

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXI.—FEBRUARY, 1857.—VOL. XIV.



THE LION MISCALCULATED THE CURVE.

## BEHEMOTH AND HIS FRIENDS AT HOME.\*

FIFTEEN years ago, Gordon Cumming established the fact that Southern Africa was the Paradise of Nimrods. Allowing for exaggeration and Highland vain-glory, enough remains in Cumming's work to prove that he is one of the mightiest hunters of our day, and that his hunting-ground is the noblest that has ever rung to the sound of the rifle. Whichever element of eminence we examine—whether the abundance of the game, or the character of the animals to be killed, or the danger of the chase—we must come to the conclusion that, for the adventurous hunter, the first spot in the world is Southern Africa.

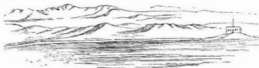
For the benefit of those who may not have followed Mr. Cumming's wanderings on the map, it may be stated that he took his departure from Graham's Town, in long.  $26^{\circ} 25' E.$ ,

\* *Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries, during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON. 12mo. Numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

Journeyed north through Caffraria and the country of the Bechmanas to the banks of the Limpopo, the highest point of latitude reached being about  $22^{\circ}$ , and the most westerly point about  $25^{\circ} E.$  long.; that he roamed the country between these points until he was tired of slaughter, and then returned home by the way he had followed on his journey outward. Now, large as this field of operations was, it comprised but a very small section of the lower peninsula of Africa. The line  $25^{\circ}$  East bisects the southern portion of the continent unequally; leaving about two-thirds on the west, and but one-third on the east. This western portion comprises, at its southern extremity, Capetown and Cape Colony, and, north of these, a vast tract of country which has only begun to be explored within a very few years. All that was known, until five or six years ago, of the land between  $15^{\circ}$  and  $27^{\circ} 45'$  South (say the mouth of Orange River), as far inland as  $25^{\circ}$  East was that the coast was barren, treeless, and waterless, that the interior was inhabited by wild tribes who were said to be ill-disposed to strangers,

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WALFISCH BAY.

and that wild beasts were plentiful there. There was a rumor of a great fresh-water lake at some distance in the interior: it was compared, on the strength of accounts from the natives, to the North American lakes, and even said to exceed the largest of them in extent. There were likewise stories of a great river flowing no one knew whence, and disemboguing itself no one could tell where. And the Boers were full of stories about the abundance of hippopotami, elephants, and all manner of wild beasts, which dwelt in the trackless land to the north, which they had never dared to penetrate. This was all.

Six or seven years ago, enterprising explorers, excited, perhaps, by the success of Cum-

ming, undertook journeys into this unknown land. Their labors were well rewarded. In 1848, Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray discovered the fresh-water lake—the Ngami. In the following year Green and others added a mite to our knowledge of its approaches. In 1851, Mr. Galton roamed through Damara-land, penetrated into the Ovambo Country north of 20°, and published the result of his discoveries in a work entitled "Tropical South Africa." Later still, Mr. Anderson, who had accompanied Mr. Galton, found his way in a nearly due easterly direction to Lake Ngami, of which he made fuller and more precise examinations than any of his predecessors. Mr. Anderson was

an ethnologist, a hunter, and a naturalist, as well as an explorer. Standing only second to Cumming at the chase, he takes rank above him as an observer of men. His delineations of the African tribes which he encountered possess the double merit of originality and philosophical acumen, and his hunting-scenes have rarely been surpassed for vividness and reality.

We propose to condense a few of his hunting and traveling experiences; and, passing over much scientific matter which adds greatly to the permanent value of his book, to let our readers know, briefly, what manner of men and beasts inhabit the tract of land we have designated by its boundaries, and what Mr. Anderson did with them.

His point of departure was Walfisch Bay, a miserable creek in the western coast, often choked up with dead fish, about 22° 50' South; and his basis of operations, as a soldier would say, was a missionary station, called Scheepmansdorp, on a river a few miles inland. Let us note at the start that misnomers are as



LION PULLING DOWN GIRAFFE.

common in South Africa as in South America. The "river" on which Scheppmansdorf is situated has not flowed for years, having been dried up by an uncommonly hot day before the advent of white men. And the missionaries, zealous and able as most of them have been, have achieved so little in their missionary work, that the chief among them confessed to Mr. Andersson that, after several years persevering labor, he had not made a single convert. Once, he said, he thought he had convinced a Damara; the man was evidently giving way, and the missionary's hopes were high; but at the last moment the rogue avowed frankly that his conscience would not permit him to dispense with any of his seven wives, and, therefore, that he must decline baptism. A couple of years later the chief, Jonker Africamer, of whom we shall have more to say presently, caught one missionary and thrashed him, then lade the others begone.

"We can not manage the country," said the rude African, "without the missionaries; how shall we get on so long as they are here adding to our dissensions?"

From Scheppmansdorf Andersson, Galton, and their party proceeded in a northeasterly direction across a desert: the mode of conveyance, horses, ox-carts, and ox-back. Ox-carts or wagons had only been introduced into the country a year or two before, and were still so little understood by the natives that when a wagon belonging to a missionary had broken down and been left in the desert, a Bushman hastened to the owner to say that he had seen



DAMARAS.

his "jack-ox" standing all alone with a broken leg, and as it had no grass, it would probably soon die, if not relieved. For long journeys across the deserts of South Africa, oxen are better saddle-beasts than horses. They are caught in a wild state, with a species of lasso; a stick is passed through the cartilage of their nose to serve as a bit, and the reins are fastened to either end of the stick. A little training educates them to the saddle; and though girths are more ornamental than useful—as many of our juvenile country readers can certify—the rider, after a few tumbles, learns his



SKULL OF A LICHUANA OX.

part of the business. An ox usually walks three miles an hour; but, when well ridden, they may be made to go twice as fast; Mr. Andersson rode over 2000 miles on the back of one of his.

Well supplied with trained oxen, wagons, a few horses, and a large force of camp servants, the travelers plunged into the desert. They had before them three likely prospects—first, of losing their way; second, of starving to death; third, of being killed by the heat. The first is quite the rule in that part of Africa. A short while before, a medical man, who had been stranded at Walfach Bay, took a fancy to travel into the interior, and hired a native guide. After toiling over the sand for some distance, the Doctor inquired where they were. The guide sulkily replied that he would not stir another step unless the Doctor gave him his hat. Afraid of being left alone in the wilderness, and deficient in pluck, the European doffed his hat and surrendered it. They jogged on for some distance; then the guide sat down complaining of the heat, and observed that he thought the Doctor's coat would fit him exactly. It was given up, like the hat; and in the course of an hour or so the unhappy Doctor was divested of all his clothing but a shirt, and exposed to the rays of a torrid sun. To add to his misery, after he had yielded every thing, the guide announced that he had lost the way. Such was the fact, and the pair were only rescued from death by being accidentally overtaken by a party of hunters on their way to the woods. The rascally guide, it is satisfactory to know, was made acquainted with the weight of the hunters' whips.

Mr. Andersson's party were more fortunate

than the Doctor. If they lost their way, they found it again, and they were strong enough to keep their guides in order. But they did not escape hunger or heat. Putrid horse-flesh became a relished meal; and before they had been many days out Mr. Andersson had a sun-stroke. He was behind the party at the time, walking through the sand. All at once he felt a sensation of giddiness; his eyes swam, and his knees shook. With his utmost strength he shouted to his friends, and staggered on; they heard him, and came to his relief just as he fell back senseless. Strange to say, he felt no evil effects beyond a severe headache for some days. Death or cerebral fever is the usual consequence. One may realize the imminence of such accidents from the fact that at Schepmansdoerf, and on their line of march, the thermometer at noon, in the shade, and in an airy situation, stands for many days together at 110° Fahrenheit; the ink dries in the pen on leaving the inkstand; gun-stocks, cart-wheels, and every wooden or horn article shrinks enormously; the cattle give up grazing early in the morning to seek shelter. These terrible heats are interspersed with as terrible storms. In the course of an hour a clear sky will be cloaked in heavy black layers of cloud; the lightning will flash with such vividness as to blind the traveler; rain will fall, not in drops, but in masses. A few minutes will suffice to convert a wide plain into a lake. Dry water-courses will foam and roar with billows ten feet high, tearing along with them trunks of trees, huts, and every movable thing they can grasp. Then—as suddenly as it began—the storm will cease. Out



HYPHE HYENA CONQUERED A STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE CARBONISING OF MAN.



