant mango-tree squatted a venerable chief, while around him surged a shiny concourse of both sexes, decorated with shell-work and brilliant head-gear of plumes and flowers and feathers. Over glowing embers half a dozen pigs were suspended, heads downward, which, when singed, were cut up on the platform into small pieces of a pound or so in weight. Then, as each man's name was called out, with the affix "Oh!" every one in turn stepped forward to receive his share.

While watching these strange proceedings as an interested spectator, I was surprised to hear "*Dimdimmy* . . . Oh!" announced, and, being of course the only white man present, had to move in front, the cynosure of all eyes, to receive a piece of raw pork, a bunch of bananas, some yams, and half a dozen old sprouting cocoanuts,—in fact, more than an armful. Even the sacred "Igdrasil"-tree was not forgotten, and a double share was suspended in its branches.

Then the assemblage drew back on either side, leaving a clear space, into which a full-grown man stepped, and another phase of the proceedings commenced. From walking once or twice along a prescribed line, he gradually quickened his pace into a run, stamping emphatically when in the act of turning at either end. Then he commenced an incantation (or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, imprecation), swung his arms and a tomahawk round in a whirlwind of sand, and left off, "steaming." Next came a lame old warrior, who hobbled over the course, and (amidst the loud laughter of the mob) screeched his invectives until he, too, subsided from exhaustion, fairly foaming at the mouth.

"And what was all this storm in a teacup about?" you inquire. Well, simply that the sorceress of a rival village had decreed that "*all the Bonna Bonna pigs should die;*" so, with the object of "taking time by the forelock," these benighted heathen were giving a series of feasts and indignation meetings, and in this way were unconsciously verifying the prediction of their enemies by killing their own pigs, instead of waiting till they died a natural death. I waited for an hour or two to see if there were any fresh developments, but, finding none, started on the return journey (not a little disgusted at what Carlyle would have called "such hideous inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs").

I again rejoined the "Pride of the Logan" in the narrow strait between Dufaure Island and Nabargadila (an islet on the southern side). At our anchorage near the islet we heard for several nights a native chant, not unpleasant in its monotony, as the soft waves of sound rose and fell to an accompaniment from deep mellow-toned drums. Stealing ashore on one such occasion, I crept close enough to the mummers to witness their performance, at the same time without giving them cause for shyness. In the centre of the village square stood a circle of male musicians, alternately beating a tattoo, or warming their drums (made of cylindrical pieces of wood shaped like hour-glasses, with a covering of snake- or iguana-skin drawn tightly over one end) over a fire of glowing embers. Men wearing grass petticoats, and women holding spears and shields, swayed round and round the mystic circle in slow but effortless gyrations, while in an outer ring pairs of children early learned to imitate their elders. Ever and anon, above the mournful chorus, rose the howls of village dingoes, till both, blending together, died away temporarily into an indistinct murmur like the roll of distant surf upon the sand-

flats. For hours the mythic, prophetic chant continued, till the silvery moon or approaching sunrise quenched the torches and flickering firelight of the pagan rite being enacted in that deep-drawn recess of the dark forest glade. On these occasions it is the custom of these primitive people to minutely catalogue in song all their material wants.

While at Nabargadila I witnessed a simple but interesting native ceremony of conciliation. Four canoe-loads of both sexes of the villagers (the males having their arms made fast on their breasts) crossed over to Argyle Bay, where they were met by a similar number from an Orangerie Bay village with which they had previously been at war. Then a palaver; and indemnification ensued by various presents changing hands; a feast was held, and pacification accomplished for the time being, until some trivial circumstances should cause the feud to break out again with renewed rancor and barbaric remorselessness.

At these miscalled feasts the food is not, as one would expect, cooked and eaten at the time, but is instead carried away, and either given to friends or privately consumed. Anything synonymous to a "picnic" is to them unknown.

The Chinamen had exhausted their opium supplies some six weeks previously, and the unwonted deprivation had had a most marked effect on their complexion, temper, and appetites.

On the afternoon of June 14, Ah Gim, usually a quiet, humane, and peaceful man, had been sitting on deck talking to his wife (a South Sea Island woman, who had joined the schooner at South Cape). Suddenly he sprang up, and, with a shout of "Eddivarga? I'll shoot him!" dived into the cabin, returned on deck with a loaded Winchester rifle, jumped into a dinghy lying alongside, and strove to undo the painter. Then the Chinese made a rush, and strove to wrest the rifle from his hands. Ah Gim turned a deathly

hue in his passion, nothing showing but the yellows of his eyes, and tried to pull the trigger on his own countrymen. In the mean time I ran out on the bowsprit, and called out to Eddivarga to leave the beach and hide in the bush. No sooner was the gun wrested from him than Ah Gim sprang on board again, and seized a revolver belonging to myself lying in the cabin, but before he could get on deck was overpowered by his wife and the Chinese (who throughout behaved very pluckily), for it was evident that the man was quite mad for the time being. Not for an hour or so did he calm down, and then it transpired that his "missis," as he called her, had been "nagging at him," accusing him of infidelity; and after much persuasion disclosed that Eddivarga (the son of the chief at South Cape), who was then fishing for Ah Gim, had been her informant. On the following morning Eddivarga was presented by Ah Gim with a tomahawk, knife, and some tobacco, and a lasting peace was cemented between them.

