

THE OKAVANGO RIVER.*

AFRICA has within a few years furnished materials for several valuable books. Barth, the most diligent of explorers, journeying with note-book and pencil in hand, has given the topography and history of the continent from Tripoli on the north to Adamawa on the south, and from Darfar on the east to Timbuctu on the west, covering three-fourths of the continent north of the equator. His great work will not be superseded in our day. He covers the northern part of Africa to within four degrees of the equator. Livingstone, who brings to the missionary work faculties which would have made him a Marshal of the Empire under either of the two great Napoleons, describes a broad belt reaching across the continent south of the equator. "What do you think of Livingstone?" asked Mr. Anderson of a famous African sportsman and traveler. "Well," was the reply, "to look at the man you would think nothing of him; but, saving your presence, he is a plucky little devil." The "plucky" little missionary has that authority in him which men would fain call master. The Makololo, the scourges of the central parts of Southern Africa, obeyed him like children, attending him all through his marvelous journey across the continent, the only complete transit

* *The Okavango River: A Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON, author of "Lake Ngami." Harper and Brothers.

hitherto made; and quietly awaited on the eastern shore the fulfillment of his promise to return to them. Four degrees of latitude on each side of the equator separate the regions described by Barth from those traversed by Livingstone. Burton from the east, and Du Chaillu from the west coast, penetrated some distance into this hitherto unexplored equatorial belt. Du Chaillu's explorations are especially interesting. So strange are his accounts of the tribes whom he encountered, that many have doubted the truth of his statements. Even Barth is inclined to discredit them. But Barth was never within six hundred miles of this region—a distance in Africa equivalent to some months' journey, and his travels brought him among people of a wholly different race. Burton, on the contrary, who has approached nearest to this region, gives full credit to Du Chaillu's representations. The relations of Marco Polo and Bruce were in like manner pronounced fabulous; but subsequent observations have shown their entire truth. We doubt not that such will be the case with Du Chaillu. At all events, Burton, who has just been appointed consul at Fernando Po, will doubtless in time explore the equatorial belt, and thus solve the only remaining problem of African geography.

Among African travelers a high place belongs to Mr. Anderson. Nearly five years ago this

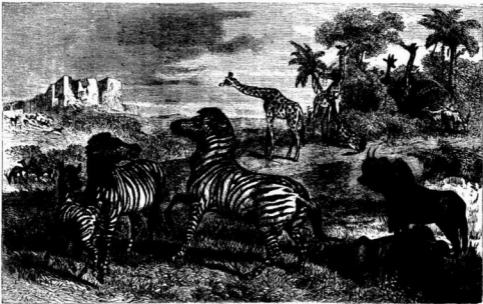
Magazine gave a resumé of his previous work, "Loko Ngami." In the preface to that work he said it was more than probable that his career as an explorer and pioneer of civilization had closed; his constitution had been undermined by the hardships he had undergone, and the foundation of a malady had been laid, which it was feared would be carried with him to the day of his death; yet, if circumstances should

permit, he would return to this life of trial and privation.

After the lapse of eight years Mr. Andersson, less hardy in body, but not less indomitable in spirit, returned to his African explorations. The region described is that portion of Southern Africa occupying the western side of the continent, between 14° and 19° of east longitude, and 23° and 13° of south latitude. The physical char-



A WELL-TROdden SHOOTING-GROUND.



A WELL-STOCKED SHOOTING-GROUND.

acter of this region is not attractive. Days oppressively warm are succeeded by nights exceedingly cold. The brief wet season, when the rain falls in torrents, is succeeded by months of absolute drought, when water—the element next after air most immediately necessary to life—is found only at long intervals in solitary fountains and stagnant pools. The country is intersected by mountains so steep and rugged as to impede the progress of the traveler's wagons, but rarely high enough to vary the monotony of the scene. Between these are broad plains, some covered during the rainy season with juicy herbage, which is burned off as the dry season approaches, leaving the ground dry and dusty; others overgrown with thorny bushes standing so closely that the traveler must chop his way step by step. The colonists call the most common of these bushes the "Wait-a-bit;" it is thickly covered with thorns shaped like fish-hooks, each capable of sustaining a weight of seven pounds. The traveler who attempts to pass through such a thicket is forced to "wait a bit" at every step to clear his clothing from these thorns. These thorn-trees are indeed the peculiar characteristic of the country. Mr. Andersson once mentions coming upon a forest of trees without thorns. "I do not think," he says, "that I was ever more agreeably surprised in my life. A wood of beautiful foliage is so rare in this wretched country, that for a moment I hesitated to trust my senses. Even the dull faces of my native attendants seemed for a few seconds to relax from their usual heavy unintelligent cast, and to express joy at the novel scene."