AFRICAL.

comes the sun with increased fury; and before he sets, every vestige of the storm has disappeared, save a somewhat greener tinge upon the grass and foliage. Nothing can equal the suddenness of these changes. On one occasion, after a long and thirsty march, Mr. Andersson pushed his cattle to the utmost to reach a water-course a few miles distant. With great fatigue it was gained, but, to the agony of the parched travelers, it was dry as the plain. They sat down overwhelmed; when one of the party caught the sound of gurgling, roaring water. They listened breathless: in a minute the torrent was down upon them like a runaway horse, and the dry course contained a respectable river. The secret was very simple: it had thundered the day before, and they had had a storm in the mountains.

By way of compensation for these hardships, the sport was excellent. Lions were constant visitors. Now and then the travelers were obliged to draw up their force in line of battle, to protect the cattle from these hungry thieves. One fellow, after helping himself to a goat, very nearly brought the exploration to a close. Roused by the cries of the goat, the natives had armed themselves and frightened the "ongama" into a tamarisk brake. Mr. Andersson,

who was very anxious to have the blood of a lion on his hands, entered the brake, and offered battle. Leo declined, and tried to escape. Unfortunately there happened to be a group of natives just opposite the spot at which he issued forth. They fired their matchlocks, and though, of course, no one hit him, they frightened him back. Mr. Andersson renewed his search through the brake, and toward evening the lion sprang up within a few paces of him. To fire at the shoulder was the work of an instant. The ball told, but did not disable the lion, who sprang with a terrific roar upon his antagonist. Mr. Andersson—who, by the way, like Gordon Cumming, always takes pains to assure his readers that his coolness never forsook him, even in the most critical situations—fell upon his knee, drew his hunting-knife, and "prepared to receive cavalry." But the lion, poor brute! was a bad geometrician; he miscalculated the curve necessary to reach his enemy,

and actually sprang over his head, and lighted on the ground three or four paces behind him. Of course the hunter wheeled, fired, and broke Leo's shoulder in less time than the operation can be described. A second spring—but what can a poor lion do with both shoulders broken? We think it highly creditable to him, under the circumstances, that he succeeded in making off, and spending his last moments in a peaceful corner of the brake, where the hyenas and jackals did justice to his corpse.

Leopards, rhinoceroses, gemsbuck, giraffes, also abounded, and fell to the guns of the party from time to time; and so did many curious birds. Of most of these game we shall speak hereafter. One bird the party does not seem to have met after leaving the neighborhood of Schoppmansdorf. This was the *Lanius sub-cornatus*, or Fiscal-bird, so called by the Boers, from the notion that it is the judge and executioner of the winged world. It is a species of shrike, and lives on smaller birds, which it catches and gravely impales on a thorn before proceeding to discuss them. The best opinion among the Boers is that the Fiscal-bird, out of deference to Dutch usage, only holds its court on Fridays. We beg to present the fact to the next writer on ornithology.

Hyenas were more numerous than agreeable. Of course people do not go to Africa to shoot hyenas (in Algeria a man is disgraced who wastes powder and shot on such vermin), and when they became too troublesome, the travelers amused themselves by setting traps for them. A gun was fixed to two posts or trees, in a horizontal position; to the stock was fastened a movable stick, with strings at either end; one string communicated with the trigger of the gun, the other with a piece of meat hanging directly in front of the muzzle. The whole trap was inclosed in a kraal, and the only opening contrived just opposite the meat. Master hyena, stepping that way, and observing this wonderful instance of the carelessness of man, would call in and seize the meat for his afternoon meal; but at that instant an unaccountable noise would be heard, he would see a million of lights flashing before him, and feel a strange warm sensation about the head. The next minute he would be lying in a disordered state on the plain, with his ears and nose scattered in different directions, and his family and friends would be discussing his condition and picking his ribs.

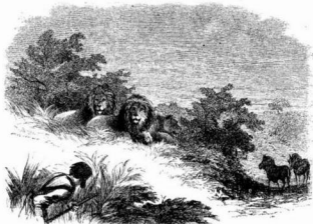
The country in which Mr. Andersson and his party now were—which extends for a great distance on either side the Swakop River—is inhabited by a tribe of negroes called Damaras. They appear to have emigrated, at some not very distant period, from a northern latitude. Their own idea is that they sprang originally out of the iron-tree, and finding the world dark, lit a fire and gave light to the earth; in recompense for which boon their chief god made them the greatest of nations. They are fine fellows, physically speaking, many of them six feet high and muscular; the women plump and well-formed in their youth. They are not quite black, dark-brown is nearer the hue; and as they object to wash themselves, and smear their

skins with grease, the dark-brown sometimes becomes light brown, and is then politely referred to ethnological causes and called "red." Adults wear goat-skins, like Robinson Crusoe; and the ladies get themselves up in a sort of chain-armor, consisting of iron and copper rings, beads, ostrich egg-shells, leathern thongs, and, indeed, any thing that comes handy; but Mr. Andersson was shocked to notice the younger members of the sex going about dressed in a dozen beads and a few strips of leather dangling from a belt. He was somewhat consoled by ascertaining that when a girl was engaged she wore a helmet and visor. Marriage takes place at about the same age as with us. The lady's price varies with the state of the market. In an easy wife market, three oxen will purchase a very fair article; but in stringent times, a judicious parent can obtain a dozen. Mr. Andersson was bound to admit that polygamy was a Damara institution; but in justice to the Damaras he avows that he never knew any one have more than twenty wives. It must be said, however, that this striking evidence of their moderation is not consistent with their appetite in other respects. They eat until their muscles refuse their office and they sink exhausted. Leaving them gorging at night when he went to sleep, Mr. Andersson has waked in the morning and found them gorging still. When the end does come, and even the Damara can eat no more, they jerk their meat, cutting it into strings or strips sometimes twenty feet long. In their climate this soon dries, and can be carried about for some time; so that when hunger returns the Damara throws his coil into the fire, leaves it half a minute, then swallows it from end to end, like a Neapolitan eating macaroni.

Our European cousins may be surprised to hear that the Damaras have organized their so-



DAMARA PYGMY.



UNWELCOME HUNTING COMPANION.

ciety on the best European principles. They have their king, lords, and commons. The last-mentioned class are the black trash of the

country; some of them are slaves, many often starve to death, and the lords speak of them with great contempt, and treat them worse than dogs. We have no doubt, however, if the truth were known, that the Damara commonalty are very proud of their aristocracy, and pity nations that have none. The nobles are the cattle owners (there are no landholders, the tribe being nomad, and fire-simples not having been invented), and some of them laugh to shame even the cattle-breeders of South America. Mr. Andersson was present one evening at the camp of a Damara chief, when his cattle began to arrive in droves a mile wide, from the mountains; he went to bed, slept, and found in the morning the droves still defiling before the camp; all day they marched past, an undiminished throng; at night, their tramp was as heavy as ever. Mr. Andersson rose frequently during the night and they were still moving past; next morning same sight, and the last of them did not appear till late that day. So immense was the throng that they devastated the country like a swarm of locusts. When a chief of this baronial calibre dies, profound affliction seizes the tribe. For a poor man's death his son will wear a black cap; but for the owner of countless herds the best society shaves its head. "Tears," says Mr. Andersson, artlessly, "are considered favorable signs, and the more the better." With a large round stone and an air of solemn sorrow, the defunct's best friend breaks his backbone, and doubles him



GRAVE OF DAMARA CHIEF.



DAMARA PIPE.

up; he is then carefully planted in the earth, with his face to the north, and a pail of milk poured over him. A quantity of oxen are slaughtered—no doubt, the mourners dispose of the flesh in honor of the deceased—and the horns are slung upon a tree with the arms of the deceased, so as to form a monument such as is represented in the cut at the bottom of the preceding page.

