MENDICANT DERVISHES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

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PAGE

PUGET SOUND, AND THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD—
THE LUMBER-TRADE ON THE PACIFIC 284
A RAILWAY TERMINUS IN THE NORTH-WEST . . 285
GROUP OF INDIANS 288
INDIAN COSTUMES 300
SEATTLE 301
INDIANS OF OREGON 304
GROUP OF CHEYENNE INDIANS 305
SAN-I-WAH IN WAR COSTUME 308
A FAMILY GROUP ABOUT TO SETTLE 328
NEW SETTLEMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST . . . 329
BACKWOODSMEN AND INDIANS 333
A STREET IN SEATTLE 353
A SETTLEMENT IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY . . 356
VIEW ON PUGET SOUND 357

RAMBLES IN ROME—
PORTO MAGGIORE, ROME 184
THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL, ROME . 185
STAIRCASE OF THE SENATORIAL PALACE . . . 200
CALIDARIUM OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA . . . 201
FRONT OF THE PORTICO OF OCTAVIA 204
A GAME OF BOWLS IN ROME 205
MARKET IN ROME 225
THE VILLA PAMPHILI-DORIA, NEAR ROME . . . 228
THE POPE AT THE STATUE OF ST. PETER . . . 229
TOMB OF ST. CECILIA 280
INTERIOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH 281
THE VIOLINIST OF RAPHAEL 345
ROMAN PRIESTS 348
THE PESCHIERA VECCHIA, ROME 349

RIDE FROM GONDAR TO GALABAT, ABYSSINIA—
ABYSSINIAN PRIEST AND MONK 321
ABYSSINIAN FERRY 325

SENEGAMBIA; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT FRENCH OPERATIONS IN WEST AFRICA—
D'JALLONKE. SORI IBRAHIMA. PURE-BLOODED FOULAH . 5
A FAN PALM 8
PORTRAIT OF THE ALMAMY OUMAR 9
M. MAGE 13
DAGANA, ON THE SENEGAL RIVER 57
SOR, ON THE MOUTH OF THE SENEGAL RIVER . . 60
FRENCH SETTLEMENT ON THE SENEGAL RIVER . . 81
CIVILISED NEGROES OF GOREE 84
GROUP OF WOMEN OF SENEGAL 85
NEGROES OF SENEGAMBIA 88
BLIND MAN OF SENEGAMBIA 112
CREOLE LADY OF SENEGAL AND HER SERVANT . . 113
FALLS ON THE UPPER SENEGAL 117
VIEW ON THE SENEGAL 129
A MARABOUT 132
A PORTER OF SENEGAMBIA 133
MOORS OF WESTERN AFRICA 168
GROUP OF MOHAMMEDANS OF WESTERN AFRICA . . 169

PAGE

SENEGAMBIA; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT FRENCH OPERATIONS IN WEST AFRICA—*continued*—
ON THE UPPER SENEGAL 172
WOMEN OF ELMINA 172
NEGRO PORTERS 193
NEGRO MINSTREL 196
HOUSE AT SÉGOU 197
NEGRO CHILD—SENEGAL 244
HOUSE AT SÉGOU 245
NATIVE TYPES—SENEGAL 268
ASSAULT ON THE FORT OF DINA 269
FERRY OVER THE UPPER NIGER 273
WOMEN OF SENEGAL 309
FORT BAKEL 340
COMBAT AND DELIVERANCE OF MEDINA 341
ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE AT SÉGOU 344
NEGRO PILGRIMS 361
WEST AFRICAN TYPES 365

SOUTH AFRICAN RECOLLECTIONS—
BUSH-HUNTING 336
KAFIR 337
NATIVE OF THE MOZAMBIQUE COAST 337

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGER'S JOURNEY ACROSS AMERICA—
BAPTISM AMONG THE MORMONS 89
A TOWN ON THE PLAINS 93

