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ACTUAL AFRICA

OR, THE COMING CONTINENT

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A TOUR OF EXPLORATION

BY

FRANK VINCENT

AUTHOR OF

"THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT," "THROUGH AND THROUGH THE TROPICS,"

"NORSK, LAPP, AND FINN," "AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA,"

"IN AND OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA,"

JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF CAWNPORE," ETC.



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WITH MAP AND OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO
HIS MAJESTY LEOPOLD II
KING OF THE BELGIANS
AND FOUNDER AND SOVEREIGN OF THE CONGO FREE STATE

P R E F A C E.

WHEN, some years ago, Victor Hugo said that in the twentieth century Africa would be the cynosure of every eye, and when, more recently, Lord Salisbury, apropos of the European situation, remarked that foreign politics meant African politics, each statement was an index to the immense resources of that great and crowded continent in which the Twilight is now succeeding to the Dark.

Africa contains about one-quarter of the land of the globe. This area is more than thrice Europe's, or nearly as much as North and South America's combined. This wonderful triangular continent, whose general configuration is not unlike that of South America, is inhabited by one-eleventh of the human race, almost equalling the population of the Western Hemisphere. One-fifth of her surface is occupied by rich savannas, and one-half by tilled fields, valuable forests, and fairly fertile soil as yet uncultivated. Her variety and profusion of animal life are without a rival, and her output of gold and diamonds is unparalleled in the history of the world.

What Europe thinks of the natural advantages and early possibilities of Africa may be inferred from the latter's political partition. Out of a total area of 12,000,000 square miles Europe has left unappropriated only about 1,000,000, and these are confined to the sandy seas of the Libyan Desert, and the inaccessible and powerful States of the Central and Eastern Soudan. The number of Europeans, and of persons of their descent, throughout the continent is estimated at 1,500,000—facts that make more than plausible Lord Salisbury's dictum.

The Powers represented in Africa are, moreover, strenuously seeking, and with considerable success, to develop the resources of their respective possessions. The general salubrity tempts civil-

isation. Only the tropical coastal belt and a few of the river valleys are in the main unhealthy. Elsewhere—as far, at least, as climate is concerned—the foreign settler may live with impunity, and speedily reap a plenteous reward. Settlement, therefore, is certain to expand, with peace and commerce following in its train.

Attracted by these circumstances, which promised to this strange continent so near and prosperous a future, and encouraged by the success attending one of my previous works, “Around and About South America” (that enjoyed five editions here and three in England), I wished to closely examine a division of the earth so little known to the general public, and spent two years in accomplishing the task. Within that period not only was Africa completely circled, but many deep dips were also taken into her vast and mysterious interior. Nearly all the capitals and important towns (native and foreign) of the seaboard territories, were inspected; the great island of Madagascar was traversed; several of the western archipelagoes were visited; the peak of Teneriffe was scaled in mid-winter; a long excursion was made through the centre of the Boer Republics and British Colonies; the Nile, Quanza, Congo, Kassai, Sankuru and Kuilu rivers were ascended—the latter for the first time by a white man; and in the very core of Africa’s heart a most interesting point was reached—the curious capital of the famous Basongo chieftain, Pania Mutembo. In short, my attention was equally divided between native States, with their tributary provinces, on the one hand, and European possessions, protectorates and spheres of influence, on the other.

The present volume, then, like the one on South America, is the result of personal observation. It is the kinoscope of the actual as revealed to me by my senses. Some special studies in geography and ethnology are reserved for future publication as monographs. My object now is simply to give, in a popular manner, and as succinctly as possible, accurate general information concerning certain imperfectly known regions—both savage and settled—of the Africa of the present day.

F. V.

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ACTUAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

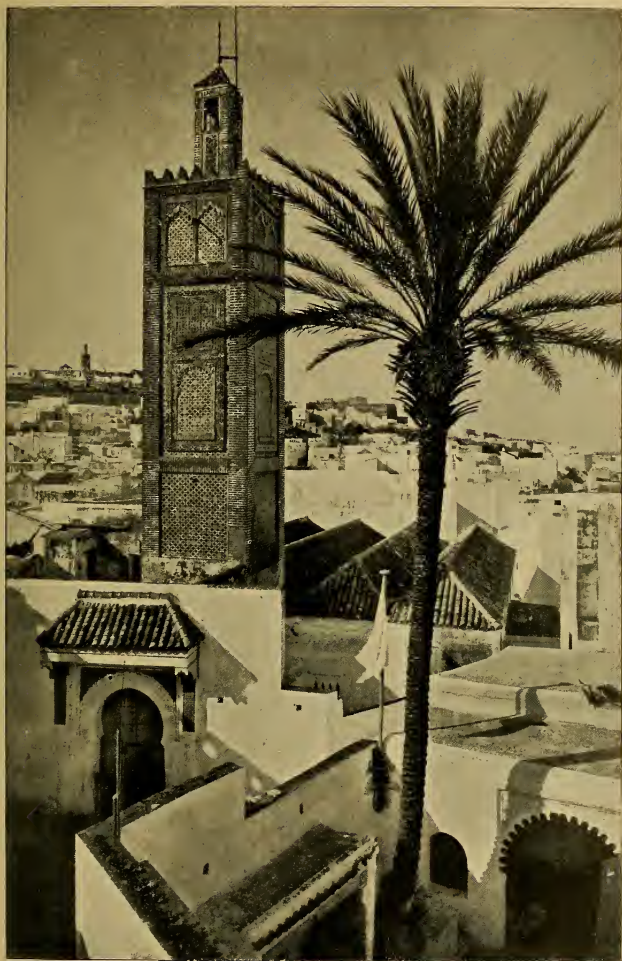
TANGIER.

AN opportunity to cross from Europe to Africa, by way of Gibraltar and Tangier, is daily afforded by means of little iron paddle-wheel or screw steamers which usually make the trip of thirty-eight miles across the straits, in about three hours and a half. You will find on board a most heterogeneous representation of man and nature, of arts and manufactures, of lands and seas and their productions, animate and inanimate. There will of course be a "babel of sounds," and owing to the varied dress of the people the scene will be picturesque, backed as it is by the bright blue sea, the yellow Gibraltar or the distant sombre and savage chains of African mountains. On leaving the circular roadstead the little steamer usually heads for the southern point of Spain and hugs the shore until the walled-town of Tarifa is reached, then it turns directly across the straits and you are treated to grand views of both continents—of the lion-like rock of Gibraltar, of the bare brown hills and rugged coasts of Andalusia behind you and of the great triple-massed bare summit of Apes' Hill before you, and of other rough ridges gradually sloping away past the region of Tangier and ending in the comparatively low promontory of Cape Spartel. Besides the animation on board our passage was further enlivened by the company of vast schools of leaping and turning porpoises that covered the sea as far as one could look. There were thousands of them, and as they rushed tumultuously around and under the little vessel, the clearness of the water enabled us to readily appreciate their beautiful outlines, so admirably adapted for speed and endurance.

Tangier is situated on the southern side of a large semi-circular bay. You do not begin to distinguish the city until some time

after passing—on a low hill at the northeastern extremity of the bay—an old stone tower and a small fort mounting what appear to be 12-pounder cannon. There is no flag nor any sign of a garrison. As you draw in toward the shore the white houses of the town, sloping up the sides of a steep but low range of hills, begin to outline themselves. To the left are rows of barren sand dunes, to the right ridges covered with scrub and scant vegetation. The roadstead is protected somewhat by a short reef which at low tide just appears above the surface of the water. An enormously wide but gently inclining beach extends around the greater part of the bay. At the right of the town, close to the water, is an old citadel (Tangier is a walled-city) and near it a fort, peeping from which you see several rows of curious long, slender bronze cannon. The traveller is not disappointed at his first distant view of Tangier from the sea. The diversified lines of the white, blue and yellow houses, massed together, rising one behind the other, varied by the occasional green-tiled tower of a mosque, or the presence of a splendid date-palm, the turreted and notched walls, the background, on the one hand, of green hills dotted with little dwellings of rich Moors or of some of the foreigners engaged here in business, and of glossy brown sand hills on the other, all glinting and glowing under the strong African sun, make a novel and charming picture. It is not however necessary to add that most of the charm is rudely dispelled upon landing, owing to the dirt and odors with which this and all other oriental towns abound.

A pier extends a short distance into the sea and to this the small boats carry cargo and passengers at high tide, at low they approach as near as possible and then both men and chattels are carried ashore on the backs of lusty Moors. At the gate of the citadel sat two grave, bearded patriarchs, clothed in white. They constituted in their proper persons the entire paraphernalia of the Custom-house, at least so far as simple travellers were concerned, and the examination of baggage was brief and perfunctory. A short clamber through roughly-paved and very crooked streets, ten feet or less in width, between houses one or two stories in height with small doors and smaller grated windows, disputing our passage with trains of laden donkeys and shouting Arab drivers, and we enter a very modern and comfortable hotel, from whose windows there is a good view of the bay and of a part of the city. Tangier is much frequented by the people of Gibraltar who wish a change



Tangier.

of air and scene and an opportunity to employ a few holidays in sight-seeing or in hunting trips in the neighborhood. The city therefore contains several good hotels. In that at which I stopped I found a richly furnished parlor, a white marble staircase and tiled floors in the halls, a reading-room supplied with papers in many languages, a fair general library and a selection of the best modern works upon Morocco, a billiard-room, and a *table d'hôte* with a French bill-of-fare announcing ten courses. At sunset I heard the sonorous voice of the muezzin calling the Faithful to prayers from the minaret of the nearest mosque. At night I was lulled to gentle slumber by the roll and splash of the surf upon the great smooth beach. I dreamed that my baggage was being dismembered by the fighting, cursing horde of boatmen who boarded our steamer the preceding afternoon and just as I was myself about to enter the lists as a somewhat active combatant, I awoke and found the rays of a great golden sun streaming in my window. I had supposed the cannon in the citadel were more for ornament than use but was disabused of this idea when a salvo was fired almost directly under the hotel windows. This was to usher in the festival of the Birthday of the Prophet, which continues for a week. The salute was followed all over the city by the discharge of firearms and by music from bands of flutes, guitars and tom-toms, which continued for the space of an hour. At nine o'clock there was another salvo of a dozen guns.

The first thing that strikes the stranger upon arriving in Tangier is its strong cosmopolitan aspect and flavor. If you perambulate the chief street—that running nearly east and west and called the Siaguin—you are astonished at the variety of nationalities and national costumes, and at the nonchalant manner of the people, since no one seems to especially notice any one else but each pursues his way quite unconcerned. The Kasbah or Castle, divided from the rest of the city by a wall which is in part ancient and in part dilapidated, will claim early attention from the visitor. It is situated upon the northern and more elevated portion of the slope of hill upon which lies the city. From a battery on the northern side mounting two old and apparently useless 20-ton Armstrong guns, a magnificent view is to be had of the straits, the distant mainland of Spain, with Cape Trafalgar in the northwest, the town of Tarifa in the centre, and Gibraltar towards the northeast. Further around to the east you see the tops of the range of mountains at whose base lies (though in Morocco) the

Spanish town of Ceuta, and nearer to the eastward, are the hills bordering the semi-circular bay of Tangier. The blue waters of the straits dance before one, dotted here and there with a sail, a fishing-boat, or a huge passing steamer. On another side of the Kasbah, facing the south, you have a distinct survey of the houses of the city lying at your feet. It gives one a capital idea of the arrangement of the exterior of the Moorish dwellings and streets, or rather of the former only, for the streets are too narrow for you to specially notice their dividing lines. In the Kasbah is the Pasha's residence, with the fine arches and columns of its interior court, and the beautiful mosaic-work of its floor and walls and the stucco and carved wood ornamentation of its upper walls and ceilings. All these are largely of modern fabrication and well worth seeing. They are in the well-known style and execution of the Moorish remains in Spain. Also within the Kasbah walls is the Treasury, a small room behind an entrance of graceful arches and columns, guarded by an enormous open-work door fastened by many old locks and bolts. Peering through its bars you notice piles of boxes, said to be filled with coins, and huge padlocked chests, supposed to be more or less full of the same. A few soldiers are lolling about, but no objection is made to the foreigner's presence. Near the Treasury is the Prison, a great vaulted chamber in which you may peep through a small hole bored through the wall, and see the prisoners, several of them wearing heavy chains, and all engaged in making articles of use or ornament out of straw or rushes. Some of these goods will be brought to the orifice to be sold to you.

There are of course several mosques in Tangier as well as a Jewish Synagogue and a Roman Catholic church and convent. No Christian or Jew is permitted to enter the mosques and though the synagogue and church may be visited, you find nothing to especially repay your trouble. Of the mosque you observe the square minaret or tower, ornamented mostly in varied patterns with green tiles—though some have them of lozenge shape and in yellow and black—its windows and little topping steeple. You also notice the long green-tiled peaked roofs which cover the great corridors where the Faithful bow and kneel and prostrate themselves upon the matted floor in their low monotonous prayers. The entrance on the street, with its graceful arch, will cause you to pause and you will probably try to see something of the mysteries within, but will not be able to do so on account of a guarding screen.

The best shops of Tangier lie in the street called Siaguin, and are kept by Spaniards, Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Moors and Jews. The Jews in other Moroccan towns are walled in by themselves in a special quarter, but in a cosmopolitan city like Tangier, which is greatly dominated by European influence, there is no such division and you find Moors and Jews and Christians and infidels all mingled together. There are about as many Spaniards as Jews in Tangier; they consist almost entirely of the lowest classes and are mostly emigrants from the province of Andalusia in southern Spain. The population of Tangier is estimated at 20,000. The soko or market, just outside the town, on the southern side, is well worth a visit on market-days—Sundays and Thursdays. Here a large open space is quite crowded with thousands of men, women and children coming from the neighboring villages to sell provisions and animals, and to purchase groceries and manufactured goods. The scene is exceedingly animated and a stranger will find it a capital place to study native character and characteristics. You will see dervishes, beggars, the representatives of various tribes, religious processions, the story-tellers of the original "Thousand and One Nights" style, snake-charmers, slaves, horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, all in one grand heterogeneous mass through which it is with difficulty you can make your way. There is a small daily newspaper published in Spanish and a weekly in English in Tangier. When a railway is built from here to Fez, as will undoubtedly be done at no distant day, Tangier from its fair harbor, which might with little effort be made a very good one, its lying directly on one of the greatest highways of commerce in the world, and its mild and agreeable climate, is sure to grow to be a place of considerable commercial and political importance.

There is a popular institution in Tangier which deserves passing reference in order to correct an erroneous impression which strangers are likely to form concerning it. I refer to what is locally styled a "Moorish café-chantant," or music-hall. These are, it is true, owned and managed by Moors, but they are no special characteristic of that nation. They are not to be found in any of the large interior cities, such as Fez, Mequinez, or Marakash (Morocco city), but have sprung up in Tangier merely to supply a sort of foreign-resident and tourist demand. It is the same with the dancing girls, whose entertainment is not however, like the other, public, and to be seen every night, but private, and only given by

special arrangement. The dancing is of the ordinary oriental type—say Egyptian or Indian—and consists mostly of posturing and sentiment and passion as evidenced by rather too suggestive motions, gestures and looks. There are two or three of the better class of cafés-chantant in Tangier. Some are located on the ground-floor and others upon the second. Exteriorly they present no attractions, in fact, the contrary. Interiorly, you have two or three small connecting-rooms, or one room divided by pillars, the floor covered with matting, the walls with tiles below and tawdry pictures and brackets and clocks above. The ceilings are of carved wood painted red. You pass a mass of slippers near the doorway, wondering, as they are all of the same color, pattern and apparently size, how each man ever finds his own, and see before you in one of the rooms a circle of perhaps a dozen men sitting cross-legged, and producing both from voice and instrument the most extraordinary music you have ever heard. The instruments are ordinarily two violins, two small mandolins, a curious sort of native viol, two eight-stringed guitars, two tambourines, a tom-tom and a triangle. Most of the musicians also sing and clap their hands in a lively sort of fandango cadence. The music thus evolved may perhaps better be imagined than described. It is wild and barbarous, chanting and monotonous, plaintive and sentimental by turns, rarely however is it sweet or melodious. The words that are sung are generally descriptive of love or war and oftentimes are quite humorous. The key is pitched very high, so high in fact, that occasionally a halt becomes necessary and a less aspiring start is made. The men sit and sing and laugh like a lot of school children just released from their tasks. Whatever may be the sensations of the listeners at least the performers thoroughly enjoy themselves. There does not appear to be any special beginning or ending to the tune other than such as a necessity for rest compels the performers to take. During these intervals they smoke little pipes of hemp (hasheesh) mixed with tobacco and drink small cups of strong black coffee. The hasheesh has the usual effect of at first exciting and afterwards quieting the nerves. The coffee is served also to the foreign visitors, for whom stools and benches are provided. If you see natives there, they will generally be engaged in playing cards—a Spanish playing card being used—to determine who of their number must pay for the coffee they drink.

The (late) Sultan of Morocco was described to me as a man of considerable intellectual power, and amiably disposed towards for-

eigners, but he was tied "hand and foot" by the stern tenets of his religion. Were he to have gone contrary to these, he could not have kept his throne a day. He had a number of ministers but paid comparatively little attention to them, except in such cases as might please him. He was said not to be a cruel man though a despot, but he had such a turbulent lot of tribes to govern that much had to be done by threats if not by actual use of his troops. He divided the year usually between his three capitals of Marakash, Fez and Mequinez, and when he travelled he was generally accompanied by the greater part of his army—this however chiefly in order to collect his taxes. The alliances of the wild mountain clans seem to extend no further than each to their own chiefs—the old patriarchal system. The Sultan is reported to have said that he did not wish to keep at war all the time with his subjects, but they left him little alternative. Of course, as might be expected, the whole government is quite rotten. The ministers owe their positions to favor or to the money they furnish the Sultan, and the officers under the ministers gain their places through what they bring or do for their superiors. It seems a very rickety unstable condition of affairs, and without the help of the army could not long endure. As it is the Sultan is continually in dread of assassination. In strictly upholding the Koran and its tenets he has the strongest hold upon his savage and fanatical people. He is, as I have said, a despot, but he has a despot above and higher than himself, viz., the Koran, that wonderful explication of "the whole duty of Mohammedan man."

CHAPTER II.

INTO THE LAND OF THE MOORS.

A FEW days later (on October 17, 1891) I left Tangier for a journey into the interior of Morocco, to Fez, Mequinez, Marakash and Wezzan. My dragoman was Mr. E. P. Carleton, a young Englishman resident in Tangier, who had travelled all over the country, and who spoke seven languages, including two dialects of Arabic. Our outfit consisted of four horses for riding and six pack-mules for our tents, mattresses and blankets, table and stools, provisions, cooking utensils, guns and ammunition. We wore light but strong suits, with leather leggings and cork helmets. We were furnished by the government with a Moorish soldier as escort—without one no foreigners are permitted to enter the interior—who was responsible for our personal safety and for that of our effects. He was armed with a Moorish sword and matchlock, the latter being about seven feet long, a weapon reported to be nearly as dangerous at the breech as at the muzzle. He was dressed in white, with red tarboosh, white turban and yellow slippers, and was mounted upon one of the prancing steeds of which all have read in many travellers' books. His saddle was a sort of cross between the Mexican and an arm-chair, an enormously large and thick leather affair which seemed to nearly roof over his animal. His stirrups were huge iron plates admitting readily the entire foot. The custom is to use very short stirrups and to almost stand when proceeding at a gallop. His bridle was most elaborately tasseled and fringed over the eyes of the animal, more for ornament I fancy than to protect from the sun or flies. Our baggage was borne either by the pack-mules in large boxes or in palmetto plaited panniers. The pack-saddles were huge thick cushions. The horses were tall, thin and wiry but could hardly be called fine-proportioned. The mules were of good size and strength, and seemed as lazy as their family generally are the world over. A good Arab horse costs here

about \$100.—a mule \$50.—a donkey \$20.—a camel \$60. Often a very fine mule is dearer than a horse. The soldier escort is not paid by the government and is not obliged to assist in any caravan work, though in our case he received a dollar a day to drive one of the pack-mules. We had besides four Arabs, one serving as cook and the others as muleteers and general help. The names of our servants were: Selim, the cook; Hadj Gilali el Dowdi, the soldier; Hammed, Mohammed and Sidi el Arby, the muleteers. The soldier, as might be learned from his title, had performed the hadj or pilgrimage to Mecca, and was therefore a person of some standing among his own people. They were all swarthy, bearded young men, dressed in flowing robes once white, with red tarboosh and white turban, and great yellow slippers, heelless, with the back counter almost invariably turned down and inwards. They were good-natured, obliging fellows, though, like most of their class disinclined to exertion. Expecting to get some good shooting—partridges, grouse, hares, bustards, pigeons, quail, snipe, rabbits, ducks, etc.—we were well supplied with shot guns and cartridges. As defensive weapons we had also repeating rifles, revolvers and bowie-knives. I was moreover “armed” with a snap-shot camera.

The camp equipage was despatched a couple of hours in advance and when we arrived at the end of our half day's ride—for we did not start till midday—we found the tents all pitched and a good dinner nearly ready. Charcoal was carried for cooking-fires. A little trench is dug in the tent and the charcoal, ignited by straw or any dry litter, is soon fanned into a hot glow by means of a hand-bellows carried for the purpose. Our provisions consisted of potatoes, bread and tins of condensed meat, vegetables and fruits. Fowls, eggs, beef, mutton and milk are readily purchased on the road. We crawled through the crooked, uneven and filthy streets of Tangier, our saddle-bags almost scraping the houses, passed through an old ruined gate in the southern wall of the city and entered upon a wide road of deep sand fenced by cactus and aloe. Many caravans of donkeys bearing poultry and vegetable produce for town consumption, and of camels loaded with great bags of grain or bundles of skins for export passed us. We marched slowly along under a burning sun but through a crystal, bracing atmosphere and over a roughly undulating country utterly bare of trees, but giving evidence of former rich fields of maize and millet. Here and there were small villages of grass-thatched huts fenced about by hedges of the coarse prickly pear.

Much of the surface seemed covered with nothing but jagged stones and clumps of rank grass and dwarf palmetto palms. We gradually ascended until we reached a ridge from whence we had a fine view of a small part of Tangier and its bay on the one side and of the broad Atlantic on the other. We then descended into a great plain which had been flooded in the rainy season but was then as dry as sand and of a dark yellowish color. We saw many herds of cattle, sheep and goats. There was a range of great hills before us to the south which seemed covered with scrubby vegetation and dwarfed trees. The vista could not in any sense be called picturesque. Our camp was formed near a little Arab village called El Mediar. We had advanced on our road about twelve miles. My special tent was a sort of Moorish pavilion of elliptical shape and made of stout red and blue cloth in alternate stripes within and of white canvas covered with arabesque figures without. My mattress was placed upon a canvas frame raised a few inches above the ground upon which a rubber blanket and a thick mat were first spread. The tent was about 14 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 8 feet high. Soon after arrival our animals were tethered by attaching the hobbled forelegs of each to a long rope pegged close to the ground, care being taken to have them at considerable distances apart, for being all stud-horses they fight fiercely with each other at every opportunity. The instant the sun disappears there is a sudden fall of temperature, which is most acutely felt by new arrivals in the country, and before morning two heavy blankets are very comfortable. Notwithstanding the great change from midday to midnight foreigners soon become acclimated and do not find it unhealthy. About dark the headman of the village visited us and brought a present of some excellent milk. The animals being fed with a peculiar edible straw soon became quiet, but the monotonous chanting of our neighbors in the village and the howling made by hundreds—some of us thought thousands—of curs prowling about our tents and neighborhood prevented sleep until a late hour. Before this a beautiful full moon rose above a sharply-outlined hill and then indeed our camp might have served an artist for an admirable picture illustrative of nomad life in Morocco. There are in most of the towns and villages of the interior houses set apart for native travellers, and also general fondaks, caravansaries or corrals similar to those one finds in India and Persia, where the foreigner may stay, but they are so filthy that the usual cus-

tom is to avoid for the most part the towns and encamp in suitable locations near the main roads. The latter are merely rough tracks, from two to six or eight of them side by side, sometimes deeply worn by much travel and not always following the most direct routes. So far the country had been very thinly settled and all but bare of vegetation other than the remnants of crops which had been already gathered.

The following day we rose early, breakfasted, packed and loaded the mules and were off about half-past seven, a crowd of Arabs from the neighboring village looking curiously on, the men and boys from quite near, the women from a distance. At first the road led over a very rough stony district, supporting little more than palmettos, ferns and grassy scrub. Then we entered upon a more pleasing region, passing fields in which many larks were singing, and enjoying occasional views of the neighboring Atlantic. The road, too, began to be more enlivened. There were fat but not old men riding on donkeys and poor women and children toiling along on foot. Occasionally appeared a woman on a donkey and clothed all in white, her eyes only being uncovered. Two postmen bearing letters in straw baskets upon their heads passed by. Most of the men carried the long flint matchlocks, which are manufactured in Tetuan, a town east of Tangier, and with which all my readers are familiar through pictures and photographs of this country. The Moors are fond of shooting and are fair marksmen at game upon the ground but they do not succeed well with that upon the wing.

Besides the small villages of stone or mud houses, were others of tents, the lower part of reeds and the cover of dark cloth made of camels' hair and Palmyra-palm roots. They are not above six feet in height at the apex and bear a most funereal aspect. We passed orchards of fig-trees inclosed by hedges of the prickly pear—an impenetrable fence—and bearing a not unsavory fruit. Crossing two small streams, the largest perhaps three hundred feet wide, and at this the dry season of the year, not more than two feet in depth, we soon after arrived upon a ridge from which we had a good view of the town of Arzilla, situated on a point of land jutting into the ocean. It is a walled town built originally by the Portuguese, but has fallen into great decay. We gradually descended to the shores of the ocean, upon which was beating a thunderous surf of much grandeur and beauty, and found our camp established near a well on sloping ground back of the town. While we

had halted at a spring by the roadside for a little rest and refreshment our men had continued on with the equipment and formed the camp. Soon after arriving we visited Arzilla, whose situation and old walls are rather picturesque and interesting, but that is about all to be said in its favor. It is small, dirty and dilapidated. There are no Christians living there—only Jews and Moors—so we found ourselves objects of some considerable interest to the citizens. It being Sunday the flags of several European countries were flying from the house-top of a prominent Jew, who is commercial agent for each of them. The great metal-covered gates of Arzilla are closed at night, though entrance may usually be obtained by such a signal as firing off a rifle or revolver. From Arzilla the point of Cape Spartel is plainly visible by day and its light by night. We returned soon to camp and received a visit from the governor, a young man richly clad and mounted upon a splendid horse, which was sumptuously caparisoned with saddle covered with bright-colored shawls, stirrups with gold inlaying, bridle of fine leather gold-embroidered, and with silver-inlaid bosses and buckles. A little tired by our walk and ride of twenty-four miles, we were composed to sleep by the monotonous roar of the neighboring surf, which sounded like a tremendous procession of express-trains passing through a tunnel.

In loading the mules in the morning I noticed that the panniers were carelessly filled and then the proper equipoise obtained by placing small or large stones, as might be necessary, in the lighter basket. The country which is now so dry and barren and brown is in the spring, they told me, covered with green crops and fine meadows of rich grass interspersed with vast quantities of beautiful flowers. The surface is then especially lovely but even at the end of summer, before the rains set in, the contrasts of color produce a certain quiet beauty. We saw several flourishing groves of olives, and had all the morning a grand range of mountains to the eastward. We gradually ascended and followed along a ridge of barren, sandy hills which gave very extensive views over the plain. We then descended a narrow gorge to the coast, which we followed nearly all the way to the town of Larache. It was a charming ride along a very wide, smooth and gently-sloping beach of the finest yellow sand, upon which huge combing waves curled high and dashed themselves continuously in six or eight rollers of whitest foam. The cliffs disclosed many interesting geological features—curiously contorted oblique and vertical strata, stains of

various minerals, rock worn into honeycomb caverns, and also giant pudding-stones.

We saw several white buildings with low domes, the tombs of various marabouts or saints, above which float one or two flags, and to which pilgrimages are constantly being made by the superstitious peasantry. At one point the cliffs decline abruptly to the sea and so we had to make a long detour to reach Larache, which is situated on a hill-side upon the southern bank of the river Kus where it enters the ocean. This river opens into quite a little bay in which lay a very small French steamer and three or four feluccas, small coasting-vessels with two masts inclining towards either extremity of the boat and a huge triangular sail upon the forward one. The town, like Arzilla, was built originally by the Portuguese. It is surrounded by a notched wall of stone and small brick, with a large towered fort on the ocean side and the governor's palace behind the centre of the town. The mouth of the river is not more than one hundred feet in width and is very shallow, so that only the smallest vessels can enter, and even for them it is very dangerous in squally weather. Sailing craft are towed through the narrow channel and far out to sea by means of a rope attached to a distant kedge. The pilot-boat is manned by sixteen rowers, a steersman and a captain. We and our animals and baggage were transported across in huge flat-bottomed scows, and then we slowly filed through dirty, narrow, crooked and ill-paved streets, between very dilapidated houses and through the soko or market-place—with its colonnade of little arches containing all sorts of shops, and with a few dealers about, offering fish, vegetables and fruits—and then on through a huge gate out upon the bluff, near the edge of which we camped.

There is a considerable export as well as import trade at Larache, and vast heaps of sugar were awaiting transport into the interior, while equally as large ones of various grains were piled ready for shipment. The wharf and streets were full of people—Moors, Arabs, Jews, Spaniards, Syrians, Negroes, etc. One beheld every shade of complexion and many picturesque styles of dress. There is an immense ditch about the walls, which are pierced for muskets and surmounted by long and slim bronze cannon. Two batteries of heavy, but very rusty and apparently useless, cannon, lie at the foot of the bluff without the walls. Not far from our camp were several others of natives who had brought bags of grain from the interior and whose droves of camels and donkeys would soon be

toiling back with all sorts of foreign manufactured goods. Larache is more than double the size of Arzilla—it has a population of perhaps 5,000—but is not so picturesque. The distance between these two places is about twenty miles. The surf roared loudly all the night, and the change of temperature from midday to midnight was felt as keenly as ever.

We were awakened at sunrise by the muezzin monotonously chanting the morning hymn and invitation to prayers from the top of the minaret or square tower of the mosque: "Allah akbar, ill 'ullah Mohammed rasoul ellah. Heyya alfalla, heyya alsaluto, Allah akbar." (God is great and Mohammed is his prophet. In the name of God and the prophet I call the people to prayers. God is great, God is great and Mohammed is his prophet). This was done in a very clear and loud tone of voice which was not unmusical. It was continued at intervals in different key and time for fully a quarter of an hour. I could hear not only the men of our party occasionally uttering fervid "Amens," but the people also over the wall in the town. Then the strumming of the tom-toms and the plaintive wailing of the flutes began in connection with much singing—the feast of the Birthday of the Prophet being in full force everywhere.

We started on at eight o'clock and travelled southeast and east, about twenty miles, to the town of El Kasr. We marched first over a great sandy plain covered only with scrub, and having a large cork forest to our right and a distant range of mountains before us and to the left. Numbers of muleteers passed, some with loaded camels, others with donkeys. The sun became exceedingly hot though tempered by a gentle breeze. We lunched under a great cork tree, and then passed through several small valleys, whose green grass and running streams were in pleasing contrast to the surrounding district, easily proving that water alone is sufficient to change the most arid desert into a garden. We next entered upon a great plain as smooth as the floor of a house and covered everywhere with the remains of crops of grain. We crossed this to the river Kus, here about two hundred feet in width, and followed its banks until it became shallow enough to ford. There were now beautiful ranges of mountains around us in every direction, and above a great grove of cedar and olive trees appeared here and there some of the white walls and minarets of the mosques of the town of El Kasr. We soon entered one gate and passed along the streets of the town, through the open market-

place, and out another gate at the south side where we pitched our camp in a beautiful orchard of peach, orange, pomegranate, mulberry, olive and wild fig. The pinkish red of the pomegranates and the golden hue of the oranges contrasted prettily with the glossy green of the foliage. The soil was very rich, being carefully manured, and I found growing in luxuriance, potatoes, tomatoes, pumpkins, grapes, egg-plants, turnips, radishes, lettuces, parsley, peppers and cucumbers. The garden is the property of a rich Jewish merchant, a friend of my dragoman, who placed it at our disposal. In one corner were an olive mill and a screw-press, both most rude and primitive machines. To crush the fruit a huge stone wheel was turned—by mule or donkey power—in a basin made of stone masonry. The press consisted only of a large bowl of very hard wood, with an emptying trough at the bottom, upon which a plank was brought down with the necessary degree of force by means of two large wooden screws standing at either side. Near the gate was a water-wheel, very like the *sakiah* of Egypt. It was a very crude affair looking as if it had been made with the stone axes of prehistoric times. There was a circular flat mound about six feet in height, the exterior of which was built of bricks. The object of this mound was to give the water sufficient impetus for flowing all over the garden. The well was oblong in shape (perhaps 10 by 4 feet), stoned up rudely, and about forty feet deep. It was divided in the centre by a stone wall. There were two wheels, the large vertical one, five feet in diameter and two feet in width, was placed at the orifice, and its rough wooden axle turned in wooden sockets. Pegs two feet in length were stuck through its circumference at right-angles, and upon these wound a long chain of small conical earthenware jars (a foot long and six inches in diameter), each holding perhaps two quarts. The chain was woven from stout brush, and the jars were fastened to this and almost touched each other. As they turned they emptied themselves into a trough, whence the water entered a plastered brick reservoir, twenty-five feet square and three feet in depth, and was next conveyed in little canals all over the orchard and then passed on the surface from tree to tree. The horizontal wheel was four feet in diameter with two faces a couple of feet apart and joined by sticks which caught upon pegs three inches in length upon the face of the larger wheel. A mule, blindfolded to prevent dizziness, being attached by a pole to the axle of this—behold the motive power for raising the water, which we found cool and pala-

table. The not unmusical droning of these wheels is heard day and night in every direction, and seems to agree very well in character with the easy-going habits of the people. In walking carelessly about I raised a covey of at least twenty partridges from the scrubby cover, but they were, of course, beyond reach before I could bring my gun to bear. We had, however, already shot many, and expected to find more as we penetrated the interior. It rained heavily during the night—the mosquitoes swarmed and bit fiercely—and the water-wheel creaked and groaned, but tired travellers must sleep, and they did.



A Moor.

CHAPTER III.

TOWN AND TRACK.

THE following morning we took a long walk through El Kasr, which from a distance is as usual with these towns, very picturesque with its seven or eight mosque towers, its solitary and occasional clumps of date-palms, and its tiled roofs, giving more variety than the usual flat ones. As we threaded the streets I observed houses of two stories built of small burnt brick, with little iron-barred windows, and doors carved and studded with iron bosses and furnished with great hinges and locks. The streets were full of Moors and Jews. The men of the former race were clothed in their graceful white burnouses, either with turbans or a sort of hood attached to the burnoose; the women were completely covered in white, excepting the eyes, and looked like little bundles of blankets, being nearly as broad as long. All wore yellow slippers. The Jews are distinguished by their long gowns of dark cloth and their little skull-caps, their socks and shoes, the wearing of their hair in large tufts upon the front and sides of the head, the remainder being cropped close, and their faces frequently ornamented only with moustache, whereas the Moors always wear a beard when able to grow one. We passed through a bazaar like those at Cairo and Damascus on a small scale, the shops being arranged in narrow streets which were badly paved and surface-drained or rather surface-undrained. For shade these were roughly roofed with coarse mats of straw and rushes. The shops are merely little boxes—holes in the wall—five or six feet square, about three feet from the ground, with no doors at back or side, and in which place sits cross-legged the Moorish or Jewish merchant, his goods disposed about him on shelves or in front of him on a low narrow bench. Dealers in similar kinds of products are generally grouped together. The shop-keepers sit in apathetic manner, staring into the street, or perhaps they are curled up

sound asleep. Here one is seen writing with a reed pen in his account-book, another may be reading a book of Arabic tales, while others are driving bargains with noisy hagglers. One finds in these shops the most extraordinary mixture of Manchester, Sheffield and Birmingham goods, and a comparatively small proportion of native manufactures. The general provision market was held in an open square, though you see a few stalls in the bazaar. There was a good collection of meats, fish, vegetables and fruits. Throughout the bazaar and in fact in all the streets one has often to step into a doorway to allow a loaded donkey to pass. We visited the prison, a large vaulted room with a small door through which provisions are delivered and a narrow slit in the thick brick walls through which the prisoners can speak with their friends. In the roof of this chamber is a small grated opening which allows some ventilation and also discloses to us the terribly foul condition of the interior. There are some hundreds of prisoners, some incarcerated for murder, more for theft, and a few innocent victims, who are being "squeezed" by some powerful citizen. They are generally imprisoned for long terms. From the roof we looked down upon them busily engaged in plaiting baskets from the wild sugar-cane, for thus they have to earn their food. They were a very villainous-looking set of men, many of them wearing huge manacles and a few being chained by great links to the pillars.