The third branch of the Damara government—the monarch—appears to be a *Bas'ainant*. His power, in theory, is absolute; in practice, insignificant. Criminals deride him by taking refuge with another tribe. But in minor matters he is always obeyed; and on his death his eldest son by his favorite wife assumes the crown without dispute.

Mr. Anderson was taken aback by some peculiarities of the Damaras. Like some of the Pacific Islanders, they hold that when people are too old to work they ought to die directly, and if the aged persons are obstinate—as, indeed, they rarely are—they help them into the grave. A standard joke is for a son to pretend that he thinks his old father is dead when he is only asleep or meditating, and to break his back-bone with a stone. One poor old woman, who was left to starve to death, was relieved by a benevolent missionary; but though she accepted

his succor, she appeared to do so merely out of good breeding and not to disoblige him. She seemed to feel that she was committing a sort of fraud upon her people. Another old lady, relieved in the like case, was detected by her brother, who generously forgave the missionary in consideration of his ignorance, but put an end to the ridiculous performance by beating his sister about the head with his knob-stick till she was dead. This explains the total absence of old persons among the Damaras.

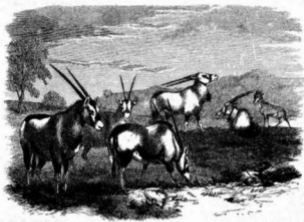
Another oddity of these singular people is their habit of lying. This evidence of civilization is carried to an incredible extent. A Damara lies without aim or object—lies with the certainty of detection. Mr. Anderson offers the somewhat Hibernian hypothesis that they believe their own lies; at any rate, they lie when truth would serve their purpose better, and lie to each other as well as to strangers. As an instance of their falsehoods, they would assure Mr. Anderson that a mountain, which he saw and knew to be ten or twelve miles distant, was a long week's journey. The defect is evidently in their mental, not their moral, constitution.

We may be considered as having embalmed these Damaras, for before long they will have shared the fate of the Indians for whom Eliot wrote his Bible. When they first invaded the country, they subjugated the tribe called Namaquas, which lived between the Orange and the Swakop rivers. Shamefully oppressed by their conquerors, these Namaquas sent for help to a bold and warlike chief, known in the country as Jonker Africaner, the son of the Jonker Afri-



COVERING YOUNG OSTRICHES.





OUXIS OR GEMBOE.

caner whom Mr. Moffat describes. Jonker had horses and fire-arms; he marched against the Damaras, defeated them in many battles, and began to drive them northward. The war has lasted for many years, but must be nearly finished

now. During the four years of Mr. Andersson's observation the Damaras lost half their cattle and a large number of their men. From time to time energetic efforts of the missionaries succeeded in obtaining a truce; but the war soon broke out afresh with increased fury. It was waged with truly savage cruelty on both sides, especially on that of the Namaquas. No quarter was given in battle. Fugitives were systematically hunted down and killed. Women were constantly butchered after unheard-of outrages. When a Damara village was taken the men were generally slaughtered, and very often the hands and feet of the women were lopped off, and the children ripped up. Mr. Andersson saw several mutilated wretches whom Jonker Africaner had spared in order to see them drag a miserable life. He is a perfect Caligula, this Jonker. His cattle were once stolen. Suspecting a Damara, he asked him to dinner. The man came, and was seized and stabbed to death in Jonker's presence. Before dying he implored the ruthless Namaqua to let him see his wife and children. Jonker refused. The dying man wiped the blood from his face, and invoked maledictions on his murderer, calling upon God to make



JONKER AFRICANER.



VIEW IN OSANGA.

"my cattle, which I know you covet, a curse to you." It will be curious to ascertain whether the curse has ever been fulfilled.

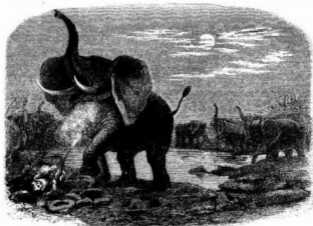
So the tribe is dying out. Jonker, whose mind is comprehensive, had once an idea of slaughtering the whole male population of Damara-land; from this characteristic scheme he was subsequently dissuaded; but he will accomplish his object otherwise. The Damaras are sealed.

Through this Damara country the travelers toiled, ever making for the northward, and

feasting their imagination on the prospect of fine sport on a lake called Omanbondè, said to be in the 20th parallel, and to be a favorite resort of wild animals. In addition to the heat, various tropical insects proved a sad nuisance. The Bush ticks—like the jiggers of Central and South America—got into the feet, required a severe surgical operation to extract them, and left a wound which required three months to heal. The thorns, through which much of their road lay, were exasperating. The Boers have judiciously christened them Wait-a-bit thorns, and



THE APPROACH OF ELEPHANTS.



MORE CLOSE THAN APPEARANCE.

travelers soon find reason to approve the name. Each individual thorn—and there are myriads—will sustain a weight of seven pounds. They are crooked, or rather barbed; so that when the impatient traveler tries to force his way through them, he can only succeed at a sacrifice of a portion of his dress. At night, scorpions, and a far worse enemy, the termite or white ant, were to be expected. Mr. Andersson had an opportunity of verifying all that has been written about the destructive capacity of these last-mentioned tiny insects. In a single night his bedding and blanket were cut to shreds by them, though not one was visible when he went to bed. In a few days they will eat away the heart of a stout tree or the beams of a house, leaving not the least external trace of their operations, but so thoroughly consuming the interior that the least touch will bring the whole to the ground. Great builders they are as well as great destroyers: some of their ant-hills measured twenty feet in height and one hundred in circumference at the base.

The scorpions were also frequent bed-fellows. Unless they are molested, it seems they will not attack man; but touch them, and their horny tail is raised, inflicting a wound which, though rarely fatal, takes a long time to heal. Of the more venomous African serpents Mr. Andersson saw but little. All of them, so far as he could judge, are decent creatures, and act only on the defensive. He has ridden his ox over a most venomous snake without accident. But the *ondara*, a boa constrictor, is a very different character. On one occasion two Boers found a boes'-nest in the rocks. Discovering a

round hole by which it could be reached, one of them prepared to crawl through it. His companion suspected it might be the hole of a serpent, and endeavored unsuccessfully to dissuade him. The man entered, crawled on hands and knees for a short distance, then suddenly stopped. There was the *ondara* coming toward him with glaring eyes. The Boer squeezed himself against the rock in an agony of fear, and held his breath. Like a train of cars the great serpent rolled along, his eyes gleaming through the darkness, passed the man unconsciously, then, as if changing his mind, turned sharp round, and thrust his fangs into the Boer's body. The poor fellow died in a few minutes, so virulent was the poison. His companion fled at top speed till quite out of reach. After a while, burning for revenge, he returned to the place, and watched till he saw the *ondara* leave his hole. The moment the serpent disappeared on his morning crawl the Boer crept into the hole and lay quiet, watching. He had chosen the narrowest part of the passage. The space through which the serpent would pass to reach him was only a few inches in diameter. After several hours of dreadful anxiety the mouth of the hole was suddenly darkened. *Ondara* was coming home. Another second, and his coal-red eyes flamed through the darkness. Outstretching his open hand across the narrow part of the passage, the Boer waited till the serpent's head had passed, then grasped him firmly by the neck. Poor *ondara* was caught. Needless to say that the Boer dashed his head from side to side against the rocks until it was knocked altogether out of shape.

One of the most interesting of the hunts by the wayside was the ostrich chase. In the neighborhood of Scheppmansdorf, and in the desert inland, they are very plentiful, and the number of eggs hatched by each female being large, there is little fear of the supply diminishing. No captive ostrich exhibited in menagerie, aviary, or zoological garden, can give any just idea of the native bird. Reaching at times a height of eight and nine feet, it weighs from 200 to 300 pounds, and has strength enough to kill with a blow of its foot a panther, a jackal, or a hyena. Its speed of foot is so great that the most incredible stories are told of its performance. One traveler asserts that an ostrich with two men on its back outstripped a fleet horse. It seems certain that when the ostrich is in good trim no horseman can ever hope to get within gun-shot. It leaps over the plain in bounds of from twelve to fourteen feet, its claws hardly seeming to touch the ground. From man it invariably tries to escape; but its devices are not so stupid as some books of natural history would lead us to suppose. When a pair of ostriches with their young are attacked, the male will separate himself from his family, and at a short distance pretend to be wounded and roll on the ground. The hunter naturally runs toward him to secure him, but the cunning bird is up and off again in proper time—meanwhile the juveniles have had a good start. Much has been said of the food of ostriches; we have all read of

The ostrich that will eat  
An horseshoe so great  
In the shade of meals—  
Such fervent heat  
His stomach doth treat.