TRAGEDY OF MITIARO, IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—
NATIVE OF TAHITI 149
A SANDWICH ISLANDER 149

"TREKKING" AND HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA—
DRIVING GAME 1
A FAVOURITE IN DANGER 4
THE LAST STRUGGLE 40
FEMALE ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG . . 41

TRIP TO LIVONIA AND BACK—
LETTISH FARMHOUSE 65
PEASANT WOMAN OF LIVONIA 68
RUSSIAN RAILWAY STATION 69
LIVONIAN PEASANT BOY 72
LIVONIAN PEASANT 100
LADY OF RIGA 101
LIVONIAN LANDSCAPE 104
ARCHIMANDRITE OF A RUSSIAN CONVENT . . . 105
RUSSIAN SENTINEL AT RIGA 145
RUSSIAN DEVOTEES, RIGA 148

VISIT TO THE BORDERS OF ASHANTEE—
ASHANTEE BELLES 16

VISIT TO NUREMBERG—
THE SCHONEBRUNNEN AT NUREMBERG 97

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.

DRIVING GAME.

"Trekking" and Hunting in South Africa.

PROBABLY there is no portion of the world which can hold out stronger inducements to the traveller and sportsman than Southern Africa: the pleasures of travelling through and exploring the wide extent of land, almost, or often utterly, untrodden by the foot of the white man; the varying and often beautiful scenery; the wild and sometimes formidable nature of the game pursued by the hunter; and a climate, in the healthful districts, unexceptionally lovely, almost invariably tend to create most pleasant recollections in the minds of those men who have enjoyed either a hunting or a travelling trip in the wilder regions of South Africa, and nothing is more common than to hear the ex-settler, hunter, or traveller expressing a strong wish to again visit the sunny land he has left, and facing a heat, no doubt at times unpleasantly intense, to enjoy once more a life untrammelled by many of the strict requirements of the civilisation of our crowded English towns.

A traveller or sportsman, of course, sets forth upon an expedition with the full knowledge that he will have many hardships, privations, and difficulties to endure and battle with; various ailments may attack and destroy, or for a long time incapacitate for work the oxen which draw the wagon that forms his house, his store-house, his armoury, and magazine; these same patient, much-enduring oxen (South African camels, as I have heard them not inaptly called) are sometimes given to wandering away on their own devices, perhaps starting off during the still hours of the night, when all hands in camp are overcome by sleep. The deadly South African horse-sickness may carry off, frequently almost without premonitory symptoms, the horses which the sportsman has so carefully selected, and which he has relied upon to play so important a part in his hunting adventures, in a district where the purchase of fresh animals, even of the most inferior description, is an impossibility, should the traveller be compelled to "trek" through the "fly country." During certain seasons of the year he runs much

risk of losing his whole span of oxen, as also his horses, by the virulent bite of an inoffensive-looking little insect not much exceeding the common house-fly in dimensions, the dreaded "tsetse fly." All these contingencies may arise during a long trek, to say nothing of troubles and inconveniences, such as being detained for days together upon the banks of a swollen river, or several days of travelling over a country trying to the cattle, and where the gun cannot be made to provide meat for the dogs, much less to keep the larder properly furnished, and the exposure to all kinds of weather, with no other place of refuge than a wagon, a tent, or at best a Kafir hut.

But, notwithstanding all its drawbacks and inconveniences, there are few men who have been in South Africa, but who will admit that the free open-air life of the hunter has many charms, and that, perhaps, after all, few pleasures can exceed or even equal the travelling freely over a country unknown, except from books or by hearsay. To the larger number of Europeans, the various hunting adventures—including the careful stalking, and frequent wild gallops after some of the noble game to be found in the more remote parts of the country, the uncertainty of success from day to day, and the occasional risks—add zest to a sport sufficiently wild and attractive.