As a pleasant change we then visited a *fondak*, or native caravansary, where we were served with thick and very hot coffee in little tumblers. Here the American consular agent, Sidi Tamiel Shawi, a fine-looking and very amiable Moor joined us, and afterwards visited our camp. El Kasr has about 15,000 inhabitants, but contains no special sights other than those common to all Moroccan towns, and nothing at least of great importance to a traveller intending to see Fez and Mequinez. I got a glimpse of the interior of some of the mosques with their gracefully arched corridors, suspended lamps, matted floors, but into them no Christian is allowed to enter, not even on removing his shoes as in Egypt, Turkey and India. The mosques of El Kasr are not imposing or beautiful from without. They have single square towers, with little central projections, and are perhaps seventy-five feet in height. These Moroccan mosques have not the graceful domes and minars of India, nor their Saracenic honeycomb-work and stalactite ornamentation supporting the

galleries of the minarets—as the towers here are by courtesy styled.

A Jewish friend of my dragoman, Shao Bendayan, invited us to lunch with him. We found him established in a huge house in the centre of the town, the lower story of which was used for shops and the upper as a dwelling. It was in the usual oriental style of rooms surrounding an open court. We were ushered upstairs and presented to his wife and several relatives, male and female, and to his five small children. The latter and the women were all dressed in white or light-colored robes, with gay silk caftans and turbans with ends falling low down the back. They all wore large circular gold ear-rings and many finger-rings and bracelets. The table was set in a corner of the corridor, through which chickens were freely promenading, though not especially invited. Everything was served in European fashion. The bill-of-fare however was peculiar. We began with radishes, olives, sweet pickles and bread, drinking a strong but pure liquor resembling absinthe, made from figs by our host. Next followed a sort of broiled hashed beef which was very delicately spiced and seasoned with peppers and served piping hot, packed upon iron skewers. This was removed from the skewer and eaten with a fork, the metal pin being returned for replenishment. A great quantity of this was brought in, until we all cried "Enough and more than enough." Then came broiled pigeons, accompanied by a salad made of green peppers and a good white wine made from the grapes of the country. To these succeeded roast fowls and more wine. We had Moorish bread with all the courses. The flour is dark and coarse but the bread, baked in flat loaves, is tasteful and wholesome. A sort of plum-pudding—made of almonds, eggs, cream and flour, and served with ground cinnamon and sugar—and a very dainty and nutty red wine was the first dessert and was followed by melon, pomegranates and luscious white and black grapes. Coffee and cigarettes terminated what was very modestly termed "lunch." There was a great profusion of food and drink, and our hosts pressed us to partake until it really became difficult to decline good-naturedly. Delicate compliments were the handing to you of a skewer of meat so hot it almost brought the tears to your eyes to hold it, and the lifting and presenting to you of your own wineglass, already full, and clicking glasses and drinking your health and the prosperity of your fatherland. I took side glances into several of the rooms,

and found them furnished quite in European fashion, though with a profusion of lace and embroidery about the beds and of beautiful plushy carpets upon the floor. After lunch we went upon the flat roof and talked for a long time in Spanish—most of the educated Jews speaking Spanish and some of them French as well as Arabic. We then returned to our camp. We found the people in the streets and shops very curious but not impertinent. As there are no Europeans living in El Kasr we were naturally something of a curiosity. In the evening, as we sat at dinner in one of our tents, the servant of our late host, Shao Bendayan, arrived, bearing the present of a huge bowl of kous-koussou. This is one of the most popular of native dishes. It consists of boiled chicken and a preparation of steamed maize, of which the grains are of the size of the head of a pin. The chicken is covered with sliced onions, butter, cinnamon and sugar. These occupy the centre of the dish and are surrounded by the maize. They are cooked in combination. The maize rests in a perforated earthenware jar over the tin vessel in which the fowl is boiled, and so is cooked by steam.

As we broke camp and started south the next morning we remarked particularly the huge muck-heaps (household garbage) which rose fifty feet high and almost circumvallated the city. Roads extend through these ramparts of offal to the gates of the town. The filth thus lies directly at every one's door, and if it were not for the fine physical outfit of the Moors and their frugal and largely open-air life, there certainly would be an epidemic of some malignant fever. On leaving El Kasr we passed along an old Roman road of cobble-stone, and for a long distance through the gardens and orchards of the citizens of that town. Then we crossed the Kus river again, noticing many people busy washing clothes. One method of doing this is to place a quantity of wet garments in a sack and then to dance and tramp around upon it, keeping time to a sort of sing-song music. The entire day was consumed in marching along broad tracts through one plain and over a ridge of round smooth hills into another. These plains showed extremely fertile land for grain and rich meadows for cattle. Occasionally we would cross a green valley with a small stream flowing through its midst. The contrast between this rich green—often it came from a grove of the soft, velvety orange trees—and the surrounding brown aridness was very striking. The one great and prominent feature of the country thus far has been

its treelessness. One occasionally sees here, but at long distances only, small groups or groves of olive or cork trees or possibly a planted and cultivated orchard. We passed many people upon the road and many loaded camels, horses and donkeys. The men were frequently bareheaded under the blazing sun; sometimes two men rode one diminutive donkey; none offered to salute us, but all wore a queer grin as of utter scorn and contempt for the ridiculous foreigners. After lunching under a huge cactus hedge, we pressed on, there being smooth and dome-shaped hills in every direction. The country, too, seemed very thinly peopled. At one point in the road two natives rushed up to my dragoman, kissed his hand, and threw themselves down at full length, striking the ground with their foreheads, and begging him to help them, as they had been terribly abused by the caid or governor, who had taken all their sheep. The dragoman told them to put their grievance in writing before a notary, and bring it to Tangier upon his return, and he would endeavor to obtain some justice for them. It is thus all over Morocco—it is a general “squeeze” and robbery all the way from the highest down to the lowest. As we wound slowly along we saw and heard in the distance a religious sect who were proceeding on some pilgrimage with flags and music. The few villages we encountered were surrounded by enormous fences of the prickly-pear cactus—an impenetrable mass twenty feet in height and as much in breadth. They were covered with thousands of the purplish edible fruit, which made a pretty contrast to the great, fleshy, spiny leaves. The villages were very dilapidated and wretchedly poor, and one would see in them women, with babies strapped to their backs, attending to various household duties, while long rows of lazy men would be sitting and talking or sleeping in the shade of some mud wall. We had now left the province of Tanja and entered that of El Gharb. After making about thirty miles we camped on a sloping hillside between two small and wretched villages, in which we saw black slaves from the Soudan at various kinds of work. Soon after we were settled the headmen of each village came to us with presents of poultry, eggs, milk and kous-koussou. These were friends of the dragoman and expected no return, but generally when presents are given to strangers a return, immediate or prospective, is expected. Hundreds of wretched curs prowled about our camp, and howled and fought through half the night. If we had the annoyance of the dogs at least we had a respite from the mosquitoes, with which

pest we were not visited. As yet the date-palm seems a very rare tree. We only find about half a dozen in each large town. These palms and the camels—representatives of the tropic vegetable and animal kingdom—are of infinite and everlasting interest. After years of familiarity one does not tire of them. We saw frequently through the day large herds of cattle and camels and flocks of sheep and goats—all had a rough and tough appearance. With these and the abundant grain, vegetables and fruits which the country affords, it is only laziness which prevents these natives being well-fed. The young and middle-aged people have a stout if not fat build and seem very well preserved.

We started on at our usual hour of 8 A. M., soon entering upon an enormous plain, now of rich fertile land and again of sandy barrenness. It was perfectly level and was bounded on nearly half of the circle, that toward the west, by the horizon; on the east was a low range of smoothly rounded mountains. The number of Arab douars or villages increased, though their size diminished. By the middle of the day the wind, which generally had been very agreeable and tonic, increased to a gale and the swirling columns of hot sand gave us an idea of what the dreaded simoom was like. We lunched in a grove of wild fig trees and continued on until we reached the Seboo river, one of the largest in the north of the Empire, here perhaps two hundred yards wide, and running in a vertical-sided channel fifty feet below the level of the plain. Its course is very tortuous. We were obliged to dismount and unload our mules in order to cross in a huge flat-bottomed scow, with our baggage and camp equipage, the animals swimming. Native horsemen on arriving at the bank, remove their saddles and most of their clothes, which they carry in their arms while sitting their swimming animals. Our boat was towed across by a man thus mounted. The ferrying was quite lively, there being many people there. On one hand you saw two men astride a swimming donkey or mule; on another an animal alone that had been driven from one bank and was striving for the opposite. As we land, several Arab women come down to fill their great earthenware jars with water. All of them have babies or small children suspended in sheets and half resting upon, half secured to, their backs, their little legs stretched around their mothers, and their heads just peering forth from the sheets. On returning with full jars placed upon their backs the small children were changed to their shoulders and heads. It was a curious

sight to behold on the one hand the women staggering up the steep hill, occupied with the severest toil, while on the other one saw the men—it being the last day of the festival—gayly caparisoned and riding at full gallop over the plain, and amusing themselves by frequently firing their guns in odd and awkward positions—here styled “powder-play.” We pitched our camp for the night near the ambitious mud-walled gate of a rather larger village than we usually encountered. The headman came forth and begged us to go inside the walls, but we preferred the extra cleanliness of our chosen site and declined to move notwithstanding we were informed that, being now south of the Seboo river, the country was ravaged by a robber tribe named Beni Hassan, and that only a few nights previously an Arab had been shot and his donkey stolen exactly where we proposed to camp. As a sort of compromise we agreed to corral our animals within the walls, sending one of our own men to guard them, and took three men of the town to protect our camp during the night. Native thieves are accustomed to rush in and seize an animal, or anything loose in a tent, and gallop off, so it is almost impossible to catch them. As something of a protection against them all the villages are first surrounded with a ditch, next by a mud wall covered with cactus, and next by a great barrier of thorny bushes which are collected and fastened in bundles. About five o’clock a rain storm came on, which continued all night.

We started on at nine o’clock in the morning, still traversing the vast plain of the day before. The wind blew strongly and it was exceedingly cold; there were also frequent showers. The villages seemed to occur oftener and to be larger, though of the same general character. Some of them were very picturesque with their barriers of red thorn, their brown straw huts and blue camels’ hair tents, their great domed ricks of yellow straw or hay, their green cactus and agave hedges. We followed along the course of a small river, a branch of the Seboo. In the middle of the afternoon we approached a range of hills, beyond which are situated the cities of both Mequinez and Fez, and it beginning to rain hard we camped as usual near one of the villages, from which later on we took two guards. If anything happened to us, the village to which these men belonged would be responsible to the Sultan for our safety. During the night a horse was stolen from some one near our camp, but nothing occurred to our party. Always while we are either pitching or breaking camp there are

parties of natives sitting at a distance of a hundred feet, never nearer, and carefully observing all we do, criticising everything and often making remarks not at all to our advantage. It rained very heavily and continuously all the night and blew a gale of wind. The hundreds of dogs in the village made night very decidedly hideous by their constant howling, fighting, yelping and snarling. They never ceased until eight o'clock in the morning, when we proceeded on our journey. We marched at first through a very rough region, mostly of pasture land, and then surmounting a rocky crest passed along a rolling country to the base of the mountains, encountering on the way the tomb of a great native saint named Sidi Kassam, its green tiled roof and the neighboring mosque standing forth very prominently. Beyond was a square-walled town and next this a beautiful oasis-like belt whose rich green was everywhere sharply outlined against the surrounding brown of the desert. There were here many fine orchards of olives, the trees being thickly covered with the dark fruit. Leaving here we passed through a vast expanse of country covered with low scrub, in which we raised coveys of partridges and bustards. We crossed two or three small streams, their banks being bordered with groves of flowering oleanders for miles upon miles. We saw many Arab tent-villages, some arranged in quadrangles, some in large circles. We had seen before us for a long time the town called Muley Edris, where a very holy man is buried and into which no Christian is allowed to enter. It is the Moroccan Mecca. We approached as near as advisable—for foreigners have been stoned for getting too near to suit the very sensitive native soul—and camped in a fine orchard of figs, olives and grapes. We were now in the mountains, the region of the Berbers, fierce and warlike men, who hate all foreigners. So the chief of the nearest village sent us six well-armed men to guard our camp during the night. There seem to be several distinct classes of people in Morocco, whose different localities may be pretty clearly defined. Thus there are the Berbers in the mountains, the Arabs in the plains, the Moors in the seaports and towns along the coast and the three capitals (Mequinez, Fez and Marakash), the Jews in the towns and the negroes, and a number of mixed races everywhere. There are three great distinct languages: Arabic, Sluh, and Guennaoui. Of the Arabic there are differing dialects or patois as spoken by the Berbers, Arabs and Moors. The Sluh is spoken by the tribes inhabiting the Atlas; the

Guennaoui by the negroes. I may add that the total population of Morocco as well as its area, the southern border not being well defined, are both rather problematical. The former is estimated at about 6,500,000; the area at 300,000 square miles. The population of Morocco is double that of Algeria, three times that of Tunisia, and five times that of Tripoli.

The headman all night long kept calling to the others sent to our camp to see that all were awake, so that sleep was hardly possible to us, though it always seemed to be possible to the natives, for they take their sleep by snatches, so to speak, that is, they sleep for half an hour, wake up, talk, sing and laugh, or chant passages from the Koran for another half hour, and so on. It rained and blew by turns exceedingly hard during the night. Unfortunately for the proposed extension of my journey to Morocco city it would seem that the rainy season had now set in, during which travel in the interior is very uncomfortable and in places quite impossible. The roads are so bad that but few miles a day can be made, the rivers have to be swum, and camp has to be formed and raised in heavy storms of rain and wind.

In the afternoon we took a walk to the old ruined Roman city of Volubilis, a half a mile distant from our camp. It occupied the whole of a smooth, oval hill, perhaps three hundred feet high, a mile long, and half a mile wide. All the surface is strewn with ruins, blocks of stone which have been for the most part broken into small fragments. There are only three sections of wall standing, two of them belonging to what was once possibly a fine temple a hundred feet long and seventy-five wide. In the walls of this are great round arches. The blocks of stone are large, nicely cut, but not ornamented. Broken pillars smooth and round, capitals of a sort of Corinthian order, bases, portions of pediments, etc., are scattered about. The designs though simple are in good taste, but the carving is rather coarse and rude. The situation of this city on a low hill at the extremity of the plain showed the usual sound judgment of the Romans in the selection of sites for their cities. There is, however, considerable mystery connected with Volubilis. Several Frenchmen have in recent years dug trenches in every direction in search of anything throwing light upon the age of this city and its history, but though they have found some coins and inscriptions, no clew to its age has rewarded their labors. Many of the ruins and the best of the pillars and ornamental portions have been removed by the Arabs to Mequinez,

Muley Edris, and other towns, and used as building material. From the hill of Volubilis one has a fine view of the walled town of Muley Edris to the east, backed by its striking ranges of dark mountains. The city slopes up the hill like that of Algiers from the sea, and seems to exactly fit into its walls. The saint who is buried here is the father of the Sultan who founded Fez and who is buried in the mosque named after him there, the most famous mosque in the country, though the one here is sufficiently important to render the city "holy." It had cleared off at noon cold and windy, but rained again all night. A thief attempted to steal one of our horses and was fired at but missed by one of the guard. It being clear in the morning we started on, taking the direct road south to Mequinez.

CHAPTER IV.

MEQUINEZ.

WE passed the ruins of Volubilis and then took our last view of the picturesque town of Muley Edris, with its rich orchards and gardens and imposing background of savage mountains, and then arriving gradually at the summit of a crest of rugged rock we had our first look at the city of Mequinez, lying away in the centre of an enormous, roughly-undulating plain, on the southern border of which extended east and west a fine range of evenly-disposed hills. As we went on the road began to broaden until near Mequinez it had reached a breadth of two hundred feet, and the travellers had also begun to increase in number. As we wound down the steep hillside we saw three small towns perched in almost inaccessible positions to our left. The country was rich but wholly treeless, excepting such occasional orchards of olives, pomegranates and figs as had been planted and tended by the people. The road was in terrible condition after the rains and the streams were almost dangerous to cross, but we plodded on and after five hours of travel reached the rich gardens by which Mequinez is surrounded. This city, which is by the road that we followed about twenty-two miles distant from Volubilis, is the most southerly point to which our journey extended, being in about latitude 34° north and longitude 6° west. It is about 1,600 feet above sea-level. It stands south of the Ordorm river, a small branch of the Seboo, which we crossed on a large brick and stone bridge of a single arch and long, paved approaches. This bridge was made by one of the former Sultans and is the first work of the kind we have seen in the country. It is a very clumsy, crude structure and its walls, which have half tumbled down, have been left exactly as they fell. As we neared the gates our noses told us we were in the neighborhood of a Moorish city and, sure enough, the ranges of hills of garbage extended in every direction higher

than the walls and produced an intolerable stench, but apparently this was only remarked by the foreign visitors. The population of Mequinez is estimated at 60,000. There are no Europeans living here.

The city appears to lie upon the sloping top of a low hill. Its appearance is not striking to one approaching from the north. The uniform level of the houses is broken only by a half dozen of the square minarets of the mosques. Mequinez is surrounded by a wall sometimes of brick, sometimes of concrete, and often thirty feet high. We entered by a large and imposing gateway—a high Moorish arch, surrounded with colored tiles in inlaid work, a green tint predominating, the arch being flanked by two large, square towers. The archway could be closed by two enormous copper-plated doors. We passed on into a filthy courtyard and under other arches, flanked right and left by caravansaries, in which animals and men seemed equally at home, by entrances surmounted by beautiful carved wood pediments, and through long streets of shops in which artisans were busy making all sorts of articles for war, husbandry and domestic use. My dragoman had ridden on in advance, interviewed the Pasha or Governor, and obtained from him the use of a house during our stay. Our entry, therefore, with a soldier on foot, and a private orderly sent by the Pasha, was not only imposing but a great treat apparently to the people, who filled the shops and streets and stared and grinned at what they thought the odd-looking heretics. There were in fact a few muttered cries of “Infidels” and “Dogs of Christians,” but we pursued our way with the utmost sangfroid. The house in which we were installed was situated near the centre of the city. It was of the regular pattern, an open court surrounded by numerous small rooms. The court had some carved and colored wood-work, several feet deep, around its top, which was tipped with tiles. There were also some carved wood-work arches, some diminutive wooden windows, and a gayly-tiled floor laid out in pretty patterns. The rooms extended upward to the roof, which was made of tiles laid upon rafters. The walls were plainly whitewashed. Of course none of the rooms contained furniture, but we did not require any, having our own with us. Niches were left in the walls in which to put anything. We entered this house from a street about six feet wide through a doorway, under which we had to stoop, and a narrow and low hallway. The street door was covered with huge iron bosses, and an old-fashioned iron latch might be

secured with a key. The rooms were lighted and ventilated only from the court. Tall and slender Moorish arches covered with great wooden doors led into the rooms. We installed our cook in one of the rooms, and sent to the bazaar for a couple of cooking-stoves, very thick earthenware pots with small holes bored in them near the top through which a draught is produced by the bellows. Charcoal is employed as fuel. A very narrow staircase with high steps and sharp turns, leads up to the roof, passing two diminutive rooms or closets which are apparently used for the storing of food and clothes. The roof is flat and surrounded with a high wall, so that you may neither see nor be seen—two essentials in Moorish towns. In a hidden corner of the courtyard is a small well. We enjoyed a night of undisturbed sleep, there being no guards, dogs, fowls, cattle, or singing and talking of our own men to disturb our repose.

In the early morning, accompanied by our soldier as escort, we took a stroll through the city. There are, however, such a myriad of objects to distract one's attention, and such crowds of natives, that one feels at first quite bewildered and does not know what to specially notice. The bazaar of the artisans, for instance, would afford an interesting study for a week; the people in the streets, market-places and caravansaries for another. In the small shops of the former one sees every sort of manufacture in progress, often aided by very rude and primitive machinery, though some of it, notably that of the silk weavers, evidences considerable ingenuity. The shops and fondaks are generally closed during the greatest heat of the day, say from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M., when the merchant goes home for food, rest, or diversion. There is usually but one opening to the box dignified by the name of shop, namely, that upon the street, which is closed by a door of boards opening horizontally in the middle and locked. Half of the door is let down and the upper being elevated a little serves as an admirable sunshade. The shops are exteriorly mean and squalid structures of brick which border certain streets and are separated from each other by only about one foot. Certain business is in the hands of Moors, certain in that of Jews. It is impossible to particularise the various shops, as I have said, a week might readily be devoted to them. I may just mention, however, that these people excel in manufacturing rugs, cloths, silk cords and embroidery, leather work, and silver-ware and jewelry. As you walk through the city there is a strong pervading odor of olive oil, which is much used in

cooking. It is of a similar character, though not so disagreeable as the ghee or melted butter one everywhere smells in the bazaars of Hindostan. But of the other odors and stench and the extreme filthiness of the streets, and even of the houses, in Mequinez, it would be too repugnant to go into detail; nor even to speak at length of the squalor and disgusting appearance of many of the people. You see every condition in life and every shade of color from the lightest Moor to the darkest Soudanese. You pass fierce-looking Berbers on horseback, who glare savagely at you. The Moors stare, the Jews leer, the negroes grin and everywhere, as you walk, you are followed by a crowd of a score of laughing, joking boys. The women, of whose persons you see only the eyes—for they are so enveloped in their coarse white garments, you get no idea of their figures—stare quite as sharply as the men. In short, in Mequinez, where, as I have said, no Europeans reside, you find yourself even more of a curiosity to the people than they are to you.

From the shops we went to the large gateway which leads from the city to the Sultan's palace, which is justly regarded as one of the best sights in Mequinez. On the road we passed a black, whose eyes had been destroyed by a hot iron for some crime, sitting and begging piteously. There were many other beggars, all calling upon the passers-by, in the name of Allah, or of some of their Saints, for alms. The Bab Mansour el Halj, or Grand Gateway of Mequinez, is very large, flanked by towers and marble columns with a beautiful Corinthian style of capitals and bases which have probably been taken from the ruins of Volubilis. It is covered with tiles of mosaic-work in beautiful ornamental patterns, a green color predominating. Along the upper edge are passages from the Koran in Arabic characters, these being in themselves very decorative. The lower third part of this superb arch has unfortunately been restored in white plaster, which, naturally, very much injures the general appearance. Near this arch is another which is quite as remarkable for its symmetry and beauty. Having passed through the great gate you see the rough walls of the Sultan's palace and a few minarets and small domes and towers just appearing above them, but you are not permitted to enter. At this gate every morning early the Pasha comes in state, with a guard of soldiers, and sits as a judge to dispense justice, after the conventional Biblical fashion.

Next we walked to the Jewish quarter, which is walled off by

itself in the southwestern part of the city. The street which we followed was a foot deep in miry muck, and the stench was terrible, but we pursued our way to the house of a rich Jew, entering through a door not five feet high and passing along a narrow hall of like height into a most beautiful court, guarded by an iron grating above and surrounded by the customary small oblong rooms. The floors and half of the walls were covered with very pretty tile mosaic-work, the doors were of intricately carved and colored wood, and the arches of the most graceful patterns and enriched with plaster arabesques and scrolls, quite after the style of the famous Moorish palace of Granada—the Alhambra. The ceilings of the rooms were domed and of intricately carved and colored woods. The women of the household were engaged in various domestic duties and yet were clothed in heavy gold-embroidered dresses and gay silk bandannas, as if prepared for a fête. A baby lay in a cradle in one room, and about a dozen children all as richly dressed as the mother, were lolling around in another. The chambers, up-stairs, were quite as lavishly decorated as those below. We went upon the roof, where from a little belvedere, we looked out upon the city, its walls, and those of the Sultan's Palace. The city and walls have a very rough-and-tumble appearance from without as from within: apparently nothing is ever repaired in Morocco. The male members of the Jew's family were clothed in long dark gowns and black skull-caps. They also wore great locks of hair extending outward above the ears like a pair of horns. They were very amiable people and treated us to aguardiente and almonds. From the belvedere we looked down upon the Jewish cemetery not far distant. The graves are in the usual Hebrew style, simple outlines of head and foot stone and low sides joining the two.

We returned to our house through the bazaars. Here horsemen and loaded camels and donkeys are frequently passing and at certain hours of the day, with the haggling and fighting buyers, form an exceedingly animated scene. We visited one fondak that was crowded with itinerant dealers in second-hand dry goods and clothes of all sorts. The buyers, men and women, were sitting about near the walls and the sellers were walking around crying out the character, quantity and price of their goods. Judging from the specimens we saw, the filthy habits and surroundings of the people have resulted in many horrid diseases such as leprosy and ophthalmia. We noticed also great crowds of beggars, most

of them crippled or greatly disfigured by various disorders. There was one *fondak* in which nothing but Manchester goods were sold and many shops contain European nicknacks of every sort, but the stocks are so small that an American buyer would probably take the entire lot and even carry it home with him. In conclusion, I may remark that the great variety of manufactures and the general good quality of the workmanship, considering the inferiority of their tools or lack of knowledge of their best application, seem very remarkable. We peeped into the best mosque, and were surprised at its great size. It was of course the conventional quadrangle with three rows of arched corridors like those of the famous mosque of Cordova in Spain, the floor covered with matting and the ceiling hung with lamps. The entrance was a fine specimen of a Moorish arch, with fretted and carved plaster and wood-work above it. The minaret was covered with green tiles and the top was surmounted by three gilded copper balls and a low flag-staff with a cross-bar, from which the small flags announcing worship are suspended. Many of the Moors are large, handsome men; the same can, however, hardly be said of the Jews, while the majority of the mixed races and of the Soudanese are, to say the least, exceedingly ill-favored people. One sees many Berbers in Mequinez—wild, barbarous, alert and wiry-looking men. Their stare at us was always cold and scornful. Occasionally a Moorish woman in hastily attempting to cover her face would expose enough of it to give one an opportunity to judge of her features. I thus saw several shapely, straight noses and several pairs of penetrating, jet-black eyes, but certainly no visage that would by us be termed beautiful. Besides, most of them were very corpulent. The Jewish women do not of course cover their features, and some of them might be called pretty, though their beauty is of a decidedly sensual character. Both Moorish and Jewish women marry and have children at twelve years of age, but they fade rapidly and at thirty are as withered and sickly as occidental women at seventy. Many of the negroes one sees in Mequinez are slaves—for the slave-trade in Morocco is as active as ever. Every rich Moor is apt to own one or more of them. The supply is drawn from the Soudan and the west coast of Africa. They are sold on Fridays in the public markets of the interior but never publicly at any of the seaports owing to adverse European influence. There is a large traffic in Fez but Morocco city is the greatest mart for them, where one may frequently see fifty men,

women and children sold at one time. The slave merchants find the females more profitable from ten to fifteen years of age. During the time of my visit the Moorish caids gave the Sultan and his son a present of two hundred male and female slaves, to celebrate the event of the marriage of the heir to the Moorish throne. There are in Mequinez some three or four hundred soldiers belonging to the Pasha, numbers of strange races from the Soudan, many dervishes or religious fanatics, and, thanks for our comfort at night, comparatively few dogs. Though, as with us, there are often wells in the courtyards of the houses, water also is brought to Mequinez from the mountains in an aqueduct many miles long and is received in a reservoir and then distributed about the city in brick canals. These generally are tapped in the arched niches of a wall which is covered with pretty tile-work and through which a spout conducts the water into a large stone tub.

The next day we took a long ride on horseback and visited first the soko or general market, which is held just without the walls. I was much surprised at its great size and vast number of little booths. These run in streets; some of them are of brick and some simply of bamboo. The open spaces are filled with the venders of vegetables and fruits, of animals, grain, skins, etc. The market was full of "all sorts and conditions" of oriental man, and the hubbub could be heard for at least a quarter of a mile. Then we rode through one of the city gates and along the exterior of the walls. Under the great door of the gate was a fine marble column, lying half sunk in the dirt as a sill. I afterwards noticed several other columns similarly employed. The walls of the city average from twenty to fifty feet in height and from three to six feet in width. They seem mostly to be built of a sort of concrete which is hardened in sections in wooden frames. The wall is frequently pierced for musketry. It has towers at short intervals and huge bastions, quite fifty feet in height, at the corners. These have large embrasures for cannon but I only noticed two or three small "pieces." I should say that an ordinary 12-pounder would speedily demolish any walls in the city. The embrasures are lined with small brick, and the walls seem occasionally composed of these, but never of cut stone. There is no moat before the wall. Mequinez is not uniformly surrounded by one single wall but there are walls within walls and outlying walls, so that at times it is difficult to tell whether you are riding within or without the city. We went to the extreme southeast-

ern corner where the reservoir, a great tank about 1,500 by 1,000 feet in extent, is situated. This was full of weeds, frogs and aquatic birds, and a number of washerwomen were busy plying their vocation at one side. It seemed to me it was well that Moorish garments are made without buttons, for they certainly would not retain them long under the fierce and rapid blows of great sticks wielded by strong women. The water entered at one corner in great volume through a brick arched aqueduct perhaps three feet wide and six high. Leaving the reservoir we then passed through another gate and out upon the plain to a walled town or suburb, in great decay and only inhabited by a few Arabs, but containing a huge mosque, unused at present, and styled the Sultan's mosque. Returning to the city we passed the prison—a great gloomy building with heavy walls and small windows. Before the gate at which we entered, with the customary vast ridges of decaying offal extending right and left, was an open space in which were the corpses or skeletons of a score of horses, camels, mules and donkeys. The flies buzzing hereabouts almost darkened the sun.

We left for Fez, forty-five miles distant, on the morning of October 30th, passing through the bazaar and the city and out of a gate on the northeastern side. Here in a sort of pond were as many as fifty men and women busily engaged in washing clothes, the men dancing upon great bundles of them in the most comical manner. With fine views of the gently-sloping city of white-walled houses, the green minarets of mosques, and brown walls of the fortifications, we soon got out of sight of Mequinez, and proceeded through great orchards of olive trees planted in straight lines. Leaving the region of gardens and orchards we entered upon a vast undulating plain covered with palmettos and mimosa scrub and coarse grass. To the north was sharply limned the range of mountains we had crossed to reach Mequinez, with its scattered villages; to the south were long, low ranges of dark hills. But the plain made a green sea of verdure bounded in many parts only by the horizon. We crossed several small streams, some of them on Moorish bridges built of concrete and paved with small brick and cobble-stones. One of these of five arches, with its sides delicately colored and ornamented, and a solitary date palm standing at one end formed one of the most picturesque sights we had yet seen. We lunched under a spreading olive, drank good water from a neighboring brook, and bought a couple

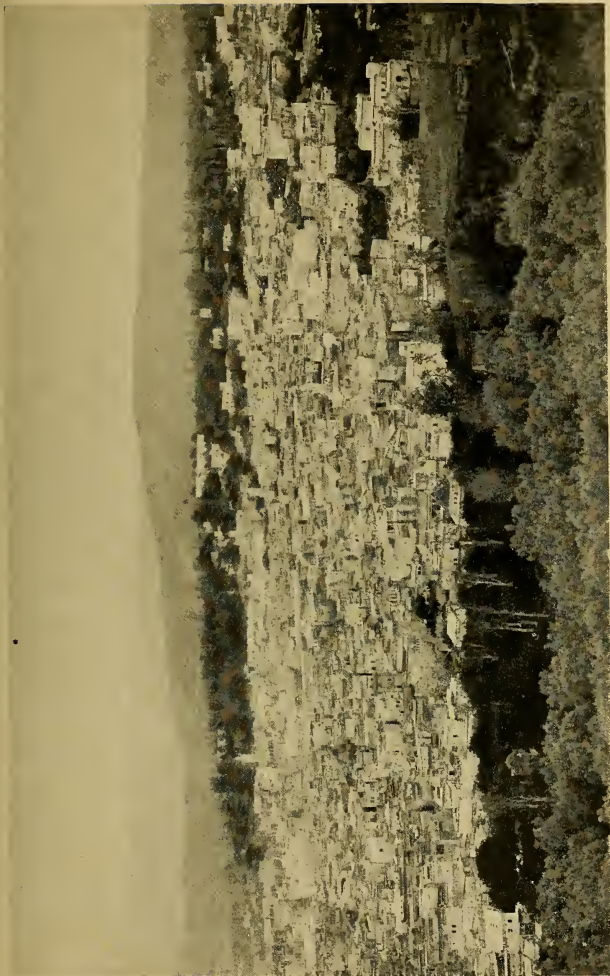
of pounds of warm roast mutton from a native vender who had purposely located himself there in order to supply passing travellers.

Besides the coarse scrub of the prairie there were great patches of a beautiful purple flower, which curiously enough sprang directly out of the soil without the usual branches and leaves. As we went on we had splendid views of a large mountain on the left hand streaked on top with a little snow and upon the right hand away to the southeast, was the grand ridge of Djebel Ait Youssi or Mount of the Sons of Joseph, covered far down with great white sheets of snow. This mountain is situated in one of the branches of the Atlas, and I believe is somewhat less than two miles in height. The low points to which the snow descends are therefore the more surprising. During the day we crossed a sort of ridge between two great plains, and from this caught a very distant glimpse of the city of Fez. There were several Arab villages upon these plains, but we passed very few caravans or even single travellers. At about five in the afternoon we camped near a douar for the night, having made about thirty miles during the day. We were also near the banks of a little river and were gently put to sleep by the murmuring of its water over a pebbly bed.

CHAPTER V.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN FEZ.

WE broke camp at 8.30 A. M., and again took our way to the east and over the same kind of scrubby plain as on the previous day. The two ridges of hills were upon our left, comparatively near, and mountains upon our right, and distant, ran parallel to our course. Many soldiers passed us on their way to Mequinez. They were hardly to be distinguished from ordinary travellers, not having any special dress, and their guns not classifying as especially military, for in Morocco every one, save those of the lowest and poorest classes, travels always with a flint-lock musket. We gradually moved from the sterile country into one of meadows and fields and had interesting views of Fez, directly ahead. Many people besides the soldiers were now met. The women often rode astride behind the men, to whose bodies or arms they clung. The men were generally mounted upon fine, fiery horses or sometimes sturdy mules. Occasionally you would see a man sitting sidewise on a donkey little larger than a St. Bernard dog. When this happened to be a grave, turbaned, white-headed old Arab, the sight was very ludicrous. We also met caravans of laden camels and donkeys, the jolly muleteers passing us either singing, or playing upon rude flutes. Nearing the city, I noticed that it was pleasantly situated in a sloping valley, was heavily walled and with its white houses, occasional green-tiled roofs and minarets, presented a similar appearance to Mequinez, though I must qualify this assertion by mentioning that Fez is divided by the little river Mufrassin into two sections, that south of the river being styled Old Fez and that to the north New Fez. The part of the city which we were approaching was the latter, and one remarked a much less decayed and tumble-down appearance than at Mequinez. We passed three camps of tents. These were occupied by caids and their followers selected from each of the mountain tribes, who accompany the



General View of Fez.