In the desert the ostrich is gaminivorous when there is any verdure to be had; otherwise, no doubt, he takes pot luck with sticks and stones. The young are fed in a manner that is unexampled, it is believed, in the animal kingdom. Beside the nest over which the female is sitting, other females, morganatic wives of the father, lay supplementary eggs for the provision of the brood. These are broken by the parents, and the young ostrich begins life by eating his brothers and sisters in an embryological pudding.

It must be said in defense of the juvenile ostriches that the eggs are remarkably fine eating. So far as substance goes, they are said to be equal to twenty-four hen's eggs; but their flavor is very superior to these latter. The Romans ate the flesh and brain of the bird as well as the egg; one of their emperors is said to have devoured a whole ostrich at a meal; after which, the less we say about the voracity of ostriches the better.

Toward the approach of the rainy season, that is to say, in the African dog days, the ostrich grows tired of life. He may then be seen standing all alone in the plain with drooping eye and flagging wing, wearing an expression which Sir Charles Coldstream might envy, and contemptuously staring at the Boer who comes with jambok to knock him on the head. At other seasons, the missionary Moffat informs us that ostriches are killed by the stratagem which sportsmen sometimes employ to shoot ducks. A Boer covers a saddle or cushion with ostrich feathers, and shoulders it. His legs be whitens, and in his hand he holds a head and neck of an ostrich, through which a pliant stick has been thrust. Thus disguised, he trots out into the



SEPARATE SITUATION.



KIKONG AND LUCHÉ.

plain, picking at the grass with his sham head, and shaking his feathers after the most approved ostrich fashion. His new fellow-creatures stare, but, after a while, set him down for a provincial, and continue their repast or their gambols. Suddenly, one of them tumbles down, struck by a poisoned arrow. The whole flock gallop off in affright; but the most astonished of the party is the new-comer, who runs at double-quick speed, and takes care to sidle up to the strongest males for protection. In this way a Boer has been known to slay eight or ten fine birds in a morning.

After making several degrees easting, Mr. Andersson and his party resolved, as they found they could stand the climate, and the traveling, though severe, was not impracticable, to explore a portion of the country north of  $21^{\circ}$ . Many days' march through a mountainous country brought them to the plains of Ondonga, the first settlement of the Ovambo Africans, between the parallels  $18^{\circ}$  and  $19^{\circ}$ . It was, Mr. Andersson says, with indescribable sensations that they exchanged the thorny jungle for yellow corn-fields, with pleasant homesteads, fine cōd trees waving in the wind, and every sign of comfort and plenty. For the Ovambo are an agricultural people; grow beans, peas, corn, pumpkins, melons, calabashes, and even tobacco; rear cattle on an improved method, fence in their farms, and fill up the country at the rate of a hundred heads to the square mile.

Like the Damaras, the Ovambo enjoy a monarchical government. It is, however, seemingly elective, and that candidate is chosen who has—not most votes, but—most fat. Obesity is the test of eligibility; corpulent men are a

natural aristocracy, and the most unwieldy is sovereign of all. At this time, one Nangoro was the monarch; he had not seen his knees for years, and he could with difficulty waddle from place to place. He could not talk much, for the layers of fat and flesh which wrapped his throat; nor could he, of course, share the athletic exercises of his people. With a truly democratic simplicity he dressed, like his subjects, in a strip of cloth or leather twisted round his loins; and the tendency of his paunch was to rid him even of this incumbrance. When Mr. Andersson had his audience, his majesty was almost in a state of nature. In his palace he lived like a king: ate largely of all he could get, and drank strong beer in large wooden goblets; after meals disported himself with his hundred and six wives. The travelers had the honor of an invitation to a court ball, at which the hundred and six showed off their charms in native dances. When young, it seems the Ovambo ladies have pleasing faces and good figures: their ball dress appears to consist of ankle rings and cowrie shells; Mr. Andersson confesses, with a blush, that their performance ruined his peace of mind. One of the wives of Nangoro, worth at least three cows, proposed marriage gratis to Mr. Galton, her fat lord and master being apparently a consenting party to the arrangement; but as that gentleman has since married in England, it is to be presumed that the amorous fair one met with a rebuff.

The Ovambo are, however, a fine people in many respects. They are industrious, and live well. Their honesty, strange to say, is above reproach; and, unlike their neighbors, they pride themselves on taking care of sick and aged per-



OSHONGA BLACKSMITHS AT WORK.

sons. Kind and hospitable in the extreme, they render their homes a sort of paradise to the African traveler, who is used to meet with a thief and a murderer in every human creature. Their houses, which resemble bee-hives, are invariably inclosed by palisades for purposes of defense; within the fortification there are separate dwellings for children, servants, poultry, and cattle—all distributed and arranged with order and method. For their absolute wants, their farms suffice; and for articles of luxury, such as beads and cowries, they barter ivory, which they obtain by digging pitfalls for elephants.

On their journey to the country of the Orambo, the travelers discovered the long-wished-for lake—Omanbondé. Their anticipations had been roused to the utmost by the stories the natives told of its size. One man asserted that "the water was as large as the sky;" another assured

the travelers that a man appeared no bigger than a crow when seen from the opposite side of the lake. An India rubber boat had been prepared for the navigation of the unknown waters; and immense stores, in the shape of artillery and ordnance, had been carried along for the benefit of the hippopotami who were said to line the shores. When the explorers were within a day's journey of the spot they lost their guide, and were in despair. On visiting some of the natives who lived near by, the latter, never having seen white men before, took fright and ran off in great alarm. It was absolutely necessary to hunt one of them down, and make him fast like an ox. By dint of intermingled threats and promises, his captors prevailed upon him to lead the way; and after several hours' distressing march through the sand, he announced that the lake would be seen from yonder height. In



MR. ANDERSON IS ENQUIRED BY KING NANGOMA.



OVAMBO DWELLING-HOUSE AND CORN STORE.

a wild fit of delight Mr. Andersson spurred forward, and rode to the point indicated; but he could see nothing but a dry water-course.

"There," said the native, triumphantly, "is Omanbondè!"

"Where?" roared the travelers.

"There—there!" replied the African, pointing to the dry water-course.

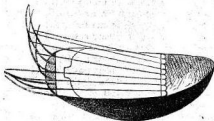
"But where, in the name of Heaven, is the water?" groaned Andersson.

As for water, the native replied that he would soon find some of that; and, true enough, he set to work to look for water under the reeds, and shortly discovered one or two mud-holes with a few drops of water in them. In utter prostration of heart the travelers were forced to admit that the great Omanbondè was nothing in reality but a small pool or swamp which had been dried up by the heat of the sun.

This disappointment, and a misunderstanding with King Nangoro, induced them to bend their course southward again sooner than they had intended. On their homeward journey they met with some fine sport. Antelopes of all kinds were plentiful, and so were beasts of prey. Gnoos afforded Mr. Andersson much excellent practice in stalking. Once, having discovered a troop of them quietly grazing on the bend of a stream, he proceeded to creep toward them

under good cover, when he noticed, to his surprise, that the herd had taken the alarm, were snuffing the air and pawing the ground in an agitated manner. He was wondering what could have frightened them, when, just behind him, he heard a sudden roar, and saw two lions and a lioness, the latter making for the gnoos, the former dividing their attention between the hunter and the game. His first impulse was to fire at the new-comers; but a moment's reflection satisfied him of the imprudence of this course, and the gnoos happening to discover the enemy at that moment, and to take to flight, Andersson and the lions started in parallel pursuit. The position was really ludicrous, though at the time it did not probably strike the hunter in that light; his eye traveling from the lion to the gnoos, and his thoughts shared between the hope of catching the latter and not being caught by the former. As it happened, he missed both: the gnoos made good their escape, and the lions judiciously disregarded their human companion to follow them.

