

posed that I should take one and become a doctor of philosophy. "Is it so easy to be obtained?" I asked. "Nothing easier. You have only to choose one of the subjects on which you have heard lectures with me—public law, for instance—and I will prepare you in three weeks to pass the examination. I guarantee your honorable passage through. The most puzzling question that will be asked you will be: 'Have you, sir, in your pocket, thirteen Louis d'ors for the university treasurer?'" The proposal was tempting—*doctor philosophiæ*: a degree from the great University of Göttingen. But the temptation lost daily of its charm. Such doctors were plenty in those latitudes. Had the dry parchment cost only the three weeks' dry work, it had been well. But the thirteen Louis d'ors; gold grows daily heavier in the last weeks of a student's career. I kept the Louis d'ors

in my pocket, to be less drily spent, and left Germany without a title.

Poor Saalfeld! His end was sad. More true to his liberal principles than so many who are only brave in words, with all the vivacity of his excitable temperament, he threw himself, in 1830, into the revolutionary movement consequent in Germany on the expulsion from France of the elder Bourbons. The anxieties of such an undertaking, quickly followed by its failure, overtasked a highly nervous organization. His intellect became unsettled, and, in that melancholy state, he died. He was a generous, high-spirited man, and, in the palmy days of Göttingen, one of her most brilliant lecturers. In Germany and in other lands, his memory is still affectionately and respectfully cherished by the survivors of the many who profited by his conscientious, able and zealous teachings.

LAKE NGAMI;*

OR, THE WATERS BEYOND KALAHARI.

TOWARD the close of 1849 the discovery of a fine fresh-water lake in the centre of South Africa was made known to Europeans; and the applause of geographers and naturalists crowned the patient labors and the sufferings of Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone and Murray. For half a century the existence of such a lake had been the subject of scientific conjecture; yet the region of desert and fever, of savage tribes and ferocious animals, known as the Kalahari, lay between brave explorers and the object of their search, and had hitherto been the obstacle upon which they fruitlessly expended their energies and their resources. But even this barrier fell at last before the indomitable perseverance of these Kanes of the jungle and the desert, and exposed a new and extensive field to the scrutiny of the topographer and the ardent hunter, and to the trading spirit of the enterprising colonists of the Cape. The lake was described as a magnificent sheet of water, abounding in fish and hippopotami; and the adjacent country as abundantly

stocked with the largest game, whilst the vegetation was said to be on the most luxuriant scale.

Among the tribes dwelling on its shores, or stately visiting it for purposes of barter, or in search of game, or pasture for their herds, this precious sheet of water is known by various names—all more or less appropriate—such as *Inghabé* (the giraffe); *Noka ea Botlètle* (lake of the Botlètle); *Noka ea Mokoròn* (lake of boats); and *Ngami*, or *The Waters*. By this last designation it is best known to Europeans. Its circumference is probably about sixty or seventy miles; its average breadth seven miles, not exceeding nine at its widest part. In shape it has not inaptly been likened to a pair of spectacles, being narrow in the middle and bulging at the ends. The northern shore is low and sandy, without a tree or bush, or a blade of grass, within a mile. Beyond this distance, in almost every direction, the country is thickly wooded with the various sorts of acacia indigenous to

* *Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co., 1856.

Southern Africa. Here, too, is the Damara "parent tree," like that at Omaruru, from which, the Damaras say, the Adam of their nation, and all the animals of their country, originally sprang; and here is the baobob, rearing its proud head above the tallest giants of the forest, its trunk, by its great girth, giving one the idea of a mighty boulder; and the kameel-doorn, housing the social gros-beak; and some species of wild fruit-trees. On the south the shore is elevated and belts of reeds and rushes closely fringe the lake, so that the water is accessible only where the native cattle have broken through the natural defenses. The west shore also is somewhat raised, although the lake is shallow there.

At different periods the Ngami has undergone remarkable changes. On spots now covered with vegetation the natives formerly speared the hippopotamus; and submerged stumps of trees show also that the expanse of water was once less than it is now. In all probability the lake was at first of its present extent, or nearly so, when a sudden flood, such as is common to the periodical rivers of South Africa, but of greater volume than usual, poured into it from the interior; this, on account of the flatness of the country, could not be drained off as quickly as it flowed in, but remaining for some time, destroyed the submerged vegetation. The Bechuanas and Bayeye, dwelling near, were wont to speak of the waters as retiring daily to "feed"—the expression by which they endeavored to describe a phenomenon attributed by explorers to the moon's attraction. At its northwest extremity the lake is fed by the Teoge, a considerable stream, which has its source in a remote and unknown region. On the east it finds outlet by the broad and stately Zonga, which, with a flow so gentle that it seems at rest, runs eastward for a month's journey to be lost at last in an immense marsh or sand-flat, called the Great Reed Vley, whither innumerable herds of buffalo resort. Many are of opinion that this river continues to flow subterraneously, and that it ultimately finds outlet into the sea on the east coast. In addition to these the existence of another river to the northward and eastward, of greater magnitude, and navigable almost to its source, has