Sultan when he marches through the country to collect his taxes, which, as I have written, he generally has to do by force, and the use of his army as well as these faithful adherents. Some extensions of the walls were in progress on this side of the city, Fez having outgrown its old limits. These walls are built of a concrete of mud, chalk, cobble-stones, and, in parts, of small bricks, have many towers and bastions, and seem to be from thirty to fifty feet in height. Therefore but little of the city appears above them. As we neared the gate a grand old patriarchal chief, clad all in white, with an escort in dark blue, passed us at full gallop. We next rode through a corner of the new part of the city and crossed over to the old, passing on the left a large cemetery and upon the right mountains of offal and scores of dead animals in every stage of decomposition. Soon after entering Old Fez, several of the wealthy upper-class of Moors rode by, the fineness of their linen and the general richness of their attire, and their very light and soft complexion indicating more exalted strains of blood and more refinement of life than ordinary, though, be it added, even these gentlemen do not use knives and forks and chairs, but sit cross-legged upon the ground around a table about a foot high and all thrust their hands into the same dish, pull a fowl apart with their fingers, and throw the bones to ever-expectant dogs close beside them.

We entered the bazaar, an ill-paved, dirty, narrow street—eight feet wide, and one of the widest in Fez—covered with matting above and lined with little shops of infinite variety. The great crowd of people of every color, and style of oriental dress, the strange uproar of bargaining and wrangling, the uncouth cries of the street venders, the slowly passing pack-trains and horsemen, the flashing black eyes and white robes of women, the laughing and frolicking boys, made up a most romantic and picturesque yet quite bewildering scene. All work ceased and all eyes were wonderingly bent upon the odd strangers as they slipped and turned and ducked and cried out, "Balak, balak," (Clear the way, clear the way). Now we would be in the rancid butter and soft-soap section, as our nostrils plainly informed us, though next they would be gratefully saluted by odors of all sorts of drugs, perfumes and delightful spices. So wound we slowly along gradually descending until in some places the street became almost like a stone staircase and finally, after quite half a mile, squeezed along lanes just the width of our horses—positively another could not have passed, but would have been obliged to return—we reached the

house of Omar Barrada, a Moorish friend of my dragoman, and obtained from him an adjoining floor for our use, with the privilege of taking two of our meals at his table. Our animals were sent to a neighboring fondak, as at Mequinez.

Soon after our arrival breakfast was served upon a large table in the open court. In rainy weather a piece of canvas is spread in a peaked fashion above the courts of the native houses. At the top is an iron grating where many birds make their homes under the inner tiles of the roof, so you seem to be sitting in a great aviary. We were waited upon by female slaves and by one of the concubines of the host. It may be explained that Mussulmans are by their religion allowed only four wives, though they may have as many concubines as they are able to support. The latter live in the same house as the wife or wives, and make a sort of menagerial "happy family," though frequently there are rivalries, jealousies and quarrels, as might naturally be expected. Everything here is exactly prescribed by the Koran for the Moors, as for Mussulmans everywhere. It is the same from Fez to Calcutta. The cut of the clothes, the style of wearing the hair and beard, the daily habits and usages are always inflexibly the same. The wife of our host we did not see nor were likely to see; she remained hidden upstairs and all covered save the eyes. The concubines and slaves are uncovered in the house but covered in the street. The china-closet of our host was exceedingly limited, though he was a rich man. There were no two glasses of the same size or shape, nor hardly any two plates or dishes. Towels served for napkins. First came mutton soup, then a mixture of delicate bits of beef from the head of the animal, with tomatoes, pumpkins and peppers; next roast beef-tongue and fried sweet potatoes. A good native white wine was lavishly served with all these and great slabs of the dark, rich Moorish bread were added. Afterwards followed bunches of white grapes the size of one's head, little red apples the size of one's thumb, and red-ripe pomegranates. Cups of strong black coffee concluded the meal.

The salient points of a Moorish house are all in the interior; the exterior shows only whitewashed walls, which are often dingy, dirty and dilapidated. But having crawled through the low door and narrow hall, you step at once into the courtyard, with its surrounding rooms and usually another suite above. You always find rich and elaborate ornamental tile-work, either of glazed bricks or of marble and stucco. There will be a high

wainscot of these in all the rooms. The doors will be high, double, carved and painted. A great colored glass lantern will be suspended over the centre of the court. The staircases will be very steep and with exceedingly high steps. The rooms will contain raised floors at the ends for beds and possibly a low elevation along the side for ottomans, but you will probably find neither tables nor chairs. The floors are often covered with rich rugs. Above the doors is generally an elaborate filigree or perforated ornamentation, often in colors in imitation of screens and exactly like those with which the Alhambra abounds and which have been made familiar to those who have not had the satisfaction of seeing the originals, by many books and pictures. Horse-shoe arches and columns, cornices and niches in the interior walls are also specialties in Moorish houses. Soon after we were settled in our "flat" the rain began to fall heavily, and so continued for the remainder of the day. Although we were over a stable at least we congratulated ourselves we were under a roof and not camping in the open.

The Sultan being in Fez at present and having a very large following with him—it is "the season" whenever His Highness is in town—it is extremely difficult to get a good house, and many visitors are obliged to camp outside the walls. There are no Europeans living in Fez excepting such as may come and go with the Sultan and who hold official positions in the army. There are thus engaged two Englishmen, two Frenchmen, three Italians, a German and several Spaniards. It is understood at least by the foreigners resident in Tangier, that these officers, under the guise of being instructors of the Sultan's troops, are simply sent on private missions to keep their respective governments posted as to the condition and prospects of political and commercial affairs in the Empire. The population of Fez, which is the principal city in the country, is put at 100,000: of these, 75,000 are Moors and Arabs, 10,000 Berbers, Jews 10,000, and negroes 5,000.

Whenever we had any spare time we usually spent it in the bazaars, which we found of unfailing curiosity and interest. For greater safety the city is portioned into many districts, the streets of which are divided from each other by means of great wooden doors. It is no trouble of course thus to close a street barely six feet in width. Fez is quite unlighted at night. The gates of the city and of the inner barriers are closed about 9 P. M., when the people are generally all at home. If they have occasion to go

abroad after that hour they generally light their steps with a lantern. The water which one sees running everywhere in fountains, in open trenches, and in basins near the entrances of the mosques, comes either from the river which courses through the heart of the city or else from an aqueduct which brings it from springs in distant hills. Now we passed a school and heard the boys (the girls never go to school) conning in unison their lessons in the Koran and its commentators, possibly also in alchemy and astrology; next we peered into an enormous mosque filled with worshippers, some prone upon the floor, others sitting and mumbling in solemn assembly their long-drawn-out prayers. Then we smelt and saw the shops of ready-cooked and cooking meat, the savory kefta, hashed spiced meat broiling upon iron skewers; afterward we wondered at the splendid display of ripe fruit in another stall or of dried fruit in still another. The variety of shops was immense, the crowds of people enormous. It was a wonderful, an odd, almost weird panorama, but one of which having had a hasty, general impression, a mere look and taste, one would wish to observe the curious detail in sections and at leisure. The matting over the streets of the bazaar is frequently utilized as a grape-trellis, and you often halt in wonder at the sight of a vine quite six inches in diameter. This street covering keeps out most of the sun and part of the rain, but it also shuts off much of the light. The widest and longest street—the business street, *par excellence*—is styled the Kaisaria, which means literally the Grand Bazaar. There are very many crooked branches connected with this, often an entire alley being devoted to a single manufacture. The general bazaar is very large, there being a great commerce between Fez and interior provinces, her manufactures being famous throughout the Empire. The Moors are natural-born shopkeepers. They generally at first demand about double the prices they are willing eventually to take, and it requires considerable patience and some tact to effect a satisfactory bargain. At many of the street corners we noticed basins of drinking water; at others coffee-sellers would be squatting at the side of the road—a large tin pot resting upon an earthenware dish of live coals, and a few cups constituting their entire outfit. Business hours in Fez are short and when negotiations are not in progress, you often see the shopkeepers curled up asleep in their little booths. Sometimes there are two men together—one of whom is asleep, the other serving customers. You must not however regard the

former as a "sleeping partner," for each man owns his own stock and is in business for himself alone.

In passing from our house to and from the bazaar, we always glanced in at the many gates of the great mosque of El Karoubin, the most important place of worship in Fez. It appeared to be about four hundred feet square, had very many beautiful gates, fountains, pavilions and 365 pillars. Its minaret however is surpassed in height by that of the mosque of Muley Edris, already referred to as the founder of Fez. The mosque of El Karoubin is the correct place for women to pray, and, in fact, they are not allowed in any other. There is a library of ancient books connected with El Karoubin, from which several valuable Roman classics have already come, and more are believed to exist there, but it is of course impossible for any Christian to obtain permission to search for them. Opposite the mosque is a boys' school. There are many of these in Fez, and also a university, where grammar, logic and metaphysics are taught. Fez was once famous as a seat of learning, and students flocked to it from many distant lands.

One afternoon, accompanied by our host and his nephew gayly dressed and mounted upon fiery chargers, we paid a visit to an Englishman named John H. MacLean, a general of the Sultan's army, in which he has now served sixteen years as an instructor and commander. We rode slowly through the filthy streets of the city, grazing our shins against the houses, or drawing up so that all other horsemen might squeeze past. We finally crossed by a concrete bridge the rushing river that bisects Fez—its force being utilised by numerous mills lining its banks—and then passed on between walls twice our height, mounted as we were, until in a short time we halted at a gate and entered a beautiful orchard of peaches, oranges and pomegranates, filled with flowers, singing birds and canals of clear running water. As we approached a simple native house, General MacLean came forth to greet us, a short, thick-set gentleman about fifty years of age, and dressed in Moorish costume, a dark blue suit, with a much-braided and many-buttoned jacket, a flowing white cloak, brown leather riding boots and steel spurs, a red tarboosh and white turban. With his brown skin, beard worn in native fashion, and fluent Arabic talk, he might readily have been mistaken for a native. He said he had but a few days before returned with a part of the army from a raid which the Sultan had made upon some of his utterly lawless, non-taxpaying

subjects, that they had as usual been victorious, and that as proof of their prowess twenty-seven heads of the slain had been suspended for several days above a gate in Mequinez, then in Fez, and now had just been sent to Morocco city. This grisly spectacle was intended as a warning and timely suggestion to intending rebels. The general told me the Sultan had thirty thousand regular troops—cavalry, infantry and a few battalions of light mountain-artillery. About half the army are negroes and there are also many Bedouins. The troops are armed mostly with the Martini-Henry rifle, and a few with the Winchester. He described the best of the troops as fairly well organized and disciplined. The Moors are born horsemen and they are very plucky and brave. Being fatalists, believing that all things happen by inevitable necessity, that when a man is born the day of his death is registered, and that "cowardice will save no one from his fate," in a certain sense they have nothing to lose and hence fight with the greatest gallantry and determination. As the troops, after their recent service had been granted a furlough I did not have an opportunity to witness any manœuvres or parades, or even to observe them in camp or garrison.

It being Sunday, we next visited the soko or open-air market, which is held along and about a road running out from the western part of the city or New Fez. This market is held on Sundays and Thursdays as at Tangier. We found a crowd of several thousand people engaged in selling produce and animals. The story-tellers and snake-charmers were also present and were the centre of admiring circles, which at pauses in their entertainments, when the flutes and tom-toms played, showered copper coins into their midst. The snake-charmer performed with two hideous grayish serpents said to be very poisonous. They were about three feet long and as much as four inches in diameter. His entertainment consisted of little more than holding and handling the reptiles and of talking and singing to them. They appeared to me to be in a very dormant condition, as if drugged or stupefied by some means. We were accompanied by our soldier as upon all our excursions, and whenever we halted to look at anything were at once made the centre of astonished crowds and through the bazaars were always followed by a rabble, mostly of boys, though occasionally also of men. Leaving the soko, with its very extraordinary concourse of people, we rode to the old Kasbah or Citadel, occupying a hill to the north of the city. From here a splendid view of Old Fez and of

most of New Fez and the adjacent valley and surrounding hills, may be had. The city seems crowded in the bottom of a valley extending in an easterly and westerly direction, with a very decided slope, the Mufassin river running from west to east through this valley and joining the Seboo, which may be plainly seen, to the eastward. The easterly and westerly sections of the town are connected by great expanses of green orchards, the appearance of the two parts of the town at each end reminding one of the shape of an hour-glass. On nearly every side also the city is surrounded by gardens and orchards. On a rough hill on the opposite side of the town was a similar citadel to that near where we stood and a large Moorish cemetery, with its graves simply outlined by low ridges of stones, with an occasional headstone and with several low, domed towers, the special burial places of marabouts, saints or holy men. The flat-roofed houses of the eastern part of the city had a terrace-like effect owing to the steep pitch of the land. In the opposite end appeared the many huge walls of the Sultan's palace, the green-tiled minaret of his special mosque and the roofs of several tombs. A dozen spires of mosques rose above the city, a few graceful date-palms peeped forth, a heavy arched gateway caught the eye for a moment, which next found rest in a velvety grove of olive trees, or the distant green meadow land. It was altogether an exceedingly fascinating prospect, with an interest quite strange and romantic. From its situation Fez ought to be well drained, and from the great quantity of water everywhere at hand in the river and the reservoirs, and the fountains so widely distributed, it ought and might be made clean, but it is probably the filthiest city in the world. The stench in the Jews' quarter, which we afterward visited, was so great that we felt quite unable to wait in the street for a gentleman, upon whom we called, and for whom some of his family had gone in quest. There are a number of curious caves in the hill whence our view was taken. The pudding-stone formation of these is filled with petrified bones, probably of old Moors, possibly of prehistoric men.

As we entered the Jews' quarter, in the southwestern part of Fez, we passed the very ostentatious entrance to the new cartridge factory, which some Italian officers are having constructed for the Sultan. I had a letter of introduction to a rich Jew named Moses Ben Amor Benazuli, by whom we were received with great cordiality. His house was situated near the entrance to the Sultan's palace enclosure. In fact, it is so near to some extensions that the

Sultan had been recently making, that this despot had built solid walls against those of the Jew's house, thus closing all his windows, for fear he might perchance look upon some of the women of the harem, or perhaps learn a little of what was going on in court circles. The lighting of the rooms and their ventilation are thus ruined. Several other Jews in the immediate neighborhood have been similarly treated. So it seems is this unfortunate race persecuted and harassed the world over. Mr. Benazuli's is one of the finest of the distinctly Moorish style of house I have seen. It is one mass of color in the interior. Everywhere you see rich and pretty tile mosaics, fretted stucco-work and carved and painted wood-work. Floor, wall and ceiling produce different effects in spots of mixed colors. In the tiles, blue and white seem to preponderate; in the stucco white, gold and vermilion; in the carved wood red, brown and yellow. Behind some of the exquisite perforated windows or screens the light streams in through beautiful stained glass. The tile-work is continuous from basement and street-door to staircases and roof. Mr. Benazuli's family were busy attending to various household duties, all the women being gayly and richly dressed in red brocaded skirts, gold-braided jackets, and horn-shaped turbans made of bright-colored silk handkerchiefs. Great gold circlets were worn in their ears, and their naked feet were thrust into yellow-leather slippers. The women were fat, dumpy, little creatures. The girls were very pretty, with their soft, olive-tinted skin, heavy dark hair, large lustrous eyes and shining white teeth. The male members of the family were dressed in dark gowns and skull-caps, and affected shoes and stockings. All wore the customary tufts of long hair projecting over the ears. Mr. Benazuli detained us to breakfast, which was served in a little alcove of the court, around which a wooden bench had been built. Our host alone sat at table with us. Small glasses of aguardiente were first taken as appetizers. The leading course was a delicious fish, caught in the Seboo river and resembling the sea-mullet, served with garlic and a side-dish of radishes. Then came a stew of mutton, with onions and quinces, accompanied by a cucumber salad. A fine, home-made, red wine, resembling sherry, escorted this course and was retained to the end of the meal. Next followed a chicken soup and to this succeeded a boiled fowl. Dessert began with a large plate of pomegranates, flavored with rose-water, in which three spoons were placed and from which the host and his two guests similarly ate. Walnuts and dates came

next and then candied lemon-peel. Tea flavored with mint, and cigarettes closed a meal whose quality was to one at least more grateful than its quantity. A short time after breakfast Mr. Benazuli ordered his mule saddled, and accompanied us upon a long ride on the northern hills, from the western to the eastern extremity of the city. We reached once again the locality of the cave, passed through the old Moorish cemetery, and then between rich orchards fenced in on either hand by thorn barriers backed by high cane hedges. The orchards were full of singing birds, whose music added to the general charm of the place. On the way back we passed the mosque of Muley Edris, the founder of Fez, who is venerated as a saint and whose remains are deposited here. This mosque is the most sacred in the country and is said to be a sanctuary for the most atrocious criminals. Its minaret is the loftiest and handsomest in Fez. In returning we were obliged to make a long detour in order to enter a special gate, that nearest to us being the one by which the revered prophet, Muley Edris, entered the city and no Christian being on this account permitted to pass through it.

There are no specially fine edifices in Fez architecturally considered. There are of course what might be styled public buildings, such as the hospital for lunatics, which is richly endowed; the baths, containing water from the river; the university, once so famous; and the caravansaries, of which there are said to be as many as two hundred distributed about the city. There are many public baths in which steam is used. The price is two cents each for a native. Frequently a Moor will hire one of them for himself and friends in the evening, and thus enjoy the privacy of home. The Sultan's palace is the best in Morocco, and is his favorite residence. We crossed an old stone bridge of a single arch thrown across the torrent Mufassin, and soon thereafter entered once again the city and reached our temporary home.

CHAPTER VI.

A HOLY CITY.

AT three o'clock in the afternoon of November 4th, in a pouring rain, we left Fez for the town of Wezzan, camping for the night near a little hamlet about six miles from the capital. The next morning we were off in good season, though the rain was falling heavily. The road was in a terrible condition, in parts a perfect morass. We soon left the great plain, at the eastern extremity of which Fez is situated, and travelled in a westerly and northwesterly direction through a very rough hilly country, part in palmetto scrub and coarse grass but the greater part in cultivated fields, now fallow, but from which crops had recently been reaped. The Arab villages were scattered far apart, but there seemed the usual number of flocks of sheep and goats attended each by two or three shepherds, but no dogs. The miserable curs of the country are probably too stupid to learn the care of sheep. Towards night we crossed a ridge and then saw away before us Djebel Tselifa, the sharp peak which was in sight for several days when on our way to Mequinez. We had upon our left during most of the day a fine ridge of hills thickly dotted with beautiful large groves of olives and a few villages, and one walled town situated in a seemingly impregnable position. Passing on we noticed among the hills upon the left an amphitheatre, near each extremity of which was situated a small town. The semicircle from these points sloped evenly away to the lower hills. It was a natural formation that had been taken advantage of by the natives in a very remarkable manner. The towns looked as if the very smallest of landslips would send both down into the plain. We camped near a small village and near us were two caravans, one of camels, the other of mules, and both carrying general European merchandise to Fez. We made about thirty miles this day. In the morning we journeyed on through a hilly region, the

greater part of it being extremely fertile land used for crops of corn, millet, barley and wheat. Just then the fields were white with thistles, but the farmers were beginning to plough them, as is customary as soon as the rainy season begins. All day long we saw these men with their wooden ploughs, little more than crooked sticks shod with iron, which do not turn the soil for a depth of more than three or four inches. But this is enough, for the soil is very fertile. They use, indiscriminately, teams of donkeys, mules, or oxen, and often one animal will be double the size of the other. Frequently an ox and a mule are harnessed together and occasionally a camel and a donkey. The last is an entertaining misfit. The plough is drawn by a cross-bar attached to its tongue and passing under the belly of the animal behind the fore-legs. It is drawn by an ordinary collar, but the appearance of the cross-bar is very striking. There is but one handle to the plough. After the ploughing, a man follows with a basket and scatters the seed broadcast, or sometimes the seed is spread first and then ploughed in. The farmers do not use any sort of fertiliser in these fields. We passed a few villages but no towns. The effect of the recent heavy rains was everywhere perceptible. Two weeks before everything was brown and sand-like. Now the hills were half-green, the bottoms of the valleys wholly so, and grass was springing up even in the road. The streams were naturally very much swollen, and it was with some difficulty we were able to ford the Seboo river, here and then about three hundred feet wide. If the rains continued a few days it could only be passed by swimming, and this with considerable danger, owing to the force of the current. In several of the fields women, many of them with babies strapped to their backs, were collecting thistles for fuel, and singing merrily the while. During the afternoon we experienced an exceedingly heavy shower, which in ten minutes turned the road into a quagmire. The farmers simply turned their backs to the storm and squatted down by their ploughs until it passed, when they threw off their outer wet garments and resumed their work. The appearance and dress of many of the people in Morocco and the occupations and professions both of those in town and country strongly recall the Biblical history and the scenes to be witnessed to-day in Syria. Travellers often saluted us with "Salaam aleikoom," peace be with you, to which we gravely replied "Aleikoom salaam," with you be peace. We camped for the night on a ridge commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the fertile

plain and the tortuous Seboo to the west, and of encircling hills to the other sides. The chief of the village near our camp sent us a present of fowls and eggs, and of barley for our animals.

Towards noon the next day we reached the Werga river, a short distance above its junction with the Seboo. It was so high from the recent rains and its current was running so swiftly we found it necessary to cross in a scow, which had to make three ferriages in order to carry all our baggage and animals. This necessitated a delay of two hours. Then we pressed on, passing several Arab villages and finally camping near one, with the mountain on which was Wezzan plainly visible directly ahead to the north. As we were pitching our camp a characteristic picture of Moorish life presented itself. The muezzin in the neighboring village gave the conventional call to prayers, when several men sitting near us in the open plain, immediately removed their slippers, faced the mosque, and gravely began their prayers, bowing, kneeling, and touching the earth with their foreheads in perfect unison. The chief of the village sent us two enormous bowls of kous-koussou, which, having already dined plentifully upon partridge and snipe, we were obliged to bestow upon our men.

We made an early start the following day. After noon the scene became more picturesque, the country being hilly. To the eastward were many distant ranges of mountains, one or two bearing streaks of snow. We crossed a small river and followed its winding, oleander-fringed banks for many miles. At about three o'clock the density of the olive and fig orchards, and the partial pavement and railing of the road told us we were nearing a town, and soon thereafter we spied through the trees the houses of Wezzan, built upon a steep hill facing towards the east and reaching down into a very fertile valley. The son of the Shereef, a friend of my dragoman, gave us the use of a little house near the centre of the town. In the courtyard was a spouting fountain, the basin of which was full of gold-fish, and at one side a great tank into which cool, clean water was continually running, the gently murmuring sound of which was calculated to favor somnolence both by night and day. The court was full of flowers in beds and pots and pretty vines, nestling in which were many sweetly-singing birds. Around this agreeable square were our rooms, and one which we allotted to our cook and kitchen. Wezzan is a resort of pious pilgrims on account of its being the residence of an old gentleman styled the Shereef of Wezzan, who being, it is said,

directly descended from the great Moslem Prophet, is regarded and worshipped as a living saint. Generally saints only attain their degree of sanctity after death, but here is a live specimen of the customary supernatural species. Wezzan is therefore regarded as a holy city, but unlike the town of Muley Edris, Christians and Jews are allowed to enter it. Still it evidently is not very often thus visited, for we found ourselves the objects of the very liveliest curiosity, and as we dismounted to enter our house the street was nearly blocked with citizens. Soon after our arrival the Shereef sent us a tea-tray, nicely furnished with colored china and brittania-metal tea-pot, a caddy of green tea—the Moors do not like black tea—and a box of sugar. Accompanying the tray was a copper stand containing a pot of live charcoal, upon which stood an urn of boiling water. The water used in Wezzan comes from the hills through an aqueduct. Owing to the sloping situation of the town, it is conducted in little canals through the courtyards of the better class of houses. One of the wives of the Shereef was an Englishwoman to whom he had been married sixteen years and by whom he had had two or three children. We had expected to see the Shereef, but as he was very ill at the time of our visit, we were not able to gratify our curiosity, not even his own children being allowed to visit him at this time.

The hill tribes hereabouts are very fierce and arrogant. They acknowledge no dependence upon the Sultan, and fight him whenever he comes near them. As they have a considerable advantage in their mountain fastnesses, the Sultan generally leaves them alone and does not attempt to collect revenue from them as from other tribes. They are great robbers and make no difficulty about despatching a man who resists their demands. The people of Wezzan never travel through this section of country without being heavily armed. A very amiable and peaceable-looking old gentleman who called upon us—the conversation turning upon these refractory hill tribes—somewhat surprised us by lifting his burnoose and disclosing a huge revolver of well-known American manufacture. And he informed us that nearly every one went similarly protected. Though there are many tribes I may say that the people of Morocco are roughly and broadly divided into two great classes—Moors and Jews. The remote ancestors of the former are believed to have come originally from the east, from Egypt probably. One continually remarks a similarity in very many things between the Moslems here and in

Egypt. The Jews are the descendants of the Spanish Jews who were driven from Spain a few centuries ago. These two great classes thoroughly despise each other, and the Jews are nearly always obliged to live apart by themselves in a separately walled part of the towns. But the Jew here has the recognized characteristics of his race the world over. He seems always thrifty and well-to-do, and often richly independent. He trades and bargains and acts as usurer and always gets on, in a worldly sense. He is humble and servile, unctuous and specious. The Moor on the other hand is proud and haughty, fierce and domineering. His every look and movement betokens the master.

Leaving Wezzan at nine in the morning, we travelled all day through a beautiful hilly region. It was in fact the finest scenery we had yet enjoyed in Morocco. We crossed the Lucus river, the same that enters the ocean at Larache; here we easily forded its muddy current. We saw numbers of Arab villages, of shepherds tending large flocks of sheep and singing merrily the while, of herds of sleek cattle, and of a few travellers by the road. During the afternoon we met some of the mountain tribes who are at present in revolt against the Sultan, and who could not enter any of the towns without risk of arrest. A number of these, all armed with the long-barreled guns of the country, were quite drunk, and one jokingly remarked to his friends as we passed, "Here is one for each of us," and pointed his gun at me, but the sudden click of a "Winchester" put at full-cock caused him to quickly change his mind and continue on his way with his hilarious comrades, cracking jokes at the expense of the foreign travellers. We marched slowly on over hill and through valley, up and down and down and up, until at 7 P. M. we reached the outskirts of El Kasr once more and encamped on the east side near the walls, receiving a night-watch in due course from the city. We made this day and the following about seventy miles on the direct route to Tangier. The rain and wind were heavy. We had to wait on the bank of one little river for the tide to ebb before we could cross. We next passed several large lakes and marshes, which at certain seasons are much resorted to by hunters for the sport of pig-sticking—killing wild boar, which are plenteous, with spears. In winter and early spring boar hunts are organized at Tangier, and the sportsmen proceed to the lakes, where they camp. Notice of the spot where the boar hounds meet is given at the hotels in Tangier and Gibraltar. The boars found are larger and blacker than those



A Moorish Soldier.

met with elsewhere in the mountains and hills, being a cross between the latter and some Spanish boars introduced by a former British Minister to Morocco. They are not generally shot, but preserved for spearing. There is also good snipe-shooting at the lakes in the season.

Here I should like to add something further concerning the douars or villages of the Arab farmers and shepherds, which are scattered all over the Empire. There does not seem to be any especially favorite situation for them. You see them in the plains, on the steep sides of the hills, on their ridges, and often on their seemingly inaccessible tops. There are several sorts of these villages. Some consist wholly of low tents, others of straw and cane huts, others of mud and unburned brick, occasionally you will notice in the larger ones many houses of uncut stone, with tiled roofs, and frequently you find all these styles included in one hamlet. In size these villages extend from three or four houses to, say, a hundred; above that, we should probably have the walled town. Sometimes you observe a village of tents arranged in a large circle, again in a great quadrangle, the interior being open and vacant, or used for the safe-keeping of cattle at night. All of these villages are more or less protected from thieves or intruders and from straying cattle or prowling wild animals by narrow, shallow, waterless ditches and by massive hedges of the prickly-pear cactus or of the agave, or of the acacia nettles and thistles of the plains, matted together in great barriers through which no man or animal could possibly pass. Sometimes these ramparts will surround the entire village; often each hut will have its own. Generally just beyond the dwellings, and surrounded by a cactus or other fence, will be some gardens filled with vegetables or orchards of olives, figs, oranges and pomegranates. There appears to be no fear that any produce of this sort will be stolen by the not small part of the population who live by thieving, for the only care seems to be taken to guard their domestic animals. The great packs of ugly, ill-favored mongrel curs which so much disturb the traveller's rest, are no doubt a great protection to the villagers. Even a native finds it almost impossible to enter in the daytime a village where he does not dwell, for the dogs rush at him and grab at his naked shins in most discouraging fashion, while for a stranger of other visage and dress, it is absolutely necessary first to get the people to "call off their dogs" before attempting to penetrate the town. I found that the natives did

not generally like to have me enter their villages or huts, and this was always, so far as I could learn, because they did not wish me to see their women. They never made any objection to our camping next their hedges, in fact the chiefs would always come to welcome us, to point out the best locations, and bring us food for ourselves and animals. But the complaisant and mildly persistent traveller can accomplish much. He would find the mud-walled and straw-thatched houses of oblong shape; possibly many of the straw ones in form like candle extinguishers, and reminding one of scenes in the centre of the continent; the tents would all be of the same pattern, low, flat and almost square, with a little ridge in the centre of the roof to shed the rain. He would find the dwellings all mixed up, so to speak, with narrow and crooked lanes running between them. Possibly the little house of the chief might have two stories, but that would probably be the only one to reach such unusual height. If the village was of any importance there would undoubtedly be some sort of a mosque or a substitute for one. Most of the men—the farmers and shepherds—are away in the fields all day. Many of the women are also absent during more or less of the day, drawing water from the wells, washing clothes at a river's bank, gathering fire-wood, or thorns for the village *chevaux-de-frise*, but never working in the fields with the men or tending cattle with or without them. The men are far too jealous to permit this. But you may find the women when at home engaged in many household duties, such as weaving, baking bread, washing clothes, etc.

We reached Tangier on the afternoon of the 13th, having been absent in the interior just one month, during which we travelled about five hundred miles. Had it been earlier in the season I should have also visited Morocco city, but, as I have said, the heavy rains and prospect of more, caused me to abandon the idea. For a similar reason we changed our plan of returning from Wezzan to Tangier by the way of Tetuan—where I wished to see some palaces similar in architecture to the Alcazar of Seville and the Alhambra of Granada—and took the more direct road. Otherwise we would have been compelled to take a route through the mountains, where the rains would have been heavier and their effects more disagreeable and dangerous than upon the plains and more open country.

CHAPTER VII.

MOROCCO TO ALGERIA.

ON the 17th I took passage in a little steamer of the French *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique* for Oran in Algeria, touching on the way at the ports of Gibraltar, Malaga, Melilla and Nemours. Our vessel was of about 1,200 tons burden, clean and comfortable, and furnishing a good table, with white and red wine and cognac included in the fixed price. The passengers were few in number but diverse in nationality. We had a pleasant sail of about three hours across to Gibraltar. The great "Rock" shone resplendent in the afternoon sun. It is hard to believe that the town contains so many as 20,000 people, or, including the British garrison, nearly 25,000; but the houses are of many stories each, and very compactly placed. It is of course a "garrison town" and not a colony, being under martial law, and the gates closing at 8 P. M. Permission to reside must be obtained from the governor. Near the landing-place we were given tickets by an English officer on which was printed, "Permit until first evening gunfire." This means that with this ticket in your possession you will be allowed to leave the town and return on board your steamer not later than 5.30 P. M. After that hour it will be necessary to exchange this ticket for another, extending the time. I paid my second visit to the Queen's Gallery, cut inside the "Rock" at its northern end. It was not just then permitted to visit St. George's Hall, nor the other galleries, which are several miles in extent, as the British authorities were engaged in building new batteries all along the crest. Nor might you then visit the Signal Tower, 1,300 feet, from which there is such an extensive view. I may here refresh the memories of my readers by stating that the famous Rock of Gibraltar is about two-and-one-half miles long from north to south by three-fourths of a mile broad. Its highest point is a little less than 1,500 feet. Its wonderful resemblance in outline to a lion, lying

outstretched with his head upon his paws, as you see in any well-stocked menagerie, has been often remarked. The best point from which to realize this effect is found in approaching from the straits and the Atlantic.

Gibraltar, the ancient Calpe, the European "Pillar of Hercules," is about fifteen miles distant across the straits from Ceuta, the ancient Abyla, the African "Pillar of Hercules." Of course no gun of the thousand mounted in the fortifications has so great a range as this. The furthest reach of any here placed is about six miles, so that a hostile fleet could easily pass, especially as there is deep water and no obstruction to navigation, quite up to the barren rocks of Apes' Hill. But although the "Rock" does not in this sense command the straits, yet in conjunction with a strong British fleet, it could readily do so. Moreover Gibraltar in the event of war would be of the greatest service to England as an outfitting, refitting, provisioning and coaling station. The fortifications began with the Moorish castle of Tarik, the conqueror of Spain in A. D. 711, and were continued by the Spanish kings. But they were first greatly strengthened and improved when the English took possession in 1704, and more especially since the great siege of 1779-'83. Now again owing to the rapid improvements and changes in modern fortifications and war methods, it has been found necessary to make new batteries, mounting heavier and other styles of guns, and hence the restriction of travellers to which I have alluded.

During the night we proceeded to Malaga, where we arrived with the daylight. Upon going on deck we found ourselves anchored in a little harbor, a basin formed by two projecting moles. Here were half a dozen small steamers and many trading vessels and fishing-boats. The city lay in a circular form around us, but owing to its comparatively low position in a plain, showed but a mere fringe. Rough and ragged hills extended in each direction. Upon a mound towards the right was an old Moorish castle with its extending walls. Below this and down nearly to a level with the sea was one of the ever-present bull-rings. The central part of the town disclosed neat-looking, much-balconied houses, four and five stories in height, among which were especially accentuated the large yellow building of the Custom-house and the splendid massive cathedral. Away to the left were many smoking chimneys, and buildings resembling factories. In fact, such they were, for in Malaga are many sugar and cotton mills, and iron and barrel works. The population of Malaga is 135,000. The sights of the

city are not many nor great; but there is a really grand and imposing cathedral built of a hard brown stone, which takes a good polish, and ornamented and faced in parts with different colored marbles. Only one of the towers has been completed, and from its summit a splendid view may be had of the city, the surrounding hills and distant mountains, the harbor and the shipping. The architecture of this church is of various schools; there are many and prominent Corinthian columns without and huge pillars bordering the nave within. The ceiling is beautifully carved in many concave domes like those pertaining to Norman architecture. The wood-carving in the choir is also good. There are some excellent paintings. This vast and massive cathedral was begun by Philip II. (1527). The neighboring Episcopal Palace has a fine marble façade above and about its doorway. The Alameda furnishes about the only shade of the city, has a curious marble fountain, and forms a very agreeable promenade, though the beggars—hideous cripples and diseased people—are most annoyingly importunate here and elsewhere throughout the city. The market I found especially well supplied with fish and vegetables, and with fruits—Muscatel raisins, figs, almonds, chirimoyos (or custard-apples), olives, pomegranates, lemons, oranges, loquats (or Japanese and Chinese medlars, which were brought over by the Moors more than four hundred years ago). A tramway built and owned by an English company runs from the railway station through the town to a suburb called Caleta, where most of the rich merchants and the consuls reside. I got a very good breakfast with mountain wine (Valdepeñas) at a fine large hotel near the Alameda. Around the courtyard, with its pretty marble fountain in the centre, were comfortable lounges and tables for refreshments, both wet and dry.