[In August, 1885, Mr. Bevan decided on making a boat-trip along the coast of the Gulf of Papua, against the advice of the authorities, who represented the natives there to be turbulent and dangerous. He set out, nevertheless.]

I had never been farther west of Port Moresby before, but had felt a sort of fascination and attraction towards the vague mysteries of the Papuan Gulf, partly, perhaps, because it was largely a *terra incognita*, and partly, no doubt, from the sight of the great *lakatois* (trading canoes) brought annually to Port Moresby by black Gulf Papuans, with long, coarse features and great Roman noses. These *lakatois* are constructed of as many as fifteen large and long single canoes, lashed firmly together with rattan, and propelled by immense mat sails, constructed of frond stuff and fibre. Each of these singular vessels is capable of

carrying from thirty to forty passengers, and a similar number of tons of sago, which is exchanged with the Motu tribe of Port Moresby and neighborhood (chiefly for earthenware pots, or *chatties*, and trade obtained from Europeans).

As many as a dozen to twenty *lakatois* comprise the fleet, and (by utilizing the changes of the monsoon) a fair or soldier's wind is obtained either way, both going and returning.

Great-lunged, hirsute fellows are these Gulf Papuans; the blue thews and sinews of their giant bare limbs standing out like whip-cord, but thinly concealed under a copper-colored veneer. Rough, too, in their habits, for not only do the Motu women run away at their approach (as I have before mentioned), but they take "French leave" to whatever comes handiest. I have seen one of these visitors catch up a domesticated village dingo by the tail, extinguish its spark of life by a blow against the wooden piles of a dwelling, anatomize the mortal remains and grill the titbits, before making a hearty meal, all in the space of a few minutes. If report speaks true, bush natives captured (when out on their periodical forays) are treated in a similarly rough and ready mode. The above are some of the characteristics of the people I was about to visit.

The following day we were wafted down the coast by the favoring gale, and anchored early between Yule Island and the mainland. Hall Sound, as it is called, is not only a very beautiful harbor, but a fine one from a naval point of view, possessing plenty of deep water and anchorages sheltered in any weather. Over the rugged mountains to the north hung a great pall as of smoke, occasionally rimmed by pillars of liquid fire, as the jagged lightning played in vast fountain-sprays round Mount Yule (ten thousand and forty-six feet).

By leaving Yule Island at daybreak, I hoped to reach

my destination at the mouth of the Williams River before dark. The wind fell somewhat light, however, at mid-day, and it was night before lights on the low-lying shores were pronounced by my two dusky companions to be the village fires of Motu Motu. We flashed a lantern in return, and (as I had been told there was plenty of water on the river bar at all states of the tide for the "Electra") had little anxiety beyond that of "picking up" the entrance. Although the sky was overcast, one could clearly see the foam-caps on the great rollers, which tossed the little cutter high on their mountainous summits, and then surged by with monstrous curl and increased speed shoreward.

My natives professed to know the channels by instinct, and so we stood into our fate until, before one dreamt of danger, we were among the breakers. Crash followed crash as the "Electra" struck heavily on the bar, and was lifted up by a wave which made a clean sweep of the deck, put the lamps out, and washed the boys overboard; while the sails, "with the might of the wind's wrath wrenched and torn," flapped shudderingly, and everything bid fair to subside into confused welter of ruin, hopeless and irreparable.

The horrid thought flashed through my brain that we might have been deceived by the lights. This much seemed certain, that we were only too assuredly shipwrecked, with the hungry sea astern, and rivers and lagoons swarming with alligators ahead,—with wild tribes all around.

Perhaps even then what troubled me most was the thought of what people would say (of the "I told you so," and "I knew it would be") at Port Moresby.

My natives seemed fairly mad with excitement; now clambering on board, and now sprawling on the sand as they were washed off their feet by the heavy rollers. At first I kept all sails standing, in the faint hope that the cut-

ter might drag over the bar, but then (fearing the strain) lowered them, and stripped off my light flannels in readiness for a swim. After half an hour or so of this hideous nightmare-like reality, a quite unlooked-for development occurred.

Fitful lights were seen approaching, and strange wild noises heard, and presently—half swimming and half wading through the breakers—some naked dusky forms reached the "Electra"; and great was the pandemonium as my natives tried to answer the interrogatories of the new-comers and make themselves heard above the roar of wind and sea; while the cutter would every now and again give a lurch and a plunge that threatened more destruction to the by-standers than would be occasioned by the heels of a kicking horse.

On ascertaining that these were Motu Motu natives, I struggled ashore with them and tramped through the deep sand for a mile or more up the beach, and aroused the wondering villagers. By and by I returned with some fifty broad-chested fellows, who (with the help of the rising tide) lifted the "Electra" bodily over the bar, and thence warped her along the bank to an anchorage behind their village, in the still water of a sheltered lagoon. Very thankful and tired did I feel after this temporary escape from the rude embrace of old Father Neptune. Next morning a clean and recent fracture (about the size of one's fist) was disclosed to sight in the cutter's side, just between wind and water. This blow might have been struck by a snag on the bar, but I could hardly free my mind from the sinister suspicion that it had been done by a native "wrecker." However, I fortunately had a little Portland cement on board, and filled the crevice with that paste, and when the patch was dry put the tar-brush over the spot; and the wound was made whole.

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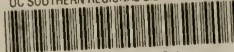
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