The inhabitants of this region are as uninviting as their country. On the south are the Namaquas, professional marauders and plunderers. On the north are the Ovambo, alike treacherous and ferocious. Between them are the timid Damaras, a prey to both, and rapidly disappearing. Of the Ovambo, indeed, Mr. Andersson in his former visit formed a rather favorable opinion. He was received not ungraciously by their principal chief, Nangoro, the fattest creature in all Africa. But Mr. Green, his former companion, having subsequently made a journey to the Ovambo country with a dozen attendants, was treacherously attacked by six hundred of the natives. The assailants were beaten off with great loss. The fat old king himself was so terrified by the rapid discharge of firearms that he tumbled down, and his bowels burst asunder, leaving him a disgusting mass of dead carrion.

But uninviting as this region is to the agriculturist, it is the paradise of sportsmen. It is a great zoological garden. Giraffes show their long necks above the stunted acacia-trees, stooping to crop their topmost twigs. Gigantic boars, with enormous tusks, and fat hippopotami abound. Leopards and hyenas find abundant prey in numerous species of antelopes, and give in their turn abundant sport to the keen hunter. Lions are every where, from the sneaking brute who creeps stealthily upon his ignoble prey, to

the ferocious man-eater in whom a taste of human flesh has awakened a new faculty, which induces him to despise all meaner game, and plunge boldly into the camp of the hunter in search of a human victim. Elephants wander about singly, in pairs, or groups, and troop by night in vast herds down the lonely vlees where they can quench their thirst. "They walk about as thick as cattle," said the natives to Mr. Andersson. On one occasion, at least, he was able to verify the truth of this statement.

We shall have something to say of Mr. Andersson's adventures with wild beasts as we proceed; but we must first explain the object and direction of his present expedition.

In 1824, Captain Chapman of the French frigate *Espégle* discovered, between the 17th and 18th degrees of south latitude, the mouth of a great river, called the Nourse, or Cunene. It was laid down on the maps, where it remains to this day. Later exploring expeditions could discern no traces of such a river. Other voyagers, however, had found the mouth of the river, though it did not present the magnificent aspect described by the captain of the *Espégle*. The natives explained this by saying that the river did not always make its way directly into the sea; but that sandbanks were sometimes thrown up at its mouth which compelled it to take a subterranean course. Farther inland, however, Portuguese traders spoke of a river which they called the Cunene, which was presumed to be identical with this. To reach the upper waters of the Cunene was the object of Mr. Green's expedition, which was frustrated by the treacherous attack of Nangoro. Mr. Green, however, made one important discovery. He found a fine lake called Onondova, some thirty miles in circumference, the existence of which had never been suspected. Andersson and Galton, six years before, had hunted within a day's journey of it, without ever hearing of it.

Andersson, having visited England to publish his "Lake Ngami," returned to Africa in 1856, and two years after resolved to set out in search of the Cunene. At Otjimbingué, a missionary station near Wahlvisch Bay, he prepared his outfit. It consisted of eleven attendants, one Cape wagon, with thirty oxen to drag it in turn, several others for riding, one horse, four donkeys, seventy sheep and goats for slaughter when game could not be found, and a dozen dogs. On the 22d of March, 1858, the expedition left the station. In a fortnight it reached the Omaruru River, where the perils of the journey began. Now the wagon tumbled over a precipice; and again, for a hundred miles, they were entangled in a thorn wood, through which for a hundred miles the way had to be cut foot by foot. The pick and crowbar were also in frequent requisition. It was chop, heave, and pick, from sunrise to sunset. Now the guides absconded, again they lost their way. Water grew more and more scarce, and at last ceased altogether. The oxen had been four days without water under a tropical sun; their hollow flanks, drooping heads,

and pitiful moans showed the extremity of their misery. The horse became a gaunt, staggering skeleton. The dogs ceased to recognize their master's carcases, and glided about in spectral silence, their eyes so deeply sunk in their heads as to be scarcely perceptible, the blood at times starting from their nostrils. It was madness to proceed; and with a heavy heart Mr. Anderson turned back toward the last drinking-place.