The hills about Malaga are all vine-clad. The trade of the place consists principally of wine, olive oil, raisins and the well-known grapes. Malaga is besides famous for its mild and even climate, there being here none of the sudden and violent changes so frequent in the Riviera. It is consequently much resorted to by invalids in winter. At eight in the evening our steamer left for Melilla, like Tetuan a Spanish town, though in Morocco. From Malaga our cargo consisted largely of wine and raisins. We experienced a very bad cross-sea, and had a terribly rough night of it, nearly everybody being sea-sick. In the morning early I went on deck and saw a range of rugged and bare mountains similar to Apes' Hill, opposite Gibraltar. The sea was still

so high that the captain decided to pass Melilla—where the landing is at all times more or less difficult—and go on to Nemours, which is a little more sheltered, though here also in heavy weather vessels must run for cover to the Zaffarin islands or the harbor of Benie Saf to the eastward. We passed then the Cape of Tres Forcas, Melilla and the small Zaffarin islands, all looking rocky, steep and bare of vegetation. The islands belong to Spain. We reached Nemours about noon. This is the first seaport within the limits of Algeria to one coming from the west. The boundary between Algeria and Morocco is but twenty miles distant. We dropped anchor in an open roadstead perhaps half a mile from shore. Before us, facing a fine semi-circular beach at the base of a range of rough, rocky hills, stretched the little village, which numbers only about 2,500 inhabitants. To the right were some richly-cultivated fields covering the steeply-sloping ridge, and at the water's edge a low stone fort mounting a few cannon. Among the houses of the village one noticed especially only some barracks, the Custom-house, a church and a sign which read: "Café du Nord." On the steep, rocky cavernous hill to the eastward lie the ruins of an old Arab town. On the opposite headland is a lighthouse, off which in the bay stand two curious upright rocks, much worn by the ocean, which are quite picturesque and which are known by the title—as good as any—of "Les deux Frères." From Nemours a diligence runs daily to the old Moorish capital of Tlemçen in about eleven hours. From Tlemçen you may take the rail to Oran, or on to Algiers, if you like. A great swell rolls into the roadstead of Nemours and there being no pier, landing is difficult even in what is termed good weather. The cargo is shipped in great flat-bottomed lighters. On the eastern corner one sees the beginnings of a breakwater, behind which the boats get a little protection from the swell. We remained about three hours, engaged in loading sacks of wheat. To the eastward extended a range of precipitous cliffs, all battered and worn at their base into deep caverns, arches and bastions. We left for Oran at five in the afternoon and arrived there about two o'clock the next morning.

Upon going on deck I found we were lying at the stone quay of a commodious harbor formed by a long jetty extending from the western shore towards the east. Near us were several steamers and a number of small trading-vessels. The quay was covered with large casks of wine, and bales of Alfa fibre or Esparto grass.

There is considerable trade in these, and in wheat and marble, with England. This Alfa fibre is said to be almost the sole vegetable produce of the vast high plateaux of the interior. It is used in the manufacture of paper, and for making mats, baskets, etc. As to the wine, of which there are both red and white varieties, the quality is said to be as good as the quantity is considerable. It is universally used in Algeria, where at the hotels you may purchase it for two francs a bottle. It is also very largely exported to Bordeaux, where it is "manipulated" and afterwards exported as the celebrated vintage of that country. The wine which is sold in Paris as Algerian wine is too often only that largely mixed with a wine manufactured from dry raisins. So that it was without wonder I learned that the most promising culture in which the Algerian colonist generally engaged was that of the vine. But I must speak of the general appearance of Oran as viewed from the harbor. The city was close at hand rising on a steep slope of mountain in a sort of triangular form. On the summit of a high and precipitous hill to the right was the Fort of Santa Cruz, below which was a little chapel with a tower surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin, said to have been erected to commemorate the cholera year of 1849. The fort contains several 85-ton guns, which were mounted only with the greatest difficulty, the hill being above a thousand feet in height. To the eastward of the city are other cliffs quite as high. On every knoll and advantageous point are French forts. The fortifications were formerly confined to the wall of the city, which still stands, but they are now mostly at a distance. It was in the immediate neighborhood of Oran that the French had so long a continued war with the fierce hill tribes commanded by the famous Abd-el-Kader. Seen from the harbor there scarcely seems a level square foot of land in Oran. The city is entirely French in character. You observe to the right a great hospital, which is capable of accommodating four hundred soldiers. Beyond this is the Kasbah, the old Citadel, the lower part of which is used as a barrack. Further to the left on a prominent knoll stands the Château Neuf, a part of which is used by the general commanding the division, and the remainder as a barrack. Then again, still further around to the left, you have the large Civil Hospital, holding some six hundred patients. But to see the old portions of the city, built in the ravines and under the hills, you must leave the steamer. You will find these, many of them, connected with the nearer quarters on the breezy

heights, by great stone staircases occupying the width of the streets. You will remark the almost entire absence of trees and the difficulty with which anything more than date-palms, fig-trees or oleanders are made to flourish. You will also notice everywhere the copying of names familiar in Paris, as the Boulevard Malakoff, Rue Arago, etc.

The Custom-house examination is brief and superficial, and entering a barouche drawn by the thin, wiry horses of the colony, you ride up a good road, cut more or less from a cliff, to the eastern and highest part of the town, to the Place d'Armes, a small square with a garden in the centre, and surrounded by stores of two or three stories. On one side stands the finest building in Oran, the Mairie or City Hall, built in the modern Parisian stucco style, and containing in the interior a very fine staircase of marble and onyx, which are obtained in the province. You are shown the mountain to the eastward of Oran whence comes the marble, which is believed to be none other than the celebrated Marmor Numidium obtained by the ancient Romans, and which is said for beauty and variety to be the finest that the world contains. The colors are quite extraordinary: thus we have a creamy white, a pure ivory tint, a distinct rose and a lovely yellow. Frequently you have a combination of many of these, giving the appearance of peacocks' plumage. These marbles moreover admit of being easily worked either in large masses or in the most delicate ornamentation, and it is said that trinkets may be made of the rose-colored variety to so closely resemble coral as to quite deceive the casual observer. There is a company of 'buses in Oran, but the place is far too steep to admit of a tramway. Cabs are however always available. For long rides into the suburbs three horses harnessed abreast are used. A noticeable characteristic of the streets is the enormous two-wheeled drays, drawn by "string" teams of four, five or six great mules and bearing sometimes as many as ten huge casks of wine. The drivers of these drays are always Spaniards. The mules come also from Spain. The collar of their harness is ornamented by a curious leather horn projection, which is covered with rows of bells. Carts with diminutive donkeys are an important street feature, as are also the gay uniforms of the French soldiers and the prancing horses of the officers. For the rest Oran has much the appearance of a small town in the south of France. The shops are well supplied and attractive, many of the best of them being kept by Jews. Of course you everywhere find large cafés, with their

many rows of chairs facing the streets and covering the sidewalks. The leading hotel, situated on the Place d'Armes, is large and comfortable, with its great courtyard, its Moorish parlor and its long dining-room having a pleasant outlook towards the port and gulf. Arabs you behold here and there, but must visit their special quarter to see many of them. The population of Oran is given as 60,000, about equally divided into three parts, as follows: one third French; one third Spanish; and one third miscellaneous, as Jews, Mohammedans and others. These numbers of course include a large French garrison here and in the immediate neighborhood. Oran is about 220 miles east of Gibraltar and 600 southwest of Marseilles. It is the capital of one of the three great political divisions of the province of Algeria. It is a place of strong strategic importance to the French, who have now occupied it sixty years and who have quite recently supplied all its forts with the most modern guns and other war implements. Next to its military character and value comes its commercial importance. But other than from these standpoints it contains little of interest for the traveller. If he have time, however, he may pass a pleasant day in visiting the cathedral of St. Louis, the Grand Mosque, the Theatre or Circus, and the environs. One of the most interesting rides from Oran is that along the coast to the westward, to the point of Mers el Kebir, where there are a village, fort, docks, etc. The road is cut out of the solid rock for a great part of its length, in one place even passing through a tunnel. You have a fine view of the sea all along and pass Les Bains de la Reine, a warm spring containing large quantities of salt and magnesia. These baths are much resorted to for the cure of rheumatism. There are several swell café-restaurants along the road. The fort occupies the site of one built by the Romans and has undergone many vicissitudes. The French have built another fort above Mers el Kebir, which is armed with two 14-ton guns. There is a subterranean communication between these forts. The jutting out of the point forms a secure and excellent harbor, with deep water. Here the foreign men-of-war are accustomed to lie. But the most interesting excursion from Oran is to Tlemçen, the Pomaria of the Romans, a city contemporaneous with and not less illustrious than Granada, with a population of 150,000, the seat equally with the Moorish cities in Spain, of civilization, commerce, trade, and the capital of a powerful nation. It is reached by rail and lies to the southwest of Oran about one hundred miles.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AFRICAN GRANADA.

I LEFT Oran at five in the morning for the town of Tlemçen. At the station was a long train of mixed classes and of goods vans. The carriages were very small, though the road was of a fair gauge. They were not entered from the side but from the ends, though iron transverse railings prevented a continuous walk through the train. In the first and second class were three compartments to each car—one first and two second, the latter being all open. The third class was also open and confined to a single car. The locomotives were large and powerful. But the speed attained was very slow, not over fifteen miles an hour, and the stops at stations were frequent and often long. The railway system of Algeria and Tunis is very extensive, it being the intention of the government to have a continuous line from the city of Tunis to the borders of Morocco, with frequent branches connecting with the seaports and the distant towns of the interior. The stations are neat edifices of stone, either cut or rubble, and the whole business of transportation seems as well arranged and executed as it would be in France. There were many passengers of the second and third classes travelling in our train but almost none in the first. The road to Tlemçen runs south and then west, the city itself being distant only about thirty-five miles from the Mediterranean. The country from Oran appears to be a general though irregular slope upwards to Tlemçen. I might premise by saying that the natural, like the political, divisions of Algeria, are three in number. You have first a region of undulating cultivated land extending from the shores of the Mediterranean from fifty to one hundred miles into the interior—this is styled the Tell; next you come to the High Plateaux, vast plains separated by parallel ranges of mountains, increasing in height from the Tell, and then decreasing towards the Sahara—this is mostly the pasture land; lastly you come to the Sahara,

which is of two characters—(1) plateaux of low sandy soil and (2) rocky steppes, with depressions filled with sand. The city of Tlemçen is situated in the first-mentioned division but is nearly surrounded by distant mountains which might properly be classed in the second. We soon left the suburbs of Oran and its enviroing orchards of olives and other fruits, skirted a great sebkhâ or salt lake, lying east and west upon the left hand, and reached a town called St. Barbe de Kelat where we changed cars, as the Oran train pursues the main road eastwardly to Algiers. As we progressed I observed that the land was rich though not very well cultivated. A great deal of it seemed covered with nothing more than Alfa grass (used in paper making), and artemisia herb. There seemed to be only villages on the road, and though the region was dotted here and there with farms and dwellings, much of it presented a scene of desolation. The produce and export of this district consists almost altogether of Alfa fibre, wheat and tan bark. There are Roman ruins scattered at intervals along the route, but nothing of any very special interest until you reach Tlemçen. The first town of any great importance is called Sidi-Bel-Abbas, the country around which is very fertile, producing fine wheat and a very good quality of tobacco. The town, which has a population of 18,000, is surrounded by a wall, with four gates. It has a very important strategic position, and quite one-half of it is occupied by the military, there being accommodations for 6,000 men. It is also the centre of the alfa trade. At the little village of la Tabia we turn off directly to the west for Tlemçen, the other road continuing on south for about fifty miles to the town of Ras-el-Ma. The line was built in this direction with the hope of getting some of the traffic from the neighboring Empire of Morocco. From la Tabia onwards to Tlemçen the road passes through a hilly and picturesque region of rugged and rocky mountains, which are quite treeless, as indeed is very much of the colony. Nearing Tlemçen there is a fine piece of engineering to be witnessed in the winding of the road for a considerable distance into, around and out of the cul-de-sac of a great valley strewn with rocks of calcareous tufa and stratified cliffs a couple of thousand feet in depth. At the extreme end of this valley are the cascades of El-Ourit, which form an object of interesting pilgrimage to the citizens of Tlemçen. There are quite a number of these cascades, which are small as to volume of water, while some of them appear to be over one hundred feet in height. But still they form altogether a pretty pic-

ture, with their surroundings of precipitous rock and huge cliffs of tufa hollowed and honeycombed in fantastic caverns and recesses, with the wild cherry trees which line their banks, and the pellucid pools into which they fall, and with the adjoining background of dark, rocky, barren hills. We go on through carefully irrigated and cultivated fields, and pass many rich orchards of apple, pear, peach, almond, fig, orange and olive trees, and then reach the city of Tlemçen. This is pleasantly situated on the northern slope of a low range of mountains, about 2,500 feet above sea-level. It was once the capital of Abd-el-Kader. From the time of the Romans and the Vandal invasion it has passed through extraordinary political vicissitudes. Its chief interest at present to the traveller lies in its Roman and Moorish architectural remains; otherwise it is the ordinary native town, modernized and semi-civilised by the French. Its population, like that of Sidi-Bel-Abbas, is put at 18,000. While its situation is very beautiful, its climate cannot be highly commended, for it is very unequal, the changes are sudden and frequent, the heat is very great in summer and snow occasionally lies upon the ground for as much as two weeks in winter. An omnibus of a sort of Noah's ark pattern, and with three horses pulling abreast, conducts one from the railway station to the hotel. Arrived here you are surprised at the enormous bunches of white grapes which the vines covering the courtyard bear. You find a plain but fairly comfortable hotel, setting a good-enough table.

Obtaining the services of a capable Arab guide, named Miloud Koujabak, I started forth to view the sights of the city. The Arabs do not seem like the Moors of Morocco for the reason that they are more civilised, nor does Tlemçen seem at all like a Moorish town, because its streets have been straightened, broadened, macadamised and lighted (by kerosene burners) by the French. Moreover the natives are obliged to daily clean and sweep the streets, under immediate and severe penalties. These remarks apply especially to the Arab and Jewish quarter. In the European part you do not seem to be at all in the vicinity of an Arab town. For besides the large number of French troops stationed here, there is a large civic following, and the shops and cafés and dwellings again recall to you those of a small town in the south of France. My guide first took me to the shops of the weavers, some of the special manufactures of Tlemçen being gay-colored blankets and red shawls. Leathern articles and carpets are also specialties of export. From these shops, where we saw the men at

work with most primitive looms, we went to the Arab baths. These are hot-air baths, similar to those known as "Turkish." You enter through a long narrow hall a corridored court upon the floor of which are spread thin mattresses, and here you observe many men, some sleeping, others talking; some taking coffee, others dressing. In a neighboring corridor is the sweating-room. I found this very dark and partly filled with natives going through the well-known processes of this luxurious bath. The floor was of stone and the walls of tiles. The temperature was not very high. The natives pay for these baths, according to the quality and quantity of attention received, all the way from five sous to two francs. Taking cups of fragrant coffee we departed, going next to the mosque of Sidi Abraham or Lord Abraham, that is not of so great interest as the neighboring tomb of this saint, which contains a small courtyard of old pillars and several tombstones. About and around the horse-shoe entrance to the tomb proper are some very old tiles, mostly of yellow and green colors. The interior contains the tomb of the saint and of an assistant saint which are surrounded by many banners and rows of gayly ornamented candles, the gifts of pious pilgrims. Very singular indeed it seemed to a traveller just from Morocco, where the *giaour* is not even allowed to enter a street leading to the tomb of a *marabout* or holy man, to enter this tomb and walk about and examine everything at leisure, shod in the conventional European fashion. From here we went to the Place d'Alger, one of the best squares of the city, where a large open-air market was being held. The great variety of vegetables, fruits and nuts especially attracted my attention, though hardly less so than the cosmopolitan character of the buyers. In this square is shown you the mosque of Sidi Ahmed Bel Hassan el-Ghomari, which is small, and now utilized as a school where the Arabs are taught the French language and rudiments of knowledge. The exterior has been restored and not in chronological or even good taste, but in the interior is one of the most beautiful productions of Moorish art I have anywhere seen. It is the plaster arabesques around the *mihreb* or niche in which the Koran is usually deposited, whose artistic perforations produce the exact effect of a lace handkerchief. They also contain traces of their original coloring. In variety, richness and refinement this arch and its façade is by a competent authority said to be probably nowhere surpassed. The date of this work is inscribed upon the centre of one of the arches—696 A. H., or 1318 A. D.

The mosque is supported by six columns of Algerian onyx and nearly all the walls and arches have been covered with the plaster arabesque decoration which still remains in good condition. On another side of this mosque stands the City Hall, not a strikingly imposing building but the lower rooms of which contain a sort of archæological museum of Roman and Moorish remains. Here you find many old Arabic tombstones, tile mosaics, pillars of Algerian onyx, slabs bearing tumulary inscriptions, and several rough-hewn round stones—some weighing as much as 250 pounds—catapult balls, believed to have been used during the great sieges to which Tlemçen was subjected by the Moroccans during the 14th century. These relics were all obtained from Tlemçen and its immediate neighborhood.

Perhaps the sight which most interested me within the walls of Tlemçen was its chief mosque the Djamaa-el-Kebir, which occupies an entire large block on one side of the Place d'Alger. Its exterior presents no attractive features, other than great walls, many-peaked roofs and a not extraordinary tiled minaret. But entering one of its seven gates, and putting on the clumsy pattens which are furnished you, you walk slowly around and through its many long corridors. You are surprised at its large number of seventy-two columns—all of them square, save two round ones of onyx—which are for the most part disposed in four or five rows joined by arches which are round and plain, save a few which are pointed or fluted, while a number are decorated on their inner sides by plaster arabesques. The carpeting is of gay-colored alfa mats, the ceiling of plain cedar wood, painted red. The corridors are hung with many-colored lanterns and with simple oil lamps. These are of modern manufacture, but in nearly the centre of the corridors hangs an immense bronze and iron chandelier, which would hold hundreds of candles. This is suspended by a great chain and is very old. The mihreb is finely ornamented with arabesques and has a very graceful arch. On it is the Moorish date 530, corresponding to our 1152. In the courtyard, with its bubbling fountain and its trees full of singing birds, are many paving slabs of onyx. A great incongruity it seemed for me to be walking about this mosque with clumsy pattens while I still wore my hat and carried my umbrella. But the pious adherents of many religions, occidental as well as oriental, are not seldom inconsistent. There is a small but interesting mosque immediately outside the walls to the northeast of the town. It is known by the

name of Sidi-el-Halawi, the Sweetmeat-maker. The mosaics on its minarets are especially fine. But the chief interest is in its eight low columns of onyx, with the Moorish capitals which sustain its arches on the mihreb-side of the court. Its carved ceiling is also of interest. Around and about this little mosque is a small collection of mud huts inhabited by negroes.

The most interesting excursion that can be made in the immediate neighborhood of Tlemçen is that to Mansourah, about one and a half miles to the west. On your way to this place you pass the remains of two of the three lines of fortifications by which the city was originally defended. The third line is all gone but the French walls are said to follow its general course. Such of the walls and towers as are still standing seem built of a sort of concrete of mud and stones, sun-dried and almost as durable as burnt brick or stone. Leaving Tlemçen by the Fez gate you pass first near the road a large reservoir, built with walls of concrete and strengthened with buttresses. Further on you pass what was once probably a very beautiful gateway in one of the old series of walls, but which has been restored in so free and careless a manner as to have nearly lost the great charm it once possessed. You soon after reach on a hill to the left the ruins of what was once a very large mosque. The walls still standing are made of concrete but the mosque tower is made of cut stone. Only one side and parts of two others now remain, and these have been restored and strengthened by the French in a very incongruous style, one wholly like that of a modern Gothic or Episcopal church. But the part of the original that still stands—without its full height—easily permits it to be called the most beautiful architectural monument of Moorish times in Algeria. The proportions of this tower are perfect, and the decorations rich and original. The upper part is ornamented with blue and green tiles, and a few of many onyx columns yet remain in their proper situation. About a mile and a quarter to the southeast of Tlemçen, on the slope of a hill, is a small Arab village which contains the famous mosque of Sidi Bou Medin. The road passes through an enormous Arab cemetery and you notice everywhere about you the customary low head and foot stones. In ascending the hill on which the mosque is situated I paused several times to enjoy the magnificent prospect of town and plain and distant mountains there presented. The scenery much resembled that of Central Italy. The plain seemed exceedingly fertile, and was besprinkled with beautiful dark olive

groves. The white dust of the French macadamised roads could be clearly traced for a long distance in several directions. It is even said the sea may be beheld on a clear day. I was reminded of the famous Vega of Granada. A Moorish porch of painted woodwork gives access to the mosque. But first you enter the koubba or dome of the tomb of Sidi Bou Meddin, who was the patron saint of Tlemçen. This good man was born at Seville in 1126 A. D., and after travelling all over Spain and Algeria, and reaching as far east as Baghdad, eventually died and was buried at Tlemçen, in his seventy-fifth year. The interior of the tomb is covered with fine old arabesque work and contains besides the tomb of the saint that of a friend and disciple and many silk banners, votive candles, ostrich eggs, chandeliers and even a French clock. The cenotaphs are covered with rich brocades, and the walls are hung with pictures of Mohammed's birth-place at Medina and his burial-place at Mecca in Arabia. In the courtyard is a deep well, the marble coping of which has been nearly worn away by the chains fastened to the bucket. You have a low staircase to mount to reach the adjoining mosque whose doorway is surrounded by very beautiful mosaics of glazed tiles, said to have come from Fez, in Morocco. The roof of the portico is formed of the honeycombed pendentives so frequently occurring and so much admired in the Alhambra. The original colors are gone and have been replaced by a coating of whitewash, but the effect is hardly less curious and beautiful. I was at once reminded of the criticism of a traveller at Granada, that the domed ceilings seemed formed of snow-balls which had been thrown and remained fixed there. The large double doors were partly covered with fine bronze plates, the design being a geometric laced pattern. The huge knockers are especially noticeable. The roof and walls are all decorated with plaster work of the most delicate curves and sharpest angles. The painted wooden pulpit was the gift of Abdel-Kader. Next the mosque on the western side is the medresseh or college, with more fine arabesques and a domed roof of open wood-work. The place was full of small boys sitting in a circle and conning loudly a few lines from the Koran which were written upon pieces of pasteboard. Their teacher, an old man, was engaged in walking about among them, and in vigorously applying a stout stick he held in his hand. These bits of pasteboard are changed from day to day and so continuing the boys learn much of that part of the Koran which contains the duties, laws and

etiquette of everyday life. But such a babble as they made! It was difficult to see how anything could be committed to memory, even in a poll-parrot fashion, in such a manner. The old teacher followed me to the door and by tapping sharply on the side of a column called to my mind the fact that he feared I was about to forget a parting ceremony always interesting to him—viz., the bestowal of a small fee. I returned in the late afternoon to Oran, having greatly enjoyed my brief visit to the African Granada.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "WHITE CITY."

ON November 24th, at ten o'clock in the morning, I left by rail for Algiers, a ride of twelve hours, as we were not due until ten at night. The distance is 263 miles, and this is the first railway constructed in Algeria. In this comparatively short distance we were to make fifty stops, most of them but a couple of minutes in duration, though a number were of five and one even of twenty. So that you may easily discern that the speed is slow, and the journey on the whole a tiresome one, for the scenery is not especially striking and in fact is quite monotonous, except at one point where you get views of a high mountain to the south. The chief impression that you receive of the country between Oran and Algiers is that of smoothness both in the plain through which for the most part the line runs, and in the neighboring low hills. The railroad could not have been very costly, for there are no deep cuttings or high fillings, no great bridges or steep grades. You simply roll along the plains, with ranges of hills following parallel on either side, twenty to thirty miles distant from the Mediterranean. You do not notice any trees to speak of, other than cultivated ones, that is, there are no woods or forests. The whole face of the country is bare and brown, but after the rains it would certainly seem like another region. It appeared to be devoted mostly to vineyards and fields of grain. The Arabs were ploughing everywhere, as in Morocco. The stations were the merest hamlets and villages. The largest town upon the road is Blidah, of about 9,000 inhabitants, which is only thirty miles from Algiers. Orleansville, about half way, which is down upon the maps in large type, has a population of but 2,500. Scattered about the country you see occasionally farm-houses of French origin, and, rarely, a small Arab village of mud-walled and grass-thatched huts, surrounded with hedges of thorns as in Morocco. Attached to our train was a

dining-car, in which a good breakfast and dinner were served during the day. At other times, the car was utilized as a café by the colonists and army officers who were *en voyage*. The third-class cars were full of Arab passengers. At the stations great efforts seemed to have been made to secure some shade by planting the eucalyptus, pine, fig, and other trees. The first town of any importance which we passed was called St. Denis du Sig. It has about 7,000 inhabitants and is the second in size on the road. The country hereabouts was very fertile, owing however almost all its fertility to careful irrigation. This is effected by obstructing a neighboring river, the usual course resorted to in Algeria. The French call the method a barrage or dam. That constructed near the town of which I am speaking contains 18,000,000 cubic mètres of water. The next important stop was at Perregaux, where the line from Arjeu on the Saida, and on into the desert 250 miles, crosses the main line. A few miles from Perregaux there is a great barrage, forming an immense lake capable of containing 38,000,000 cubic mètres of water. Occasionally these vast dams have given way under the pressure of exceptionally high floods, submerging the whole district, drowning hundreds of people, and destroying farms, gardens, bridges and roads. The country is of course watered by canals extending from these great barrages or artificial lakes in every direction. As we went on to the east I noticed especially the great numbers of koubbas of local marabouts as in Morocco. From the principal stations upon the road omnibusses and diligences run to other towns in the interior. At Relizane another road, from Mostagnem on the sea, crosses the main line and runs to Tiaret towards the southeast. There are Roman ruins distributed over this section and near Orleansville, but nothing that need detain the general tourist. Ten or twelve miles beyond Orleansville we had very fine views to the southward of one of the highest peaks in Algeria, Kef Sidi Omar, 6,500 feet above the sea. At Adelia the line passes through a tunnel over a mile in length, and reaches its highest elevation, about 1,500 feet. Blidah, the largest station on the road, is beautifully situated on the slopes of the Atlas mountains, and surrounded by luxuriant orange groves. It is a thoroughly French town, with barracks for 3,000 troops. Reaching Algiers at its southern extremity, I was attracted first by the colored lights of the lighthouses in the harbor, the scattered lights upon the steamers in port, and the long line of gas-lights upon the Boulevard de la République facing the quays, in

the station of which we soon drew up and, for a wonder, on time. Soon thereafter I entered the omnibus of one of the leading hotels, which soon deposited me at a doorway faced by a fountain, a flower market, clumps of bamboos and rows of date-palms and other tropical trees.

Viewed from almost any point of the compass Algiers is an exceedingly picturesque and attractive city, though its situation is such as to prevent a grand prospect of the whole from a single spot. The city, situated on the western shore of a large semi-circular bay of the same name, has the general form of an irregular triangle, of which one side is formed by the seacoast and the other two run up a steep hill which faces the north and northeast. The houses rise gradually behind each other so that each has a view of the sea from its roof or terrace. The buildings are all white; it is said they are whitewashed six times a year. In fact, so very white is the prevailing tone of the city that from a distance it resembles a chalk cliff. The Arabs poetically compare it to a diamond set in an emerald frame. Hence also its appropriate sobriquet of "White City." The shores of the bay on either side of the city are covered with rich and luxuriant gardens in the midst of which stand many handsome French and Spanish villas and Moorish palaces, and on the hill lying to the south, called Mustapha Supérieur, many fine large hotels, and the summer palace of the governor-general. The most striking view of Algiers is naturally from the sea but there are other views nearly as good, as from the Kasbah on the north and from the hills to the south. The survey from the Citadel is over the town and port and away across the circling bay of Algiers to a splendid range of hills and over and beyond these to the snow-capped mountains of Djurjura, a branch of the great Atlas range. The city is divided into two great sections, the old town and the new. The former is peopled with Arabs, Jews, Spaniards and negroes, the latter with French. This quarter occupies the lower and more level parts of the city along the harbor front. The native section extends from this up to the Citadel which crowns the hill, and is about five hundred feet above the sea-level. The modern French town is regularly laid out with elegant public buildings, squares, shops, hotels, boulevards and six-story dwellings. The streets are generally macadamised, though sometimes paved with wood. Many of the sidewalks pass under the buildings in the form of arcades. The best shops are located in a street of this kind, which is also the fashionable promenade.

The harbor is artificially formed by two long jetties of huge concrete blocks which extend from the shore and leave an opening of about a thousand feet. They enclose some 225 acres, with an average depth of forty feet. Within this ample area ships and steamers are moored quite near the quays, which are very large and perfectly flat, with room for the Custom-house, steamer offices and warehouses, the railway station, and great quantities of merchandise. From here two inclined roads lead up a low cliff to what is the finest street in Algiers, the Boulevard de la République, a wide avenue lined with five and six story houses, used as hotels, or dwellings above, and offices, shops, and cafés facing the arcades below. The street has been built on a series of great arches all along the front of the city. These are forty feet in height and contain two series of vaults, forming about 350 warehouses, stables, wine vaults, shops and dwelling-houses. This great work was constructed by Sir Morton Peto during six years and at a cost of \$1,500,000. He obtained the concession from the city for ninety-nine years, and it is still the property of an English company. These great arches and the large, handsome buildings of this boulevard, extending for nearly a mile, constitute a very incongruous façade for a city of such a thoroughly oriental cast. It presents a strong contrast between the work of an enlightened and that of a semi-barbaric race; for in leaving here you are in two minutes among another people and as it were in another land, where you find no regularity of houses or streets and behold veiled women and turbaned men, instead of silk hats and *modes Parisiennes*. Overlooking the bay, harbor and shipping this boulevard is a favorite promenade and lounging-place: here at any time of day you may witness the detail of business in a bustling commercial port. Steamers are coming and going and frequently men-of-war, or the yachts of some rich English or American pleasure seekers making the delightful cruise of the Mediterranean. It is said that the harbor, quays, the inclined road and the boulevard have cost the city of Algiers a total of \$40,000,000. The French town is brilliantly illuminated at night. In one of the squares which is surrounded by a double row of plane-trees and contains an equestrian bronze statue of a former governor-general, the brass band of one of the Zouave regiments performs on Sunday and Thursday afternoons from four to five o'clock. This square is completely flagged, but another opening on one side into the Boulevard de la République is filled with dwarf date-palms and bamboos and with many

trees and plants not only of Algeria but of the Far East. On this square stands the Municipal Theatre, a large and not inelegant building supplied with visiting troupes, and being in turn devoted to grand, comic or bouffe opera, to drama or to comedy. This Opera House has four galleries and is handsomely decorated in bronze and old gold. Up-stairs is a foyer with large and rather "risky" paintings at either end. There is also a very commonplace bar and a small, dingy smoking-room. Between the acts nearly the entire audience temporarily leave the auditorium. The prices of admission are very reasonable.

Algiers is the seat of a French governor-general, of an archbishop, of high courts, councils and tribunals, the headquarters of an admiral and of a general commanding a *corps d'armée*. Its population is put at 70,000, of which number 30,000 are French, 20,000 Mohammedans, 5,000 Jews, and 15,000 Europeans of various origin. There are published in Algiers twelve daily newspapers, seven weekly, four magazines, and two illustrated periodicals. There is one journal published in Arabic, which is the official organ of the French government, printing the laws and regulations concerning the Arabs.

Besides the various ancient fortifications surrounding the city or located in the immediate neighborhood—built by various Beys since the year 1516—there are modern French works consisting of solid masonry rampart, earthen parapet and ditch, strengthened by bastions, and with huge gates prefaced by drawbridges. Several old forts round and about the harbor have also been restored and improved. There are moreover several isolated batteries which have been constructed on the heights to the south of the town, which are all armed with improved modern artillery—so that now, with its thousands of troops and a few iron-clads in port, it may justly be termed "a fortified place of the first-class." Algiers has frequent steam communication with Spain, France and Italy. There are daily departures, save Mondays and Fridays, from Algiers to Marseilles and vice versa, and the passage by the fastest vessels of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique* occupies only twenty-eight hours. So that adding the railway journey by the "train rapide," you may go from Paris to Algiers in forty hours or from London in forty-eight hours.

One of the first things which strikes the visitor to Algiers is the diversity of nationalities and the great variety and picturesqueness of the costumes which you see in the streets—and more espe-

cially in those of the French town, for here with the modern surroundings the contrasts seem the greater, the mingling of the Orient and Occident the more extraordinary. To begin with you have a Parisian sort of omnibus plying in every direction, in which soldiers, civilians and Arab men and women elbow each other; then you see the huge Spanish two-wheeled drays with their "string" teams of five or six great mules; next pass some dandy French officers; then a swell barouche with French ladies and gentlemen and an Arab driver. Then on foot you notice Zouaves and Turcos and Spahis; Jews with their dark-colored turban, braided jacket, sash and long gown, with blue stockings and "congress" gaiters; handsome Moors in dress of many colors, neat and spruce; Arabs wrapped in white haik and burnoose; ugly negroes from the Soudan; dark, coarse Spaniards and Maltese, all jostling one another in the crowded streets, yet (as in the main thoroughfare of Tangier) no one seeming to take any special notice of any one else. But most striking of all are the costumes of the Moorish women, clothed all in white, with enormous baggy trousers, slippers, generally without stockings, the haik being drawn over the forehead to the eyes and the lower part of the face bound with a handkerchief up to the level of the eyes. The next most remarkable are the Jewesses, with bare olive-tinted face, and with silk robes stiff with gold embroidery and extending from the neck to the slippered feet. Then imagine what a contrast to these is presented by the French woman in her latest *mode*—a *mode* that she terms "a dream"—as she jauntily threads the mazes of the arcades. Yet when one who has become somewhat accustomed to this strange scene walks through the old native town it becomes of great, and in my case of very great, and never ceasing interest and delight. Of course the native is in every respect the very opposite of the French town just sketched. Here the streets are very narrow and very irregular, and so steep as to be wholly inaccessible for carriages. In fact so narrow are some of them that it is about all that two pedestrians can do to pass each other. And so steep are they, they have to be descended by staircases and one of them, the longest leading up to the citadel, is ascended in part by some four hundred steps. Their very narrowness however makes them shady and cool, while naturally excluding some air and the best ventilation. Many of the projecting balconies all but touch each other and frequently houses are joined above the streets by arched passage-ways. The streets are roughly paved

and have a central surface drainage. They have been everywhere lighted with gas and in many cases named by the French. Still even now the houses are so much alike that about the only difference the stranger detects is in the brass-work of the doors or the carvings surrounding them.

The Arab houses are, like those generally in Mohammedan lands, built with an open square court inside, which is surrounded on the four sides by a gallery of arcades, with pillars which support the roof or an upper gallery, where there is one, as there usually is in the large towns and cities. The rooms of this lower court have more or less of a public character, such as kitchens, storerooms and baths. The private apartments are similarly situated on the floor above. One wonders that these rooms are always so narrow while being disproportionately long. They are seldom more than twelve feet wide. It is said that the rafters by which the roofs are upheld are made either of kharoub-wood or pine or cedar and that it was the scantling of these, in times when the communication with other countries was less easy than it is at present, that regulated the width of all Arab rooms. All the houses are flat-roofed, and the tops are used as terraces for drying clothes, for seasoning grain, and especially for the private exercise of the women. Years ago, under the Turkish government, these roofs were in fact reserved for the women alone, no male Christian being permitted to go on a terrace—not even his own—during the daytime.

The shops in the native town are small and dark, though much larger than those in Fez. They are however, like the latter, merely recesses in the walls of the houses, the customer generally standing outside and buying from the street. The cafés and restaurants, of which there are many, are of course an exception to this rule. In the shops you find all sorts and kinds of industries and many mechanical arts in actual process. Here may be seen an embroiderer at work with his gold and silver threads; next the shoemaker with his kid slippers of every color and variety; then a jeweller hammering out his bangles and great circular earrings; next the seller of the rich and valuable attar of roses and jasmine scents; now you are before the stall of a potter or of a worker in brass; next you pass a barber shop and see a man sitting cross-legged on a bench and having his head shaved; then you hear a great babble of children's voices and peering in at a little window, behold a pedagogue with a circle of young Arabs squatting



Dwelling of a rich Arab, Algiers.

about him and conning their tasks aloud; while beyond is a café with a row of Arabs drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes and playing draughts. As you progress the scene is ever changing and always of interest, for the Arabs do most of the things in public that we do in private, and it is easy to see from the street very many odd domestic manners and customs. With us the exterior of our houses is apt to be rich and lavishly ornamented, but in Northern Africa the exterior is exceedingly rough, plain and often dirty and dilapidated, while the interior will be gay and elegant. But the West and East are at extremes in nearly everything for that matter. The Arab restaurants differ from those in Europe and America and agree with those in China in that it is the kitchen which is exposed to public view, while the dining-room is hidden—by a mat suspended from a bamboo pole. Here you will always see the popular dish kouskous, or kous-koussou, the meat and farinaceous dish used also in Morocco, together with many sorts of cakes and sweetmeats. The national drink of the Arabs is supposed to be water, as that and that alone is what the Koran ordains, but the town Arabs are becoming civilised (!) and now often indulge in absinthe, anise-seed and other alcoholic beverages. You will frequently see them thus engaged sitting in the fashionable cafés of the French quarter.