been well nigh established, and an uninterrupted navigation suspected of several hundred miles, affording comparatively easy transport to the western coast for the produce of a rich and prolific interior. In the regions adjacent to the lake, and more especially along the rivers, a great variety of animals are found—such as elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, hippopotami, giraffes, koodoos, and pallahs—as well as two new species of antelopes, the nakong and the leché. Aquatic birds are numerous and varied, and the finny tribe abound.

Now, let us follow the fortunes of an adventurous Swede, by parentage half-English, a brave and sturdy traveler, early inured to the vexations, the hardships, the perils of the chase, with a complete scientific education and a great passion for natural history—a man of such stuff as African explorers are made of, envious of the fame of a Park or a Barth, ambitious to plant a double flag on the shores of Lake Ngami, panting to challenge to fair combat behemoth, rhinoceros and lion in their lairs.

In December, 1849, Charles John Andersson arrived in England, from Gothenburg in Sweden, with a collection of living birds and animals, as well as numerous preserved specimens of natural history, to sell, before departing for some quarter of the globe as yet undecided upon. At first he turned his thoughts toward Iceland, as the country cheapest to reach, where he proposed studying the characteristics and habits of the rarer birds of the northern fauna; and, accordingly, had almost completed his arrangements with some whaling captains at Hull, when an accident, calling him to London, changed his destination. At London Sir Hyde Parker introduced him to Mr. Francis Galton, then on the point of embarking for Southern Africa, with the intention of penetrating, if possible, to the newly-discovered Lake Ngami. Mr. Galton urged Andersson to bear him company, and the enthusiastic Swede eagerly closed with the welcome proposal. Preparations for the long and hazardous journey were soon completed. Muskets, long sword-knives, boar-spears, axes, hatchets, clasp and strike-light knives, Dutch tinder-boxes, daggers, burning-glasses, compasses, gilt rings, alarums, beads of every size

and color, wolf-traps, rat-traps, condemned military dresses, the cast-off uniforms of ambassadors—these and a whole museum of other such notions formed the stock-in-trade of our brace of adventurers. For their own use they had guns, rifles and pistols, an abundant and various supply of ammunition, instruments for taking observations, arsenical and other preparations for preserving objects in natural history, writing materials, sketch-books, paints, pencils, canteens, knives, forks, dishes, cooking utensils, etc. To these they added three boats for the navigation of the lake; and thus provided, embarked on the *Dalhousie*—lost, soon afterward, on the British coast—for the Cape of Good-Hope. At the Cape they added to their traveling establishment two huge wagons and a kind of cart; nine excellent mules, for draught or packing; two riding-horses; and half a dozen dogs of a mongrel sort. Mr. Galton also engaged some wagon-drivers, herdsmen, and cooks—seven in all. At first they purposed taking the land route, northward, by the Trans-Vaal river; but hearing that the Boers of the interior had lately turned back several traders and travelers on their way northward, and had threatened to kill all who should attempt to penetrate through their territories to Lake Ngami, they relinquished this plan, and chartered a small schooner, called the *Foam*, in which they sailed to Walfisch Bay, about seven hundred geographical miles up the western coast.

Walfisch Bay is a spacious, commodious, and comparatively safe harbor, formerly resorted to by vessels of every size for fresh provisions, when the guano trade flourished on the western coast. At that period certain parties from the Cape had an establishment there for the curing of beef, for furnishing the guano-traders with provisions, and supplying St. Helena with live stock. At the time of our travelers' visit, this establishment had been broken up, but the store and dwelling-houses were occupied by some merchants from the Cape. Walfisch Bay affords an easy and speedy communication with the interior, by which commerce might be extended to the vast and fruitful regions laid open by the explorations of Andersson and his friend.

It was at this point that the travelers first observed one of those wonderful

mirages which afterward, in the course of their journey, so often excited their admiration. Objects, distant only a few hundred feet, were completely metamorphosed. A small bird seemed like a rock or the trunk of a tree; pelicans assumed the appearance of ships under canvas; the numerous skeletons of stranded whales were exaggerated into clusters of lofty houses; and dreary and sterile plains showed like charming lakes. Everything wore an aspect bewildering and supernatural, and all the atmosphere was misty, tremulous and wavy.