They had proceeded but a short distance when they were startled by an appalling sight. The dry grass all around them was on fire. In front was a vast prairie, dotted over with thorn-trees, all in a blaze. Right through this was their only way. A few hours, and the flames would expire for want of fuel. But thirst was more dreadful than the fire. They could hear the hissing flames, the crash of falling trees, and th-

CROSSING A BURNING SAVANNA.





CROSSING A BURNING SAVANNA.

screams of the startled birds. As they entered the burning savanna the flames of the dry herbage had died away, though the ground was alive with smouldering embers, and the trees shot up in tall pillars of fire. At times they were in danger of being crushed by the falling timber. Tired as the cattle were, the heated ground forced them to step out smartly; and after a while the fiery peril was left behind. At midnight, on the 24th of May, a halt was

made; but on attempting to kraal the oxen tired as they were they leaped over the stout thorn fences as though they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okoa fountain, which they reached the next day, having been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water. The instinct of the oxen had led them straight to the water from so great a distance. But the poor horse lost his way, and wandered about till he



A RIGHT ROYAL FRONT.



A RIGHT ROYAL FRONT.

fell from exhaustion. He was found by some natives, who gave him drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. He had been seven days without water.

The 1st of July found Mr. Andersson back to the Omaruru River. He had in these hundred days traveled nearly 500 miles—a distance more than sufficient to have taken him to the Cunene and back, had he been able to have kept on a direct course.

Foiled in the attempt to reach the river by this route, he resolved to try another. Meanwhile it was necessary to send the wagon back to the station for repairs, which would require a delay of some weeks. The interval was spent in hunting, in a region abounding in elephants. The country seemed to be almost devoid of inhabitants; but somehow, no sooner was an animal killed than the natives flocked around like carrion crows, sure of enjoying a gorge of elephant's flesh—to them the summit of beatitude; Mr. Andersson meanwhile regaling himself with an elephant's foot roasted in the ashes, and a dish of wild honey, which he considers "a meal fit for a king." It was in this region that he met with elephants "walking as thick as cattle."

Crouched behind an ant-hill, he was one night watching by a large vley, around which were numerous tracks which denoted that the spot was a favorite resort of elephants. A crackling among the bushes denoted the approach of the royal creatures. First came a dozen young males, but not near enough for a successful shot. They drank and withdrew. Then, nearer to the ambush, came a herd of full-grown bulls, slowly and carefully; a shot, true but not fatal, sent these tramping off. Then came a pair of elephants. Two successive shots killed both. Immediately after a large herd of females and their young came trooping down to the water. Herd after herd followed them, from different directions, all ranging themselves by the pool side by side, like a line of infantry. He estimated their numbers at from 100 to 150. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a dazzling light on the huge beasts. The space between Mr. Andersson and these elephants was too great for a shot, and there was no intervening cover, so that he could not harm them if he wished as they drank. But as they moved off he hurried forward to intercept them. He succeeded in getting a dead shot at the last. The rush and trumpeting which followed was appalling; the herds seemed to yell with rage as they disappeared in the waste. In one night he had killed three elephants. No wonder that after wide experience Mr. Andersson affirms that "a moonlight ambush, beside an African pool frequented by wild animals, is worth all other modes of enjoying a gun put together."