The Arab cafés of Algiers are similar to those of Tangier, without the music, though they are occasionally favored by strolling players. They are simple, long, narrow rooms containing benches and mats, a few small tables, and a cooking-stove in one corner round which small coffee pots and cups are hung. On some neighboring brackets are small hasheesh pipes, awaiting the smokers of a preparation of hemp and tobacco. The walls are decorated with poor chromos and Koran maxims in flowery arabesques and cheap frames. There are pretty certain to be several tiny mirrors and one or more birds in cages. Each of the cafés possesses its own clientèle. One is patronized solely by Moors from Morocco, another by water-carriers, another by fishermen, and another by soldiers from the corps of Spahis or Turcos. In short, the native streets seem curious rendezvous for Old Testament patriarchs and the actors in the Arabian Nights. Nothing in them calls up the European town of Algiers so near at hand. All is mysterious, dreamy, poetic, romantic.

There are now only four mosques in Algiers that are regularly used. They are all accessible to Christians, either by removing

the shoes or by placing pattens under them. The largest and oldest one is situated in the French quarter near the harbor. Exteriorly it is marked by its minaret and by a row of beautiful white marble pillars, each about two feet in diameter, joined by graceful dented Moorish arches. In the centre of this arcade is a handsome marble fountain. The interior is a large rectangular hall divided into aisles by columns united by semi-circular arches. The floor is covered by straw matting, which is also wrapped around the columns to a height of four or five feet. The mosque is said to cover an area of 2,000 square mètres. Its appearance is rather bare, the only furnishing being the carved mimbar or wooden pulpit for the Imam or leader of prayers, and the chandeliers and hanging lamps. At one end is the usual highly ornamented mihreb. At the entrance is a building which serves as a court of justice, where ordinary cases are heard by the *cadi*. What is called the New Mosque is situated on the Place du Gouvernement. It is surmounted by a large white dome and four small cupolas. Its graceful square minaret now contains an illuminated clock and very incongruous it looks. This mosque is kept scrupulously whitewashed, and is a very prominent object. The fountain at the entrance is used by the Mohammedans for their ablutions. The composition of the staff of a mosque is generally as follows: An *Oukil*, or manager of the funds and donations, a sort of collector and paymaster. A *Chaouch*, or assistant *Oukil*. An Imam or chaplain for the daily common prayers, which are five in number. A *Khetib*, who recites the prayer for the chief of the government on Friday (the Moslem Sunday) of each week. An *Aoun*, who carries the sceptre of the *Khetib*. Two *Mueddins* (or more properly *Muddenin*, which is the Arabic plural for *Mueddin*), who call the Faithful to prayer from the top of the minarets. Two *Hezzabin*, readers of the Koran. Two *Tolbas* (plural for *Taleb*), readers of litanies and religious commentaries, and a *Mufti*, an expounder of the law. Leaving the bustling streets of the modern town you turn out of the bright sunshine into the solemn gloom of a mosque, where the only sound is the monotonous nasal chant of the reader and the plashing of the fountain in the courtyard. Grave men are noiselessly coming and going; some are washing their hands and feet at the fountain, others are passing through their genuflexions or lying prone upon the matting. These are all business men praying during working hours, and quite as earnest as if their occupation was a commercial transaction of vital importance.



Arab Dancing Girl.

And this they do five times every day. There is a roseate opportunity here to make some invidious comparisons with other religious sects who dwell far to the north and west of Barbary—but I will not be so unkind.

One evening I paid a visit to a native Assaoui or religious performance, and an Arab dance. The Assaoui are the fanatic members of a religious confraternity who claim to be exempt from pain through the intervention of their saint Sidi Mohammed Bin Aissa. These religious performances are occasionally given in the native town for the benefit of Europeans, who pay each ten francs as entrance money and are expected also to give individual fees during the progress of the entertainment. I was ushered up several long, steep and narrow staircases and entered a small pillared court or rather room, for it was roofed. Here next the walls on two sides, the European audience was crowded, and upon the others were the native performers and musicians. Doors led from the court into several small rooms, one of them being fitted up as a parlor. Here the directress of the entertainment greeted us. She was a middle-aged woman, short and very fat, her face being wholly bare. Her dress was stiff with gold embroidery, and jewelry seemed to shine and glisten from every part of her person. Around her neck were circlets of great gold coins, and across her forehead rows of smaller ones. It was the style of dress made familiar to us in Egyptian and Turkish pictures. Three or four dancing girls were hardly less richly dressed. One or two had some pretension to a certain style of beauty, though lacking in expression and vivacity. The musical instruments consisted of violins, mandolins and tambourines, and a number of different styles of drums, the strumming upon which gave the time for the dancers. The music produced was quite barbaric—noise seemed its most prominent characteristic. The centre of the little court or pavilion was reserved for the performers. The dances were simply a series of postures and revolutions, the upper part of the body, the neck and the head being held stiff and erect and the motion being altogether from the waist downwards—in short, it was what has been vulgarly called "la danse du ventre," which is so popular in the Levant. The girls dance with bare feet upon a rug, but their costumes being very long and baggy, their steps cannot be seen. It is a very monotonous performance and the noisy music soon becomes tiresome. In addition to their loud playing all the musicians sing at the top of their voices, so that an awful row is

produced. The hostess herself favored us with one dance. Next came the Assaoui, one of whom, supposed to be inspired, rushes in, wags his head and distorts his body furiously over a fire, upon which incense is frequently thrown, and then with a yell begins a frantic dance, his body bending forwards and backwards and rotating with great violence. He is soon joined by others who continue the mad dance until they fall exhausted or are stopped by the headman of the order. They next proceed to go through a variety of bodily tortures which appear to be genuine and to be performed under the influence of fanatical mania, the men seeming to be, as they claim, quite insensible to pain. They force out their eyes with iron spikes, they sear themselves with red hot iron, and they eat live scorpions and serpents, chew broken glass and the leaves of the prickly pear cactus. In these eating tricks they make noises like ravenous wild animals, calling loudly for "more, more." It is a curious exhibition, which you do not regret having once witnessed, but would not care to see again.

There are a number of public buildings in Algiers which ought to be visited for the beauty of their architecture and the interest of their contents. Among these are the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the Library and Museum, and the Palace of the Governor-general. The Cathedral is built on the site of an old mosque and is a curious combination of Moorish and Christian architecture. It contains much delicate plaster-work, many beautiful marble columns, stained-glass windows, and clever carvings in wood. Adjoining the cathedral is the palace of the Governor-general, which was formerly the abode of one of the old Beys and has been left as nearly as possible in its original condition. The ancient tile work is especially noteworthy. The courtyard is ornamented with plaster busts of the famous Frenchmen—mostly generals—who have helped to make Algeria the fine province she is to-day. The larger drawing-rooms and the dining-rooms are decorated in a very ornate Moorish style. These remarks would apply equally as well to the palace of the Archbishop, which is situated in the same street and nearly opposite. The library and museum are in the immediate neighborhood in another fine old palace. The museum is on the ground floor and the library above. There are some 20,000 volumes and 1,000 Arab manuscripts. In the museum are many fragments of ancient sculpture, sarcophagi, mosaics, etc.

While at Algiers I took two long carriage drives in the neighborhood of the metropolis—one to the southeastward, the other to

the northwestward. The first soon brought me to Mustapha Supérieur, about two miles from the city and the favorite residence of the winter visitors to Algeria. Being at a considerable elevation above the sea, it is said to be healthier there than in town. We pass the Governor-general's summer palace on the left, with its beautiful gardens, and have charming views of the Mediterranean and of the country about and city behind us. Turning into the interior we perceive that very much of the land is covered with vineyards. The road is good and we continue through numerous pretty little villages, but finally we turn back and pass through a long narrow ravine, in order to see some curious old rock carvings and caves, apparently of mediæval Christian work. We pass on until we at last emerge near the shore of the bay. Here turning again to the north and towards Algiers, we soon halt and alight in order to visit the celebrated Jardin d'Essai—a splendid, large botanical garden, full of plants from all parts of the world. The garden is about fifty acres in extent, supplied with excellent walks and carriage drives, with greenhouses, ponds, fountains, a bandstand and café. It was formerly in the hands of the government, but now belongs to a private company. It is consequently largely of a commercial character, that is to say, here ornamental plants are cultivated in great quantities and exported to the principal cities of Europe. One of the handsomest streets is called the Avenue des Platanas—plane-trees. The great variety of palms, magnolias, bamboos and other Asiatic plants is especially noticeable as are also the plants from Australia, the eucalypti, araucarias and acacias. There is also a pretty wood of Canary pines.

Leaving the Jardin d'Essai we pass next upon the left a large Arab cemetery, surrounded by a high wall. A sign at the entrance, in French and English, notifies the visitor that the cemetery is closed to men on Fridays between sunrise and sunset. This is because on that day—the Mohammedan Sunday—the cemetery is visited by great numbers of Moorish women. The Arab graves bore little head and foot stones and were outlined by low slabs of marble or sandstone. The headstones were covered with long Arabic inscriptions. At either end of the graves of rich and poor alike were little receptacles of the same stone, in which water is kept for the use of birds. This is a peculiar act of charity, which the Arab believes will be highly recompensed in the next life and will tend to bring his family good luck in this.

It is a universal custom. Further on to the right of the road, is the *Champ de Manœuvres*, which contains a race-course as well as a drill-ground for the troops.

The other drive which I took was to the west and then to the north and east and back to the city. I found the country very fertile and given up to grain and the vine. The road returns by the seacoast, where it is occasionally cut from the hills or built out upon the rocks of the shore. Along this route there were frequently little cafés and hotels for people coming from Algiers for fishing, bathing and general picnicking. We next pass the large suburb of St. Eugène, where is the general French cemetery and where very many Jews reside. There are here also many pretty French and Spanish villas, and up upon the hill in a conspicuous place is the Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique. This is built in a Byzantine style of architecture and is very gay in appearance. Within the church above the altar is a black Virgin and around the apse the inscription, "Notre Dame d'Afrique prie pour nous et pour les Mussulmans." Going on we notice several seminaries and Cardinal Lavigerie's former country residence. Omnibuses run out here as also in several other directions from the city and at frequent intervals.

CHAPTER X.

THE GORGE OF THE CHABET.

FROM Algiers I went by rail to the town of Bougie on the sea-coast, intending to proceed thence by carriage through the famous Chabet Pass, and so return to the railway at the town of Setif, and then go on to the city of Constantine. The distance from Algiers to Bougie is 162 miles and the actual time taken in accomplishing this by the fastest train is eleven hours, or fifteen miles an hour, including stops. On leaving the metropolis we followed the coast precisely to the eastward. It was the direct line to Constantine, with a change of train at about two-thirds the distance to Bougie. Our train was composed of freight, baggage, post, and three classes of passenger cars, drawn by a huge locomotive, which certainly seemed capable of making a greater speed than, say, twelve miles an hour, especially as it burned, as do all the locomotives in Algeria, the prepared coal—coal in the shape of bricks and mixed with tar. This comes, I believe, from Cardiff, Wales. Our Arab passengers were confined to the second and third class cars, though there is no law specified or understood to prevent their entering the first-class carriages provided only they are willing to pay. In general, I may say of the day's journey that while it was in a sense tedious on account of the slow speed and long and frequent stops, it was a most interesting one as regards the remarkable engineering of the road, and the really splendid scenery. However the speed (or lack of it) had undoubtedly its good element, for railroad accidents are never known in Algeria, although so frequent in Europe where "trains rapides" abound. We started from the great broad quay facing the harbor and, as I have said, for some distance skirted the beautiful bay of Algiers, affording us splendid views of the hill of Mustapha, with its many fine hotels and villas standing boldly out with their white walls against the masses of soft green verdure. We rounded the beautiful Jardin d'Essai, and

I had my last look at its fine avenue of plane-trees. Then we turned into the interior and passed plains of richly cultivated land, the market gardens of the capital, and to these succeeded great fields of grain. Next we entered a more hilly region and here the vineyards predominated, the steepest hills seeming to be monopolised by the luscious fruit, some of which is used naturally for the table, but more for the making of the very palatable and wholesome wines of the country. Algeria may yet prove to be one of the great vineyards of the world. Huge tracks of ground are broken up with the steam-plow and planted with the vine. The province even now supplies more than one-tenth as much wine as the whole of France, about 1,500,000 hogsheads, and has over 300,000 acres in vineyards, including young plantations. In France and Spain the ravages of the phylloxera—the insect that infests the leaves and roots of the vine and through its innumerable puncturings quickly destroys the plant—have assisted in rendering the culture of the vine in Algeria most profitable. Fruits and flowers are strictly prohibited at the Custom-houses of Algeria in order to protect the cultivation of the vine from the introduction of the phylloxera. As a rule, the wine is more suitable for blending with French wines than any other. The province of Algiers is said to supply the finest quality and the wine most suited to drinking at table. Oran, as I have mentioned, produces wine much valued for blending, and taking the place of Spanish wines. Those of Constantine are not generally so good, but a considerable quantity is produced. Tunis has also lately entered the field and has attracted large capital to be invested in vineyards. All these wines not only possess good body and exquisite bouquet, but are very delicate and pleasant, resembling in no respect the rough and unpalatable products of Hungary and Australia. The white wines have hitherto not succeeded so well as the red. This is to be attributed to the fact that the fabrication of them is more difficult and far more costly, and consequently they are put on the European market at a price which militates against their competition with small German and Moselle wines. Of the “champagne” made in Algeria the less said the better, and the same remark will apply to all sorts of liqueurs.

At Menersville, about thirty-five miles from Algiers, we may be said to have fairly entered the district called Kabylia, inhabited by the Kabyles, the fierce mountain tribes which were so hard at first to subdue by the French and which have since so often re-

volted. In entering this district we for the most part left behind the direct evidences of French occupation, otherwise than as manifested by the railway and its European style of stations, and a splendid macadamised highway which all day ran nearly parallel to the track. I may say here that one of the first things that strikes the traveller in Algeria is the number and excellence of the common roads, which are as skilfully made as those of the ancient Romans. They are always macadamised and as smooth and hard as those of a park, provided with capital stone and iron bridges, stone drains, barriers, tunnels, etc. They were a prime military and strategical necessity for the French, and the best means of opening up and connecting the different parts of the country until they could be followed by the railway, and even then their usefulness was by no means at an end. Though the natives seem generally to take kindly to railway travel, of course that by the roads and especially by cross-roads between the different lines must be greater and must continue.

As we journeyed on through a hilly region the soil seemed very fertile, and fig and olive trees and vineyards disputed the surface between them. Everywhere quantities of the Australian eucalyptus and other trees have been introduced on a large scale with a view to increase the rain supply. We soon reached and followed the course of a small river—the Isser—shallow now at this season, but its great, bare, rocky bed showed what it was in times of heavy rains and floods. We passed through a grand and beautiful gorge, with this stream at the bottom. The cliffs on each side were very steep and rocky, and approached each other at one place to within about three hundred feet. The railway was cut and built up along one side and the highway upon the other. Both passed through tunnels, the railway many of them, and over fine stone and iron bridges, both arched and columnar. The great gray rocks, the brawling stream, grottoes above it, little Kabyle villages of stone huts, with grass roofs, crowded together and perched aloft in the shallow valleys, occasionally luxuriant vegetation, with the constant winding of the gorge, gave to this section of the railroad very great interest, both from the work presented by nature and by man.

As we proceeded there were less frequent evidences of cultivation and of habitation, other than the scattered hamlets of the Kabyles. All the workmen upon the railway were of this class, a wild, hardy looking set of men clothed in rags and very dirty. We also saw them trudging on foot and on donkeys upon the road

and loitering about the stations. On leaving the gorge of the Isser the line passes around the cul-de-sac of a great valley in horse-shoe form and running through many tunnels makes a considerable ascent in a comparatively short distance. Then upon the left we had for several hours a fine view of the splendid Djurdjura range, its steep, rocky summits and serrated edges appearing very clearly in the bright blue atmosphere. The contrast between the bare gray precipitous rocks and the brown, dotted with green, of the sub-hills and plains was as pleasing as picturesque. From now on to Bougie we were gliding through a mountainous and very diversified country, as different as possible from the all but universal plains crossed in coming from Oran to Algiers. Occasionally the very white tomb of some dead-and-gone Mussulman saint would give a zest to a too prosaic landscape. We passed through several so-called forests—we would call them simply woods—composed of wild olives and cork or other kind of oak tree, or otherwise the country would be covered with scrubby bushes of various sorts, capital cover for partridge, bustard and such like game. There was much good pasturage, though I saw no other animals than goats. At about 7 P. M. we reached Bougie.

One of the chief products of the neighborhood is wax, which is made into candles. It is even said that this town gave its name to the French word for a candle. I had regarded this as interesting but probably false, until I learned it was according to the best authorities. I was driven along a winding way from the sea to a small hotel placed in a hole dug from the steep hill-side, and saw in a semi-circle around me the lights of the town, and a dark range of mountains encompassing a bay. I mounted stony flights of stairs to a small but comfortable room. I afterwards returned to the first-floor and broke my fast in a large *salle-à-manger*, in which Arabs were sitting in their native costumes and speaking their uncouth tongue, but using knives and forks, and drinking claret and sipping coffee and cognac just like their civilized conquerors about them. Verily I said, this is a shaking hands of the Orient and Occident. And then I went to bed with so many droll fantasies in my head that it is a wonder no green toads or yellow hobgoblins disturbed my needed rest.

The next was indeed to me a red-letter day, for on it I saw the famous Chabet Pass—the Chabet-el-Akhra, signifying the River of Death—one of the finest gorges in the world, and containing some of the most splendid scenery I have ever beheld.

The region is truly marvellous and recalls the grandest and loveliest spots of Switzerland. At nine o'clock in the morning I left Bougie in a barouche, drawn by two small but sturdy Algerian horses, for the drive through the Chabet Pass to Setif, a distance of seventy miles, intending to devote two days to the excursion, remaining over night in a little village about half way and just beyond the gorge proper. A diligence covers the ground every day in about fourteen hours, but as it starts at 3.30 A. M., you lose much of the fine scenery, to say nothing of being cooped so long in a most uncomfortable vehicle, and often in too close contact with very objectionable native passengers. I therefore decided to take a private carriage and make the journey in two days as stated. We rattled down the narrow, tortuous streets and wound around the bay, keeping to the southeast and passing many little country-houses and vegetable and fruit gardens. The road was full of ragged and dirty Kabyles coming into town, and most of them bringing some sort of provision. I soon had fine views of the little town of Bougie, which is built on the slope of a steep hill in the form of amphitheatre peculiar to Algiers. Its little port and bay also remind one of those of the capital. But Bougie, unlike Algiers, is backed by a grand spur of mountains, the highest point of which is 6,450 feet above the sea, and is topped by a koubba. It is a French rather than an Arab town, and is surrounded by a modern wall, and parts also of Roman and Arab walls are to be seen. A large Saracenic archway stands by itself near the harbor. To the left extend a series of gradually decreasing promontories which end abruptly in the sea in the red perpendicular cliffs of Cape Carbon. The site of Bougie is therefore most picturesque and beautiful. The great circular bay is backed continuously by a fine range of hills, which we skirted for several hours, the road following the curve of the bay, and in parts being hewn out of the cliffs and built up with solid masonry on the sea side. Previous to reaching these points however the road was lined with vineyards for many miles. The neighboring hills were very pretty in their diversified outlines; their lower parts seemed cultivated and the upper were covered with either trees or pasture. I noticed many cork trees and passed a great yard filled with stacks of the bark in pieces four or five feet long and one or two broad. Kabyles were engaged here and there in planing the rough exterior, making a uniform thickness of about two inches. The farm houses were neat little structures of stone and stucco, shaded as well as might

be by eucalyptus trees and surrounded by orchards of oranges and pomegranates. But we soon left these behind, and rose to a height of more than a hundred feet above the sea, the road having been burrowed out of the great rocky cliffs, which descended sheer to the water. We passed through a cut in a bold promontory styled Cape Aokus, and soon after halted at a small inn—called “Rendezvous de Chasse”—for breakfast. Going on still to the eastward we traversed a plain overgrown mostly with scrub, though with many fine clumps of cork, ash and lime trees. The hills were now covered with pines and cedars. Soon we made a distinct turn from the bay to the south and followed the banks of a small river called the Oued Agrioum. Next we came to the beginning of the gorge proper, where there was an inscription carved upon the face of a cliff, a few feet above the road, which read: “Ponts et Chaussées, Setif, Chabet-el-Akhra, Travaux Exécutés, 1863–70.” Near this the driver called my particular attention to a sort of cavern in the rock which contained a small, but very life-like figure of the Virgin. At a distance the resemblance was most striking.

Now we were actually in the gorge, and I feel that only a true artist or poet, not a prosaic and somewhat sated traveller, could do justice to its grandeur and beauty. The enormous gray rocky cliffs towered almost perpendicularly on either side, and seemingly not more than two or three hundred feet apart. The river, just filling the bottom of the ravine, roared and echoed. There was no evidence of any human life but there were great flocks of pigeons, a few solitary eagles and, further on—and most singular they looked among such savage surroundings—troops of great monkeys scampering from rock to rock. In several places I easily succeeded in throwing stones entirely across the ravine. There were many lateral valleys, some of which bore down beautiful silver ribbons of water. But so steep were the mountains that it required no stretch of imagination to readily believe that before the road was built not even an Arab could pass on foot. This roadway excites one's wonderment nearly if not quite as much as the gorge itself, for it is a masterpiece. It is not only everywhere hewn from the rock and built up with walls of solid masonry, but frequently the cliffs overhang it to its outer edge and in one place it is actually tunneled. To prevent the friable land in some places from giving way thick rows of trees have been planted. The road runs from one hundred to four hundred feet above the torrent, from whose bed many of the mountains rise to a height of 6,000 feet. I was at



View in the Chabet el Akhra.

times strikingly reminded of scenes in the fiords of Norway, again of our own splendid Yosemite. The defile is nearly four and one-half miles in length. The road keeps upon the right bank for nearly half this distance and then crosses, by a fine curved bridge of seven arches, to the left side, where it continues to the end. Somewhere about the middle a great stone slab, which has fallen from one of the cliffs, lies in a slanting position by the side of the river. This has been inscribed as follows: "Les premiers soldats qui passèrent sur ces rives furent des Tirailleurs, commandés par M. le Commandant Desmaisons, 7 Avril, 1864." There is very little vegetation anywhere to be seen other than of shrubs and coarse grass, save along the edge of the stream, where are occasional thickets of oleanders. So tortuous is the gorge that you hardly ever can see more than a thousand feet at a time, and an exit in either direction seems an impossibility. The formation of the mountains would delight a geologist. You see enormous cliffs of very thin strata standing vertically. Many mountains are composed of huge laminae not only reared upright, but in vast flutings, that at a distance appear like giant pillars. Some of these cliffs are 1,500 feet in height. So narrow is the gorge and so high the cliffs and mountains that only a vertical sun can reach the bottom, and frequently so much do the rocks overhang the road that even at midday it seems quite dark. This road, as the tablet already quoted states, was seven years in building, and I was informed cost 2,000,000 francs. Nearly 200,000 cubic mètres of rock were blown up to cut through the granite cliffs of the pass. The breast walls, built of solid masonry, represent 16,000 cubic mètres of construction. More than 100,000 kilos. of powder were consumed in the works. There were altogether 12,000 laborers. The road was originally planned in order to shorten the route between Setif, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, and the sea, and to traverse regions less likely to be impeded by snow in winter. It is about sixty miles shorter than any other route. The road was traced by the French military engineers and subsequently built by the Administration of Bridges and Roads, as stated. So much for the practical facts of the gorge as utilized for a highway. As to its sublimity I doubt if it is surpassed anywhere in the wide world except in the Caucasus or possibly in Corsica. The scenery is certainly grand enough in itself to well repay a visit to Algeria, and makes more than ample amends for the monotony and dulness of the long railway journey from Oran to Algiers. We had been gradually ascending

from the shores of the Bay of Bougie until at Kharata, near the southern mouth of the gorge, we had reached 1,300 feet. At this little village it is always cool and comfortable in the hottest days of summer as the gorge acts as a sort of wind-sail or funnel through which fresh breezes are always blowing from the sea. Kharata contains a comfortable little hotel, which I reached at five o'clock in the afternoon, much invigorated by the strong air, and my mind filled with visions and with a rich experience which will endure as long as life.

At nine the following morning I left Kharata for Setif. We followed for many miles a most extraordinarily broken valley in which ran a small stream, bordered with oleanders. We soon crossed this on a well-made bridge. The hills continued most varied in outline and mixed in position. All their lower parts were carefully cultivated by the Arabs and it was curious to see on what precipitous slopes the farmers were ploughing, and how close to the edge of great precipices they would fearlessly go. The geological formation continued interesting. Strata of varying thickness, though mostly in thin laminæ and of varying colors, were not only lying at various angles but often vertically and in semi-circles. What mighty forces of nature must have been brought to bear here! Many mountains were so strongly marked that you might easily have fancied the great flutings to be waves of the sea, and the vast heaps looked very like great sandbanks, with the marks of the billows which had washed them into position. Much of the rock was a hard sort of slate, some was gneiss, and more sandstone. There was evidence of great rain-washing and the denuded parts of hills showed the presence of many minerals. In fact, mines of iron, copper and argentiferous lead ore have been discovered in this region, but have not been much developed or worked. We had splendid views behind us of the range through which the gorge of the Chabet makes its way and of Mount Babor, which is about 6,500 feet above the level of the sea. I did not observe any large Arab villages but here and there a few scattered hamlets, wretched huts of stone, with straw roofs. The fields were mostly devoted to barley. The hills were treeless and entirely covered with scrub. The road continued a splendid sample of engineering skill, long detours up side valleys having frequently to be made in order to get on, and much excavation and abutment being necessary. We stopped for breakfast at a little village called Col de Ta Kitount. Shortly

before reaching this I saw on the summit of a hill the walls and buildings of a French fort, which resisted all the attempts of the Kabyles to capture it in 1871, during the great insurrection. It is 3,500 feet above the sea and must command a very extensive view. Just beyond the place at which I breakfasted there is a spring of ferruginous aerated water, which is bottled and sent all over the province. Going on, the Kabyle villages became more frequent. The fields increased in size and seemed very fertile. But the picturesqueness of the scenery gradually died away into smoothly-rounded hills of pasture or of grain. Several flocks of sheep and goats were seen during the day, but no herds of cattle. During the last five miles of our journey hundreds of Kabyles passed us. They were coming from a weekly market which is held at Setif and nearly every one of them bore either some sort of provision or merchandise. This market is said to be one of the most important in Algeria, and is a rendezvous where not only the Kabyle from the mountains and the Arabs from the plains, but even tribes from the Sahara meet to exchange their products. Sometimes this market is attended by as many as 10,000 people. At last we approached Setif and passing a large parade ground entered the modern walls through a handsome gateway, and for some distance drove by great barracks, storehouses, hospitals and officers' quarters. The citadel is walled off by itself to the north of the town proper. There are accommodations for some 3,000 men. Passing these we entered the town, which seemed very modern, with its wide, tree-lined streets bordered with good houses, there being several arcades in which were many well-furnished stores and of course many cafés. The hotel I found fair, but the night very cold. A large fire was made in a porcelain stove in the dining-room, and I observed fires also in many of the private rooms. Setif is 3,573 feet above sea-level and the change from the temperature of Bougie is felt most acutely. As I am now about to go on eastward to Constantine, I shall leave behind me the mountains and hills inhabited by the Kabyles and again enter the regions occupied by the Arabs. The latter generally keep to the plains, and from the district of Setif to Tebessa, a distance of about two hundred miles, there extend plains similar to those from Oran to Algiers, though at an average level of 3,000 feet above the sea.

CHAPTER XI.

CONSTANTINE.

THE following day I was obliged to rise at the nerve-depressing hour of 4 A. M., in order to take the train for Constantine, about one hundred miles distant. I was glad to find in the carriage copper cylinders, about four feet long, filled with hot water. These are refilled from time to time during the journey and not only serve for warming the feet but the compartment. The route was through a great plain with ranges of mountains in view on either hand. So cold had it been during the night that the fields were white with frost and it was nearly eleven o'clock before a fierce sun in a cloudless sky could clear away the banks of fog which veiled us about. The country seemed equally divided between scrubby pasture land and very fertile fields of grain. The Arabs were busily turning the soil with their crooked wooden ploughs. The one especially noticeable feature of the country was the entire absence of trees and even of shrubs of any sort of size. When there were any trees it was about the courses of the brooks and around the farm-houses and villages. These had all been planted, and were generally eucalypti, poplars and willows. At El Guerah we passed the junction of the line which runs south to the desert and Biskra, and a little further on, at Khroubs, we passed the junction of the main line proceeding to Tunis. At half-past eleven we reached Constantine. This is the third city in Algeria as to size and the importance of its trade—Algiers and Oran being the others. It has a population of about 35,000. It is the great commercial centre of the interior of the province, having the most important corn market in Algeria. Its special manufactures are leather goods and woolen fabrics. The former consist chiefly of shoes, saddles, harness and various articles of embroidered leather; the latter of the ordinary garments of the natives—haiks and burnouses—over 100,000 of



The Ravine of the Roummel, Constantine.

which are said to be yearly woven here. The cloth used for the native tents is also extensively made. The chief exterior commerce is said to be in various cereals and in wool.

As we were going toward the north and nearing the railway station I got my first view of the city—a compact mass of small Arab huts backed by large several-storied French houses and these by great barracks and hospitals sloping sharply upwards in the distance. A few minarets with candle-extinguisher style of tops lent an oriental air, which, however, the great barracks rather emphatically counteracted. Leaving the station we crossed a deep chasm, with a fierce torrent at its bottom, upon a fine iron bridge of a single span with several arches of masonry at either end. We then followed an ordinary French street called Rue Nationale, and soon found a good hotel, facing a little square on which were also the market and theatre. I spent the remainder of the day in walks about and around the city and in a drive in the suburbs.

Constantine is one of the most picturesque cities in the world. It stands some 1,800 feet above sea level. Not only has it been made a fortress of the first order, but it would seem to have been originally indicated by Dame Nature herself for such a purpose. In short the grandeur and peculiarity of its site are nowhere else equalled. It is situated on an isolated ledge of rock, about a mile in length, by three quarters in greatest breadth, encircled on all sides by a ravine from 150 to 250 feet deep, and with a width varying from 15 to 400 feet. It is quadrilateral in shape and extends north and south, the northern end being the most elevated. It is connected with the surrounding land in only one place, on the western side, by a narrow isthmus, that is, excepting by three low natural arches, which are not used as bridges, upon the eastern side. The rocky plateau which holds the city looks like a great island or a peninsula. I was at one point strongly reminded of Monaco, at another of the Yosemite, and at another of the grand cañon of the Colorado. The splendid modern iron bridge by which I crossed covers the position and remains of several old Roman and Arab ones. The river Roumel surrounds it on the east and north, and its sides rise perpendicularly nearly a thousand feet from the bed of this stream, which varies in depth from a few feet in the dry, to twenty or more in the wet, season. It is on the northwest, however, that the precipices are highest. Here are situated the barracks, hospitals

and arsenal, built close to the edge of a giant wall of gray rock which has a sheer descent of one thousand feet. This huge perpendicular cliff vividly recalls that termed El Capitan in the Yosemite. It is called Sidi Rached. From the summit you have a magnificent view of the fertile plains and valleys, called El Hamma, toward the distant mountains and the north. You may descend by a winding road outside the city to the bed of the stream, and then look up at the vast walls of smooth rock, apparently rearing themselves quite over you. Here also the river tumbles in its rocky bed in three beautiful falls, and just above them you behold one of the giant natural arches. Across the stream the rocky walls rise quite as precipitately, and out of their face a road has recently been cut and tunneled, which is to extend out over the plain, and which is appropriately styled the Corniche road. From it splendid views are obtained of the opposite city, of the deep and dark ravine, of the enormous cliffs, with their huge and massive strata, and out between, to the north, over the great plains and away to ridges of great mountains. It is a truly grand and superb scene. Above this road, on a slope of the mountains, stands a very large hospital, a prominent feature in almost every general view of the city. The rocks of the chasm are honeycombed in great niches and caverns, the home of myriads of crows, storks, jackdaws, hawks and occasionally of eagles. While passing through this ravine the river is very much narrowed and deepened, but both before and after it widens and shallows out over a great pebbly bed. The remarkable position of Constantine has pointed it out from the earliest times as a ready-made fortress, for it is really only accessible at the point of the isthmus, to which reference has been made. But while this is quite true and its history has been most romantic, yet it is the grandeur and picturesqueness of its appearance and environment that will chiefly attract the traveller.

As to the city itself, it is divided into a French and an Arab quarter. The latter is quite as curious as that at Algiers, with its narrow streets in which the buildings nearly meet overhead, its many shops and natives seen at work with a great number of trades. The French quarter has its boulevards, its streets of necessary shops, its hotels, numerous cafés, and theatre. The barracks are capable of holding 3,000 men, and a strong garrison is always maintained here. The Place du Palais is the chief centre. Here is the cathedral, the old Palace of Ahmed Bey,

now the residence of the general-commanding, and several government offices and of course cafés. Near here is the Prefecture, the finest modern building in Constantine. The cathedral was formerly a mosque, and contains some fine tiles and stucco work, and a beautiful carved cedar pulpit. The old palace of the Bey is an excellent and a very curious example of Arab architecture. It is a large structure with three gardens, enclosed in three quadrangles. Around these gardens, which are filled with palms and orange and citron trees and have pretty fountains loftily playing, are galleries of beautiful marble pillars. The walls are covered with splendid old tiles below, and curious frescoes above. All the doors are of carved and inlaid oak and cedar, and are real gems of Arab art. As many of the principal houses of Constantine were despoiled of their treasures of art by the Bey who reared this palace, you may imagine the incongruity of styles which has ensued. It is especially noticeable in the pillars surrounding the courts, scarcely two of which are alike, some being round, others square, octagonal or fluted, and many being spiral. There is the same diversity in capital and base, from the simple and severe Doric to the flowery and ornate Corinthian. Everywhere one notices quaint little closets or seats let into the wall or balconies for musical performers. The arches also, and the darkly-painted wooden ceilings, will excite admiration. There are many Roman remains scattered in and around Constantine—bridges, arches, walls, all built in the careful, substantial style for which this great nation was noted. The grand mosque is reared on the ruins of an old Roman temple. Another one however is more worthy of a visit. This contains marble steps, columns, and paved court. The pulpit is ornamented with marble, onyx, agate and other kinds of stone.