Having landed their effects, they made an excursion to a place called Sand Fountain, about three miles inland. Here their encampment swarmed with the irritating bush-tick, which forced Andersson to cast off his clothing and roll in the ice-cold sand at night, till blood flowed from every pore.

And yet even Sand Fountain had its consolation, for the *naras* abounded there—a kind of prickly gourd of the most delicious flavor. Not man alone, but every animal, from the field-mouse to the ox, delights in it, and even the feline and canine races devour it with avidity. The ostrich, too, comes from afar to find it. It serves a double purpose, for beside its usefulness as food, it fixes with wonderful tenacity, by its extensive ramifications, the constantly-shifting sand.

From Sand Fountain the explorers made their way with the teams and baggage to Scheppmansdorf, Mr. Galton episodically killing a lion by the way. Scheppmansdorf is a missionary station, first occupied in the year 1846 by the Rev. Mr. Scheppman, from whom it takes its name. It is situated on the banks of the Kuisip, a periodical stream, subject to mighty inundations. Here the travelers employed themselves for a while in preparations for their great journey, and a considerable part of their time was spent in breaking in the fierce Damara cattle for the pack and saddle. In one of these dangerous experiments Mr. Galton well nigh lost his life, for an untamed ox charged him home, wounding his horse's shoulder and his own leg. Soon after this little adventure they entered the sterile Naarip plain, where Andersson discovered a beautiful scarlet air-plant in full bloom, the same by which Gordon Cumming, even in the heat of the chase,

was spell-bound. From Naarip plain, through a desolate mountain gorge, called Usab, they struck the Swakop river—a stream of cheerful aspect, though not flowing at that time, its bed overhung with grass, creepers, and pretty ice-plants. There were gigantic reeds along the banks, and above these rose some charming acacias and black-ebony trees.

Again they were on the dismal Naarip, made glorious, however, for a small part of every day by the splendors of a tropical sunrise. But they paid dearly for even this, their only treat of beauty, for the sun brought with him a thousand pains for them; the hot sand blistered their feet, they were fairly maddened with thirst; where neither pool, nor bush, nor blade of grass was to be seen, their poor cattle toiled forward with drooping heads and lolling tongues, and the travelers became speechless and almost distracted. When at last they came to water, the element seemed to have lost its kindly properties; it would not slake their thirst. This was at a place called Daviep, a favorite resort of lions, which reared their young hard by, in the Tincas mountain. In the night they rested there, they paid tribute to the king of beasts—a horse and a mule, for the right of way. At Tjobis fountain, further on, they killed a giraffe and entertained some furnished Hill-Damaras with its carcass. From Tjobis fountain, through the bed of the Swakop, they passed to Richterfeldt, a missionary station, prettily situated at the junction of the Ommutenna. The station was in charge of the Rev. Mr. Rath of the Rhenish mission, back of whose houses were three small Damara villages of fifty or sixty wretched hovels, and perhaps two hundred inhabitants, all told.

At Richterfeldt three of their mules and the remaining horse died of the "paarde-sikte," the horse-sickness—a god-send to the poor Damaras, who devoured the carcasses without ceremony. This strange distemper is without explanation or remedy. Throughout great Namaqua-land, which joins Damara-land on the south, it is a fell destroyer. Some people attribute it to poisonous herbs, some to the dew, others to the griping effect of the young grass—but all these conjectures are alike improbable. Even in the very midst of districts where it commits the

greatest ravages there are places whither it never comes, and thither the natives send their horses on the approach of the sickly season. From the Orange river as far north as Europeans have penetrated, this pestilence prevails, and is among the formidable drawbacks to the African traveler.

After a few days' rest at Richterfeldt, Andersson set out on his return to Scheppmansdorf to bring up the wagons and stores. The journey was made on ox-back, a mode of travel sufficiently curious to be particularly described. An ox cannot be steered like a horse; you are always liable to jerk the stick out of his nose, which puts you at the mercy of your steed. You must pull both sides of the bridle at the same time, in the direction you wish him to take. Your seat is awkward and precarious; for the skin of the ox being loose, you are forever rocking from side to side like a child in a cradle; or you may be flung off like a fly. Yet ox-traveling is not so bad when one is used to it; the animal can be pushed to a respectable pace. Mr. Galton once accomplished twenty-four miles in four hours, and that, too, through heavy sand. On the Naarip plain the returning party lost the track and for a while suffered intensely. At midnight a gloomy, bitter cold mist came up from the sea, shrouding them in utter darkness and chilling them to the heart. The poor Damaras lay down in the numbing sand, willing to die. On the Naarip losing one's way is the rule and not the exception; travelers have been bewildered there three days together. At Scheppmansdorf Andersson found the curious butcher bird in great abundance. The Cape people call it "fiscaal" (magistrate), because of its summary way of impaling little birds on a thorn and skinning them. They say it only administers justice on a Friday.