After waiting seven weeks Mr. Andersson was rejoined by his wagon, and set off north-eastward, still in search of the Cunene, by a route where he hoped water would be found. His way led him past Lake Omanbondè. Eight years before he had set out on an expedition to

this lake, of which the Bushmen gave him glowing accounts. To be sure it was a long way off. "A youth who should start for it, and travel as fast as he could, would be an old man before he returned." But it was a great sea; "the water was like the sky;" and it abounded in hippopotami and other game. The distance, in a straight line, proved to be about 400 miles; but there was not a drop of water to be seen in the lake when they reached it. There was a dried-up vley, in the centre of which was a patch of green reeds, among which the natives were actually digging for water. So Omanbondè—the "Lake of the Hippopotami"—was set down as a "dried-up lake," and as such it appears on recent maps. Now, eight years after, the season being remarkably dry, Mr. Andersson expected to find Omanbondè waterless as before. His surprise was great when he came upon a fine sheet of water, four or five miles in extent, abundantly stocked with wild-fowl, and frequented by elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, and lions; but there were no hippopotami. It was now September. The dry season had set in, and after making excursions in various directions, Mr. Andersson found that it would be impossible to proceed until the rainy period had come and gone. So he remained in this region until January, 1859, occupying the time in hunting and making collections in Natural History.

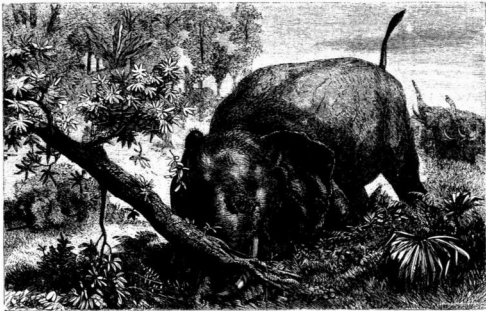
Elephant-hunting is not without its perils. Professor Wahlberg, a companion of Mr. Green, was not long before killed by an elephant which he had wounded. Mr. Andersson relates several hair-breadth escapes. He was once following up a herd composed mostly of females and young, the rear being brought up by a jolly old patriarch who seemed to be the father of the family. He fired, slightly wounding the old fellow, whereupon the whole retreating column turned right about and made a furious charge. He threw himself flat on the ground, sheltered by an insignificant bush. Paterfamilias stopped a moment, looked about him inquiringly, and seeing what he thought to be his enemy made a second dash. The supposed enemy was a tree of considerable size. This he seized and actually tore up by the roots. He stood for a few moments, the very picture of rage, part of the shattered tree clinging to his tusks. The hunter lay still, holding his breath; any movement which betrayed him would have been death. Discovering nothing, the patriarch faced about, and with the rest of the troop was soon lost in the jungle. The African elephants are migratory in their habits, frequenting one region in the wet season and another in the dry. It was often necessary to follow them on foot over the burning plains. This is laborious and harassing work. Mr. Andersson could never track, stalk, and kill his elephant in the open plains, and return to camp in less than ten hours—usually it occupied twelve or sixteen hours; sometimes he was two days and one night on a single hunt. His native attendants

were so completely done up that, on their return to camp, they would fall asleep where they stood, regardless of the scorching sun by day or the chilling air by night. They would not even eat; and if a Bushman fails to yield to the enticement of a gorge upon elephant meat he must be in a sad case. It was not hunger or fatigue that was so trying, but the heat. Overhead the sun blazed in a sky of brass; under-

foot the sand was blisteringly hot. Water, even when a supply could be carried, seemed to give no alleviation to the burning thirst. Every fresh draught augmented the craving for more, which often bordered on madness. Giddiness, languor, a sense of oppression through the whole system, choking in the throat, difficulty of speech, palpitation of the heart, were common sensations. Once when Mr. Anderson,



FURIOUS CHARGE OF A PATERFAMILIAS.



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after a long chase, had come within 150 yards of an elephant which he had seriously wounded, he was so thoroughly exhausted as to be unable to advance a few paces to give the finishing shot; and before he could recover himself the beast had moved off, and was lost.

Elephants were not the only game of this region. Wild boars were numerous, and frequently afforded excellent sport. Sometimes

two or three would be killed in a day. Their flesh was capital eating, and was quite a treat after a constant course of elephant meat, which—the foot always excepted—is rather dry eating. These boars are surprisingly swift runners. On open ground dogs are no match for them. They also fight desperately, and one will not unfrequently keep a dozen dogs at bay. A rhinoceros hunt sometimes varied the scene.