Of course with its great natural ramparts and fosse Constantine is not circumvallated except in such parts as a sort of sustaining wall seemed necessary. In these cases you will notice fragments of old Roman and Arab walls built into the more modern French. The houses stand directly out upon the edges of the cliffs, seemingly in most perilous position, and especially is this true of the Arab dwellings. On each of the four sides boulevards have been built from which splendid views of the neighborhood may be obtained. On the southwest is a hill topped by a fort, and on all sides of the bases of this are suburbs of many-storied French houses. Toward the southeast is another height called

Mansourah, covered by great barracks, from which a remarkable view may be obtained. To the northeast the heights of Sidi Meçid command the city. Near the path which conducts you to the bottom of the great rocky cliff of Sidi Rached and the bed of the Roummel is another which in a few minutes brings you to the warm baths of Sidi Meçid. The water is of a sulphurous character with a temperature of 86° Fahrenheit, and is distributed through several private bathing-houses and two open ponds, the one for men, the other for women. They are surrounded by beautiful gardens and are much frequented by both French and Arabs. There is also in the neighborhood of the same path a flume which starting above from the Roummel is carried through tunnels in the rock and constitutes the water-power of several large flour and oil mills near the falls. One of the drives which I took carried me out of the city by the Porte Valée, or isthmus of land previously mentioned, between two squares planted with trees, and so on out to the remains of a Roman aqueduct which once spanned the valley here. But five arches now remain. They are some sixty feet high and are built of huge blocks of limestone without mortar. They are in the usual grand style of the Romans, and have been partially restored by the French. I returned by a great rock, from which it is said the Turks used to throw suspected or faithless wives. An inscription stands upon this rock, which is protected by a modern iron fence. From here a passage has been made by tunnel, a bridge and a path cut from the cliff around the southern extremity of the city. From the bridge you have an interesting glimpse of the ravine, whose walls here approach each other as near as fifteen feet, showing its great height and many turns and excavations. The historical interest of Constantine is as great as its topographical. It was the ancient Cirta, the seat of the Massessylian kings. It was the scene of the Jugurthine war, so graphically depicted by the historian Sallust. In fact, Sallust had here a magnificent summer palace and estate, where he was wont to come in his hours of leisure to combine the charms of philosophy with the more material pleasures of his life. Cirta was also celebrated in ecclesiastical as well as profane history. St. Cyprian was exiled here. Sylvain, primate of Africa, had a council here, at which the celebrated St. Augustine assisted. But I am not writing history!

I left Constantine at 7.35 A. M. for Biskra, where we arrived at 6.15 P. M. The distance being about 150 miles, the average speed



The Gorge of El Kantara.

was less than fifteen miles an hour. We first went south past the two junctions of Khroubs and El Guerah, and then our course was southwest to Batna and to Biskra, the furthest point reached in this direction by railway. Leaving El Guerah we soon passed between two large but shallow salt lakes or marshes, covered with long grass and filled with wild fowl of many species, both geese and flamingoes being among them. We rolled on all day through a treeless, barren sort of region, some of the land being sown with barley but more of it devoted to pasture. I saw many flocks of sheep and goats, tended always by one or two native boys. There were many small and scattered villages of the Arab farmers, most of them being simply low tents of very shabby and primitive appearance. We saw also all day many natives at work ploughing in the fields or travelling upon the highway, which the railway generally follows. There was at least one very fertile valley which we passed before reaching Batna: it was being cultivated by French colonists. But the greater part of the journey was over a very arid plateau. Although we travelled in a plain more or less broken, we had ranges of mountains in view all day. At Batna we reached an elevation of 3,350 feet above the sea, and then continually descended until when we reached Biskra we were but 360. At about twenty-five miles from Batna we entered the valley of a small stream called Oued Fedala, which plainly indicated by its great dry bed that it was many times as large in the rainy season. Some of the hills hereabouts were covered with cedars. We followed along the stream for many miles through an exceedingly rough and sterile country. At El Kantara both the railroad and the highway pass through a very extraordinary gorge. The bare mountains of vertical strata, like the folds of a lady's dress, are here abruptly parted for a distance of about 1,000 feet and with a width of only 150 feet in the narrowest part. The river roars at the bottom. The railway passes largely in tunnels. The hills curiously enough dip towards each other on either side of the gorge, and this for many miles. Their color is reddish. They are of limestone partially filled with gypsum and quartz. The cliffs are broken into pinnacles and pillars and are strikingly desolate and wild in character, but as you pass out of the defile at its southern end a very great contrast meets the eye—a vast green sea of waving date palms. It is the oasis of El Kantara that forms this striking picture. Here is a forest of some 30,000 date palms, interspersed with orange, mulberry, apricot and

apple trees. There are three Arab villages in this oasis, one on the right bank and two on the left. Their total population is about 2,500. As to the palms they seem to form a dense glossy mass, and are everywhere surrounded by mud and stone walls. The line between sterile stony plain and green fertile oasis is very sharply drawn. A few miles from the end of this oasis we came to a fine iron bridge crossing the river just indicated and had here to leave our train and walk nearly half a mile to take another, as the track embankment had been carried away for the distance of over a thousand feet by a recent rise of the river. The rains are exceedingly heavy and the utmost precautions have to be taken for both the highway and the railway, but this spreading of the river over many hundred feet had never been imagined. Going rapidly on we noticed that cultivation became scanty and tufts of grass increased. The ground was everywhere covered with small rough stones. The hills shone and glistened in the setting sun. The limestone ranges became lower and lower, the bare hills of sand increased, the plain stretched away to the horizon with no special elevations. We saw many herds of grazing camels, many caravans upon the road and many encampments of rough, wild and unkempt Arabs. I knew we were approaching the borders of the great Sahara. At Biskra, the terminus, a big crowd had come to the station to greet their friends. Here were three omnibuses for the three hotels. I entered one and soon reached a large and comfortable two-story house built in a quadrangle, with windows looking outward and doors opening upon the court. Everything showed preparation for many guests, but the season had not begun, and I met not a dozen people at the rather formal *table d'hôte*. I had heard that the amateur photographer had already spread himself pretty widely over the world, but I was rather unprepared to find indications of his presence on the borders of the Sahara, as evidenced by the following notice posted in my room: "Tourists having any photograph apparatus with them are begged not to use the towels for cleaning the objects of the apparatus. Towels soiled in this manner will be charged to the account of the Tourist."



A Camp in the Desert.

CHAPTER XII.

BISKRA—QUEEN OF THE DESERT.

I STARTED forth early in the morning to view the sights of Biskra. From a small ledge of rocks near the hotel one can obtain a good general view of the town, the oasis, the desert and the mountains to the north. The latter which are steep, bare, and yellow and gray in color are called the Aures; they correspond to the Andon of Ptolemy. These form a barrier to the north of the town, while to the south, the horizon of more than a semi-circle is broken only by the palms of one or two oases. The houses of the French are in the northwestern part of Biskra and near at hand; the lower dwellings of the Arabs are almost hidden by the palms. But a perfect prospect is had of the oasis generally, which is about three miles long and from 350 feet to half a mile wide. It is about two hundred miles distant from the Mediterranean. It is fed by springs. In the whole Algerian Sahara are about four hundred of these oases. The importance of each is as a rule measured by the number of its date palms. Biskra is one of the largest and has about 160,000. It has also 6,000 olive trees, besides many fig, orange, lemon, citron, pomegranate, apricot and olive trees. The population of Biskra embraces 7,000 natives, 1,000 French troops and about 1,200 Europeans, mostly French and Italians. Dates are the great staple commodity of Biskra, which is the emporium of the Sahara for the trade in this fruit. As many as 5,000 tons are annually sold in her market. Occasionally caravans of three hundred camels and fifty men arrive bearing little more than this nutritive and luscious product from the oases of the Sahara. The palms stand in such dense masses that at a considerable distance they resemble woods. Besides a general environment of mud walls the oasis is all divided up according to the several owners. Most of the date groves are in small holdings. A man who owns 10,000 trees is

here regarded as a rich man. The palms are very carefully irrigated. Each tree is taxed by the government. The great bunches of dates are cut down in the months of October and November. Early in the year when the trees show signs of flowering they are cleaned and trimmed of dead leaves and wood. In March they are climbed by the Arabs who rub the male flower upon the great white buds to insure greater fructification. The tree is reproduced by slips. A good palm is said to yield on an average 120 pounds of dates, and an acre of palms should yield about three tons. There are a hundred sorts of dates but they may all be divided into two principal sections: the soft glutinous and the dry kind. Nine-tenths of the palms of Biskra bear the latter sort. The best kind are called *deglatnour*, which are large, soft, transparent and have a sweet musky flavor. The date as eaten here is of course not at all like the dried and pressed dates of commerce. It is a large, plump, tender and juicy fruit, one of that sort of which, like walnuts, one feels inclined always to take "just one more."

The oasis of Biskra extends along the banks of a wide river, the Oued Biskra (now dry). On the opposite side of this are two smaller oases, which are considered as belonging to Biskra. Though connected with the French town is an Arab quarter and at a little distance a negro one, these do not form the whole town, which may be said to consist of five villages which are scattered through the oases. Biskra proper is surrounded by a wall and a ditch. The suburbs are without walls and are a vast garden of vegetables and grains. The town is laid out at right angles, with good macadamised streets and narrow sidewalks, well-drained and lighted, and this is true of the Arab as well as the French quarter. In the fort about five hundred troops are garrisoned. In front of the entrance to the fort is the Jardin Publique, a fairly good park of palms, acacias, mimosas, etc., which are kept alive by weekly floodings, the surface being all covered with little embankments and canals of water. In a private garden near here is the very rare curiosity of a palm tree having six heads and being in healthy condition. The market is held in and around a modern building erected in the middle of a square by the French. It was crowded with Arabs all dressed in white or what were once white, burnouses. I was surprised at the generally large stature of these men. They were swarthy, with scant beards, and amiable expression. The market contained a variety of provisions, in

which dates, oats, barley, and vegetables and fruits seemed to predominate. I saw many of the caravans coming and going, the camels with their curious movement and look of the head and neck like that of a turtle protruding from its shell. They bring chiefly dates in bags which they barter for European manufactures and provisions, money being of no use in the Sahara. In a fondak in the town I saw a large white camel, a very unusual color. It was employed only for riding and was valued at \$100. Some of the best of the riding camels, which will cover one hundred miles a day, are worth double this sum. A saddle-camel in Biskra may be hired at from five to ten francs a day. The baggage or transport camel will carry two hundred pounds and costs about \$50. The riding camels differ from these as much as a thoroughbred from a draught horse. They are very carefully bred, trained and managed by the Arabs. One of this kind once made the distance of 227 miles between Biskra and Ouargla, a town to the southwest, in thirty-six hours. Camels ordinarily eat grass and every sort of herb and shrub, but the better class are sometimes fed on dates. In winter they do not drink as a rule unless the weather is very hot. Their flesh is eaten by the Arabs and the tid-bit is the hump.

Of course I visited the Arab quarter, and peeped into the always interesting shops. The houses are here of one story with a terrace. The wood-work of the doors and roofs is of palm. There are usually no openings upon the streets save the doors. The people are a very amiable, industrious race. The women are generally seen unveiled. You notice large square towers scattered throughout the oasis. These are occupied by watchers to guard the dates when ripe. There are also on the sides of Biskra, as of Batna, towers of solid masonry, loopholed for muskets and with doors of iron half way up their walls. These have been built by the French to be used as outposts in the event of war. The fort at Biskra is however sufficiently large to shelter the civil population and to resist any attacks made upon it by the Arabs. The caid of Biskra has a very valuable collection of falcons which are used for hawking in the desert. I next visited the Negro village which is a little south of the Arab quarter. It is inhabited by Soudanese who were formerly slaves. The houses are of sun-dried brick and of most primitive character. I found all the little doors locked and not more than a dozen of the population at home. These people are very poor, and go out to work at about

five o'clock in the morning, not returning before that hour in the afternoon. The few whom I saw were jet-black in color, and the women were loaded with gold rings, earrings, bracelets and anklets, and dressed generally in gay colors. I need hardly add that both men and women were exceedingly dirty.

I might here speak of the great prevalence of blindness in one or both eyes and of eye-diseases among the Arabs and the negroes. It is the same in Egypt and doubtless for similar reasons. My guide who, by the way, had only one serviceable eye himself, could not give me a satisfactory explanation. He attributed it to the glare from the whitish soil, the blowing of the sand, and the great swarm of flies which continually hover about the face, and so persistently that the natives seem to become in a manner resigned, for you occasionally see distinct fringes of them clinging to their eyelids, and left quite unmolested.

One of the sights of Biskra is the *château* and gardens of Count Landon, a French gentleman of fortune and education, who usually passes his winters in this delightful climate. The gardens cover fifteen acres and are laid out at great cost and maintained at an annual expense of 25,000 francs. Here the Count has acclimatised plants and fruit trees from all over the world. Paths lead everywhere through these gardens, which are surrounded by high walls made of sun-dried bricks. Count Landon, besides his good taste, interest in botany and liberality to the public, who are freely admitted to his beautiful and interesting place, has, it seems, his eccentricities, at least one is very evident here. All the rooms of his establishment are in detached and separate houses. Thus as you enter the gate you see a building containing nothing but bed-rooms and of these no two are connected. Quite a distance off you enter the grand salon or parlor, a large room in Arab fashion, with rugs, ottomans, arches, arms, ornaments, etc., and importations in the shape of Indian punkahs, furniture and Chinese decorations. On many of the tables are seen works of all kinds on Algeria and Tunis and the Sahara. It is a very large, handsome room. Far from this in another building is the dining-room, and far from that the kitchen, the dishes being kept warm in transit by means of charcoal pans or dishes. Walking on through the dense mass of foliage above and flowers below, you enter a pretty little Arab smoking pavilion, with open arches at the sides, and arranged within upon a raised platform with ottomans and cushions for the smokers.



Ouled Nail Girl, Biskra.

In the centre upon a pretty octagonal table rests a large brass tray for holding a service of tea or coffee. The gardens are so arranged as to be capable of being flooded when necessary.

I paid several visits while at Biskra to the Arab cafés and especially to those where the famous Almées or dancing girls are to be seen. The cafés were ordinary rooms, with tables and chairs, a small bar of spirits, coffee and tobacco, and a raised stand of masonry in which an Arab band performed the regular wild, monotonous, cadenced and jingly music peculiar to all North Africa. The instruments consisted of violin, mandolin, guitar, flute, tambourine and drum. The performers were of both sexes. The cafés were crowded with Arabs, who were chiefly engaged in drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes, though I noticed that not a few had evolved from harmless sherbets to the subtle and deadly absinthe. In each café there were half a dozen girls who from time to time went through their dance—the *danse du ventre*—the upper part of the body above the waist being held perfectly rigid, the arms only being waved, with or without holding scarves. These girls belong to a particular tribe—that of Ouled Nail. They seem very young and some of them are quite pretty, at least from an oriental standpoint, though perhaps too corpulent to please a European taste. They are of reddish-brown complexion, which is made still darker by the use of tar and saffron. They mix horse-hair with their own black locks, which are elaborately arranged, with two enormous braids over the ears, and made almost solid with grease. Like the Japanese they keep their hair dressed for a week at a time. They are often disfigured by tattooing on face and arms. They stain their fingers and hands reddish-yellow with henna. They are unveiled and extremely dirty. Their loose dresses are of very gaudy colored, gauzy stuff which veils but does not conceal. Upon their heads are gay silk turbans fringed with small gold and silver coins and old gold ornaments. Many necklaces of coins and corals are also worn, as well as great gold earrings, circlets three or four inches in diameter. Their fingers are covered with rings and their wrists and ankles with great silver bangles. In short, they often carry about with them, what in their country is a small fortune in jewelry. They wear tiny, red, leather slippers. The dancing girls are, as might be imagined, cocottes, and are said after years of carnival at Biskra, to return to their native oases and marry. As in Morocco the musicians sing at the time of playing upon their instruments. The

Arabs seem very fond of this dancing, though I was told it was furnished quite as much for the entertainment of foreign visitors and residents.

I paid a visit while at Biskra to the monastery or headquarters of "Les Frères Armés du Sahara," a religious order of armed brothers, instituted by Cardinal Lavigerie, and which had occasioned much criticism in European journals. At a distance of about a mile from the French quarter of Biskra, on the direct road to Touggurt and Ouargla in the Sahara, I found a long corridor building, the quarters of the brothers. This was opened in February 1891 and contained thirty-one members. I was shown through the small chapel and the two large dormitories where the members sleep in summer upon mats and in winter upon mattresses on a raised platform of masonry surrounding each room. Their meals are taken upon mats on the floor in the centre of each room, sitting cross-legged in Arabic fashion. Surrounding the building are several hectares of rich land which is sown with grains and vegetables and cultivated by the brothers. I was also shown the armoury, which contains the repeating rifles (with sword bayonets) of the fraternity and the brass instruments of the band. A pamphlet was given me containing a letter of the Cardinal to all those intending to join the association and presenting a general idea of their life and duties and of the scope of the organization. Shorn of the superfluous rhetoric in which it abounds, it really seems as if there was an opportunity for such an association—but whether it will be successful or not time alone can tell. There is an advanced station of six members at Ouargla, about two hundred miles to the southwest of Biskra. The work of these brothers is described as both patriotic and humanitarian. The chief object is the suppression of slavery. The brothers are instructed by the Cardinal to carry out their work by the force of arms, by introducing French industries and commerce, and by the power of devotion, which is to operate through personal sanctification, through coöperation, through the care of the sick, and through manual labor, principally in agriculture and other works necessary for the creation of centres in the Sahara. The rules of the Brotherhood are not especially strict: they volunteer for five years' service, which may be three times renewed. They form a religious society but without vows. They dress all in white, tunic and trousers, with a red cross upon the breast, and a red fez upon the head. As to food they are required to live

as nearly as possible like the natives of the desert—fruit being forbidden. They are placed under the government of one of the “White Fathers” of Algiers, with a chief and under-chief chosen directly by the Apostolic Vicar of the Sahara. They are to learn Arabic and to assist the natives by sympathy and actual contact in all ways possible. To further this they are all drilled as soldiers. And this is one of the points that has occasioned so much adverse criticism, that a body of Catholic monks, for such in truth they are, should undertake their work as soldiers, first and last. A conspicuous sign-board just within the gate informs the stranger, in French and English, that no women are allowed to enter the buildings. As I have said trial alone can tell what good the Brotherhood may do—the circular of the Cardinal is far too sentimental—the practical and material arts of civilization must a long way precede any intellectual or moral changes among such wild people as those dwelling in the Sahara.

One afternoon I drove in a victoria over a fairly good road to the famous oasis of Sidi Okbar, about fourteen miles southwest from Biskra. Leaving the walls of the town, and passing the dry and stony bed of the Oued Biskra, here a quarter of a mile in width, I passed through very extensive fields of barley, and after following the walls of the date-palm groves to their southern extremity, turned directly out into the desert, a vast plain of little hummocks, stones, sand and saltpetre. There was no herbage but the hummocks were covered with a plant between a grass and a bush—a species of terebinth which is the principal food of the camel and is said to be greatly relished by them. The distant view is like that of the ocean only there were variations in color in the surface of the desert, the eye had a better standard of comparison than with the monotonous sea, and the distance to the horizon therefore seemed at least three times as great as it does from a steamer’s deck in the ocean. Taking great stretches of the plain into view it seems almost a “dead” level, but in actual fact it has a gentle smoothly-undulating surface. Scattered pretty freely about the desert were encampments of the wandering or Bedouin Arabs, with their low tents of dark camels’ hair cloth and their herds of camels, goats and sheep. Caravans were frequently passing us. At the foot of the yellowish-red Aures mountains to the left of the point at which we started forth were a series of small oases, but when we reached the village of Sidi Okbar we were away out in the desert, with no oases, large or

small, in view towards the southern horizon. Sidi Okbar is a genuine Arab village, with low single-story houses of sun-dried brick and mud, and narrow crooked streets. I passed near the entrance to the oasis a large Arab cemetery, the graves almost touching each other and consisting only of mud mounds with low mud head and foot slabs. Passing into the town I walked through the chief street of shops—curious quaint little “holes in the wall,” filled with French nicknacks and dry-goods, and along into the market, which was full of vegetables and fruits. The streets were crowded with Arabs, and a rabble of boys followed me from this time forth and begged incessantly for backsheesh or a present of money. The natives impressed me as a rough wild set, and gave me a good general notion of what travellers experience who penetrate far to the south in Algeria. As to the town I fancy it is a good type of those in the oases of the Sahara, and in parts of the Soudan. The casual peeps I got into the huts revealed scarcely any furniture other than a few mats, cooking utensils and a scanty supply of provisions. The women I observed were as usual loaded with jewelry and wore gay but very dirty clothes. Those of the men were also not only very dirty but ragged as well. The object of chief interest in Sidi Okbar is however the mosque, which is said to be the most ancient monument of Islamism in Africa.

I was enabled to inspect this mosque without taking off my shoes, the straw matting on the floor being first removed for my sacrilegious passage. It is a very plain building without, about one hundred feet square, with horse-shoe arches and a flat wooden roof. The mimbar and mihreb are very richly colored and above them are some beautiful perforated windows. In one corner is the koubba or shrine of Sidi Okbar in a sort of chancel. The tomb is like those in general of marabouts or holy men, hung round with silk and filled with offerings of banners, candles, ostrich eggs, mirrors, etc. At one side of the koubba on one of the pillars is carved in early Cufic characters, the oldest Arabic inscription in Algeria. It says: “This is the tomb of Okbar, son of Nafa. May Allah have mercy upon him.” The minaret should be ascended for a remarkably fine view over the town and the surrounding desert. On the eastern side of the mosque is a curiously carved wooden door of very old Arab work. Sidi Okbar is the religious, as Biskra is the political, capital of the Ziban, a territory of about 11,000,000 hectares and 100,000 inhabitants. It is a



Touaregs, Southern Algeria.

great place of pilgrimage. Every year thousands of Mohammedans from all parts of Northern Africa undertake the journey to the tomb of the famous saint, who is worshipped probably next to Mohammed. Sidi Okbar was the famous warrior who in the sixteenth year of the Hegira conquered the whole of Northern Africa from Egypt to Morocco, and who spurred his horse into the Atlantic, declaring that only this barrier would prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it, who knew not Allah and his Prophet to worship him only or die. Many revolts took place before his power was consolidated, and in one of them, at an oasis about half a mile from that of Sidi Okbar he, with about three hundred of his followers, was massacred by a certain Berber chief, whom he had subjected to great indignity. When later the Arabs had reconquered the country in which Biskra stands, they buried their leader at the place which now bears his name.

As I drove back to Biskra across the desolate desert the descending sun lit with a ruddy hue the rugged flanks of the Aures, and falling still lower formed a beautiful orange-colored background on which the great forests of palms were superbly limned, their fronds delicately showing, and beyond were the dark hard outlines of mountains backed by a flaming sea of gold. It was a gorgeous picture and riveted my attention until the sun was gone and a splendid full moon endeavored to counterfeit its light. No sooner however had the "great luminary of day" taken his departure than the peculiar desert chill fell upon the air, and by the time I reached the hotel I was thoroughly cold. The day had been a magnificent one, clear as crystal, without a cloud, with a fierce sun throwing a blaze of pure light. There was an exhilaration, a tonic in the air, and I could realize how the Bedouins keep their health and great strength and endurance in the wilds of the desert. They have the purest of atmospheres to breathe, a sufficiency of exercise and rest, and a diet consisting of dates, mutton and camels' milk, three of the most wholesome and nutritious of known foods.

Biskra is called by the Arabs the "Queen of the Desert," a name to which its magnificent forest of dark glossy palms justly entitles it. Its climate is delightful during six months of the year, being practically rainless, and the sole drawback is the prevalence of high winds. When Nice, Mentone and the chief winter resorts of Italy experience the severest of frosts and most inclement weather, Biskra has a clear sky and a most genial climate. While

Rome, Cadiz and Malaga have recorded averages of 50° to 60° Fahrenheit, Biskra rarely registers less than 70° in the shade. In summer however the heat is intense, the thermometer frequently standing at 110 Fahrenheit in the shade, and as high as 124° having been observed. At this time you will very likely have a temperature of 90° during the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ALGERIAN POMPEII.

ON December 15th I left Biskra at 7 A. M. for Batna, duly arriving at 1 P. M. The town of Batna presents no special interest to the traveller, but very great interest however rests in the neighboring Roman ruins of Lambessa and Timegad (Thaumugas). The former is celebrated for the remains of its military colony and the camp of the famous Third Legion of the Emperor Augustus, and the Prætorium; the latter for its Triumphal Arch, and Temple to Jupiter Capitolinus. Though there are many other archaeological remains of the Roman period—forums, baths, theatres, temples, markets—these just mentioned are in the best state of preservation. Batna lies in a plain some 3,400 feet above sea level and contains about 2,500 inhabitants. It is an ordinary French town surrounded by a square wall, with a gate on each side. It is laid out with wide streets and sidewalks, and contains some large barracks capable of holding 4,000 men, it being the headquarters of a military subdivision. The buildings are of one and two stories, stuccoed and painted yellow. There are a church and a mosque, and without the walls a dilapidated negro village, made of mud bricks. The town is lighted by electricity, has a clock, illuminated at night, which strikes the quarters and hours, and its hydrants have running water!

The following day I visited the ruins of Lambessa and Timegad, leaving the hotel in a barouche drawn by a pair of sturdy native horses, at half-past seven. The morning broke clear, bright and cold. As we left the walls of the town the fields were white with frost and such water as we happened to see was covered with a thin sheet of ice. Our general direction was southeast, over a good macadamised road, which however after leaving Lambessa was exceedingly crooked in order to preserve a good average level. We wound all day from one valley to another, with low mountain

ranges on either hand. There were no trees in sight but the fields of barley and other grains seemed especially rich. There were a few camps of Bedouin Arabs, and a few French farmhouses but the country was anything but settled. The ruins of Lambessa are only about six miles from Batna. Near them is a large French prison and just beyond, a small French village. The prison, a huge four story building, is simply a convict establishment for natives and Europeans alike. Lambessa was, as I have said, a military town, the headquarters of the Third Augustan Legion. It however grew at one time to be a city of some 60,000 inhabitants. It was built about 150 A. D. At the intersection of the two main streets of the camp stands the principal ruin—the Prætorium. This is a large quadrangular edifice which has been partially restored by the French. It is about 100 feet long, 60 wide and 50 high. It is in two stories exteriorly, with five round arches. All is built of large blocks of stone and the columns, with a sort of Corinthian capital, are very handsome. Between the large archway and the smaller ones are niches intended to hold statuary. The keystone of the lower central arch contains the remains of a sculptured eagle, that of the arch above it a hand holding a wreath. The interior however is but of one story with large attached or “engaged” columns. In parts the building is very much weathered, in others in surprising good condition when one reflects upon its great age. The interior has been fenced and now contains a museum of statues, columns and capitals, and inscribed slabs which have been found here or in the vicinity, but it is said the finest remains have been sent to the Louvre in Paris. The material of the Prætorium seems to be the ordinary lime-stone of the country, though many of the statues are of white marble. Everything is in the most solid and careful style customary with the Romans. In the neighborhood are many detached ruins—arches, amphitheatres, tombs, palaces. There is a large garden adjoining the Prætorium which contains in a small shed, a very fine mosaic pavement, left exactly as it was found, and also a detached one, both in very good preservation and of excellent workmanship.

But the chief interest of the Roman remains centres in Timegad, which is about twenty-two miles from Batna by the same road as that by which Lambessa is reached. I drove on to these through fertile valleys, passing many Arabs at work ploughing their fields, turning from the main road about a mile from where there was an old column sunk in the ground and bearing this in-



General View of Timogad.

scription: "Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts. Monuments Historique. Ville Romaine de Thaumugas." We went directly to the south and crossed the cultivated fields by a rough road to a semi-circular ridge of low smooth hills upon which stood the old city. The location was most admirable, backed by mountains on two sides and with an extended view over the valley in two others. The city of Timegad was built in the first century of the Christian era and devastated by the Moors in the sixth, its destruction being completed by successive shocks of earthquake. Built upon one of the spurs of the Aures mountains, it was a place of fashionable resort like Pompeii and like the Italian city, it has preserved the pavement of its streets, with ruts made by the chariot wheels, a forum with a number of ornamental statues, a basilica, a tribunal of commerce, several temples and public halls, a theatre with seats for the spectators, galleries, and entrance places for the public and the actors, fountains, baths, and a covered market with granite tables still in their places. To the southwest of the town upon a hill designated by the name of Capitol rises a temple of colossal dimensions, surrounded by spacious porticoes. This building, dedicated to Jupiter, is now being excavated, and ornamental friezes, balustrades, and heads of columns are already clear of earth, while the fragments of a gigantic statue have also been brought to light. There is a broad paved road, quite intact, traversing the city from east to west, with several triumphal arches spanning it, one of which, built by Trajan and having three gateways through it, is but little injured and has been partially restored by the French. Above the gateways are niches for statues, one of them being in place. The well preserved columns are of the beautiful Corinthian order of architecture. They are entirely of white marble, though the remainder of the monument is of sandstone. This triumphal way was the road from Lambessa to Tebessa, a city about one hundred miles to the eastward, which possesses the first Christian monastery in the world, built at the close of the fourth century by the disciples of St. Augustine and recently excavated by the French Administration of Public Monuments. There is also in Timegad the Byzantine fort or citadel, built in haste by the troops of Solomon, the successor of Belisarius in Africa, out of the débris of the southern part of the city, several Christian basilicas, and various other constructions which will in due course be excavated. The ruins extend over a very large space of ground and consist of columns, capi-

tals, bases and walls in every stage of decay and breakage. The surface is covered with stone débris, bricks and broken earthenware. Pompeii was destroyed by a volcano and Timegad by a fire, to which, as already mentioned, have been added several earthquake shocks, so that now you will hardly find any relics entire. The principal ruins may be said to consist of a fortress, forum, triumphal arch and baths. The theatre was cut in the abrupt side of a hill. The forum has all been cleared and contains many columns, pedestals and inscriptions. Some of the columns are of a very beautiful pink marble. A street on one side is paved with huge blocks placed diagonally and much worn by cart-wheels. This leads between diminutive shops and rows of broken columns, to the triumphal arch, which is said to be the finest monument in Algeria. A small rest-house for travellers has been built in the centre of the ruins. It is of solid masonry, in and around which many of the most interesting of the remains have been placed. Near here are also several tents of Arabs who have charge of the ruins, and signs are everywhere displayed that it is against the law for any one to disturb or carry away any portions of the "historical monuments." Timegad, or Thaumugas, is well-known to history and the many slabs of inscriptions have been easily read. Undoubtedly further excavations will bring much of great interest to light. Here, as at Pompeii, the life of the people may be readily studied. And the finds so far have been similar to those at Pompeii: statues, urns, coins, jewels, household furniture and utensils. Let us hope that the rich results of this and previous excavations will encourage the French government to undertake others.

I returned to Constantine in the morning and in the afternoon took a drive to the summits of the two neighboring hills for panoramic views. One hill was situated to the north of the city and was called Djebel Mesçid; the other styled Mansoura, was to the east and considerably lower, but commanding a fine view of the sloping city and its envioning gorge. A good road winds about Djebel Mesçid to the summit, where there is a modern French fort. Upon the edge of the cliff a summer-house has been erected and from here the view is very grand and beautiful. One sees before him a long and fertile valley through which winds the Roummel, and gets a fine view of the houses of Constantine further around to the left. The cliff is very steep and seems to descend 1,500 feet almost abruptly to the railway at its base which goes to Philippeville. On the summit of Mansoura are some

large cavalry barracks which are occupied by about 1,000 of the chasseurs d'Afrique.

The police system in Algeria is on the whole most excellent. Though the country is peopled with diverse races and towns in the interior are often far apart, travel is quite safe, and there are nowhere any brigands. The French I may add are in the main kindly conquerors towards an inferior race, and their rule in Algeria is on the whole beneficial. Though it was all France could do to keep hold of her colony in the terrible uprising of the Arabs in 1871, that rebellion was so sternly repressed, and the paternal form of government which has since followed has been so judiciously administered that there is no probability of further discontent and trouble. Of course, as with the English in India, the occupation depends largely upon a military support. But Algiers, it should be remembered, is but twenty-eight hours steaming from Marseilles and not like England, three weeks from her Indian possessions.

I left Constantine at the uncanny hour of 5 A. M. direct for Tunis, a distance of 230 miles, which we succeeded in covering in twenty hours. The average speed thus achieved was eleven and a half miles an hour! At Khroubs, eleven miles from Constantine, we changed cars and turned directly to the east. The carriages of the train were of a curious construction for which I was at a loss to recognize any advantage. A gallery extended along one side half the length of the car and crossing through the middle—where there were lavatories, though kept locked—ended at the other extremity. Into this gallery the small compartments of the first- and second-class passengers opened. You entered by platforms at each end, and a passage was arranged from car to car, though for some reasons not used, being fenced across. One of the carriages had a coupé compartment, and this I selected for the greater light and broader views. The scenery however was of no special merit until we reached the station of Hammam Muskoutine. Previous to this we passed a number of villages and the road was carried by able engineering along the gorge of a small river for many miles. Its massive stone bridges as well as those of the adjacent road always commanded attention and praise. Hammam Muskoutine is famous for its boiling springs, which can plainly be seen steaming away near the railway line. The temperature of the water is 203° Fahrenheit, which taking into consideration the altitude of the place is just about the heat of boiling-water, and is only sur-

passed by the Geysers in Iceland and Las Trincheras in South America, the former of which rises at 208° and the latter at 206° temperature. These Algerian springs are similar in character to those in the Yellowstone Park, though on a very much smaller scale. There are here also cones of exhausted springs like those in the above mentioned Park, the largest of them being thirty-five feet in height and forty in circumference. The surface of the rock where the springs rise is thickly encrusted with carbonate of lime. They fall in little series of cascades into a prettily wooded glen, and then turn away in a small stream to join the larger one which the railway has been following so long. Many date palms bordered this stream, receiving from it their necessary heat and moisture, and in the lower part of it were many natives cooking their food, and washing their clothes. The scenery in the neighborhood—wooded hills and fertile fields—is very pretty. And this is the background you have for this interesting natural curiosity, which has been happily termed a “petrified rapid.” These springs however differ from those in the Yellowstone Park in being more efficacious in the cure of rheumatism and skin diseases. The Romans knew their value and some of their baths, cut out of the rock, are still used by the patients of a hospital which, in addition to a good hotel, is now located here. A little over half a mile from the hospital are some springs, of a temperature of 170° Fahrenheit, which are ferruginous and sulphurous. The convenience of being able thus to use both saline and ferrous springs placed so near together will undoubtedly make Hammam Muskoutine an important and popular watering-place, to which the beauty of its surrounding scenery will add a very great attraction, as does in the case of so many of the most celebrated spas and baths of France and Germany.

For a long time after leaving Hammam Muskoutine the country is very charming. There are great woods of olive and cork trees, with much cultivated and pasture land. In the neighborhood of Guelma, a modern French town of some 4,000 inhabitants, we entered the valley of the Seybouse river and followed it to the village of Duvivier, where we breakfasted and again changed cars, our former train going on to the city of Bone, on the sea-coast. At some eighteen or twenty miles from Duvivier, we ascended and crossed a range of densely wooded hills by a very long series of windings. Hereabouts the views of distant hills, mountains and plains were really superb. We passed through very many tunnels,

one of them being half a mile in length. The woods were especially pleasing to me after having become accustomed to the ordinary barrenness, grayness and brownness of this part of Africa at this season. The principal trees were cork and olive, though there were many others and of varying tints of green, together with a dense underbrush of heath, thorn and broom. Souk-Ahras was the next town of any importance, though it only numbers some 2,500 inhabitants. After leaving Souk-Ahras we reached the valley, or more properly gorge, of the Medjerda river, which flows into the gulf of Tunis, and which we did not leave until in the neighborhood of that city. The gorge of rough rocks and well-rounded hills is very picturesque. In a distance of forty miles the railway crosses the Medjerda river a dozen or more times. At a small place by the name of Ghardimaon we passed the frontier between Algeria and Tunis, and had to submit to a mild Custom-house examination. We here took a hurried dinner. It was now dusk and so I could see nothing of the appearance of the country, but I was told that Tunis or Tunisia, as it is now called by many—and this is a good idea, for it serves to distinguish the name of the country from that of the capital—differed from Algeria in having more plains than hills, in being less wooded, and in having less rain. Throughout a great part of Tunisia the soil is so sterile that it will only produce harvests when irrigated or supplied with more than the usual amount of rain. In the extreme north there is the most water and here are also the largest forests, then towards the south comes a region like the Tell or elevated plateau of Algeria; next might be distinguished the Sahel or coast regions, great plains productive only after rains or when irrigated, the remainder being a desert—first what is called the “little Sahara” which is covered with weeds and “camels’ food,” and then the vast, arid, sandy, rocky and hilly Sahara proper. About six miles from Tunis we passed through a portion of the great aqueduct of Carthage, for which it seems two piers and three arches have been destroyed, when this might easily have been avoided by making a slight detour either to right or left.