From Scheppmansdorf to the river Tincas Andersson adopted the plan of traveling by night, in order to spare his oxen, greatly distressed by the high heats of the day. It was necessary, however, to keep sharp watch for beasts of prey, and for fear of losing the track. Late in the evening of the next day they reached Onanis, the permanent abiding place of a kraal of very poor Hill-Damaras, who subsist mostly upon the few wild roots the sterile neighborhood affords. They manage, too, to

raise a little bad tobacco, and some dacka, or hemp—a sort of hashish, which they smoke for the comfort its intoxicating property affords. The manner in which the Hill-Damaras smoke must seem dreadful to Christian, Mussulman or Hindoo. Instead of simply inspiring the smoke and then immediately allowing it to escape, they deliberately swallow it. A small quantity of water is put into a large horn—usually of a koodoo—three or four feet long. A short clay pipe, filled either with tobacco or dacka, is then introduced, and fixed vertically in the side, near the extremity of the narrow end. This done, the company place themselves in a circle, in profoundest silence. To the man of highest rank the honor of the first pull belongs. From the moment the horn is applied to his lips he becomes entirely absorbed in the enjoyment of it, and seems quite to forget all mundane things. No smoke escapes from his mouth. Presently his features become distorted, his eyes glassy and vacant, his mouth covered with froth, his whole body convulsed; he falls back insensible. Then his friends commence certain kindly operations to resuscitate him: they thump his head, they pull his hair, they spurt water into his face from their mouths. No wonder he revives. Yet even these heroic remedies have failed, and the smoker has died on the spot.

At Onanis the hillsides were covered with the graceful but deadly *euphorbia candelabrum*. Its juice is milk-white, gummy and acrid. The Ovahereros tip their stone arrow-heads with it, and the Hill-Damaras mix it with the water of pools where wild beasts come to drink. The flesh of an animal thus destroyed is perfectly wholesome. But it is remarkable that whilst the *euphorbia* kills the white rhinoceros, the black partakes of it in any form with impunity.

Near Richterfeldt the camp was once beset by lions; one of them had made prize of a zebra in full sight of the party; but the natives threw live brands at the conqueror and snatched his booty from him. At this time the heat became fearful; at Scheppmansdorf, which is less than twenty miles, as the crow flies, from the sea, and where there is always what is facetiously called a refreshing breeze, the thermometer, at noon, in an airy situation and in the shade, stood for many days together at

110° of Fahrenheit. The sensations of the travelers were as though they stood before the mouth of a furnace; every article of wood or horn shrank surprisingly—even gun-stocks, of the best seasoned English walnut, lost an eighth of an inch of their London dimensions; ink dried instantly in the pen. They crossed the dry beds of several large, sandy and periodical tributaries of the Swakop. All around were fine forests of the gigantic and park-like acacia called "kameel-doorn," or giraffethorn, by the Dutch, because its umbrella-shaped masses of foliage feed the beautiful cameleopard. They bivouacked beside a hot spring called "Buxton Fountain," in honor of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. Next day they arrived at Barmen, a dreary missionary post, and residence of the Rev. Mr. Hahn of the Rhenish mission. Near this place the turbulent mountain streams come down after heavy rains with a violence which sweeps away the native huts and gardens; and yet, wonderful as is the sudden visitation of these floods, their speedy subsidence is no less remarkable. An hour's sunshine is sometimes sufficient to transform flooded fields into a smiling landscape.

Mr. Galton had ascertained the existence of a fresh-water lake, called Ouanbondè. In order to reach it, it was necessary to pass through Damara-land, then quite unknown to Europeans. The missionaries described the people as inhospitable, treacherous, and suspicious of strangers. It had always been deemed most dangerous to travel among them; but more particularly so at this time, because their next neighbors on the south, the Namaquas, under a notorious chief, Jonker Afrikaner, had lately made cruel raids upon them, killing their people and carrying off their herds. They knew that the Namaquas sold these cattle to European traders; they knew that when, by accident or design, cattle of the missionaries were purloined, prompt restitution was made; they knew that Europeans could pass unmolested through the Namaqua country. Therefore they regarded every white man as an enemy. Accordingly, in order to calm their angry feelings, and to explain to them the peaceful objects of their journey, the travelers dispatched messengers with friendly greetings to the principal Damara chiefs, and Mr. Galton wrote to Jonker Afri-

kaner, remonstrating with him on the barbarity of his conduct.