It must be noted here that it is an unusual thing for lions to run down their prey as they did in this case, even when that prey is an animal so inferior in strength as the members of the antelope family. Leo, as we are now beginning to learn, is an arrant coward, and almost invariably pursues the sneaking feline mode of attack—lies in wait, and springs upon his victim unawares. The gemsbok or oryx, for instance, which is a common meal for him, never fears him in an open plain. Swift as the horse, as indeed its beautiful make and antelope legs would lead one to suppose, the gemsbok does not always rely upon its fleetness of foot. Its long straight horns are capable of inflicting a severe blow, and more than once, when the lion's spring has been ill calculated, he has had an opportunity of testing their sharpness. An old African



OVAMBO GUITAR.

hunter once discovered, in crossing a plain, a dead lion and gemsbok lying in each other's embrace, the former quite impaled on the horn of his feeble adversary.

The "monarch of the forest" fares much better with the unhappy giraffe. On page 290 is represented a scene which Mr. Andersson had the good fortune to witness. He had discovered the track of a giraffe, and was riding in pursuit, when the track became obscured by the spoor of lions. Somewhat in doubt how to proceed, he rode on a few paces mechanically, when all at once, at a turn in the bush, he found himself a close spectator of the death-struggle of his quarry. Two enormous lions had sprung upon the giraffe and were tearing it to pieces, while three others stood by watching the operation and growling hungrily. The hunter was so much struck with the sight that he did not think of firing; but the natives, in whose minds the thought of a feed is always uppermost, frightened away the lions by shouting, and triumphantly bore off the carcass of the dying giraffe.

Monsieur Gérard, who has written an amusing book about lions, intermingling a good deal of fact with his fiction, says that they are gallant brutes, and invariably help their wives first at dinner. This is not the experience of south-

ern hunters. Mr. Andersson was once roused from his camp fire by roars from a jungle, and the old cries from the natives—"Ongeama!" Hastening to the spot, he found a large black-maned lion tearing his wife to pieces, and even picking a bit here and there from her fleshy parts. It appeared that one of the pair had just killed an antelope; the lioness wanted to share the spoils; her lord and master not only persisted in eating the whole, but in a burst of wrath killed his helpmate and began to eat her too. Some hunters have even accused the lion of eating his servant, the hyena; but this is not proved. Hyenas have been found, however, minus a leg or a pair of feet; and the better opinion is, that these fellows have misconducted themselves, and that the lion, their master, has punished them by snapping off a limb or two.

When the missionaries first went into this part of the country the lions troubled them greatly. One of them confessed that he had found it utterly impossible to keep the few head of cattle required for his family use. One Sunday afternoon, as another missionary was exhausting his store of eloquence upon an audience of wild Damaras, a noise was heard at the door, and in stalked a great black-maned lion.

Terrific was the uproar; every one expected to be seized; no one could run, for the lion had the key of the position; there was not a gun in the church. In utter despair one of the bravest of the natives caught the lion by the tail, another seized him by the ears, and, to their astonishment, they dragged him out of the church with comparative ease. The fact was, the poor brute was starving. He had passed the point at which hunger renders the lion so terribly dangerous; his strength was gone, and he was slaughtered without difficulty.

Shortly after the return of the travelers from the Ovambo Country they parted company, and after a brief visit to the Cape, Mr. Andersson undertook alone the task of discovering a western route to the newly-found lake Ngami. Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray, who are the real discoverers of the lake—if the word discovery can be applied in such a case—had started from Graham's



BAVENS.



Town, and, like Cumming, had journeyed northward through Kuruman and the Bechuana country. It was evident that such a route as this was too long and too difficult for commercial purposes. Mr. Andersson determined to try a direct route from the western coast, from Walfisch Bay; calculating that the distance could not far exceed two hundred miles. His preparations were soon made—a few tried men, including a boy from the Cape, engaged, and an



NINGOO BOY FROM THE CAPE.

ample stock of ammunition laid in for the journey.

The party set out in good spirits, and soon found themselves in an unexplored region nearly due east of Walfisch Bay. The character of the country was the same as that previously traveled—immense sand wastes, interspersed with thorn brakes, with here and there a plain covered with rank herbage. Through the wastes water-courses had cut rugged grooves, but very few of them contained water. So rare and precious an article is water in these regions that one race which the wayfarers visited never use it at all. They drink nothing but the milk of their cows and goats; and the cattle quench their thirst by eating a succulent plant—the *sesuvium portulacastrum*—a sort of 'ice-plant'. At Ghanas, in long. 22°, the party halted for some days to hunt the rhinoceros, which abounds there.

Justice has not been done to the rhinoceros by writers on natural history. He has many claims to a high rank among beasts. In size he is second only to the elephant. The white rhinoceros of Africa will sometimes measure fourteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail; his girth often exceeds eleven feet; his horn, in the straight-horned species, varies from three to five feet in length. Hunters calculate that a rhinoceros will provide them with as much

meat as three full-sized oxen. Notwithstanding his unwieldy shape, short legs, pendent belly, and overhanging horns, he is one of the most agile of beasts. "A horseman," says Cumming, "can hardly manage to overtake him." "He can dart," says Captain Harris, "like lightning." In strength he is perhaps unsurpassed by any animal in the forest. Every one remembers the story of the rhinoceros that destroyed the ship in which the King of Portugal was sending him as a present to the Pope, some three hundred years ago; modern hunters certify that the tale is not necessarily an exaggeration. In single combat no animal but the elephant can venture to stand up against him, and even that mighty brute often leaves his porcine enemy master of the field. As for the lion, he sneaks away at the first sight of the rhinoceros. To complete the portrait of this terrible brute, we must add that he is gaminivorous, eats grass, young trees, and the like, and never deviates from a strict Grahamite diet. One species, the white rhinoceros—the larger of the two divisions of the family—is a peaceable, inoffensive animal, and only asks to be let alone; though, like modern legislators, he believes in the right of self-defense in the broadest sense of the term. The black variety are ugly; they object to have their rest disturbed, and are fond of fighting: they will demolish man, lion, or even each other, if their wrath be aroused. On such occasions it appears quite providential that the rhinoceros, whose strength and activity are so prodigious, is defective in point of eyesight; his eyes being small, awkwardly situate, and limited in their range of vision.

Of the danger of encountering this terrible brute, Mr. Orswell, the discoverer of the Ngami, tells a thrilling story. He was walking quietly to camp, when he saw two large rhinoceroses feeding in the plain. At sight of him the animals advanced toward him. He stood stock still and took aim. As it happens, a shot in the head affords a tickling sensation to the rhinoceros, and does not otherwise affect him; so Mr. Orswell dared not fire, and stood waiting for at least one of his enemies to give him a chance at his quarter. They evinced no disposition to do any thing so foolish, but marched steadily on, coming frightfully close. At the last moment Mr. Orswell resolved, as his only chance of safety, to trust to their bad sight, and to try to dash past them. He sprang forward, and in his rush actually brushed one of the brutes. But he had been seen. The moment after he heard a snorting at his heels. He had just time to wheel round, discharge his gun into the animal, when he "felt himself impaled on his horn." The next sensation he had was finding himself seated on a pony led by a Caffre. He inquired, angrily, why they were not following the spur of the beast? But almost ere the words were uttered, he noticed that his hand, which had rested on his side, was filled with clotted blood, and he met his men, who had come from the camp to bury him. He did not

need their services this time, but he carries the scar of the wound still.

The first rhinoceros shot by Mr. Andersson drove him crazy with delight. He sprang upon his back and plunged his hunting-knife into his flesh to ascertain if he were fat. But the natives warned him not to repeat the experiment. A short time before an African had leaped on the back of a rhinoceros under the same circumstances, and had plunged his knife into him. The brute was only stunned; the cold steel revived him, and he rose and ran toward the river. Afraid to dismount, the native clung to the creature's back, more dead than alive; and had it not been for a sudden pause of the rhinoceros, which enabled another of the party to send a ball through his lungs, the fate of that rider would have been very clear.