Then, again, how pleasant are those few hours after sunset, when three or four kindred spirits, after a wholesome and abundant, though roughly-cooked meal, stretch their wearied limbs around the blazing and crackling log-fire, though the steaming coffee is probably handed about in a huge iron kettle, and imbibed from tin pannikins, inconveniently retentive of heat, or the "hollands," reserved for special occasions, is produced in the awkward-looking flat-sided flask, or "square-rigger," in which it left the distillery in the country whose name it bears. Pipes are lighted, songs are sung, "the laugh and jest prevail," and—though the conversation generally turns much upon hunting matters, and the troublesome nature and many shortcomings of "niggers" in general, and of those accompanying the party in particular—a great deal is often said about the old country, so many thousands of miles away, and of those sojourning in it.

But I can hardly give a better idea of what an African hunting trip really is, than by giving a short sketch gathered from notes made in, and recollections of a country, which, until recently, I had learned to look upon as the land of my adoption.

Towards the close of the summer or wet season, that being some time in the month of March, Y—— and I started upon our long-projected hunting-trip. A well-built wagon, already seasoned and tested by one rather long trek, was procured, and a span of fourteen good oxen (of the somewhat diminutive, but sturdy and active Zulu breed, generally considered the best adapted for standing all kinds of climate) neither too young nor too old for hard fagging work, and thoroughly inoculated, were after some little inquiry found and purchased, when nothing remained to be done, but to load up the wagon with such stores, arms, and ammunition as would be requisite for the trip, not forgetting a certain quantity of goods by way of presents, for the purpose of propitiating such of the native chiefs as held sway over districts favourable for hunting.

The commissariat stores, of course, were not allowed to be in such excess as to take up much of the valuable space in a wagon, which—as well as being a vehicle for the transport of all impedimenta for a long journey—was destined to afford a sleeping apartment for the two travellers, who hoped to supply the wants of themselves and followers with an abundant supply of fresh meat throughout the greater part of the trip. The guns taken were stout double-barrelled smooth-bores, old and tried favourites with their owners, and a couple of short-barrelled breech-loading rifles, convenient to carry on horseback, and loaded in a moment, after a little practice, even when upon a horse going at a tolerably smart pace.

The presents for the Kafir chiefs and Kafir headmen (*ndunas*) of districts, consisted of a number of gaudy-coloured woollen blankets, and a few large sheath-knives of a tawdry description.

Powder, shot, lead, and tin for casting bullets, were of course packed in sufficient quantities, and the wagon, after the usual delays—caused chiefly by the getting together of the most trifling matters, which seem to be almost invariable occurrences when people are starting upon a journey of any kind—was at length started upon its heavy lumbering way. With our escort of chattering Kafirs, we were off to the inland border of the Zulu country, it having been determined to trek through the salubrious up-country portion of the territory of the Amazulu, before traversing the fine hunting-grounds of the far less healthy territory of the Amatonga tribe.

A couple of good, fast, serviceable riding-horses, with an extra horse, which had been bought at a price that his appearance would have hardly warranted—but whose value was much enhanced by the fact of his having been at one period of his life attacked by the virulent South African horse-sickness, which he contrived to survive, and was consequently considered to enjoy an immunity from that fell disease for the remaining term of his life—completed the stud.

Four or five dogs, not by any means remarkable for their handsome appearance, good dogs not being always to be procured in South Africa, accompanied the wagon. Some days after the wagon had set forth, Y—— and I saddled up and started for the border, where the river Tugela, though so far distant from the sea, is still a fine broad stream. Riding easily, and taking their meals, and sleeping at such hotels or houses as came in their way, the evening of the third day of our journeying found them encamped with their wagon upon the river bank, and before the sun had climbed to any considerable height, they were trekking through the rugged, upland domains of King Umpanda.*

At the first spot selected for an "outspanning," one of the Kafirs, having been to the river to fill the kettle, returns with the information that he has seen *inyoka inculu* (a great snake), stretching out his arms and drawling out the word signifying great (*in-cu-lu*), to convey an idea of the reptile's enormous dimensions. Being asked what kind of snake he had seen, he replies *inhluti* (python). Upon this news, both Y—— and I and all the Kafirs immediately take up guns, assegais, and knobkerries, and hasten to the spot, where we find a python coiled among a quantity of rough rock and long grass, his head resting upon a large flat stone, his forked tongue darting in and out as

