

A Dance among the Ticunas : A South American Tribe.

THE Ticunas are a tribe now fast dwindling away, and numbering less than two hundred souls, but they were once the object of earnest contention between the crowns of Spain and Portugal, or rather between the earnest missionaries of those countries. They were then on the Amazon, between the Ambiacu and Atacoari. Many of their customs are very strange : one is to receive a stranger at the point of the bayonet ; but, disregarding this apparently hostile attitude, he is not to play Winkelried, but simply put the bristling arms aside and enter a hut, and there turn into the most convenient hammock. The rest will soon fill up ; and while all are going like some great machinery, he can at leisure tell who he is and whence he cometh. Marcoy depicts one of the strange dances in use among this people, and we lay

seems so characteristic of Indian music in all parts of the land, and which seems to our ears as devoid of harmony as the movements of the dance are of grace in our eyes.

THE RHINOCEROS :

ITS BIRD GUARDIAN, AND HOW IT IS HUNTED.

THE Bechuana of Southern Africa, if he be rich enough, purchases a gun wherewith to attack the dauntless black rhinoceros, much preferring, as any one who has a chance of seeing Borele in all his savage grandeur will at once understand, to send the messenger of death in the shape of a bullet from a safe distance, than to bear it himself at the end of his soft-headed assagai ; indeed, rather than risk the "pretty pickle" that would certainly ensue, if the ill-

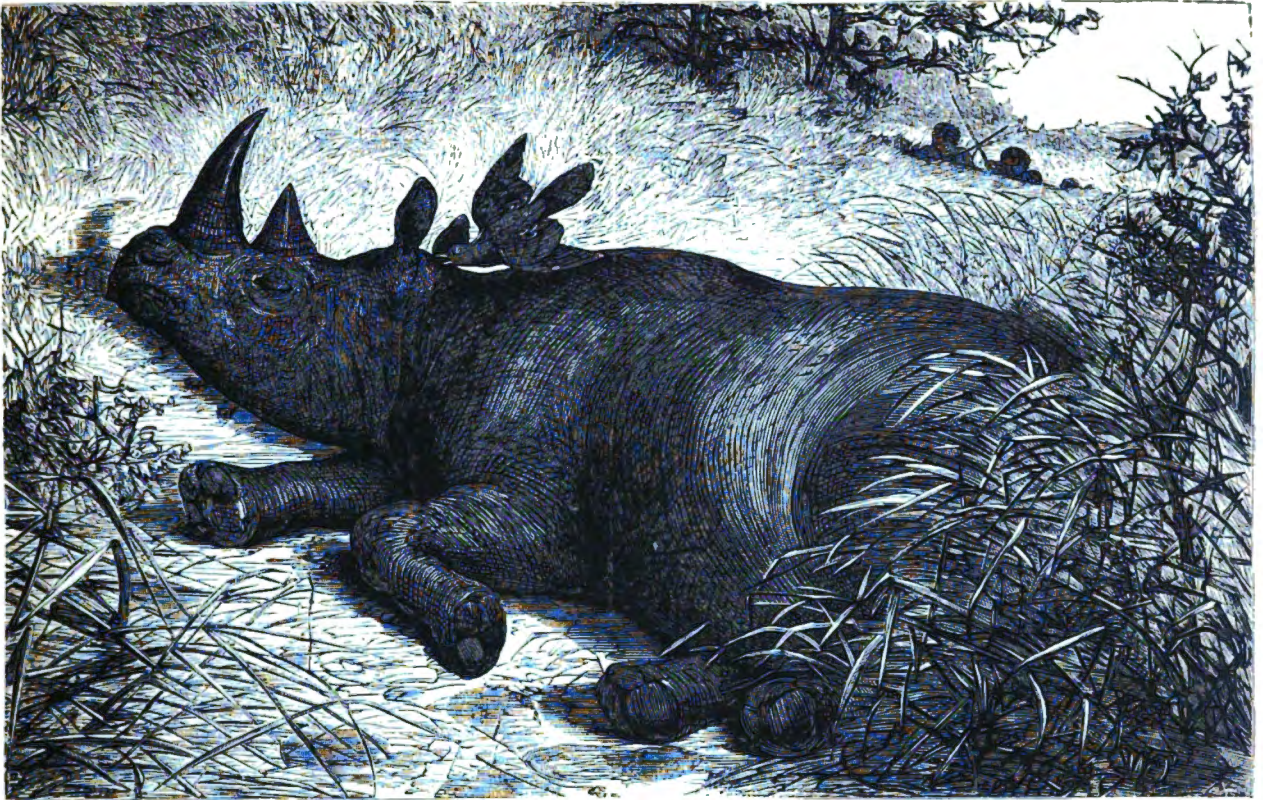


A DANCE AMONG THE TICUNAS : A SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBE.