To kill a rhinoceros the ball must strike just behind the shoulder, with a view to the lungs. The old books of beasts tell us that the hide of the rhinoceros is hard enough to turn a bullet. This is another play of the fancy: a good ball, propelled by a good charge of powder, and fired from any distance under fifty yards, will not take the least notice of the hide. If it strikes at the proper angle, three inches behind the shoulder, it will pass through the centre of the lobes of the lungs, and cause instantaneous death. But the hunter must beware of firing at the head. Mr. Andersson was once overtaken by a rhinoceros whose temper something had ruffled; he was rushing to and fro, charging sticks, stones, and trees; and seeing our friend, he charged him too. In self-defense Andersson fired at the head. The rhinoceros stopped short, sprang into the air, coming down with a crash which shook the spheres, then rushed about more wildly than before, tear-

ing up the ground with his horn, and raising clouds of dust. In the blindness of his fury he missed his insignificant foe, who came to the conclusion that his ball must have struck the brute on the horn. Another rhinoceros, a female, who was hit in the same place under very similar circumstances, charged straight at the place where she had seen the flash. She came so close that her saliva actually dropped on the hunter's face; but, strange to say, at that very moment she pulled up, and, doubtless, calculating that she had rushed passed her enemy, turned about and charged in the opposite direction.

As is usually the case among wild beasts, the female, when nursing, is more ferocious than the male. Mr. Andersson was returning from the chase one afternoon when he saw a black female drinking at a pool. He could not get a shoulder shot, but fired at the leg in the hope of disabling her. The ball told; but the brute charged on three legs. A second ball was put in without any effect. Night was coming on, and the hunter prudently resolved to let her be for that day; so he turned, and after looking after other game which he had killed, walked leisurely to camp. Midway he came full in view of the wounded rhinoceros, standing, as before, on three legs. Her head was pointed toward him, and he dared not fire; but picking up a large stone, he threw it at her with a shout. That instant she charged. A shot in the head did not check her advance in the least: on she came, and in a twinkling the hunter's gun, belt, cap, etc., were spinning in the air, and he was in the dust. By extraordinary good luck her horn had not touched him, and the impetuosity of her onset was such that she sped onward several yards, and buried her horn in the earth.



RHINOCEROS HEADS.



A POOL IN THE DESERT.

Andersson hardly realized that he was yet alive; but the moment he did he sprang to his feet, just in time to receive a second charge from the infuriated animal. This time she ripped his leg up from knee to hip, and stunned him with a blow on the back of the neck. When he recovered he was being carried to his skärm. But the battle was not over. Next morning Andersson related the story to his attendant, and, giving him a gun, bade him see if he could find the brute, to put her out of her pain. The boy sallied forth; and very soon afterward Andersson heard a cry of distress. He ran to the spot, and saw the rhinoceros, on three legs, covered with froth and blood, and snorting furiously; on the other side, the boy spell-bound and motionless. To fire at the brute was the work of an instant, but the aim was unsteady, and the wound only made her more furious. She tore up and down, butting trees and stones with frantic rage, but fortunately missing the hunters, while Andersson poured in shot after shot. At last she saw him, and for the third time charged him.

Here a beautiful law of the chase will be noticed by the judicious reader. After powder, ball, and steel have failed to do their work on wild beasts, and they persist—contrary to all reason, moral and physical—in having the life of the hunter before they give up their own; when the moment comes that no earthly power can save the life of our hero—his gun is empty, his knife is broken, his strength is gone, and the most imaginative reader can not suggest a means of escape; then, at that critical moment, in the very nick of time, the beast which has so terrified us is sure to die. We do not undertake to explain this curious phenomenon. We are mere chroniclers, gleaners of facts; we note this one as a fact uniformly recurring in all

books of hunting that have ever seen the light; and from it we deduce the law that, in the case above-mentioned, the beast is sure to die. In obedience to this law the rhinoceros which we left charging Andersson for the third time died submissively at his feet.

Gentlemen who wish to hunt the rhinoceros will please make haste, for they are being slaughtered at a furious rate by the African Nimrods. There are men in Caffraria and Bechuana-land who kill their hundred rhinoceroses in a year, and take their horns to the Cape. These horns are useful in a variety of ways. As drinking-cups, every well-educated Boer knows that they possess the virtue of detecting poison: the least drop of any kind of poison poured into one of them will make it explode. Then, powdered, they are a capital remedy for convulsions; with a proper amount of advertising they might become a universal panacea. Finally, to the turner they are worth half as much as elephant ivory, and are often sold as such.

Talking of elephants, Mr. Andersson was not as successful a hunter of this noble game as Gordon Cumming, or even the Cingalese Nimrod, Baker. Their tasks were counted by the hundred; his by the score. At Ghanzé, however, he occasionally fell in with a troop. The first he saw surprised him while lying in wait for rhinoceroses near a pool; he fancied he could count at least fifty of the huge creatures cut out in bold outline against the sky, and browsing in perfect unconsciousness of his presence. He whistled, and all the troop raised tail and trunk erect, and looked and listened; he fired at a large male, and the elephants galloped off like a well-appointed troop of horse-artillery. The shot had been well aimed; down came the brute: a magnificent fellow with fine tusks.

Small note took the Bushmen of these; it was his carcass they cared for; and twenty-four hours afterward nothing remained of him but the head, the sternum, and some of the larger bones. After this "tuck out," as they call it, the Boers were prepared for a week's fast.

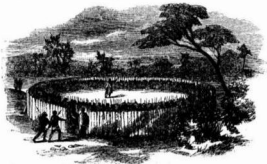
Pushing on a little farther to a vley and wells at a place called Kobis, Mr. Andersson saw more elephants. He used to take up a commanding position near the pools, and wait quietly for his enemy to come to be shot. When he arrived at the spot all would usually be silent. As night fell, animals of all sizes and races would come to drink—giraffes, zebras, gnocs, elands, goats, etc., with an occasional rhinoceros. When on the look-out for elephants the hunter spared smaller game; the more readily as they served his purpose as sentinels. Some time before the elephants made their appearance, he was warned of their approach by the animals at the pool. The giraffe began to sway his long neck to and fro; the zebra to whine in a plaintive tone; the eland to crouch into the smallest space; and even the rhinoceros to snort and grunt. Before many seconds elapsed, one by one all these animals would sink away into the woods, leaving the pool to the exclusive enjoyment of the monsters, whose huge forms were just becoming visible in the distance; and until the whole troop had quenched their thirst no stranger would venture to intrude upon the scene.

Lying in ambush in one of these spots one evening, Andersson had watched vainly for the approach of game, when he heard at no great distance a clattering noise, as if a wagon was being hurried violently over a stony path. Knowing that no wagon could be traveling there at such a time, he concluded that the sound must proceed from elephants, and prepared for action. It was a bright tropical night, with a clear moon, and he soon discerned a troop of elephants, led by a huge male, trotting down to the very place where he lay. He confesses that his heart beat

fast as they approached. More than once his finger was on the trigger of his rifle, but the impossibility of getting a good shot at the leader made him withhold his fire. He remained in this position till the elephant's huge bulk was actually above him. An involuntary motion betrayed him; the elephant, startled and enraged, turned upon the intruder. Andersson had only time to throw himself flat on his back when down came the trunk, sweeping away some large stones, behind which the hunter had hid, as though they had been pebbles. Mechanically he raised his gun and fired upward. The explosion and the noise scared the brute; he bounded off, and rejoined the herd with a ball tickling his throat. Mr. Andersson rather regrets that his other gun was not in a state to permit him to follow up the chase; but when a man has seen the fore-feet of an elephant raised above his face, he need not be at any trouble to account for his abandoning the chase.

These sports were at length brought to a conclusion by an attack of rheumatism, which partially crippled Mr. Andersson. It came on suddenly, after some days of severe exercise, and after subjecting Mr. Andersson to excruciating agony for some days, left him with a crooked leg. As his boy assured him, "the calf was nearly where the shin ought to have been." This was no hindrance to traveling, and leaving his hunting gear at Kobis, he pushed on toward the lake, then only a few miles distant.