* Umpanda, the chief or king of the Zulu tribe, has recently died, and his son Cetywayo has, as was anticipated, been crowned king in his stead.

it basks in the hot sunlight, unconscious of the approach of its enemies. A knobkerrie is immediately hurled, and, whistling through the air, comes down upon the stone, missing the reptile's head by about an inch, and striking the stone with a crash which would have shivered the missile to fragments, had it not been made of the toughest wood to be found in the African bush. The python upon this commenced a series of movements, evidently endeavouring to conceal himself among the rank grass and rocks; but, though he contrived to keep his head out of view, a portion of his lengthy body was frequently to be seen undulating among the herbage, and through one of these coils an assegai was soon thrust. The serpent immediately raised its head, with extended jaws, and the Kafir who has transfixed him makes a tremendous leap from the spot. The white men were unwilling to fire, not wishing to damage, more than could be avoided, the handsome skin of the reptile in the manner in which a heavy charge of buckshot, fired at close quarters, must have done. An assegai was therefore hurled by a Kafir, which, passing through the neck of the python, caused him, after some hard struggling, to sink his head to earth, when, by repeated blows along the spine, he was reduced to a state of quiescence, though, even when the fiery looks had died out from the eyes, and the animal was apparently lifeless, the strong muscular contractions of the long body caused the serpent to coil about among the naked limbs of the Kafirs, who were engaged in depriving him of his skin, in a manner anything but pleasant to behold. The skin was afterwards well rubbed on the fleshy side with a few handfuls of ashes from the camp fire, and stretched in the sun to dry, previous to being rolled up and stowed away in the wagon.

In the open country of the Zulus we found, with the exception of a few large bustards (*pauw*) and a few small antelopes (*duyker*, *reitbok*, and *rheybok*), but little trace of any kind of game, until, having arrived at a district stated by our Kafir servants to be well stocked with game, and having, by means of presents, somewhat heavily "tipped" the petty chief thereof, we obtained his consent to hunt among some heavily-timbered hills and valleys, where the marks of buffaloes were abundant. The country here was of such a nature as to render any attempt at driving the game hopeless. We therefore started at early dawn with a number of natives for the purpose of "spooring" or tracking the buffaloes into the recesses of the bush, where they would probably be found resting during the heat of the day, and where it was intended to endeavour to stalk them.

After a ride of some miles from the chief's kraal, we dismounted, and, consigning our horses to the care of a Kafir, with directions to bring them to the same spot by sunset, at once commenced, in company with the natives, our toilsome way through the bush, scrambling through valleys and over hills, among rough rock, dense woodland, full of creeping plants armed with sharp, hook-shaped thorns, occasionally coming upon open spaces and tracks, made by the large game, until the first footprints of the buffalo were discovered. On the "spoor" being taken up, both white men and natives had to proceed with the greatest caution. Avoiding, as much as possible, the sounds caused by our footfall or the breaking of twigs, in fact, almost holding our breath lest the wary quarry, hearing their approach, should start off at a pace which would, in such a rugged spot, soon leave any human hunters hopelessly in their wake. Suddenly, while working our way through a portion of the bush almost darkened by the overshadowing trees, sounds of heavy bodies moving on all sides were heard, as a troop of buffaloes, in the midst of which, quite unexpectedly, Y —— and myself found ourselves (though the Kafirs had stated their opinion that the game were in the immediate vicinity), rose from their resting-places and commenced a general stampede, crashing through the forest with much noise. Y—— fired into the first animal he caught a glimpse of, a buffalo calf, smashing its shoulder-blade, and bringing it to the ground immediately, also bringing the buffalo cow, infuriated by the bellowing of her offspring, down upon himself in a headlong charge, which he had barely time to avoid by springing on one side among some of the heavy timber. The buffalo, finding that she had missed her intended victim, halted, and turning herself, stood tossing her head and wrinkling up her nostrils as she snorted and snuffed the air, endeavouring to ascertain the whereabouts of the destroyers of her progeny, until a ball striking her in the shoulder, without breaking a bone, brought her again, charging madly, to the spot from whence the flash of the gun had appeared. The flesh-wound she had received, and the frequent bellowing of her young, appeared to have perfectly maddened her, and she showed so much activity, and crashed through such obstacles—slight to her tremendous strength and strong hide—as thick undergrowth and tangled thorny plants with so much ease as to render the position of both white men and Kafirs perilous in the extreme. The slightest movement gave her notice of our whereabouts, and was the signal for a charge; when at last a ball, entering behind the shoulder, pierced her vitals, and caused her to bite the dust, the countenances of some of the Kafirs were observed to have assumed a peculiarly livid hue, and it was some moments before they regained their usual brown or ebony tint.*