At the same time Mr. Galton visited the Hill-Damaras on Erongo mountain. He found them very shy. Waging a war of extermination with the Damaras of the plains below, they had no affection for the stranger who could pass unharmed through the country of their mortal enemies.

Hitherto they had followed the beds of dry water-courses, which in that rugged and thorny country afford the only practicable road. On the approach of the rainy season, however, these beds become dangerous; the traveler may suddenly find himself in the midst of a foaming torrent; wagons and teams are often thus swept away. Indeed, Andersson and his friend had fears which were not groundless, for on the third day after their arrival at Barmen the Swakop sent down its mighty flood. From Barmen they made their way to Schmelen's Hope, so called partly from its advanced position as a missionary post, and partly in honor of its founder, the Rev. Mr. Schmelen—by all accounts one of the bravest and most gifted missionaries that ever set foot on African soil. Recently this station had been occupied by Mr. Kolbé, who formed a friendly alliance with Kahichenè, a leading chief of the Damaras; and for a while they held the place together in undisturbed security. The missionary cause made good progress, and hopes were entertained for Damara-land. But these were rudely dispersed by a sudden irruption of Jonker Afrikaner's Namaqua hordes, who massacred Mr. Kolbé's friends and drove off their herds. Mr. Kolbé, himself, was forced to retreat to Barmen. This Jonker was a satisfactory type of the South-African devil-savage. His cupidity was only equaled by his cunning, his treachery by his cruelty.

Schmelen's Hope swarmed with termites, the formidable white ants. Some of their hills were one hundred feet in circumference at the base, and twenty feet in height. Wild bees have their nests in these strange insect-dwellings, and mushrooms grow in abundance on their sides.

At this missionary post Mr. Andersson contracted a friendship with William Zwartbooi, an old Namaqua chieftain who, under Mr. Kolbé's persuasion, had repented of his robber ways, and become quite respectable. Mr. Galton, too, re-

turned from a successful mission to Jonker. That fat miscreant formally apologized to Mr. Kolbé for his brutal behavior at Schmelen's Hope, protested that he was sorry for his bad conduct in the past, and promised that he would do so no more. He pledged his word to live in amity with the Damaras in future, and kept his word until the first time his herds grew thin.

One morning all the ground about the encampment was fairly creeping with the dark green larvæ of the locust. A swarm which had passed the place some time previously had left their ova there, and now that the young grass began to spring the eggs were hatched and the small worms betook themselves to dining in a lively and edifying manner. At the same time a great flight of storks appeared and dined on the diners. As the travelers pushed on, they caught a glimpse of the bright cones of Omatako. Andersson was delighted, indeed, when these two Teneriffes broke upon his view—

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken."

They were now on a table-land six thousand feet above the level of the sea—the plateau from which the principal rivers of Damara-land take their rise. On their way to Omanbondè they entered a region which bade fair to stop them altogether; it bristled on every side with thorns. Andersson counted seven distinct species, each of which was a perfect "wacht-een-bitte," or "wait-a-bit," as the Dutch colonists term these tormentors. Each thorn is on a fish-hook principle and will support a weight of seven pounds. They were soon consoled by a charming fountain called Otjironjuba, the Calabash, which having its source two hundred feet above the base of Omuveroom, danced merrily down the cliffs in frolic cascades. A giant fig-tree, bearing fruit, had entwined its roots with the gray stones that lay around the basin. On the second day they came upon some half-starved Bushmen digging for wild roots, who said they had been to Omanbondè, and that the water was as large as the sky and full of hippopotami.

All at once the country became open, and Andersson found himself on a rising ground, gently sloping toward the bed of what he took to be a dry water-course.

"There! there is Omanbondè!"

"But where, in the name of heaven, where is the water?"

The truth presently dawned upon them. They were indeed at Omanbondè, the lake of hippopotami. They looked first at the reeds before them, then at each other in mute dismay. A dried-up vley, little more than a mile in extent, and a patch of canes, were the only reward for months of toil and anxiety.