it before our readers. Clothing is never superfluous, but on the occasion of these dances, evidently religious in their origin and connected with pagan rites, the Ticunas assume a dress large enough to cover the body, although, like dancers in civilized lands, there is a weakness for displaying a considerable portion of the nether limbs. The robe is a curiosity, made of bark generally, and, like a long sack, sometimes with arms, oftener with mere arm-holes. The bottom is circular, and below it a face is rudely painted. This is put on so as to be a considerable distance above the head ; opposite the dancer's mouth is a slit to allow him to breathe. This strange thing is pulled over the head and descends to the knee, ending in fringes of grass or strips of skin. Each dancer is furnished with two rattles, having a long handle, and the dance begins. They chant the ancient songs peculiar to the dance in the monotonous cadence, which

tempered blade should prove treacherous, the native who goes out to hunt the rhinoceros prefers depending on his bow and poisoned arrows. This mode of hunting, however, at least so say Cumming and Anderson, and other sporting travelers qualified to judge, is extremely unproductive and tedious, in consequence of the poison (which the bushmen manufacture themselves from a sort of tarantula spider, by a process which they keep scrupulously secret) growing so hard and dry on the arrow-tips, that it either chips away on encountering the animal's tough hide, or else, on penetrating the flesh, remains intact, and without dispersing its deadly qualities.

A well-directed common leaden bullet is sufficient to make the biggest rhinoceros bite the dust ; but for a long range, say a hundred yards, two-thirds lead and one-third solder is best, or, better still, all splinter. The head of the



THE BIRD-GUARDIAN OF THE RHINOCEROS.

rhinoceros is so thick, that there is little use in firing at it; and, if it should be penetrated, it is a great chance that the bullet finds the animal's brain, as it is very small and confined in a chamber about six inches long by four high. Sparrman relates that, on filling this receptacle with peas, it was found to hold barely a quart. He tried a human skull, and found that it comfortably accommodated nearly three pints.

Mr. Anderson's experience in hunting the rhinoceros is of the most thrilling character. Although he slew scores of them from behind the "skarm," his favorite mode was to "stalk" them. He tells of a monstrous white rhinoceros that nearly put an end to his stalking.

"Having got within a few paces of her," says he, "I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear; for, guided by the flash of the

gun, she rushed upon me with such fury, that I had only time to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life; for, not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. She was so near me, that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on to my face. I was in an agony of suspense, though happily only for a moment; for, having impatiently sniffed the air, she wheeled about and made off at full speed."

Some quadrupeds find a remarkable protection in the company of animals belonging not only to the same genus, but to a totally different class. Thus, the rhinoceros is frequently accompanied by a bird — *Buphaga africana* — that feasts upon the larvae that settle in his skin. As the range of his small and deep-set eyes is impeded by his horn, he can only see what



THE SPOON OF THE RHINOCEROS.

is immediately before him, so that, if one be to leeward of him, it is not difficult to approach within a few paces. But the bird sees all the better, and flying away at the first approach of danger, awakens the short-sighted brute's attention by a shrill cry of warning. Thus the insects which plague the rhinoceros become the indirect means of his preservation from many perils, as, but for them, his winged monitor would have no inducement to seek his company.

The African buffalo possesses a similar guardian in the *Texior erythrorynchus*. When the beast is quietly feeding, the bird may frequently be seen hopping on the ground, picking up food, or sitting on its back, and ridding it of the insects with which its skin is infested. The sight of the bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of any danger; and, when it flies up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of their companion.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE, THE PEDESTRIAN TRAVELER.



HE passion for adventure in foreign lands appears to be natural to human beings; but probably no one ever possessed this passion more strongly than Captain Dundas Cochrane, whose narrative of a pedestrian journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the frontiers of Tartary to the Frozen Sea and Kamtschatka, was published about forty years since. In the introduction to

this extraordinary book, Captain Cochrane tells us that, in the month of January, 1820, he addressed a letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, offering to undertake a journey on foot into the interior of Africa, or to any other place to which they pleased to send him. He was entirely without funds for the purpose, his whole fortune consisting of his half-pay as a commander in the navy; but his intention was to proceed alone, and he asked only to be furnished with the countenance of the Government. "With this protection," he says, "and such recommendations as it might procure me, I would have accompanied the caravans in some servile capacity, nor hesitated even to sell myself as a slave if that miserable alternative were necessary to accomplish the object I had in view." His opinion upon the advantages of this mode of exploring were peculiar, but were not without some plausibility.