CHAPTER XIV.

TUNIS AND CARTHAGE.

WE did not reach Tunis until half-past twelve at night, when we alighted at a fine, large station, and riding through a wide boulevard, with double rows of trees in the centre, reached a commodious hotel, with marble staircases and tiled floors. The next day was spent in the bazaar and in walks round and about the city. From the ancient Kasbah in the northern part an extensive view is had of Tunis, its environment, and the distant sea. It appears that the city is situated on a sort of isthmus between two large and shallow salt lakes. The inner communicates with the outer and that again with the sea through a narrow artificial cut. The city is built on a plain with a gentle slope towards the east and the larger salt lake, which is called the Little Sea by the natives. The shipping is obliged to lie without this lake in an open roadstead in the lower part of the gulf of Tunis. The "little sea" is about seven miles across and from the artificial opening just mentioned, a ship canal was being excavated, which was to be 150 feet wide and 25 feet deep. This will allow the greater part of the steamers to come directly to the edge of the city. This canal was finished early in 1894. At the opening connecting with the sea was, at the time of my visit, the port of Tunis—called the Goletta—in the northern part of which were the town and fort, and in the southern an old summer palace and seraglio of the Bey, the arsenal and Custom-house. The Goletta, like Tunis, has been almost wholly constructed with the materials of ancient Carthage, but a few kilometres distant. The Goletta and Tunis are connected by a railway about twelve miles in length, upon which half a dozen trains run each way daily. As to the general appearance of Tunis viewed from the Goletta, the dull uniformity of the houses is in the native quarter only broken by the minarets, domes and cupolas of a few mosques. The city covers a large expanse



Tunisian Street Costume.

of ground extending north and south, and is surrounded by a bastioned wall on all sides except that towards the east and the large lake. This wall has a number of gates. The city has four avenues broad enough to be used by carriages, the remainder being narrow and very crooked, though well-paved and well-lighted by gas. The drainage is open and in the centre of each street. By strict enactment the French have all the streets regularly cleaned, and for an oriental city it must be called quite free from dirt and foulness. The French quarter is in the northeastern part, next comes the Maltese and then that of the Jews, while the Arabs keep to themselves the western and higher parts of the city. The French town is comparatively new, but already contains many fine streets running at right angles, and lined with handsome public buildings, hotels, shops, churches, markets, etc. A small public garden has been laid out east of the station—that of the railway connecting with Algeria. It is not necessary to give any further details of the French town, which is rapidly extending itself north and south and towards the lake. The Resident-General of France has a fine palace in the midst of a beautiful garden in this quarter, while the Bey lives for the most part in a pretty village to the northeast and about ten miles distant. There are several lines of tramway that skirt the city. The plant is Belgian. Tunis is surrounded by low ranges of hills and by very fertile vegetable gardens. There are also old Arab and Spanish forts on nearly every side. These have been restored and are now garrisoned by the French, who keep some 5,000 troops in the immediate vicinity; and there are 5,000 more scattered over the country. You notice in the Arab quarter a slight difference from the streets of Algiers in that they are not nearly so steep and are wider, with a generally better class of buildings bordering them. They pass through many arches, above which one often sees dainty little oriel windows and balconies, and most of those in the bazaar are either roofed by planks or matting, or run through corridors of brick. The chief interest of Tunis may be said to consist in the many and varied attractions of its bazaars. The Arabs and Maltese—there are 8,000 of the latter—are very interesting, sober and ingenious people. The Maltese especially form a valuable class in the community as they work hard and live abstemiously.

Tunis is noted for its manufacture of silk and woollen stuffs, its shawls and carpets, its burnouses and fez caps, its saddlery and leather embroidery, its jasmine and attar of roses. The different

manufactures and trades generally keep together, so that a purchaser has the advantage of comparing the various articles of the same sort in one place. Thus there is the street or market of the perfumers, that of the bed, carpet and mattress makers, that of the saddlers, that of the armourers, that of the embroiderers of table-cloths, portières, caftans, etc. In passing through the bazaar you will be frequently invited into a shop, the door locked, presumably to avoid interruption, and the proprietor will politely inform you that after having taken a cup of coffee with him, he will have the honor of showing you some of the best of his goods, which you may purchase or not at discretion. After that everything that you admire will be placed aside as if you had already decided to take it and only waited for an agreement as to the price. The merchants, as in Cairo, Damascus and Stamboul, are great cheats and will at first demand three times what they will eventually accept. You will be confidentially informed that all the elegant embroideries in gold and colored silk upon rich, gay-tinted velvets have been worked by the ladies of the Bey's harem, and bear His Highness's special monogram. You will be assured with great gravity and suavity that to any one else the price would be so and so, but to you it would be a half or a third less. And you will be importuned and pressed until you feel like breaking down the locked door and escaping, but you are not free even when the door has been opened, for the merchant will follow you through the streets and even invade your hotel. This is all very annoying but in palliation it may be added that the products in silk of the native looms are really exquisite, as are the rugs and carpets. The old gold and silver inlaid arms are also very interesting and attractive. But knowing the trickery of the dealers one is always afraid to buy. In the Jewish quarter you are greatly surprised, as well as amused, at the universal corpulence of the women. This abnormal fat seems to pertain chiefly to the bust, and is displayed to a greater extent by contrast with their extraordinary costume of almost skin-tight white trousers and richly embroidered vests. They are always overloaded with jewelry and of course do not cover their olive-colored faces. Occasionally you see a very young girl who might be called pretty, but the others have very sensual expressions, wholly devoid of character or vivacity. To a male Jew however this corpulence is supposed to constitute their special attractiveness. I went into several Jewish houses and always found very large families, with



A Tunisian Jewess.

the women at work in various household duties or weaving the silk fabrics so lavishly exposed in the bazaars. You are not permitted to enter any of the Arab houses, but you frequently see the women in the street clothed all in white save only the handkerchief which covers the forehead and lower part of the face and which here is always black in color, producing a remarkable effect, and one not nearly so pleasing as that of the delicate white gauze worn in Fez, Algiers and Cairo. As to the male population, while dressed generally in a similar fashion to that of Morocco and Algeria, you observe that stockings are more frequently worn and a sort of red-topped boot. The fez cap also appears oftener. The Tunisians are generally a large and fine-looking people, amiable and courteous. Restaurants and cafés especially abound. The natives sit cross-legged upon high mat-covered benches, drink cups of very thick and hot coffee, smoke cigarettes and play at games like our draughts and cards. The fondaks are very dirty: they contain cattle below, people above. The houses are generally of one and two stories, and over all the city, built into the mosques, bazaars, houses and gateways, you observe the old weather-worn remains of Carthage.

There are many mosques in Tunis, but you are not permitted to enter any of them, not even upon removing your shoes. This is singular since in the old holy city of Kerouan, about two days' travel to the south, a place that until the French occupation was surpassed in fanatical exclusiveness by only El Medina and Mecca, where formerly no Christian could enter without a special order from the Bey, and a Jew did not dare even approach—you may now freely enter any of the mosques. The largest place of worship in Tunis is called the "Mosque of the Olive Tree." It has exteriorly a double row of arches supported by pillars taken from old Carthage. In the northern part of the city is another large mosque, which is always a conspicuous object in any view that may be had of Tunis. It has a large central doorway surrounded by four smaller ones, and all white-washed the whitest of white. Another one has green-tiled domes and is decorated exteriorly by rose-colored marble columns, inlaid marbles, and inscriptions from the Koran. Near the bazaar the old slave market is shown you. The courtyard is surrounded by arcades the pillars of which are all of old Roman fabrication. Around this court are the little chambers or cells in which the slaves were kept, the men below, the women in the story above.

In front of the Kasbah is a square containing a small garden, and faced on two sides with government offices. One side contains the Dar-el-Bey or old stone palace of the Bey. This is the great show-sight of Tunis. It covers a large extent of ground and is two and three stories in height. The lower rooms are occupied as offices and courts, and a large chemical assay department. Externally it is not a prepossessing building—Arab buildings seldom are—but interiorly there are many remarkably fine gems of Arabic architecture. This palace was built more than a century ago. It contains the Bey's private apartments and offices, the Grand Vizier's Room, the Judgment Room, the Audience Chamber, dining saloon etc., decorated with splendid old glazed faïence, delicate arabesques of raised and perforated plaster, inlaid marbles and onyx, red granite, and carved wooden ceilings blazing with gold and vermilion; together with a long series of more modern state rooms painted in tawdry fashion, and filled with equally tawdry Louis XVI. furniture. Some of the delicate and intricate arabesque plaster work, an art for which Tunis was once so celebrated and which has now become almost extinct, equals anything in the Alhambra. You can compare it with nothing better than specimens of the best Brussels lace. Most of the rooms are very small, with low doors and many crooked connecting halls and passages. The tiles extend quite the entire height of the walls and the ceilings are lofty domes or oblong vaults covered with arabesque tracery of beautifully patterned and gay-colored wood. Marble columns, slabs and pavements from Carthage everywhere abound and many of these show their great age by the weathering they have undergone. It is an extremely interesting building, but I fear to fatigue the reader by giving more minute detail.

In the southwestern part of the city is a large high school or college founded by the present Bey, for the original purpose of educating a class of teachers capable of spreading the French language and influence in the interior of the country. Another object is to educate Arab youth for administrative functions. The teachers are either French or Arabs, and the pupils, of whom there are nearly two hundred, average about seventeen years of age. They are taught the Arabic language and literature, French and Italian, mathematics, physics, history and geography. I was very courteously shown through the establishment by the Director. There were rooms for sleeping and eating, a library, a room for physical apparatus, a hospital and many class-rooms, in some of

which the boys were squatting upon the floor conning aloud their lessons from wooden tablets, and in others sitting upon benches and studying silently from yellow-leaved books. There are also some fifty or so primary schools in Tunis, which are attended by upwards of 8,000 pupils, of whom it is said nearly one-third are girls.

There are a number of so-called "Turkish" or hot-air baths in the city, which are much resorted to by the Arabs. Three of them are available for Christians. I examined the largest and best. The entrance from the street was through a barber-shop, in which hundreds of razors of all shapes and sizes were displayed upon the walls for sale. Next came a covered court with arcades having stone pillars, a handsome marble fountain being in the centre. Around the court were raised platforms, to recline upon after the bath. Two or three connecting rooms were used for the same purpose. A row of niches under the edge of these platforms furnished receptacles for slippers. On one side was a small stove for making coffee. Leaving this chamber the bather passed through a series of vaults, each hotter than the other, and divided by double wooden doors. In each were little rooms for applying water in various fashions and all contained tanks of water, and large stone slabs on which to shampoo the customers. The place was full of men and fairly reeked with noisome odors. My desire to essay a bath was suddenly chilled notwithstanding the temperature. A bath of this character costs about twenty-five cents.

The population of Tunis is stated as 190,000, considerably more than double that of Algiers, but it is only an estimate, for no regular census has ever been taken. Of the total, 145,000 are believed to be Mohammedans, 25,000 Jews and 20,000 Europeans. There are also Moors and negroes who are included in this rating. In the entire Regency, with an area of about 70,000 square miles, there are believed to be about 2,000,000 people. The Italians outnumber the French and the Maltese nearly equal them.

The most interesting sight in the more immediate neighborhood of Tunis is the Bardo, a large palace and citadel of the old Beys. It lies about a mile and a quarter northwest of the city. The railway from Algeria passes close by and another road leads to it from Tunis, but the latter is only used on state occasions by the reigning Bey himself. Leaving the city you pass through many fertile gardens and soon come to the old Spanish aqueduct. This is about fifty feet in height, raised upon piers and arches, and extends across

the plains for several miles. It is of a similar style to the great aqueduct of Carthage, previously mentioned, which is about six miles distant from the city, but it is very inferior in construction to that great work. Few, if any, people of ancient times equalled the Romans in the high general quality of their masonry work. You soon arrive at the Bardo, which has the appearance of a small walled town, rapidly going to decay. The palace buildings loom up some three stories or so in height, but can hardly be called impressive. Besides the palace proper, there are many edifices which were used by the court and the officials, and the village of dependants and servants which would naturally spring up around them. Loitering about were several native soldiers, wearing a European style of uniform, with the addition of a fez cap. They are armed with the Chassepot rifle. The Tunisian army has been reduced to a single battalion mostly used as a guard of honor for the Bey, though you occasionally see soldiers employed as servants about the public buildings. They are said to be well-drilled and also in every way properly equipped. Formerly they were frequently to be seen bare-footed and while mounting guard to be engaged in the very unmartial occupation of knitting stockings! Entering a huge gateway, with great copper-covered doors we follow a street of what once were small shops and enter a spacious paved court, surrounded by several lofty buildings, with irregularly placed windows, and curious little balconies projecting oddly above your head. Here is the entrance to an interesting museum of Roman antiquities and Tunisian arts, of which I shall soon speak. You leave your carriage here and enter a second and smaller court surrounded by arcades supported by marble pillars. On the side opposite the entrance is a marble staircase guarded by marble lions, three on each side and several of them most admirable counterfeits of the king of beasts. This therefore is naturally termed the "Court of Lions." The staircase gives access to the "Hall of Glass," a large, oblong room whose walls are of vari-colored marbles, tiles and arabesque plaster-work. The concave roof is very curious, being composed of interlaced wood and plaster gayly-colored and mounted upon mirrors. The Bey formerly gave audience here every Saturday, but now it is only used on the occasion of the two great annual Mohammedan festivals. I should state that a part only of the palace is at present occupied, and by the family of the late Bey. The reigning Bey lives at the little village of La Marsa, near the coast, about ten miles from the city. Many parts of the



Plaster Sculptures in the Bardo.

palace have fallen into so ruinous and dilapidated a condition that they have had to be pulled down, and others have actually fallen. These are now being very gradually reconstructed as they formerly existed.

On the same floor as the Hall of Glass is the Hall of the Pasha, the finest room in the palace. It is built in the shape of a cross, though without any special significance attached to this form. The walls are all of inlaid marbles, stone mosaic and ancient tiles. The furniture is not very handsome and gilt clocks are too numerous. In fact, there is not a room in the palace which has not from four to twelve clocks in it; some of these however are old and curious, and as big as sentry-boxes. There are altogether quite enough clocks in the palace to set a watchmaker up in business. The Hall of the Pasha contains some large and interesting historical pictures illustrating Tunisian history. The Hall of Justice, near by, is also a fine room, with its row of columns down the centre and its tiles. It contains a great chair of state in which the Bey himself periodically administers Moslem justice to his subjects, quite in the old patriarchal style. This therefore may be called the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal. In the upper story is a large state apartment or Throne Room, which is now being reconstructed. Its ceiling is painted in a very tawdry fashion. The pictures that it formerly contained I saw in another room. They were mostly of large size, portraits of many European sovereigns and princes, presented by themselves, of deceased Beys and of living magnates. The private living apartments of the Beys are also shown. They are generally small rooms, not richly or even comfortably furnished with huge beds in recesses and many ottomans or divans. There is also a *Salle de Musique*, with galleries at either end. A hall with a magnificent arabesque plastered dome contains four separate rooms, the quarters of the four wives of former Beys.

A society for the collection, study and preservation of historical monuments—antiquities and works of art—throughout the Regency, has been formed in Tunis. The same French scholar who organized this society, M. René de la Blanchère, is the director of the museum that is established in the outer court of the Bardo, where it occupies the quarters of the old Harem. It is called the *Musée Alaoué*, was opened in 1888, and is free to the public. A catalogue is in preparation and soon to be published. There are two great halls which contain this very inter-

esting collection: one is a lofty pillared court, which has been roofed over; the other is a very large and lofty chamber. The walls of both are covered with superb tiles and the ceilings ornately painted and gilded. The former contains a great number of inscribed stones, and many fragments of sculptures and other antiquities. The latter, called the Grand Salle, is sixty-five feet long and fifty broad, with a ceiling quite fifty feet above. Nearly the whole of the floor is occupied by the famous mosaic pavement found in Susa—a town on the east coast—which is undoubtedly one of the largest and finest in the world. It represents Neptune in his chariot surrounded with fifty-six medallions of gods and goddesses, each set in a beautiful garland of foliage. The walls are covered with other mosaics, all framed and many of them large and excellent. There are also many Christian tumulary inscriptions, and several fragments of valuable sculpture. Around the lower walls are cases containing lamps, glass, terracottas, bronzes, votive stones, tear bottles, and pottery of every kind. No visitor to Tunis should miss seeing the mosaics of this museum which constitute its chief attraction.

I drove from the Bardo to another palace near at hand, belonging to the late Bey, but at present unoccupied. It contains some elegant rooms decorated by Arabic and Italian and Spanish workmen, but derives its chief interest from the fact that here the French treaty, officially absorbing Tunis into French territory, i. e. placing it under the protectorate of France, was signed in 1881. The palace is called Kasr-es-Saeed. It is almost completely surrounded by a beautiful orange grove, and at the time of my visit the trees were actually bent to the earth with the thick clusters of large golden fruit they bore. There is also attached to this palace a great garden of fruits, vegetables and flowers through which gracefully wind pretty hedge-bordered paths.

One afternoon I visited the site of the ruins of Carthage, driving out to it the distance of twelve miles from Tunis. The road followed the northern shore of the great lake of Tunis nearly all the way. We passed over a very level and fertile plain which extends towards the north to another large and shallow lake, this one of fresh water. I enjoyed fine views in every direction and especially of the hills or mountains which stand to the southeast of Tunis. The views of the city from a distance are disappointing, at least on this side. It is too flat and too little diversified but its minarets and domes give it under a strong sunlight a thoroughly

oriental appearance. Its situation alone prevents its being quite as picturesque as Algiers or Tangier. At the southeastern corner of the lake is the small village of Redas and a little beyond and bordering on the gulf the village of Hammam-el-Enf, which contains several thermal springs. To the left as we approached the site of Carthage was the village of La Marsa, which besides the palace of the Bey contains those of many rich Tunisians and of the late Cardinal Lavigerie. To the right was an extensive prospect of the town of Goletta, and of the distant shipping in the roadstead of the gulf of Tunis. Several small villages dotted the country in both northerly and southerly directions. The situation of Carthage was superb, being built upon a low range next the sea and extending over a large space of country. Nothing however now remains of the once famous city except some cisterns and great shapeless masses of masonry. All that there is valuable and interesting has been carried off to build the city of Tunis and the town of Goletta, and to enrich the various museums of Europe—all at least excepting an important collection which is preserved in a seminary on the spot. Near the coast the ancient ports of the city, filled with water, still remain. A fine modern cathedral now occupies what may be termed the crest of the hill. This was erected a number of years ago by Cardinal Lavigerie and contains his tomb. The cathedral has from a distance, owing to its many small and narrow windows, more the appearance of a penitentiary than a church, but inside it is very beautiful, being wholly in the Moorish style as regards arches and columns and windows, though the latter are filled with stained-glass. There is a splendid ceiling of interlaced wood-work, highly colored, and covering the walls in every direction are tablets containing the names and family crests and coats-of-arms of those who have contributed to the cost of the building. There is so much white in the large structure that the amount of gay-coloring and ornamentation strikes the beholder very agreeably. Adjoining the church is the "Séminaire," a college for priests, who wear the Arab burnoose. Back of this is the chapel of St. Louis, erected in honor of Louis IX. Within this chapel have been interred the remains of a former Consul-General, de Lesseps, father of the celebrated Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. In the lower story of the Seminary is a waiting-room on the walls of which are large paintings representing scenes in the Prince's life and death at Tunis. The portrait of the Pope's Legate throughout

the series is that of Cardinal Lavigerie. The paintings are very well executed, especially that representing a battle with the Arabs. Within this building is the interesting museum, above mentioned, which was formed by the present chaplain of St. Louis, the Rev. Père Delattre, who has been occupied in exploring the site of Carthage for many years under the auspices of the late Cardinal Lavigerie. It is contained in a large hall on the ground-floor and embraces many terra-cotta vases, lamps, iron and bronze implements, glass vessels, coins, fragments of sculptures and many valuable inscriptions and beautiful mosaics of the Punic period, both pagan and Christian. The garden contains very many columns and statues too large to enter the hall and a great number of fragments of sculptured stones, statues, tombstones and inscriptions which have been built into the inner face of its walls. Of the Punic inscriptions nearly all are votive tablets. The hills are still being explored in different directions, and I saw many fine columns, slabs and so forth recently unearthed. But most of the surface, though bestrewn with broken bits of earthenware, bricks and small stones used in the massive rubble foundations, is cultivated and covered with fine crops of beans and barley. Outside the ramparts of the ancient city are the remains of a very large basilica, divided into naves and transepts, with an apse and baptistry. The great solid foundations of the pillars and the walls are about all to be seen now, excepting many fragments of beautiful columns of marble, granite, slate and sandstone. In the place where once were the great cisterns of the aqueduct which came from Zaghouan, to the south of Tunis, the French have recently built large reservoirs which supply Goletta wholly and Tunis in part. A large number of cisterns on the opposite side of the old city have been utilized by the Arabs as dwellings for themselves and their domestic animals. Carthage presents but little interest to the traveller now other than indicating to him its unrivalled situation on the coast of the Mediterranean, and giving his imagination some idea of what the city must have been in the days of Augustus.



H. H. the Bey of Tunis.

CHAPTER XV.

ROUNABOUT THE REGENCY.

ONE morning, by special invitation, I paid a visit to His Highness Sidi Ali, the Bey of Tunis, at his palace in the village of La Marsa, about ten miles northeast of the city, which is his permanent place of residence, though he has a number of other palaces in the capital and its environs. The journey is accomplished by the Italian railway which runs to Goletta, with a branch line connecting with La Marsa. I was obliged to leave at the early hour of 7.30 A. M., and met at the station Gen. Valensi, the first interpreter of the Bey, who speaks no French. The General was dressed in the Tunisian uniform, a dark blue coat covered with embroidery, red trousers and a fez cap. Three silver stars on his sleeve indicated his rank. In a button-hole he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. At the station of La Marsa one of the Beylical carriages was in waiting. It was a dark-blue close carriage, with the arms of the Bey upon the door. An Arab in a gold-laced uniform was the driver of the team of handsome mules. The palace covers a considerable extent of ground and the buildings are in better condition than those usually seen in Tunisia. We entered a large square, having on one side the guard room full of native troops, and on two others stood a battery of light field guns. On the third was the entrance proper to the palace and here we alighted, and passed into another square surrounded by large two-story buildings. Walking through the guard room, in which was a motley assembly of Tunisian officers and soldiers, and great, tall, grinning, jet-black eunuchs, six feet and upwards in height, and clothed in long, dark gowns and red fez caps, we entered a small sitting-room and awaited command to enter the Presence. This soon came and we crossed the corner of the court, mounted a marble staircase, halted in an antechamber full of officials and servants, and then entered a long, narrow apart-

ment, from one side of which His Highness the Bey and his First Minister arose and advanced to meet me. He was an old gentleman of very amiable expression, rather short, and clothed in undress uniform, without any display of finery or any decorations. The minister was still more plainly attired; both wore the national red caps. After bows, handshaking and taking seats the interpreter translated my French into Arabic for the benefit of His Highness, who addressed me in a similar roundabout fashion. The reception-room was quite ordinary in its appearance and furnishings. I noticed however that it contained a number of framed texts from the Koran, also several gilt clocks and many small pictures.

After the audience I was courteously shown through a part of the palace and the gardens. The Throne Room is a long and narrow apartment of no special artistic merit, but contains some good portraits of former Beys and of the present one—and six clocks. Behind the palace is a remarkably fine large garden, in one corner of which is a menagerie of large and small animals, birds and fishes. Among the large animals are some interesting lions and panthers. In the gardens are several pretty summer-houses, one being on an island in the centre of a pond and approached by a drawbridge. At every doorway of the palace there loitered crowds of soldiers, officers, servants and eunuchs. Though the palace is large it does not contain any grand or beautiful rooms; these must be sought at the Bardo and the Dar-el-Bey, or town palace. The present Bey of Tunis is seventy-five years old. He succeeded his brother in 1882. The reigning family has given occupants to the throne for two hundred years past. Until 1881 the government was a hereditary Beylick. The old Beys acknowledged the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey and paid tribute until 1871, when the reigning Bey obtained an imperial firman, which liberated him from the payment of tribute, but clearly established his position as a vassal of the Sublime Porte. Tunisia is now styled a "Regency" and France is said to have over her a protectorate. In other words a Minister-Resident of France, backed by a corps of occupation of 10,000 troops, is now the virtual ruler of the country—the Bey reigns but does not govern. By the treaty of May 12, 1881, already alluded to as having been signed in the palace of Kasr-es-Saeed, the occupation is to cease when the French and Tunisian authorities recognize by common accord that the local government is capable of sustaining order.



A Lady of the Harem.

France therefore administers the country and collects the taxes in the name of the Bey, who is granted a civil list of \$200,000. The princes, of whom there are many, receive a total of \$150,000 per year. The French Representative governs the country under the direction of the French Foreign Office, which has a special "Bureau des Affaires Tunisiennes." The cost of maintaining the army is borne by the French government. The present Bey was described to me as an intelligent, kindly man, benevolent and liberal, who is greatly devoted to the welfare of his people. He is much liked both by Arabs and Jews, Maltese and French. He is especially desirous of spreading the French language and literature, and thoroughly believes in the benefit of their influence, both material and intellectual. I heard however on the other hand that it is impossible to civilize the Arabs to an appreciable extent. Their religion, to which they are bound by bands of iron, prescribes their daily life in minutest detail, as set forth by the Koran, and is an impassable barrier to the great bulk of the population. Still certainly their physical condition in the cities and towns has been improved, and it would seem that the constant contact and influence of the French must gradually, even if indirectly, work some change. The chief exports of the country in order of value now are: wheat, esparto grass, olive oil, tan, wool and woolen goods, barley, sponges and wine. The imports, which are at present nearly double the value of the exports, are, half of them, from France.

From Tunis I went to Tripoli in a steamer of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*, visiting the ports on the east coast of the Regency by the way. We went by rail to Goletta and then took a steam-launch to the "Ville de Rome," a fine vessel of 1,900 tons, with a saloon lined with white marble, a *cabin de luxe*, smoking room, etc. We steamed out of the artificial passage which connects the lake with the gulf of Tunis and bisects the town of Goletta. The Ville de Rome carried a great quantity of merchandise, chiefly of European manufacture. There were a goodly number of third-class passengers, less of the second and but three of the first, including myself. We sailed at half-past five in the afternoon and at six the next morning had reached the important town of Susa, where we intended to stop twenty-four hours. At all the calls of these steamers they remain from four to twenty-four hours—excepting at the island of Djerba, which cannot be approached nearer than four miles, and where there is no steam-launch—so that the traveller has ample time to go on shore and

see everything of interest. In leaving the gulf of Tunis we headed towards the northeast and passed between the island of Zembra and Cape Bon—the Hermean promontory, beyond which the Carthaginians so often stipulated that no Roman ships should pass. Susa is the seaport of the city of Kerouan, and is connected with it by a horse tramway which makes the journey in about six hours. Kerouan is the holy city, the Rome, of Tunisia. Next to Mecca and Medina it is the most sacred in the eyes of western Mohammedans. It possesses one of the most elegant mosques in North Africa. The appearance of Susa from the sea is very picturesque. It lies upon the flank of a low range of hills, somewhat after the style of Algiers, and descends quite to the border of the sea. It is oblong in shape, extending north and south, and is surrounded by a lofty crenelated wall having towers and bastions at frequent intervals. At the summit is the old Kasbah which has been turned into barracks by the French and is the residence of the general commanding the post. A mosque tower here has been secularized as a lighthouse. The French quarter lies mostly without the walls to the north; to the south are several large manufactories of olive oil, the oil trade of Susa being very important. Pretty villages nestling in bosky gardens are also seen scattered along the shore in either direction. Many date palms appear. There are four gates to the town, two being upon the sea side. All of them are curiously painted in distemper. We anchored about half a mile from shore in an open roadstead. The old Roman harbor was slightly protected by a curve in the coast, and by a breakwater whose remains may still be seen. The population of Susa is about 15,000, of whom 2,000 are Jews and 5,000 Europeans. It is an important military station, a large French camp being located just beyond the citadel, without the walls. Susa contains many shops and warehouses. There is also a good hotel. But it is in general so similar to the greater part of Tunis as to hardly merit a special description. The view from the terrace of the Kasbah is very fine. A considerable part of the trade of Susa is in the hands of the Maltese, of whom there are about a thousand in the city. These people are industrious, frugal and law-abiding. As with the Spaniards in Oran and Algiers, who quite monopolize the carrying trade with their huge two-wheeled drays and string-teams, so with the Maltese here with their light carts and single horse or mule.

Early on the morning of the 26th we left Susa for Monastir. This is a little town situated about a mile from the shore with



General View of Susa.

which, and the quay and Custom-house and a pier built by the French, it is connected by a good carriage road. The town is of the usual Tunisian type, with a wall and citadel. North of the landing-place is an old Arab fort and scattered along the coast are a number of pretty country-houses. The whole shore seems covered with olive groves, interspersed with date palms. Monastir is only twelve miles from Susa, and the next stop is at Mahadia, thirty-one miles from here. The trade of Monastir is chiefly in olive oil. The town is situated on a promontory, near the extremity of which stands its very picturesque Kasbah with a lofty round tower at one angle of its buttressed walls. We were about four hours in reaching Mahadia. This also is a picturesque but very dilapidated town situated on a narrow promontory. On the point of the Cape is a lighthouse; next a large space is occupied by an Arab cemetery; and then comes an old Spanish citadel which has been thoroughly restored and repaired by the French, and contains quarters for the commandant. Under its walls are the ruins of an ancient Phœnician harbor. The country hereabouts is low, and covered with olive and date trees. In going on to the south in the evening we passed between the Kerkena islands and the mainland, from which they were distant twenty-five miles, though such extensive sandbanks surrounded them that the navigable channel is not more than a mile wide. It is regarded as so dangerous a part of the coast that the channel has been marked out by a series of luminous buoys. The two principal islands, which are low and covered with olive and date trees, have a population of about three thousand. These live on the produce of the sea, and cereals which grow well in the less sandy parts. The people also export mats and baskets made from the alfa grass, which grows abundantly.

Sfax is 150 miles from Mahadia. It is the second town of Tunisia in population and general importance. It has a valuable trade in alfa, and is also one of the centres of the sponge trade. The inhabitants number 42,000, of whom 1,200 are Maltese and 800 of various European nationalities. We arrived at the anchorage early the following morning. The low-lying Kerkena islands may be readily seen with a marine-glass. We were about two miles distant from the city, which lies upon low ground and consequently does not present a handsome appearance from the sea. The coast in either direction was extremely low but as usual covered with olive and date trees. Near us a couple of small mer-

chant brigs were anchored. On the horizon was a large fleet of fishing-smacks, while coming out to us from the city were several large lighters—boats sharp at each end, having two masts, each with a broad triangular sail. Some of these were sailing, others being towed to us by a little steam-launch. Along the shore were many great fish-pounds. These are the “*tonnara*,” which abound so much in this sea. They are intended for the capture of tunny fish, which is like the Spanish mackerel though much larger and highly esteemed along the Mediterranean as food. They make an annual migration from the ocean to the Grecian Archipelago and Black Sea, and following either the southern or northern shores of the Mediterranean in all their windings are caught in great numbers by these barriers of nets. For so strong are the migratory instincts of these fish that they never retrace their course, but always endeavor to find a way to the east. Thus they pass from one enclosure of nets to another until as many as a thousand fish are sometimes secured in a single catch. The tunny fish—called “*scabeccio*”—is preserved in oil, and largely used in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Oil also is extracted from the heads and refuse of the fish which is much used by carriers and tanners.

Sfax I found to consist of three portions. The European town is to the south, along the seashore, where roads and piers are being built and where there are two ordinary hotels. Next this quarter, towards the north, comes the Arab town which is surrounded by a high wall flanked by towers, some of which are round, others square. Beyond this is the French military camp. The distinctive feature however of Sfax, and one which you notice best from the deck of your steamer, is its great suburb extending along the low hills to the north for four or five miles. Here all the rich families of the city have orchards and gardens in which are villas where the owner passes always the summer and frequently the entire year, riding to town and out again every day from his work. The general appearance of Sfax is so like that of other Tunisian towns already described that I will only add that probably its most curious sight is the great reservoir for collecting rain-water, a series of several hundred bottle-shaped cisterns, within a walled enclosure almost as large as the Arab town itself.

We remained all day at Sfax, both embarking and disembarking much freight. The staple products of this place besides alfa and sponges, are dates from the southern plains of Tunisia, the

so-called Belad-el-Jerid or "land of the date"; woolen cloth from the oasis of Gafsa; olive oil from the rich country inland; and the rose and jasmine oil, so highly prized in Tunis and Constantinople, from the gardens of the town itself. Leaving Sfax at midnight we went on across the gulf of Gabes—the ancient Syrtis Minor—to our next halting-place, the town, or more properly the assemblage of villages, styled Gabes. This corner of the Mediterranean is about the only part which has any tide. At Sfax there is a rise and fall of five feet and at Gabes of seven.

We reached Gabes early the next morning. In the roadstead were two little merchant vessels. We anchored about half a mile from a pier which projects out into the sea some seven or eight hundred feet. But little of the town was in sight and that had a very dilapidated air. In the south a great number of single-story barracks appeared, since Gabes is an important military station, containing a large number of troops intended to protect the southern parts of the Regency. The coast in sight was undulating and very sandy, and utterly bare of trees save in the large oases of date palms in which Gabes is situated. Beyond, in the interior, were ranges of low, smooth hills. You notice many groves of palms thriving vigorously in the clear white sand. They make a splendid appearance from the sea, nor are you disappointed at a nearer view upon landing. Then you perceive that Gabes is not a single town, but consists of many villages scattered through large oases, just as with the villages that constitute Biskra, as hereinbefore described. In two of these villages you will be surprised to find most of the houses constructed of cut stone and broken columns. These came from the ruins of an old Roman town in the neighborhood. The number of date palms in this and the neighboring oases is estimated at 400,000. The population of all the villages is put at 16,000—of whom some 500 are Europeans, including 200 Maltese. The trade, like that of all the seaports of eastern Tunisia, is in oil, dates and alfa grass.

A number of years ago, before the French occupation and protectorate, a scheme was mooted in France for the cutting of a canal near Gabes, and flooding large portions of the upper Sahara, thus making a great inland lake and reclaiming vast tracts of arid land and introducing fertility, commerce, and life into the desert. It seems there is a vast depression 235 miles long extending from the gulf of Gabes to a point about fifty miles south of Biskra in

Algeria, with an extreme width of twenty-five miles and occupied by three chotts or salt lakes, simply low-lying marshes, which are separated from each other and from the Mediterranean in no place by more than ten miles. While the lakes are all below the level of the sea the isthmuses are on the other hand considerably above it. These marshes have been examined by several French and Italian scientific commissioners and especially by Commandant Roudaire for the French government. The most easterly of the chotts is called "el Fedjij," which means "dread," since its quicksands are likely to engulf any caravans deviating from the regular tracks. The spot where it was proposed to connect this chott by a canal with the Mediterranean is about nine miles north of Gabes, at a place where the work would be facilitated by another small chott and by the depression through which a small river enters the sea. The most westerly of the marshes is called "Melrir," and its level is about fifty feet below that of the Mediterranean. The river on which Biskra is situated, as well as many others, flows into this lake. M. Roudaire proposed first to cut through the narrowest portion of the inland isthmus, thus leaving the three basins prepared to receive the waters of the Mediterranean. The quantity of water that he estimated would be necessary to flood this depressed area would be about two hundred milliards of cubic mètres. The admission of so much water would undoubtedly by affording a large evaporating surface tend to give a permanent moisture supply and restore fertility to the lands round its borders. The practicability of thus inundating a comparatively small district in Tunisia and Algeria has been generally conceded; not so however that of a wild scheme projected some years ago in England for the inundation of the whole western Sahara, the greater part of which has been found to be above sea level. The French commission however did not make a favorable report. They thought that the advantages likely to accrue from the submerging of these chotts would not be proportioned to the large cost involved in its execution. Even if ships should be able to circulate in the interior, the region possesses nothing save dates. Though the French government declined to undertake this daring work, a private company, under the auspices of M. de Lesseps, was some time afterwards organized and received important concessions from the Tunisian authorities. It has however so far done little more than sink a number of artesian wells, and has been so successful in producing verdure and fertility in this manner that it

is extremely doubtful if any more attention will be given to the formation of an inland sea, which after all appeals much stronger to the imagination and sentiment than it does to the support and endorsement of hard scientific facts. This somewhat sensational scheme may therefore be considered as definitely abandoned. To give an idea of the importance and value of these artesian wells, it is only necessary to say there is one near Gabes which throws a column of water into the air equal to 10,000 tons a day, a quantity sufficient to redeem 1,500 acres of land from sterility and irrigate 60,000 palm trees! In this simple manner then can the desert gradually be redeemed with infinitely less labor and cost than with any colossal project of inundation.