From Jonker Afrikaner and other natives they had heard of a nation called Ovambo, living in the north, who had much trading intercourse with the Damaras. The latter described with admiration their permanent dwellings, their skill in husbandry, their industry, their honesty, their hospitality—above all, they spoke of their power, their numbers and their courage, and the great stature of their king, Nangoro. Our travelers turned their faces toward Ovambo-land, and in a few days reached Okamabuti, the werft of Tjopopa, a favorite of King Nangoro. They found this fellow fat, greedy and insolent. Soon after their arrival here, on a shooting excursion, the long-dreaded calamity befell them—they broke the axle-tree of their largest wagon. So they left their vehicles behind and pressed forward with pack-and-ride oxen. At Otjikango, the "Baboon Fountain," they were overtaken by some Ovambo men, belonging to a caravan on its way homeward from Damara-land. This caravan was composed of twenty-three very swarthy individuals, tall and robust, intensely ugly, disgracefully naked, and imposingly independent. They refused to furnish our friends with a guide, and warned them that any attempt on their part to accomplish the journey alone would be attended by awkward consequences. They promised, however, that if the white men would return with them to Tjopopa's werft, they would take them in their company to their own kingdom. The travelers acceded to this proposition, and in a little while were among the Ovambo in their own homes, where they were greeted with an unctuous welcome. All being seated on the ground, a great dish of soft-butter was produced, and the chairman of the committee of reception besmeared the face and breast of each individual with an abundance of the grease. This was on the outskirts of Ovambo-land. Very soon they were

again on the move toward the capital. In the course of the first day's journey they traversed an immense hollow, called Etosha, covered with saline incrustations and having wooded borders. In Africa such places are called salt-pans.

On the second of June their eyes, jaded by a monotonous landscape, were refreshed by the lovely plains of Ondonga. Here, instead of interminable jungle of thorns, or heart-sickening plains of scorching sand, were wide-lying fields of yellow corn, dotted with the peaceful homesteads of a thriving people, and bathed in the soft light of a declining sun. Here and there arose tall, dark-foliaged timber and fruit trees, while fan-like palms innumerable, single or grouped, completed the picture. To the fagged travelers it was like stepping out of a hot and glaring road into an embowered park, fresh with green-sward, and cool with reverend umbrage. Two kinds of grain were here—the common Caffre corn, said to resemble the Egyptian "doura," and another sort very small-grained, not unlike canary-seed, and akin to the Indian "badjira." Here, too, were calabashes, water-melons, pumpkins, beans, peas, and tobacco. There are no towns or villages in Ovambo-land. Like the patriarchs of old, the people dwell apart in families, each homestead in the midst of a corn-field, surrounded by tall palisades. They have hogs of Brobdignag—monsters that play a part in sailors' yarns.

If obesity be the standard of royalty, King Nangoro was every inch a king. Naked, he was immensely funny. On the occasion of his royal reception of his foreign guests he had but little to say; he was short-winded; a long sentence would have been the death of him. In another interview he requested Andersson to shoot some elephants for him. The shrewd Swede declined. "Suppose we are successful" he argued, "Nangoro will not only bag all our ivory, but will keep us in Ovambo till all the elephants are shot, or scared away." Nangoro never forgot or forgave this, and he was at no loss for small ways of revenging himself. One day the travelers paid their respects to the king, and were entertained with a prodigious quantity of beer, brewed from grain and served out of a monster calabash, with spoons made from dimi-

native pumpkins, in nicely wrought wooden goblets. Being unwell, Andersson did not appreciate the beverage, and made a wry face; whereupon Nangoro suddenly poked him in the pit of his stomach with his awful sceptre, which in Ovambo-land is a sharp stick. His majesty plumed himself on the joke, and no doubt relates it over his beer to this day, unless by chance he has been eaten by his own hogs.

The Ovambo, like certain of the Burmese on the Irrawaddi, or like another African tribe, described by Captain Canot, entertain a great horror of theft. A man detected in pilfering was brought to the king's house and speared to death; and when Galton and Andersson left the country, messengers pursued them a considerable distance to restore some trifles their servants had carelessly left behind. Nor is there any pauperism in that country. The infirm and crippled are carefully provided for. They are very national, too, and proud of their soil; and when carried into bondage they die of homesickness. The religious notions of the Ovambo, if they have any, are a mystery. When Andersson's guide was interrogated on this subject, he abruptly cut short his catechiser with a "hush." They were questioned in relation to the state of man after death: "If you speak in that way," said they, "and it should come to the ears of the king, he might think you want to kill him."

Many years ago a French frigate discovered the mouth of a noble river, known as the Cunenê, between the seventeenth and eighteenth degrees of south latitude. Afterward, when other vessels were sent out to explore it, strange to say, they searched in vain. Andersson and Galton ascertained that four days' travel north of Ondonga there exists a river of great size which does not always find its way directly to the sea. Great sand-banks at its mouth compel it to take a subterraneous course. Sometimes, however, it breaks through these barriers. This, our travelers say, is the mysterious Cuneên, which inland, near Lake Ngami, is called Mukuru Mukovanja. The explorers were burning to find this river, but they could not make their way thither without Nangoro's assistance; they required fresh cattle; he would not furnish them, nor permit them to take their own measures to procure them.