"In going alone," he said, "I relied upon my own individual exertions and knowledge of man, unfettered by the frailties and misconduct of others. I was then, as now, convinced that many people traveling together, for the purpose of exploring a barbarous country, have the less chance of succeeding; more especially when they go armed, and take with them presents of value. The appearance of numbers must naturally excite the natives to resistance, from motives of jealousy or fear; and the danger would be greatly increased by the hope of plunder. The death of the whole party, and consequently the failure of the expedition, will be the probable result of such a plan. The difficulty of finding men, otherwise suitable, whose constitutions admit an equal degree of suffering and fatigue, is also great; and that of collecting a number of people gifted with the due portion of those virtues, without which no expedition of discovery could succeed, is certainly a greater."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the Admiralty shrank from the responsibility of advising a young officer without fortune to start upon a pedestrian expedition of such magnitude; but Cochrane was not easily discouraged. Despair-

ing of obtaining employment afloat, he determined to start on his explorations without any assistance. Having procured two years' leave of absence, he accordingly sketched out a magnificent scheme, which was no other than to travel on foot round the globe as nearly as could be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America at Behring's Straits. He had but little qualification for a scientific traveler; he was ignorant of natural history, nor could he, traveling on foot, have brought away with him any specimens of animals, plants, or minerals. Moreover, he had no means of carrying with him the instruments necessary for making geographical observations of places, of the state of the air, or such other matters as are generally expected to be noted by travellers; but his inextinguishable thirst for travel overcame all these objections. His first and leading object was to trace the shores of the Polar Sea along America by land, as Captain Parry was then attempting to do by sea, and at the same time to note his observations on men and manners. Having, therefore, procured such documents as were necessary, and filled his knapsack with the few articles which he considered requisite to enable him to wander alone through the wild deserts and forests of three quarters of the globe, he quitted England, and landed, in February, 1820, at Dieppe, in France, from which point his long pedestrian journey commenced.

Having traversed in this way the whole of France by way of Paris, sleeping chiefly in humble lodging-houses, where bed and breakfast were furnished for a franc, he entered Rhenish Prussia by way of Metz and Sarrebruck. The country people, and particularly the roadside innkeepers, eyed him with suspicion. The landlord of one house at which he had stopped at Alzey turned him out because he was only a foot-traveler; but the indomitable pedestrian, thinking it better to pocket the affront, purchased a loaf of bread, and pushed on, fatigued, cold, and mortified, but not downcast, until he reached a farm, whose adjoining barn furnished him with a night's shelter. Here he reposed with perfect content upon clean hay. On another occasion, at Naumberg, he could gain no reception into any house but that of a poor shoemaker, which he did at the price of a glass of schnaps; who besides, for a second glass, mended his shoes and gaiters, and provided him with a truss of straw, on which he slept soundly. At Potsdam he obtained admittance to a house with infinite difficulty, content to purchase black bread for his supper, and the use of a hard bench for his bed. In Berlin he perambulated the streets nearly the whole night in search of a lodging, and was at last compelled to sleep on a seat in the Promenade under the open sky. Here, however, he fared better for awhile. By the kind assistance of Mr. Rose, the British minister, he obtained a comfortable lodging, and his benefactor invited him to a dinner at his house, at which Captain Cochrane made the acquaintance of Prince Labanoff and other powerful persons, by whose interest he was enabled greatly to facilitate his journey to St. Petersburg. We find a curious contrast to the rapid transmission of intelligence in the present day, when we learn that Cochrane, though a pedestrian, was the first bearer of the information of the Duc de Berri's assassination in Paris, a full month's post being due at Berlin, owing to the great quantity of snow which had fallen.

Continuing his journey towards Stettin, the traveler suffered cruelly from the cold and the bad roads. An old soldier of Napoleon whom he had met on the road, to whom he had complained of blistered feet, had imparted to him a remedy which he found to be invaluable. It was simply to rub the feet at going to rest with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand; and this remedy the wayworn traveller was continually called upon to renew. Occasionally he met with a reception