PERHAPS OF AN ELEPHANT.





PURSUIT OF AN ELEPHANT.

One of these had a tragic termination. One night—it was the 19th of September—Mr. Andersson, while lying in wait at a drinking-place for elephants, saw a couple of black rhinoceroses lounging up to the water. A shot wounded one severely, and the pair made off into the darkness. At daylight next morning Mr. Andersson, with three attendants, started out to

find the victim. They came upon his track, marked by pools of blood, the footprints showing that his right fore-leg had been smashed. Close to some small brushwood they saw the monster lying perfectly still. "Jococot—dead!" said Kozengo, one of the natives. Hardly were the words spoken when there was a sudden scampering. Andersson looked, and saw the



CHARGE OF THE WILD BOAR.



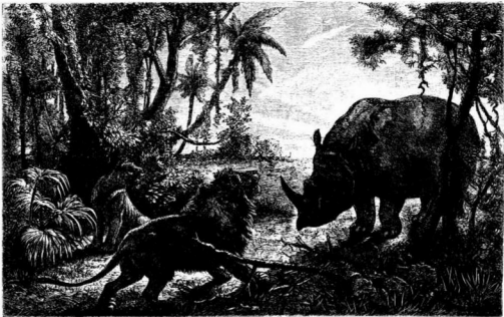
CHASE OF THE WILD BOAR.

beast on his feet, with his ugly snout only a few paces off. He took to his heels. Gaining a safe distance, he turned and fired, this time with fatal aim. The beast fell dead on the spot. Looking around, the hunter saw his attendants coming toward him in evident distress. "Kozengo is dead," said one; "he is killed by the rhinoceros." It was even so. Within a stone's-throw,

lying under a thorn bush, was the corpse. He had hidden behind a bush right in the course of the rhinoceros, and a single thrust of the horn of the beast had split his skull in two. They buried the poor fellow after the fashion of his people. A trench four or five feet deep was excavated, and at the bottom of this was dug a hole just large enough to hold the body, doubled



ISMAILOVITCH LAMON.



DISAPPOINTED LOSS.



DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A LION.

attack nothing capable of making resistance, unless driven by absolute starvation. To this general character, however, must be excepted the "man-eater"—a lion who has once tasted human flesh. This seems to work a change in his whole nature. "I have no particular dread," says Mr. Andersson, "of lions; nor am I, generally speaking, a particularly nervous man; but I do dread and fear such a monster as a man-eater: a skulking, sneaking, poaching night-prowler, whose cat-like movements no ear can detect; whose muscular strength exceeds that of the strongest ruminating animal; who will pass through your cattle, and leave them untouched, in order to feast on human flesh, is, I think, a creature which may reasonably inspire terror. There is something hideous in the thought of lying down nightly in expectation of such a visitor." Mr. Andersson is the only traveler, as far as we recollect, who speaks of eating lion's flesh. He tried it for the first time on this expedition, and found it palatable and juicy—not unlike veal, and very white. Rhinoceros hump, another article which will not soon be found on our "Billis of Fare," was a favorite dish with him.

Still there is danger in attacking a lion under any circumstances. One is never sure whether he will slink away or turn upon his assailant. Every African hunter relates instances of hair-breadth escapes. One of the narrowest was told to Mr. Andersson by the hero of it. In company with several others he had gone out in search of several lions who had broken into their kraal the preceding night. The lions, five in number, were tracked to a thicket of dry reeds. This was set on fire, and the beasts dashed out. One took the direction in which two of the hunters were stationed. The narrator fired, but only inflicted a slight wound. The lion sprang upon him. We abridge his account of what followed: "To escape," he said, "was impossible; I could only thrust the muzzle of my gun into the extended jaws. In an instant the weapon was demolished. At this moment D— fired and broke the lion's shoulder. He fell, and I scampered away; but my assailant had not yet done with me. Despite his crippled condition he soon overtook me. My foot caught in a creeper, and I fell to the ground. In an instant he had transfixed my right foot with his murderous fangs. With my left foot I gave him a kick on the head which compelled him for a few seconds to suspend his attack. He next seized my left leg, when I repeated my former dose on the head with my right foot. He dropped the foot, and grasped my right thigh, working his way up to the hip, where he endeavored to plant his claws, tearing my clothing and grazing the skin. I seized him by the ears, and with a desperate effort managed to roll him over on his side, which gave me a moment's respite. He next laid hold of my left hand, which he bit through and through, smashing the wrist, and tearing my right hand, rendering me totally helpless. At