On the fifth morning the natives, who were in advance, suddenly cried, on reaching the top of a ridge, "Ngami! Ngami!" That instant Mr. Andersson was with them; and this time, sure enough, a great sheet of water lay spread at his feet. "Long as he had been prepared for the event, his sensations overwhelmed him. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. His temple throbbed, and his heart began to beat so violently, that he was obliged to dismount and lean against a tree for support until the excitement had subsided." These feelings, for which Mr.



SC. UTANA CONGRUO



ASCENDING THE TROUGH.

Andersson thinks it necessary to apologize, need no apology; every traveler, or reader of books of travel, can thoroughly understand them. So great an achievement, gained at such a cost, might well unsettle a man's nerves.

The lake in question, to which rumor had ascribed an extent not inferior to that of the great lakes of North America, Mr. Andersson found to be not over seventy miles in circumference, and sixteen in width at the widest part. Its shape is not unlike that of a pair of spectacles, to which the natives compare it, being considerably narrower at the middle than at the ends. The northern shore is low and sandy, without vegetation of any kind; the southern shore is fringed by a dense belt of rushes, which render its access impracticable. At a distance of a mile or so an acacia grove surrounds it. The natives say that the waters of the Ngami retire daily "to feed." Certain it seems that there is a strange ebb and flow in the lake. Canoes, anchored in a few inches water and at two hundred yards from shore, were left high and dry in the course of the night, and floated again in the morning. Mr. Andersson ascribed the phenomenon to the wind; but he has been since led to believe that it is produced by the moon's attraction.

Africa seems intended to give the lie to all scientific principles. Elsewhere rivers flow to the sea; here they often flow nowhere, but suddenly stop in the middle of a plain and form a marsh. In this country and in Europe rivers are narrow at the source and increase in width and bulk as they flow toward; in Africa they are wide and extensive at the source and dwindle away into small streams as they proceed. Our sea has a tide, and our lakes have none; there the reverse is the rule. The Ngami is fed by the Teoge on the north, and emptied by the Zonga on the south; but at times the Teoge—which is a considerable river at ten days' journey from the lake, though quite small at its mouth—finds its usual outlet inadequate, cuts

another channel to the Zonga, and drives the waters of that river back into the lake. Places now dry and covered with reeds on the lake shore were identified by natives as having once been covered with water and common fishing-grounds; and, on the other hand, in the water were seen trunks and roots of trees, which had evidently grown on dry land.

The travelers of 1849, who, as has already been stated, approached the lake from the southeast, sailed upon the Zonga, and admired it exceedingly. It is, however, practically useless, as it has no outlet and no communication with the sea. Mr. Andersson indulged hopes of discovering another great river on the opposite side of the lake. At two days from the northwestern corner of the Ngami, the natives say that a great river—which they call the Mukuru-Mukovanja—flows westward to the Orambo Country and the regions north of that. While in the Orambo Country the travelers had heard of it, and had speculated on its course. From all that he heard Mr. Andersson concludes—on very slight data, as it seems to us—that the Mukuru-Mukovanja may be a river of large size, with a course of several hundred miles, flowing from within two days' journey from Lake Ngami to the western coast of Africa, with one outlet, now known as Nourse's River, between 17° and 18°, and another further to the north. He also concludes—on very fair circumstantial evidence—that it irrigates a fine fertile country, rich in the products of a tropical climate.

The writers who credited Lake Ngami with an extent equal to Lake Superior were consistent throughout. A British captain was led to believe that the inhabitants of its shores were the genuine original Cyclopes, with one eye in the centre of the forehead; that they were cannibals; "a baby was nothing to them—they swallowed it whole." Mr. Andersson did not see any Cyclopes during his visit, nor did he witness the consumption of babies jill-fashion.

Batoana is the title which the dwellers about the Ngami give themselves; they are, in fact, a tribe of the Bechuanas, and probably accompanied the latter on their irruption from the north. The aborigines of the country, who call themselves Bayeye, or "the men," serve the Batoana as slaves. All seem to be poor, dirty, and dishonest. They are governed in a democratic fashion, live on the scant produce of their fields, rear but few cattle, and often in dry seasons endure unheard-of misery from famine and thirst. Where the missionaries have penetrated, some of the men have been induced to wear clothing; but the large proportion of the Bechuanas and the cognate races confine themselves to the usual strip of leather. Rings are the female costume; they are often so large and heavy, that, as the chief observed contemptuously and coarsely to his visitors, "the women grunt under their burdens like pigs." They smoke, snuff, and drink beer, and finding that the Europeans did the like, they rather conceived a good opinion of them; but they had their joke at their visitors about washing. The idea of putting water on the body instead of grease and paint, is considered highly comic in the vicinity of Lake Ngami.

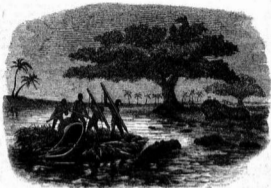
The Rev. Mr. Moffat, who wrote a fair book, though dull, about the Bechuanas some fourteen years ago, describes their wizards amusingly. Rain being the chief desideratum in that country, the wizards profess to be rain-makers. On the occasion of a great drought at Kuruman, the chiefs resolved to send for a great rain-maker who lived two hundred miles away in the north. The great man came, and, marvelous to relate, though the heavens had been of brass for many weeks up to the day of his arrival, on that day a copious rain fell. He was worshiped, of course, and his orders—not to sow the fields, to collect herbs, and so forth—were obeyed with surprising alacrity. Once the natives thought they had caught him. Suddenly, at mid-day, a shower fell. The Bechuanas ran to his house

to thank him; but, to their amazement, he was in bed, asleep, and unconscious of the happy accident. "Halloo! by my father," said the leading citizen of the place, "I thought you were making rain!" The wizard rose slowly, and seeing his wife shaking a milk sac to obtain a little butter for her hair, replied, with indignation, "Do you not see my wife churning the rain as fast as she can?" Still this was only a shower, which soon dried up. More rain was needed, or a famine was inevitable. The Bechuanas growled, and complained to the rain-maker. He was ready with his reply. "You only give me sheep and goats to kill, I can only make goat-rain; give me fat slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain." The oxen were produced, at no slight expense, for the drought was decimating the cattle; but still the rain-maker did not perform his task. Anticipating an outbreak, he went to the chiefs and told them that, the heavens being obstinate, he must have a baboon, alive, and free from blemish. Not a hair must be wanting. It was no easy matter to catch a baboon at all among those rocky glens; but a party of the best hunters set out, and after great fatigue succeeded in capturing a young one. At the sight of it the wizard screamed that his "heart was rent in pieces," pointing to the tail of the baboon, from which some hairs had been lost. However, he consented to bring rain if they would let him have the heart of a lion. The lion, too, was hunted down, at no slight risk of life, and his heart produced; but still no rain. Driven, finally, to the wall, and ruined in credit, the wizard boldly imputed his failure to the magical arts of the missionaries, who were very near paying the penalty of the knave's ill success with their lives. Happily, Mr. Moffat succeeded in convincing the natives that he had no more power to stop than the wizard to make, rain; and instead of the persons it was the rain-maker who was killed.

In the vicinity of the lake the sport was ex-



A BECHUANA.



SPARING HIPPOPOTAMUS.

cellent. Rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, hartebeests, pallahs, reed-backs, etc., were constantly seen, and the hunters lived a princely life. But the game Mr. Anderson best loved to stalk was the beautiful koodoo, an antelope with spiral horns. Taking every thing into consideration, strength, symmetry, expression, nobility of carriage, endurance, he considered the koodoo the most admirable beast he had seen. About four feet high at the shoulder, the koodoo carries heavy spiral horns of three feet in length, which oblige him to hold his head high in air, and give independence to his gait. When pursued, he springs over the ground in bounds of many feet, and if the country be favorable he can hardly be run down. Shy and timid, moreover, by nature, he is perhaps the antelope that the hunter most rarely kills; many successful sportsmen have never seen a single specimen of the race. This may also be ascribed in some degree to the capacity of the koodoo to dispense with water: they can live many days without visiting the pool.