The young buffalo, an animal about half-grown, was, of course, very easily disposed of, after which some of the natives were left to skin the game and carry the meat to the kraal, near which the wagon had been "outspanned."

The rest of the day was consumed in a fruitless endeavour to come up again with the herd of buffaloes, and both ourselves and the Kafirs returned to camp thoroughly knocked up, but after a supper of beef, cut from the carcase of the young buffalo, which proved excellent, we were soon wrapped in deep slumber. A stay of several days was made in the neighbourhood of this buffalo-haunted bush, and after tremendous fagging, and by means of most careful spooring and stalking, two more buffaloes (bulls) were bagged, but were killed with much less danger to the hunters than the infuriated maternal animal had been, for, when wounded, their chief efforts were directed to keeping with the rapidly-retreating herd to which they belonged, though one of them, after being brought to a standstill by several bullets, made a terrific charge upon an adventurous Kafir who approached him, assegai in hand, laughing and crying out that the buffalo was *bani gula* (very sick). However, though the old bull came at his foe at a great pace, with tail erect, and nose to the ground, it was his last effort, for almost as soon as he had passed the Kafir, who nimbly leapt aside, his legs gave way under him, and he fell with a force which seemed to make the ground reverberate. Unable to rise, he remained groaning heavily, and bleeding from mouth and nostrils until he received the *coup de grâce*. While trekking

* Kafirs, of the same race even, vary considerably in colour, some individuals being much darker than others.

through the open country, the hunters contrived to bag several of the large bustards which were found feeding upon the grass lands. The plan adopted for stalking these birds, which are very shy and wary, was to dismount from the saddle, and the sportsman, sheltering himself behind his horse, caused him to describe a number of circles, gradually decreasing in circumference, around the spot where the birds were seeking their food, until they were brought within range.

After some weeks of slow trekking, and many erratic wanderings in search of game, during which time many of the smaller antelopes fell to the hunters' guns, we found ourselves in the region of the Amatonga tribe.

A FAVOURITE IN DANGER.

The climate of Amatonga-land certainly cannot be considered a healthy one, though the abundance of game holds out a strong inducement to the sportsman. The Amatongas are not a warlike tribe, and keep no cattle, fearful of exciting the cupidity of their more powerful neighbours. The women of this race are not remarkable for the strict chastity which distinguishes those of the Zulu people. The huts of the Amatongas are rather more comfortably built than those of the Zulus, and the maize bread is more carefully prepared, but these are really the only particulars in which the Amatongas can claim the slightest superiority over the Zulus, who invariably speak of them as "dogs."

In this wild land, Y—— very nearly lost his favourite horse "Mainstay." Early one morning, Y——, having discovered a rhinoceros feeding upon the plain, dismounted for the purpose of stalking him, hanging the bridle of the horse over the limb of a tree: "Mainstay" being apt, when left to his own devices, to start off for a gallop on his own account. Y——, who had to make a considerable détour in order to approach the game unseen, found upon emerging from a deep gully that the rhinoceros was trotting off briskly in the direction of the spot where his horse was tethered, and, by dint of hard running, arrived barely in time to stop the furious onslaught of the rhinoceros—who charged the horse without a moment's hesitation, immediately upon seeing him—by a lucky shot, which took effect in the neck. "Mainstay" reared and plunged until the bridle slipped, when it started off at a racing pace, and was not recovered until nightfall. The rhinoceros, which appeared to be quite stupefied by the bullet lodged in his neck, and which had perhaps struck upon the vertebræ, was easily dispatched.