this moment D— advanced. The lion saw him, and with one paw on my wounded thigh cooched ready to spring at his new assailant. If D— had fired I should have run great risk of being hit; I halloed to him to wait till I could veer my head a little. I succeeded in doing so, and the next instant heard the click of a gun, but no report. Another instant, and a well-directed ball taking effect in his forehead laid the lion a corpse alongside my own bruised and mutilated body. Quick as lightning I now sprang to my feet and darted toward my companions. Once or twice I felt excessively faint, but managed to keep my head up." The mutilated hunter was borne to camp, retaining perfect self-possession; but the moment his wounds were dressed he swooned, and remained for three weeks completely unconscious. He finally recovered his general health, but his left arm was totally crippled.

While awaiting the close of the dry season, Mr. Andersson was for some time in company with a Damara caravan of four hundred persons, bound for the Orambo country for the purpose of trade or plunder, or rather of both, as occasion served. At first, his companions behaved tolerably well; but finally, as game grew scarce, they became perfect nuisances, especially at "feeding time." He had to fight for a share of the game which he had himself killed, sometimes he was forced to threaten his black friends with his gun before he could secure needful food. "To say nothing," he says, "of screams, vociferations, and curses, which were deafening, assegai stabs and knob-kurrie blows were administered indiscriminately and remorselessly—all for the sake of a lump of meat. Imagine one or two hundred starving and ferocious dogs, laying hold of a carcass, each tearing it away in his own particular direction, at the same time biting and snarling incessantly, and you will have a faint notion of these beastly scrambles. I have seen human blood flow as freely at these feuds as had flowed that of the animal we were devouring. All the revolting qualities of man in a barbarous condition were brought out on these occasions into startling relief. Human nature seemed lower than that of the brute creation, while at the same time almost diabolical."

The dry season at length came to a close, and early in January, 1859, Mr. Andersson set out for the northward in search of the Cuanene, or rather of a river to which the Bushmen gave the name of Mukuru Mukovanga, which they said was the great river. We pass briefly over the incidents of the next two months. There was the same intense heat, the same want of water, the same unreliable guides, the same slow progress over craggy ridges and through dense thorn forests, which marked the previous journey. The wagon, too, was continually breaking down. In the course of one hundred and fifty miles the axle had to be renewed six times. It happens, too, that in this region the trees are of a peculiar character. The wood of most of them is hard enough to turn the edge of any axe, yet so

brittle that it shivers like glass at a sudden blow. Only one tree, the *acacia giraffe*, is fit for axles; and of these scarcely one in a thousand is sound. They look fair enough when standing, but almost every one is either rotten at heart or so perforated by worms as to be useless. To break an axle in such a region is no slight misfortune. A great part of the way had to be hewn through

dense thickets. Mr. Andersson once calculated the number of bushes to be cut down. The result was 1000 to a mile. Each bush required four strokes of the axe; there were 200 miles of this country to be traversed, and to hew a path through it required 2,400,000 strokes of the axe, delivered upon 200,000 bushes. This work was actually performed.



THE WHITE MAN A SHOW



THE WHITE MAN A SHOW

January, February, and a part of March passed away in forcing a path through such a country. In all this time not a single permanent stream of water was encountered. But the reports of a great river became day by day more definite. At last he was told that it was only a day's journey ahead.

He pressed forward, and on the border of the horizon saw a distinct dark-blue line. This must be something more than a periodical water-course. Soon he beheld a broad sheet of water, and in twenty minutes found himself on the banks of a noble river two hundred yards broad. This could be only the Mukuru Mukovanga of the Ovambo, flowing westward to the sea. He looked at the course of the water. It was flowing with a steady current, two or three miles an hour, directly eastward, straight into the very heart of the continent, instead of emptying itself into the Atlantic on the west.