After navigating the Teoge as high as the water would permit, about  $19^{\circ} 51'$ , Mr. Anderson turned southward. The Batoana chief had promised him canoes for his return; but when he was about to start he found no conveyance ready but reed rafts. These are made of the palm-yra, which grows in abundance on the shores of the lake and its tributaries; the reeds are just cut, thrown into the water in transverse layers, and the raft is made. No ligatures are used; but from time to time, as the raft proceeds, new layers are placed on the top to replace those underneath which have become water-logged. Unsatisfactory as this mode of traveling appeared at first sight, on second thoughts Mr. Anderson recognized its merits; the rafts are much safer than canoes, and as the travelers proposed to

beguile the way by hunting the hippopotamus, this was a consideration.

Behemoth, who has never had a better dinner than Job, is at home in all the rivers of Africa south of  $22^{\circ}$ , and in the heart of the continent is also found a couple of degrees further north. Formerly, as our books of natural history tell us, he was a mild, inoffensive brute; ate his herbs like a Grahamite, took his constitutional snort in his river, and retired peaceably to snooze and meditate "under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens." But these were his days of innocence. When the fire-lock was invented, and white men invaded his tranquil haunts to perforate his hide with balls, a change came over Behemoth, and he grew crusty. Endowed with enormous strength—he is nearly equal to the rhinoceros in size, and often measures twelve feet from nose to rump—he is one of the most formidable denizens of the tropics. So widely can he distend his jaws that a man can find accommodation therein; and an old painter, who was something of a naturalist, thought it no exaggeration to introduce him into a picture of the last judgment, making his open mouth the "jaws of hell." He is a wise beast, endowed with remarkable power of memory, cunning, and quick senses. Had he the agility of the rhinoceros, he would be the scourge of the Bechuanas; but, though he moves rapidly enough in the water, on land the shortness of his legs are a disadvantage, and his unwieldy bulk an encumbrance.

For the sake of his teeth—which are worth \$5 a pound when in good condition—the natives hunt the hippopotamus perseveringly. One of the most approved modes of proceeding is identically the same as that which was anciently pursued by the Egyptian hunters. Directions given by Diodorus Siculus will answer perfectly



THE DOWNFALL.

for the present day. The natives arm themselves with a harpoon with a single barb, and a shaft ten to twelve feet in length; they sally forth on a reed raft, and let the current float them down to the spot frequented by Behemoth. Soon an experienced eye detects several dark patches on the water like lumps of mud. These are noses. In breathless silence, and lying flat down, the hunter lets the raft drift on till it strikes the body of one of the unconscious brutes. Up then he springs like lightning, and down comes the harpoon perpendicularly and with unerring aim. What the hippopotamus may do after this is of no consequence. He can not board or upset the raft; he can not break the strong cords to which the harpoon is tied; nor can he tear it out of his body, for the thickness of his hide. So when he dives, some of the natives slip off the raft into a canoe, paddle hastily to shore, and take a turn of the harpoon rope round a tree; after which, the sooner Behemoth gives up the contest and the ghost, the pleasanter for all parties. Whenever he rises to the surface darts are showered at him till the water is crimson, and the result is merely a question of time. It does happen occasionally that an imprudent native will venture to attack

the hippopotamus in a canoe before he is exhausted from loss of blood; and Behemoth will often in this case crush the canoe with a single bite, and cut his assailant in two with his huge jaws. But such accidents are rare.

Another native device is the *downfall*, which is represented in the adjoining cut. This trap is predicated on the shortness of Behemoth's legs. When, in the course of his morning walk, he meets with the string which crosses his pathway at a few inches from the ground, he does not think of stepping over it, as a long-legged brute would, but tries to kick it out of the way. The string either breaks or slips off the trigger to which it is fastened, and down comes the harpoon, which is a log of wood, made heavier with stones. Sometimes the harpoon is poisoned. But the wound it inflicts is usually sufficient to cause death without poison; when the natives see the trap sprung they go to the nearest pool, confidently expecting to find Behemoth a corpse, and

gloating already on the prospect of hippopotamus rashes.

Mr. Andersson killed many hippopotami. He shot them easily; the ear shot being invariably fatal. Only once was any danger run. He had shot a large hippopotamus which disappeared, as usual, in the water. A party of the natives started in pursuit in a canoe, and were soon out of sight. The raft was poled after them as fast as possible; but at the first turn in the river Mr. Andersson was shocked at seeing the canoe bottom upward, and no men any where. Happily they turned up on the shore; the wounded brute had upset the canoe and obliged them to swim for their lives; and, by extraordinary good luck, they had escaped him and the crocodiles and reached the land in safety.

On leaving the lake Mr. Andersson started homeward through great Namaqua-land, which lies between the Swakop and Orange rivers. The Namaquas are a miserable race, thievish, cruel, and treacherous; the dominant race at present in that part of the continent, they evince a barbarity without parallel in their treatment of their neighbors. Jonker Africaner, indeed, has already been sketched. Professor Halde- man, the linguistic ethnologist, will be charmed



to hear that this vile race have no word for gratitude in their language.

Like their neighbors, they are superstitious, and have their witches and their wizards. Their tradition is that man and the animals once lived together in a rock in peace and amity. Being dispersed by the Supreme Power, they scattered throughout the earth. The moon then called the hare, and bade him go to man and say to him, "As I die and am born again, so shall you die and be again alive." (The Africans, it must be remarked, always say that the moon dies and is born, in allusion to the setting and rising.) The hare, from stupidity, delivered the message incorrectly. It said, "As I die and am *not* born again," etc. On ascertaining this, the moon flew into a rage and threw a stick at the hare, which cleft her lips; whence the formation of that animal's mouth. The moon also cursed the hare, and pronounced it a wanderer forever on the face of the earth, forbidding mankind to eat it, because it had not carried to mankind the "good message regarding the immortality of the soul."

The Namaquas believe that many of their women can at pleasure assume the forms of wild beasts. Sir James Alexander picked up a story illustrative of the superstition. A Namaqua was traveling with his wife, who was a witch, when a troop of *sobras* appeared in the plain. Said the man to the woman, "I know you can transform yourself into a lion; do so now, catch one of those wild horses and kill it, for I am hungry." The woman replied, "You'll be afraid." Her husband assuring her that he would never be afraid of her, she set down the child, and hair began to appear on the back of her neck; her nails turned into claws; her features changed. Slipping behind a tree, she dropped her skin petticoat, and rushed out a perfect lioness, glaring

fearfully at her husband. Dashing into the plain she pulled down a zebra, then returned to the side of the man. He was in an agony. "Enough! enough!" he roared. "Put off your lion's shape!" The woman lioness eyed him, growling. "I'll stay here till I die," said the man, frightened out of his wits, "if you don't become a woman again!" The mane began to disappear, the tail dropped off, the lioness stepped behind the tree and put on her petticoat; then emerging forth in her original shape, she took her child in her arms and called her husband. That man, said the legend, never asked his wife to catch game for him again.

Mr. Andersson draws a fearful picture of his sufferings on his long ride home. "I traveled," he says, "either alone or accompanied by a single native, sometimes on foot, and at others on horseback or ox-back, over a thousand miles of country, parts of it emulating the Sahara in scarcity of water and general inhospitality. Tongue is too feeble to express what I suffered at times. To say nothing of narrow escapes from lions and other dangerous beasts, I was constantly enduring the cravings of hunger and the agonies of thirst. Occasionally, I was as much as two days without tasting food; and it not unfrequently happened that in the course of the twenty-four hours I could only once or twice moisten my parched lips. Sometimes I was so overcome by these causes, joined with bodily fatigue, that I fainted. Once both my steed and myself (as seen in the sketch below) dropped down in the midst of a sand plain, where we remained a long time in a state bordering on unconsciousness, and exposed to all the injurious effects of a tropical sun. At times I scarcely knew what I was about, and staggered like a drunken man. Such was the pleasure of traveling in Africa."



AUTHOR AND STEED HIDDEN DOWN.