In many parts of the bush the horns and bones of large game were noticed, the remains, no doubt of animals which had died from wounds, either inflicted by hunters or perhaps received in conflicts with their own kind, and whose relics had been dragged hither and thither by the hungry hyænas and jackals.

Much of the scenery in the land of the Amatonga tribe is very beautiful, and the vegetation often luxuriant, as it generally is in unhealthy tropical or sub-tropical countries. I have heard the natives assert that the water of the Amatonga rivers is unwholesome; but the limpid, briskly-flowing streams would appear to belie this statement, and I believe that climate and miasma are the enemies which sometimes hasten travellers in this land to their graves.

Continuing our journey towards the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, we fell in with several trading and some hunting parties. The traders were engaged in bartering their goods for skins. Delagoa Bay is a small town inhabited by Portuguese, Amatongas, and mixed breeds; many of the Portuguese are almost as black as the Kafirs, it seeming to be a peculiarity of the Portuguese bred in tropical climates to become darker through each successive generation. While Y—— and I were in this neighbourhood, a large hunting party was organised, and several head of large game were slain, including a couple of elands, which appeared almost too fat to run, and were shot down without much difficulty or the slightest resistance. Two specimens of the light-coloured rhinoceros (generally spoken of as the white rhinoceros) also allowed themselves to be driven down to the very spot where the gunners were posted, when one of them fell, but not before many a bullet had penetrated his thick hide, the remaining one escaping, though wounded heavily, into some dense bush.

D'JALLONKE. SORI IBRAHIMA. PURE-BLOODED FOULAH.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

TRAVELLERS IN SENEGAMBIA AND THE NEIGHBOURING NATIVE STATES.

THE interest awakened by the warlike operations in which we are engaged against the Ashantees, is calculated to draw public attention, not only to the Gold Coast, the immediate scene of action, but to the other portions of the West Coast of Africa, and more particuiarly to those in which the military experiences of other European nations may afford some insight into the difficulties peculiarly incidental to hostilities undertaken against the martial and savage races inhabiting this interesting, but little known portion of the globe. Especially is this true of the "little wars" undertaken by the French, during the past fifteen years, against the African tribes whose territories are adjacent to their settlements in Senegambia.

Before proceeding to give an account of these operations, which is compiled from purely French sources,* it is necessary, in order to make the narrative quite intelligible, and the references to places somewhat more suggestive than a mere jumble of proper names, that we should give a résumé of the history of the French colonial possessions in Senegambia, together with a general description of these settlements and of the African tribes whose territories have formed the arena of conflict.

Senegal (or Saint Louis) situated on an island of the same name, being the principal town of the French settlements on the West Coast,* the chief civil officer and commandant takes the title of governor from that city, the second most important fortress being Goree, which has also played a somewhat prominent part during the wars of the last century, between ourselves and its present possessors.

* *Revue Maritime et Coloniales* for the years 1861-70; *Revue Algérienne et Coloniale*, 1859; *Notice sur la Colonie du Sénégal et sur les Pays qui sont en Relation avec elle*, par M. L. Faidherbe, colonel du génie, gouverneur du Sénégal, 1859.

* Senegal was captured by a British force under Commodore Keppel, in 1758, but was retaken by its former possessors in 1779. Once more it fell into our hands in 1809, when we held it for eight years, but, soon after the Restoration, the British Government restored it to France. The *Medusa*, of which the wreck has so sad a notoriety, carried to Senegal, in 1817, the functionaries and troops, to whom was delivered the charge of the island and its dependencies.