Therefore nothing was left for them but to retrace their steps, and very soon we find them back at Barmen, whence they set out at once on a fresh excursion to the eastward, with the hope of penetrating to Lake Ngami. They stopped at Eikhams on the way and had an interview with Jonker Afrikaner, who was affable and accommodating. On the 3d of October, after severe hardships, they reached Tunobis, nine or ten days' journey short of Lake Ngami. Here the alarming stories of the Bushmen, that the intervening country was impassable, and that any attempt to reach it would be certain death to themselves and their cattle, availed finally to dishearten them and turn them back. They returned almost directly to Walfisch Bay where Mr. Galton at once took passage for England. The returning explorer was welcomed with the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

The failure to reach Lake Ngami deeply mortified Andersson. Night and day he was haunted by the thought. He resolved to renew the effort as soon as the rains fell. To trek to the Cape, refit, and be back, without loss of time, at Tunobis again, were but trifles to the indefatigable Swede. On his way down, however, he found fever raging in the villages. It did not spare him; near Rehoboth he nearly found his grave. He tells us too, of the almost awful sterility of the land about Orange river; and of the scarcity of water, which, when a man finds the pool he has looked for so anxiously through a long day's journey, dry after all, is enough to drive him mad. Near Orange river was a kraal of Hottentots who lived wholly without water. The milk of their cows and goats supplied its place, and these found a substitute in a kind of ice-plant which abounds in that region.

Once he was persuaded by some Bushmen to go in quest of elephants, which, they said, abounded at no great distance. Foolishly relying on their representations, he set out, having previously provided himself with only a small slice of raw flesh. The hunt was a totally unsuccessful one. Andersson returned to the bivouac disheartened, famished, exhausted. For two days he had not tasted a morsel of food, and, during the last twelve hours, was ravenous enough to eat his own shoes. At Tunobis, where, on his for-

mer visit. in company with Galton, game so abounded, now not a wild beast was to be seen. The party beat the country for miles around, and at last encountered a rhinoceros and several zebras; but their guns seemed bewitched. Cantering along one day in the Otjiombindé, he was precipitated headlong, with his horse, into a pit-fall ten feet deep, from which he extricated himself and his four-footed companion with infinite difficulty. At a place called Ghanzé, between Tunobis and Ngami, he had to bewail the loss of two cherished objects of his professional pride, the flags of England and Sweden, which he had fondly hoped to plant on the shores of Lake Ngami; they had been cunningly hooked from his saddle-bags by the wait-a-bit thorns. At Ghanzé they had abundance of fine shooting, and all were regaled to their stomach's content on rhinoceros flesh. Shortly afterward, being in search of water, Andersson observed some small birds flying in and out of a crevice in a limestone rock. Running to the spot, he discovered a circular aperture, with something shining at the bottom, which he took for water. Being tormented with thirst, he leaped into the hole and greedily devoured a considerable quantity. The taste was strange. He held some of the liquid to the light, in the hollow of his hand. It was blood, mixed with the offal of some wild animal! A zebra had fallen into the hole, and been killed by Bushmen. At Abeghau he came, for his consolation, on a large sheet of delightful water. About this time his watch was almost completely demolished by a European boy. His chronometer had stopped long since, and this was his last time-piece. He had no longer the means of taking observations. Latitudes he could manage, but longitudes were out of the question—at least he thought so at the time. He had indulged in the hope of being able to settle the position of the lake. Alas!

At Kobis, water was once more plentiful; but he was not left to the unalloyed enjoyment of it; a singular and violent inflammation attacked his leg; he could not move; he could not bear the touch of his linen to the diseased limb. Fearing that his illness might be of some duration, he sent two of his men with trifling presents to Lecholé-

tébè, chief of the Bechuanas, and of the other people who dwell on the borders of the lake. At the end of a week they returned, with an invitation from the chief to Andersson to come on without delay. Accordingly, on the second day after his departure from Kobis, he was met by a party of Bechuanas, among whom were some leading men of the tribe, who came, they said, to conduct him to Lecholé-tébè. These men belonged to a tribe called Batoana; they were fine-looking fellows, stout and well-proportioned, with Caffre features and longish hair. They were armed with assegai and shield; their bearing was martial and their aspect imposing. They disdained ornaments, and were dignified and reserved.

In two days more the party crossed several valleys, separated from each other by ridges of sand. On reaching the top of one of these, the natives who were in advance suddenly came to a halt, and pointing straight before them, cried, "Ngami! Ngami!" There, indeed, it lay—a vast sheet of water—the object of the brave Swede's ambition for years, and for which he had abandoned home and friends and risked his life. Mingled emotions of pleasure and pain fairly overwhelmed him; his temples throbbed, his heart beat violently. He dismounted and leaned against a tree for support. He felt unfeignedly thankful for the gracious assistance he had experienced from Providence throughout this prolonged and perilous journey. To Him were due all homage, adoration, and thankfulness.