It is somewhat singular that Mr. Andersson does not give the date of the discovery of the Okavango River. It must have been in March, 1859, a year from the time when he set out from Otjimbingue in search for the Cunene. Whence this great river comes, and whither it goes, is as yet matter for conjecture. Mr. Andersson thinks that it is lost in the immense marshes around Lake Ngami. If Dr. Livingstone carries out his present expedition to Central Africa, he will be able to solve the problem.

Mr. Andersson at once set about inquiries as to the region. He sent a message to Chicongo, the principal chief of the Ovaquangari, who inhabit the country on the northern bank of the river. He was, after some delay, furnished with a canoe to convey him to the residence of the chief. The boatman proved to be a great black-guard. He kept close along shore, stopping at every *weef* or hamlet, and calling out to the inhabitants to come and have a look at the white man. This gave Mr. Andersson an opportunity to observe the country and the people. The country on the northern bank presented a cultivated aspect. There were great corn-fields and groves of fruit trees. The inhabitants were not attractive. The women were especially hideous, thick-set, broad-lipped, and smeared over with grease and ochre. Chicongo received him kindly, and promised to aid him in his projected explorations.

These plans of exploration were cut short by illness. First Andersson was attacked by a malignant fever. The earliest symptoms were slight—only a little quivering of the body—but he knew what it betokened. For mere pain he cared little; but he was aware that it foretold a complete prostration of bodily and mental activity. Soon, of his six attendants, five were prostrated by the same malignant sickness. One died in two or three days. The disease was intermittent. There were intervals of relapse, during which he could look forward with hope. But each alternation left him worse rather than better; and at last, early in June, he reluctantly decided to abandon his efforts for the exploration

of the Okavango, and turn his course homeward. That day he had to bury another of his men.

This is all that we now know of the Okavango River. It must be navigable for a considerable part of its course, and its banks are inhabited by tribes who may be considered civilized when compared with the Ovambos, Damaras, and Namaquas. Mr. Andersson believes that an exploration undertaken in any other season than the spring might be prosecuted with little danger from the unhealthiness of the climate.

The homeward journey was not to be accomplished without peril and privation. It was the dry season again. The wagon, loaded with a part of the sick, had to be sent on one station, and then return for the remainder. It took six weeks to accomplish the regular journey of six days. Then, by sending men on in advance, it was found that the vleys ahead were all dried up; no water was to be had, and a stay of five or six months, until the next rainy season, was necessary. Kane was not more absolutely imprisoned in the Arctic ice than was Andersson in the waterless deserts. To add to this distress came tidings that the Ovambo had laid plans to destroy the intruders into their country. Once the dry grass around their encampment was ablaze; they supposed that the savages had tried to burn them out. This was in August.

About this time Mr. Andersson dispatched the most trusty of his men to the settlements, with tidings of his perilous position. A single man could traverse a region impracticable for a caravan encumbered with sick. The messenger encountered Mr. Green, the old traveling associate of Andersson. He resolved to set out at once, to rescue his friend if living, or avenge him if dead. It is no easy work for one party to find another in these deserts, where the distance of a hundred miles without water forms a barrier almost insurmountable. But Mr. Green pushed forward, and at length, about the end of November, 1859, the two parties effected a junction. The meeting was a joyful one, though great perils yet awaited the travelers. Before them was an uncouth country, abandoned by man and beast. The sandy soil yielded to the foot at every step; thorn thickets abounded, through which the way must be cut, and above all, water was hardly to be found for man or beasts, while overhead blazed a tropical sun.

Of this homeward journey Mr. Andersson gives us no specific account. It must, however, have taken some months, and he can hardly have returned to his starting-point before the spring of 1860—two years from the time when having set out to reach the Cunene, he discovered the Okavango—the great river heretofore unknown to civilized man; flowing directly into the heart of Central Africa. Other explorers, with happier auspices, will doubtless soon take up the search from the point where Andersson was forced to leave it. But no future success can take from him the honor of having been one of the most adventurous and praiseworthy explorers of Southern Africa.