Perhaps because his expectations had been raised to too high a pitch, or that the grandeur of this inland sea and the luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation had been exaggerated by its discoverers, he experienced, on a closer inspection, and when the flood of his first emotions had subsided, a degree of disappointment. Though he breathed a fresher atmosphere, no perfumed or balmy odors saluted his nostrils. The lake was very low, and the shores very muddy.

He hastened to pay his respects to the chief, and in order to make a favorable impression, donned an imposing costume—jacket and trowsers of fine white duck, a splendid red velvet sash, lined with silk of the same color, and a gold-embroidered skull cap, the handiwork of fair and beloved fingers at

home. Lecholétébé received him with a royal air, heard him with attention, but scrutinized him suspiciously. The savage was mercenary and morose; his previous civilities had proceeded from selfish motives. Andersson solicited information about the country—

"I know nothing at all."

"Are there, then, none of your people who can furnish me with some account of it?"

"No."

Lecholétébé was most inhospitable. He well-nigh starved his guest. Indeed, instead of feeding the stranger, he often dined at his expense. He made a practice of begging pertinaciously for sugar, coffee, bread, even for the shirt on his back. He was a cruel ruffian, too. Once, two Bushmen lost a horse of his in a quagmire. Afraid to tell the truth, they said a snake had bitten the animal, so that it died. Lecholétébé questioned them as to the bitten part. Being told it was the head, he ordered them to lead him to the spot. Arrived there, he saw at once how the case stood, and charged the Bushmen with carelessly losing the horse, and lying. Without more ceremony he had the wretches bound with the halter of the dead horse and thrown into the mud, where of course they miserably died.

The people who dwell on the shores of Lake Ngami are called Batoana, and are a small tribe of that large family of "Blacks," known as Bechuanas, probably the most widely-distributed and most powerful of all the dark-colored nations of Southern Africa. The Batoana have not long been dwellers in the Lake region; they came as conquerors under Lecholétébé's father. The aborigines, whom they have reduced to slavery, they call *Bakoba*, or serfs, and themselves *Bayeye*, or men. Their government is patriarchal, and comparatively mild; their language forcible, eloquent, shrewd and fluent; their religion none, that any one has been able to discover. "They look on the sun with the eyes of an ox." "What is the difference," said a Bechuana to Mr. Moffat, pointing to his dog, "between me and that animal? You say I am immortal, and why not my dog or my ox? They die, and do you see their souls? What is the difference between man and beast? None,

except that man is the greater rogue of the two." But they do believe in the rain-maker, and the conjuror, and the thief; these are oracles among them. Most unlike the Ovambo in this respect, they will steal the very meat out of the pot of their entertainer, and drop a stone in its place.

Andersson made a boat excursion up the Teoge, where he met with much beautiful scenery, and had famous sport among rhinoceroses, hippopotami (which he harpooned), buffaloes, hartebeests, pallahs, reed-bucks, and koodoos. He would have pushed his explorations as far north as Libèbé, the capital of the Bavicko nation, and centre of a great inland trade; but Lecholétébé's bad faith, in ordering his people along the Teoge not to further the views of the stranger, defeated his purpose, and he was compelled to leave the country and turn his steps homeward, having happily concluded a scientific tour for which are required the endurance of a camel and the courage of a lion.

As a hunter, Andersson's exploits were neither grand, like Cumming's, nor gloomy, like Gerard's; but they were eminently peculiar. He was not of the school of any popular modern Nimrod; his style was jealously his own. He did not march against behemoth like the museum-making Scotchman, with caravan and arsenal, to surround the monster; he did not go out under the stars, like the consecrated Frenchman, solemn, ceremonious, sublime, to give battle à l'outrance to the grim sultan of Atlas, as Cœur de Lion erst defied Mahound; but with a fine foolhardiness, delivered with an almost bungling brunt, he rolled over and over with hippopotamus and rhinoceros, like a backwoods-man in gouging rough-and-tumble with a "bar." Eccentric too was he, and whimsical to excess. It is the merest chance how we find his knife or gun engaged. Hardly have his servants picked up the pieces of him, that a charging black rhinoceros has left, before he's off again—it may be, netting butterflies—it may be, popping at outlandish dicky birds with mustard seed; and all in the way of science. Nothing is game to him; all are "specimens." We are never permitted to lose sight of the man in Hull, doing a slow business in objects of natural history.