We left Gabes at noon and heading to the east across the gulf of Gabes, reached the island of Djerba in three hours, the distance being but thirty-six miles. Owing to the shallowness of the sea we could not approach nearer the town than four miles, a point where there is anchored a light-ship belonging to the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*. From here the island seemed very large, low and smooth, and covered thickly with olive and date trees. Though Djerba possesses but little water it is said to be very fertile. Besides dates and a fine quality of olive oil it exports a great quantity of alfa. We could plainly see the capital, stretching for a great distance along the shore though not directly upon it. Close to the sea, however, at about the centre of the town, is a large walled fortress, which has been the scene of many sanguinary struggles between Christians and Mohammedans. A pier has been built at the landing-place and a good road leads to the capital, which is called Houmt-es-Souk. Two or three sailing boats came off to us.

Djerba is mentioned by many ancient writers—by Homer, Herodotus, Strabo and Pliny. It was immortalized by Homer as the "Island of the Lotophagi." Who does not remember reading in his *Odyssey*: "Now whoever did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way"? There has been some controversy as to what this honey-sweet fruit could be. Several writers have identified it as the *Ziziphus lotus* of botanists, a fruit that not only is hardly eatable, but which does not exist upon the island. But there is a honey-sweet fruit with which the

island is covered, and which was undoubtedly the Homeric food—I refer of course to the date, the most nourishing fruit in the world. The population of Djerba is estimated at 35,000, of whom only 300 are Maltese and 60 of other nationalities. The Arabs who manned the boats were very dark, clothed in coarse brown burnouses, but barefoot. The Mohammedans are to a great extent of Berber origin. There is a large Jewish community who inhabit two separate towns. There are a number of villages on the island and the ruins on the southern side of what must have been at one time a magnificent city. It is situated about the middle of the strait which though accessible to the trading vessels of ancient times was still sufficiently shallow to admit of a causeway being built to the westward of it which joined the island with the mainland. Here there was a great bight or inland sea about ten miles long and eight broad. This connected with the gulf of Gabes on the west by a strait only one and one-half miles wide, and on the east by one a little longer and broader. These channels are said to be narrow and intricate but perfectly navigable for vessels of about two hundred tons burden. Roman ruins are scattered all over this region, indicating that the island was at one time a place of considerable importance and a haven of safety. The remains found at El Kantara, about the middle of the larger strait, are all of Greek origin. They consist of richly-colored marbles—capitals, shafts, vases, broken sarcophagi, sculptured stones of immense size, etc. The highest point of the island is only about one hundred feet. A considerable trade is done in sponges by Maltese and Greeks. They are fished for chiefly in the winter months, and are either obtained by spearing with a trident or iron grains, by dredging, or by descending in divers' dress. Sponges are found along the whole length of the coast of Tunisia, but are not of the finest quality. There are large local manufactures of burnouses and colored blankets, which are much prized throughout north Africa. We left Djerba at seven in the evening for Tripoli. The boundary line is drawn near a small village called Zarzis, not many miles to the eastward of Djerba, and which is little frequented except by the sponge-fishers. Beyond this point it is said the coast consists only of sandy downs, stretching as far as the eye can reach, an absolute desert. What few inhabitants are scattered about this region live principally by robbery and brigandage on a large scale.

It has been the habit of late years in certain quarters to sneer

at the work of Frenchmen as colonists, and to contrast their efforts disadvantageously with those of England and Germany. To any one of such an opinion I would recommend a journey through the province of Algeria to see what France has done in fifty years; for during the first ten or fifteen years of occupation nothing was effected towards civilization. Also let the disparager learn something of what has been done in the Regency of Tunis in a brief ten years—in the way of remodelling native towns, of building new ones and of making French quarters in old ones, of railways and telegraphs introduced and of common country roads and bridges constructed. Colonisation is now proceeding rapidly in Tunisia. But it is rather of Algeria that I wish at present to speak. Here French colonisation and its concomitants are certainly a splendid work. To begin with the pirates have everywhere been ousted from a large extent of seacoast, and law and order have been given to the vast interior where before naught but anarchy reigned. Cultivation and fruitfulness have succeeded barrenness and infertility. The low marshes of the seacoast have been carefully drained, the great plains of the interior have been covered with *barrages*, artesian wells and other works of irrigation, and trees have been planted which have tended to decrease the temperature and increase moisture. In short colonisation and culture have long since begun to restore this country to its old condition when it was the granary of southern Europe. Railways and good macadamised roads and fine substantial bridges have everywhere connected and opened out these regions. For many years the French government has borne the cost of establishing agricultural colonies here and of making various improvements, building public edifices, and moreover for those arriving without means of any kind lands have been freely conceded, houses, implements and seed given, and the means of living comfortably until after the first harvest. The government has also always liberally assisted those having some small means. Vast numbers of the Australian eucalyptus have been introduced. This has not only a tendency to gradually change the climate of dry regions, but of malarious ones, since this quick-growing tree has also the property of absorbing miasma. The greater part of the European vegetables and fruits have been introduced, the soil and climate producing them in great perfection. The most promising culture is, as I have before said, believed to be that of the vine, which seems to prosper everywhere. Great quantities of wheat, barley and rye are grown. The wheat is much

sought for in Europe for the manufacture of macaroni and vermicelli. A very important production is the natural one—alfa fibre, or esparto grass, of which it is calculated there exists an area of some 20,000,000 acres. There are now about 250,000 French in Algeria, in addition to the army of 60,000 men.



A Typical Tripolitan.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRIPOLI.

EARLY on the morning after leaving Djerba we were at anchor in the roadstead of Tripoli. The entire line of coast hereabouts is flat and uninteresting. The harbor is formed by a long reef running out into the sea to the northeast, and the city lies upon the western side of a semi-circular bay, and is but a very few feet above the sea-level. There is a rocky projection to the northwards similar to that at Algiers and on this stands an old Spanish fort. The city is built upon a sort of peninsula and though mostly flat is very picturesque when seen from the harbor. It is surrounded by a huge wall with many bastions. The houses are of the ordinary type, square with flat roofs, but several round and octagonal minarets break the otherwise hard lines and with their pretty little galleries, frequently tile-inlaid, and their green copper-plated cones, lend the expected oriental glamour, which is enhanced by the large Kasbah close at the water's edge and the large straggling suburbs, half concealed by date palms, which extend away to the south. The houses are mostly white, though several gayer colors are seen. The suburbs are many times larger than the city within the walls. Following these around to the south and east you come upon rich gardens of vegetables, olives and dates and other fruits which end in a low bluff at the sea's edge. In the roadstead lay two or three old Turkish men-of-war, their top-masts "sent down" and their funnels capped. They showed a few small guns, but none of them seemed capable of going many miles from land, not at least in bad weather. There were also at anchor a dozen or so small merchantmen of various nationalities and many fishing boats with their huge lateen sails. The Kasbah displayed a large, high square building with rows of windows closed by green Venetian-blinds. This is the residence of the Turkish governor-general. I might here recall to the reader's mind that Tripoli is a province or

vilayet of the Ottoman Empire. It has an area of 400,000 square miles and a population estimated at 1,000,000. It is a country without rivers, perhaps the only one in the world. It is under the rule of a governor-general who is appointed by the Sultan. Heretofore these governors have been very frequently changed, but the present one has proved so satisfactory that he has been retained for the past ten years. He is very popular with both natives and foreigners and under his rule, supported by a force—an “army of occupation”—of about 10,000 Turkish troops, who are kept in great barracks and in a large camp to the south of the city, the country has enjoyed peace and progress. The population of the capital is now 35,000—of which about 2,000 are Maltese. There are but few Jews and not many citizens of other nationalities. The province of Tripoli is about eight hundred miles in length and four hundred in width, though of course its southern boundary is not very well defined. Along the coast, and it is said for a distance of from fifty to eighty miles inland, there are fertile tracts, that is, tracts which become fertile by the free use of water in irrigation, but beyond these limits it is mostly desert—the desert of Sahara—with oases few and far between. The whole country, with the exception of regions near the coast, may be said to be treeless, or treeless excepting only the date palm, which seems capable of growing directly in the sand, but which will only produce the best fruit and in large quantities when freely watered. In the southern part is the rich oasis of Fezzan, in which the surface is undulating and there are ranges of hills. The capital of Fezzan is Mourzuk, which is on the direct caravan route to the Soudan—to the powerful Negro states of Bournu, Haussa and Wadai. Tripoli is the fourth of the old Barbary States, as they were called, which included all to the north of the great desert proper and as far east as Egypt.

Soon after our anchor was down I went on shore and spent the day. There are two small hotels, kept by Maltese, and which are dirty and uncomfortable, but you can find a sort of apology for a meal, and reflect that you would fare even worse on a visit to Mourzuk. I succeeded in getting a very good Arab guide, who could speak Italian. The city has four gates. The streets are broader than in Tunis, are macadamised and sufficiently illumined at night by petroleum lamps. There is no special quarter for foreigners. The houses are mostly but one story in height and all seem more or less crude in construction and dilapidated in condi-

tion. There are resident consuls of several European countries, but the United States has no representative. Tripoli was originally founded by the Phœnicians, but when Carthage was destroyed it became a Roman province, and with the neighboring cities of Leptis and Sabrata constituted a sort of federal union. You frequently see old columns and other remains used in the modern buildings. These were brought mostly from Leptis. When the Mohammedans overran all north Africa Tripoli fell in the general wreck. The finest relic of the ancient city, and the object to which you are first taken, is a Roman Triumphal Arch, a quadri-frontal arch of white marble—that is, a gateway with a carriage road in both directions. There are only two others of a similar character in the world. One is at Tebessa, in Algeria—that of Caracalla—about eighty miles south of Souk-Ahras, near the frontier of Tunisia, and reached by a branch line of railway from that which runs between Constantine and Tunis. The other of the two arches is that of Janus Quadrifrons, at Rome. But the Tripoli arch is the finest of the three. It is buried up to the spring of the arches in sand and rubbish, and is situated on one of the main streets in the heart of the old town. The remainder of the arches have been stoned and bricked up and the interior has been utilized, but much profaned, as a Maltese wine cellar in the centre and by a butcher's shop facing on the street! "To what base uses," etc. But the traveller can see evidence of magnificent work, though now all is terribly broken and weather-worn. The arch is of pure white marble and completely covered with the richest sculpture and ornamentation. The general order of architecture is Corinthian. It bears an inscription which records that it was erected in the reign of Antoninus Pius, and subsequently dedicated to his successors, Marcus Aurelius and L. Aurelius Verus.

There are several handsome mosques in Tripoli, which, after obtaining permission from the *cadi* Christians may enter upon removing their shoes. The largest of them is styled, *par excellence*, the Great Mosque. This has exteriorly a beautiful colonnade of sixteen Doric marble columns, and within contains the tombs of several of the old Pashas. The mosque however is remarkable interiorly chiefly for its size. Not so however the mosque styled Djamaa Goorjee, which is most beautifully and tastefully ornamented within. Here the doorway leading to the street is surrounded by exquisite tiles, and has above it a marble slab carved with a raised Arabic inscription. Entering the courtyard you

have the mosque directly before you and surrounded by a colonnade. The walls are covered with artistic tiles. You leave your shoes at the door and enter the rather dark interior, but the perforated windows filled with stained-glass show you walls of white marble inlaid with many colored stones, fine old tiles and delicate frescoes extending to the tops of the domes. The *mimbar* is a splendid work of inlaid marbles, the *mihreb* is also richly ornamented in marble tiles. The floor is spread with soft and rich Turkish carpets. Huge bronze and crystal chandeliers depend from the half-dozen smaller domes. There are galleries on three sides with finely carved and painted balustrades. It is therefore altogether a very pretty and attractive little mosque. The minaret is especially graceful, being octagonal in form, with two galleries ornamented with variously colored tiles, and a sharp cone of green copper to cover the top. I ascended this minaret by a winding stone staircase and enjoyed an extensive view of the city, the suburbs, harbor, neighboring palm groves and distant desert. The interior of this tower was covered with little glass lamps in wooden boxes. These are fastened about the building as illuminations on the many fêtes, and especially on those immediately following the long and rigid fast of Ramadan or the Mohammedan Lent, when during thirty days the good Mussulman is forbidden to eat, drink or smoke, from sunrise to sunset.

Within the walls of the city there are several bazaars—the Turkish and the Arab being the most interesting. They are not however of sufficiently distinctive character from those already described to merit special reference. I visited the store of a Turkish merchant who dealt in ivory and ostrich feathers. The latter came from the oases in the desert and beyond in the Soudan. They arrive in Tripoli, indiscriminately packed in great leather bags and are then carefully sorted into three or four sizes. The smallest feathers and the least valuable are but a few inches in length, while the most expensive are often two feet long. The color of the short is apt to be black, that of the long, white. I was shown some elephant tusks six feet in length, and as much in weight as a man could comfortably carry. These were worth about \$200. each. I next visited several *fondaks*, which were like those in other Barbary states, great quadrangular buildings, used by travelers and merchants, the animals and merchandise below, while the people occupied the rooms of the upper story. The Pasha's castle and palace presented little of interest. The walls and buildings



View in the Oasis of Tripoli.

are all in a half ruinous condition. The palace contains no fine halls or rooms, and such as there are are not shown to visitors. His Excellency however has some very extensive gardens a few miles south of Tripoli, where he has a very pretty little summer residence in which he lives during the hottest part of the year. I afterwards met the governor riding in a barouche followed by a small mounted escort. He was plainly dressed in black, save his bright red fez. Within the castle are the large prisons, which my guide told me were generally full, the chief crimes being murder and theft. Formerly the law was decapitation for murder, but now it is only imprisonment for fifteen years. The guide gave the troops rather a bad character in the perpetration of various crimes, notably robbery.

Beyond the walls of the city to the south is a large sandy plain, adjoining the sea beach, and here I saw altogether a most interesting sight—a great weekly market to which came thousands of natives from all the neighboring district and occasionally from a distance of many days' travel. Near this market is a little park, struggling hard for existence on account of infertile soil and lack of water. Here a military band plays on one afternoon of the week. The large Turkish camp adjoins this and here I saw many of the troops—Arabs and negroes besides the Turks—armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and going through the customary military manœuvres, not in very good style, it must be confessed. Further out in the country there are large garrisons of cavalry and light artillery. The various harbor forts seemed mostly to contain small, old, useless guns. The great market was a most extraordinary sight. It must have been attended by at least five thousand people. You saw every shade of color and every quality and style of dress. In one part was the camel market, in another the horse, in another the donkey, in another the ox, and there were several thousand animals. Many cattle and camels were killed, skinned and cut up on the spot. There were long streets of dealers in olive oil contained in huge earthenware jars; there were great areas covered with bales of alfa and straw; there was every sort of food the country produced. There were long lines of little coarse brown cloth tents, each just large enough to hold a man squatting upon the ground, his display of native or European manufactures before him. There were itinerant merchants passing through the great crowd and loudly proclaiming the quality and cheapness of their wares. There were migra-

tory restaurateurs, with pots and pans filled with food simmering over charcoal fires. Here you might see gathered together the types of most of the inhabitants of the desert and the Soudan, as well as the Tripolitans; you might observe the chief products and manufactures of many lands; and you might study the varied costumes and many of the habits and usages of native peoples. It was by far the largest and most interesting market I have ever seen in any part of the world. It began at daylight and at sunset not a native was to be seen anywhere upon the plain.

Late in the afternoon I took a drive through the suburbs out to the borders of the desert. Every road I traversed was filled with natives bearing something purchased at the great market or driving animals heavily laden with the same. I rode in a curious little cart, a small box upon two wheels which almost touched the horse. The Arab driver sat upon the shafts. We passed over roads of fine sand and between high mud walls topped with prickly cacti. These walls surrounded rich gardens which extended more or less along the shore for many miles. Water was raised by the endless rope of jars and an animal working in a circle. The houses or rather mud huts were few in number. In twenty minutes after leaving the city we had reached the edge of the desert—a vast smoothly-undulating surface of fine sand and small stones. This was indeed the genuine desert of our school-boy geographies. There was not even a weed in sight. The track stretched away to the south, to Fezzan, and branched to Lake Chad and Timbuctoo. Caravans, large and small, were descried upon this track, the brown of the camels and the dirty white of their drivers being difficult to distinguish save by their motion. The date-palms stood forth sharply upon the horizon. It was an extraordinary contrast. This patch of desert however is said to continue but for a distance covered in four or five hours, when you come again to a hilly and fertile country. But after this you arrive at the vast wastes of the great Sahara which are, as everybody knows, only broken at long intervals by fertile oases.

Here I must briefly refer to the commerce of Tripoli, the most important item of which is alfa. The collection and preparation of this valuable fibre afford occupation to the greater part of the inhabitants. Ostrich feathers and gold dust are also large elements of export. Cereals are exported in seasons when the rains are profuse; at others, not enough is grown for the use of the in-



A Soudan Negro.

habitants. An article of considerable native manufacture is a sort of warm over-cloak. The total exports in 1891 were valued at \$2,300,000.

I had wished to continue my journey to Alexandria and Egypt across the Syrtis Magna and calling at the various towns in the great promontory of Barca, the ancient Cyrenaica, but there is here a break in the steam-communication, which otherwise nearly encircles the great continent of Africa. Much of this region however is a desert and uninhabited, and it is even said that for a distance of as much as four hundred miles along the shores of the gulf of Sidra there is not only not a single village, but not a single tree. So it was with comparatively little disappointment that I arranged to go to Port Said and Cairo by the way of Malta and Brindisi. I continued in my French steamer on to Malta, where I not only attended the grand opera but the New Year's Day levée at the palace of the governor-general, and visited the British ironclad "Victoria," little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited her. From Malta I went in a large steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company to Brindisi, being favored with charming views of snow-capped Etna en route, and then skirted the islands off the west coast of Greece—Corfu, Cephalonia and Zante being distinctly visible with their steep hills and widely spread-out towns. We also enjoyed fine views of the mountains of Crete, their topmost ridge covered with snow. We halted at Port Said only long enough to coal. This town has grown to 16,000 people and is now a very bustling place. The Suez Canal, too, has greatly improved in every way. It is now a quarter of a century since it was opened and nearly twenty years since the British government purchased \$20,000,000 worth of shares. A convention was signed in 1888 by which the canal was exempted from blockade, and vessels of all nations, whether armed or not, are to be allowed to pass through it in peace or war. The traffic is now ten times what it was during the first year. In 1891 4,206 vessels of 8,699,020 net tons passed through. The traffic receipts for that year were 83,421,504 francs. The canal is now in so prosperous a condition that there is talk of widening it, or even of building a parallel one. Of the total number of vessels more than two-thirds were English and then came German (one-thirteenth), Dutch (one-nineteenth), French, Austrian, Italian, Norwegian, Spanish, Russian, Turkish, Portuguese, Egyptian, Belgian, with about 250 of other nationalities. They carried over

200,000 passengers, 80,000 of whom were soldiers. The average duration of transit is now only twenty hours. All vessels provided with electric light are permitted to navigate the canal by night. Our engines are put at "dead slow." We pass the village Ras-el Esh, on the south side of Lake Menzaleh, next part of a dried-up lake and then the Kantara siding, 1,300 feet long, a spot where the sands drift heavily in east winds. This is on the old road and telegraph route to Syria. There is a small café here. Next we are in the old Ballah lakes and pass through clay swamp and low hills. We see the villages of El Ferdane and El Guisr, the latter with its mosque and floating bridge. We have a cutting between banks seventy to eighty feet in height. Then we enter Lake Timsah, pass the Viceroy's chalet and see the town of Ismailia on the western side of the lake. A steam-launch comes off to us and we are soon landed in Ismailia. At this place, twenty-two years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting M. de Lesseps in his pretty Swiss cottage, but I should hardly recognize the locality in the handsome town of the present day. It is named after the former Viceroy, whose old palace is here, and forms the central office of the Canal Company. It has a population of 3,000, and has been built with great taste, with pretty squares and long shaded boulevards, capital macadamised roads, a Catholic church, two hotels, and a railway-station. Here is the Sweet or Fresh Water Canal, by which and the railway there is communication with Cairo. I took the express train for the capital, passed through the Land of Goshen, halted for a little at the great cotton mart of Zagazig, and arrived at my destination in about three hours' time.



H. H. the Khedive of Egypt.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE METROPOLIS OF AFRICA.

THOUGH I had thoroughly explored Cairo many years previously I did not now neglect to refresh myself with further visits to the chief objects of interest and to any new ones that had arisen in this splendid oriental city. First and foremost came the Ghizeh Museum, the richest in the world in portraits, statues of private individuals, in funeral tablets, and in amulets and personal relics of the ancient Egyptians. The mummies, too, of the Pharaohs discovered in 1871, the celebrated statues of Prince Rahotep and his wife, Princess Nefert, the "wooden man," 6,000 years old, are all of superlative interest. The jewels and gems of Queen Aoh-hotep are finer than those from Pompeii preserved in the Naples museum.

While I was in Cairo, Tewfik, father of the present Khedive, suddenly died of influenza and pneumonia at his Helouan palace, on the Nile, and was buried with great ceremony and display in the Khedivial mausoleum at Imam Chaffee on the outskirts of the city. The body was brought by rail to the Abdin Palace, whence the funeral procession marched through Cairo to the cemetery. The remains were enclosed in a plain Arab coffin, covered with a shawl of rich material and embroidered with golden flowers. On it lay the Khedive's sword. At the head of the coffin, upright on a short staff, was the Khedive's fez, and below this his ribbons and decorations of the Imtiaz, Osmanieh and Medjidieh orders. The coffin was borne by seamen of the Khedive's yacht. Immense crowds thronged the whole route of the procession, which was also lined by police and detachments of British and Egyptian troops. Immediately after the coffin came groups of native women, weeping and wailing and throwing sand on their heads. The procession was headed by mounted police, and camels laden with gifts to be distributed among the crowd.

All the British and Egyptian officers and officials of state were present. There was a regiment of Egyptian infantry with its English officers; a squadron of British cavalry; a body of Sheiks of different degrees intermingled with dervishes; Ulemas—*imams* or ministers of religion, *muftis* or doctors of law, and *cadis* or judges; pupils from the government schools; and the members of the Diplomatic Corps in full uniform. At the mausoleum the mollahs or priests recited prayers while the coffin was being lowered into the vault where the ancestors of the deceased Khedive repose. The obsequies were simple but imposing. The sorrow felt at the death of the Khedive was sincere and universal. He was very popular and his death was regarded as a national calamity.

The present Khedive, Abbas Pasha II., whom I frequently saw riding through the streets of Cairo, is a young man of medium height and powerful build. He was educated in Vienna, where he was a most assiduous pupil, being particularly fond of exercises in law and in military and political science. He is a brilliant linguist and an admirable horseman. He is frank, dignified and considerate, and in the few years he has been Khedive has shown himself well qualified to preside over the destinies of his country, to attend to the onerous and often delicate duties that have devolved upon him.

I propose now to describe a visit to the Great Pyramids and afterwards a journey up the Nile, in accordance with the plan of my book to touch upon as great a variety as possible of the interesting parts of Africa which I inspected. I am aware that I shall here be upon well-trodden ground, but do not know that any recent work gives a general view of the present actual appearance and condition of these world-famed antiquities; and besides I have some special experiences to recount. I am able, moreover, to present the reader with some interesting illustrations made from recent photographs; and so with this brief explanation will speak first of a day spent at Ghizeh.

As every one knows, the "great" pyramids are situated upon the edge of the desert, on the west bank of the Nile, about eight miles from Cairo. You may reach them by carriage in about an hour and a quarter. The route leads through the new or European town to and across the great iron bridge called Kasr-el-Nil, then along the Nile to the south through the suburbs of Boulak and Ghizeh, where it takes a sharp turn to the west and leads

directly to the base of the pyramid of Cheops. In crossing the river you pass several palaces of government officials, large three-story buildings, more remarkable exteriorly for their size than any special architectural merit, each standing in a great garden and being surrounded by high walls entered by iron gates. The great museum of Ghizeh especially arrests your gaze, knowing full well the priceless and fascinating treasures it contains. Across the river are other palaces, with gayly-painted walls, with glimpses of old Cairo, and the buildings of the citadel and the domes and slender minarets of the mosque of Mehemet Ali. The road stretches away wide, macadamised and shaded by rows of splendid large acacias. As I ride along it is full of camels, donkeys, carriages, equestrians and pedestrians, oriental and occidental, a very motley of nation and costume. Now I am opposite the island of Rhoda, and soon I turn away from the river towards the western desert. The road here takes the form of a high and broad causeway or embankment, built some eight or ten feet above the level plain and its rows of trees form a beautiful arch as far as the eye can see. This road was built especially for the use of the Prince of Wales and his party in 1868. Formerly these pyramids could only be reached by a long donkey route, which was rendered difficult by the collection of water from the annual inundations. These shallow lakes now lie on each side of the road and extend nearly all the way to the pyramids. The plain is covered with rich verdure—wheat, barley and beans being the food plants most frequently observed. Before us, a little to the left, appear the three pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx being in too low a situation to be seen. As we draw near I notice several small villages in different directions, a large modern hotel at the right of the road, opposite the "great" pyramid, and at its corner a building erected by the Khedive Ismail to entertain some of his distinguished guests at the opening of the Suez Canal. The pyramids stand upon the very edge of the Libyan desert on a slightly elevated ridge—here perhaps fifty feet above the plain—which is twenty-five miles in length and which contains the remains in better or worse condition of some seventy pyramids. These though so much scattered are built always in groups. A few some six miles to the north are believed to be older than those of Ghizeh. The point has been much disputed but it would seem that the weight of evidence for believing them all to be tombs was in greatest favor, since they are only found in cemeteries. All about the pyramids of Ghizeh are

old tombs. From here you see very plainly the pyramids of Sak-hara—including the famous “step” pyramid—away to the south. Owing to the absence of objects for comparison and the tone of color of the pyramids, so much attuned to that of the desert landscape, they appear no larger when you are near them than when at a distance. It is only when you stand at their very base—say at the centre of one of the sides—and look up and out, that their immensity is brought home to you.

We draw up in front of the hotel, which is very near and directly facing the pyramid of Cheops. The incongruity and extravagance of the scene are most striking. The hotel—before which stand stylish broughams and landaus, and camels and donkeys—is built of stone and will accommodate 150 people, with charges the same as at the most fashionable hotels in Cairo. Its parlor and reading-room are decorated in ancient Egyptian style, while the dining-room is modelled after the interior of a mosque. In the afternoon a string orchestra upon the piazza play selections from the French and Italian operas, which are partly drowned by the clash of billiard-balls upon one side and the shouting of a lawn-tennis party upon the other. Before us stands in majesty the masterpiece of Cheops, around is the desert and the fertile cultivated land and the fellaheen at work with primitive method and material. Two days in the week an English four-in-hand coach, including the conventional guard and horn, plies between Cairo and this hotel. By all the mummies of Egypt, was there ever such a violent contrast! After lunching, in the great mosque aforementioned, on *paté de foix gras*, pigeon, *gruyère* and *Margaux*, I proceeded to inspect the pyramids and the Sphinx, walking all around them and then ascending the “great” pyramid and entering it. The pyramids stand upon a plateau of limestone, of which rock also these and all the other pyramids—save the sandstone one at *Philæ*—are built. The limestone for the Ghizeh pyramids was brought from the quarries of *Toora* and *Mokattam* on the opposite side of the Nile. After taking good general views of the pyramids from many different points and angles I approached the colossal Sphinx, that great mystery called by the Arabs the “Father of Immensity.” Though its features are greatly mutilated, still various strong expressions can be noted—at one angle an exceedingly pleasant and amiable one, at another a much firmer and more forceful one, and at still another a peculiar mystic look not as if across the valley and at Cairo (towards which it faces), but as if for-

ward into the vistas of time, into endless futurity. I may remind the reader that this celebrated statue is hewn out of the living rock, with a few additions of masonry where necessary. The face was once most brilliantly colored and even now bears traces of paint. The length of the body of the Sphinx is about 150 feet. The head is thirty feet long and the face fourteen feet wide. From the top of the head to the base of the figure the distance is about seventy feet. The paws are fifty feet in length. These are the actual measurements, but you find yourself quite unable to appreciate the enormous proportions which they indicate. The Sphinx is a very common figure among the monuments of Egypt. It is an emblem of sovereign power, of intellect joined with strength. This Sphinx—*par excellence* THE Sphinx—is regarded as of immense antiquity, having been in existence when Cheops reared the “great” pyramid. Between its paws sacrifices were offered to the divinity it was supposed to represent. Within the last few years many excavations have been made around it, but the sands of the desert seem to blow in about as fast as they are dug out. A little to the southeast is a large granite and limestone temple, which was excavated by M. Mariette in 1853. Round about are the ruins of many tombs. They are those of high officials and others connected with the services carried on in honor of the kings who built the pyramids.

From the inspection of the Sphinx I returned to that of the “great” pyramid. The four sides measure about 755 feet each, though the length of each was originally about twenty feet more. The present height is 451 feet but the former was 481 feet. The apex is now wanting and the flat space at the top is about thirty feet square. To ascend to this point a payment of two shillings has to be made to a native official styled the Sheikh of the Pyramids, and a like charge is made to visit the interior. This entitles you to two or three guides or helpers. If there are three, two pull you in front and one pushes from behind. Every one knows that the courses of stone are very high, often three and occasionally four feet in height, and that therefore the ascent is very laborious, as is also of course the descent. You go down face outwards, two guides leading as before, and one behind holding you by his sash previously secured about your body. I halted twice but reached the top in sixteen minutes—very good time, they told me. On the summit is a flagstaff. Here you obtain a very extensive view over the Nile valley and to Cairo, but the range of rocky sand hills does not permit a wide prospect towards the west. The second pyramid

appears very near and seems, as it really is, nearly as large as that upon which you stand. The third pyramid looks especially small and obscure, in comparison scarcely worth one's notice. A good conception of the enormous size and massiveness of the "great" pyramid is obtained from its top. Herodotus has told us long ago how this pyramid was built, how it took ten years to make even the causeway to bring the stone from its quarries, how twenty years more were consumed in its erection, 100,000 men being employed, and being relieved at intervals of three months. Authorities differ regarding its age, which however may be set down as probably about 6,000 years. Having descended, I next proceeded to visit the interior. The entrance is at about the centre of the northern side, some forty or fifty feet from the present base. The opening is quite small and slopes sharply down, the floor being as smooth as glass. Steps have been cut in the pavement, otherwise it would be quite impossible to enter or certainly to return. The guides bring candles and magnesium wire. The passage-way is 347 feet long, $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet high and 4 feet wide and is almost choked with sand and rubbish. It leads to a subterranean chamber about 50×30 feet and 10 feet in height, which M. Mariette believed the builders of the pyramid intended should be mistaken for its principal chamber, and so serve to conceal the real resting-place of the royal mummy. He thought also that the Queen's Chamber was built with a similar misleading object. At about seventy feet from the entrance an upward passage, once carefully closed by an immense block of stone, leads towards the centre of the pyramid and opens first into a hall having a ceiling 28 feet high. Just here is a horizontal passage leading directly to the centre of the pyramid and opening into what is known as the Queen's Chamber, 18×17 feet and 20 feet high, with a painted ceiling. The large passage-way continues on to the King's Chamber, the chief room of the pyramid, about 34 feet in length, 17 feet broad, and 19 feet high. At one side stand the remains of a coverless sarcophagus of red granite. This chamber is built of enormous smooth slabs of granite, has a flat ceiling, and two air shafts leading to the outer casing of the pyramid. It is 140 feet above the base of the pyramid. Above this chamber are a number of smaller rooms, one over the other, and apparently constructed to lessen the immense weight of the upper part of the pyramid. The heat of the interior was very great, and the dust raised by our scrambling nearly stifled us. The odor of bats was moreover extremely pungent. The "great" pyra-

mid was forced open more than one thousand years ago by the Caliph El-Mamoon, a son of the famous Haroun-al-Raschid. He was of course incited only by the hope of finding treasure.

The second pyramid—that of Chephren—is of nearly the same size as that styled “great.” It has a base line of 690 feet and is 447 feet in height. Towards the top the ancient polished casing still exists. This makes the ascent of this pyramid too difficult for the traveller, but if he cares to see the feat performed, an Arab will run down from the top of Cheops, across to the second, and scramble to its summit, all in less than ten minutes, and for a couple of shillings. It contains but one chamber, into which there are two openings, on the north side, one at the base and the other about fifty feet above it. The chamber once held a granite sarcophagus in which Chephren was buried. Both the first and second pyramid stand upon solid rock foundations. The fact that the second rests upon a higher level makes it appear nearly the size of the first. The second pyramid was first explored by Belzoni in 1816. The third pyramid though 215 feet in height and with a base line of 350 feet, seems, as I have said, quite a pygmy beside the other two. It contains two chambers, in one of which a splendid sarcophagus was found, but was afterwards lost through the wreck of the ship in which it was sent to England. The causeways that were built to bring the material for this pyramid, as well as that of the first, still exist, though in diminished proportions; that leading to the “great” pyramid is 85 feet in height and 32 feet broad. It is well known that the outer casings of these grand monuments have been removed by the Caliphs and Sultans in order to erect their palaces and mosques at Cairo and elsewhere. These blocks were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics which the fanatic Mohammedans turned to the interior in their walls, so that vast amounts of ancient Egyptian history are thus re-entombed. The Citadel and the mosque of Sultan Hassan in Cairo are altogether built of stone taken from the pyramids of Ghizeh. I drove back to the capital in the evening, the three pyramids in profile, one a little behind the other, making a splendid picture in the mellow rays of the setting-sun and its gorgeous afterglow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFLOAT UPON THE NILE.

ON January 12, 1892, I left Cairo for a voyage up the Nile to the second cataract, having taken passage in a steamer belonging to Cook's Nile Flotilla. There are now many ways of ascending the Nile. Formerly—say fifteen years ago—the only method was by a sailing-vessel called a dahabeah, which would make the journey in six weeks, or possibly it might be in three months. But now there are two lines of steamers regularly running once a week during the season, which extends from about the middle of November to the middle of March. These go to the first cataract, and a branch connected with one of these companies goes on still further to the second cataract. Here passengers must now stop. There is a railway built around the second cataract, some thirty-six miles, but it is only used for military purposes. And the country is too unsettled to allow the traveller at present to proceed further south. Besides these two lines of steamers there are flotillas of small steam dahabeahs, and of steam-launches which tow dahabeahs, and also of large dahabeahs with steel hulls. There are also still many craft of the old type. There are over a hundred of these dahabeahs upon the river, owned by half a dozen different companies. All these latter methods of travel are necessarily very expensive and require parties of ten or more in order to share the cost. The dahabeah remains the pleasantest conveyance for a long voyage—for passing the greater part of the winter in Upper Egypt—but for the ordinary tourist the regular weekly, or one of the extra steamers during the busiest part of the season, will prove the most convenient.

I found the steamer on which I had taken passage lying against a landing-stage on the bank of the river just above the Kasr-el-Nil bridge. This steamer being typical of a Nile boat deserves a special description. I was surprised at its size and comfortable accom-

modations. It was the largest vessel in the flotilla, and was very happily named "Rameses the Great." About 225 feet long and thirty broad and drawing but three feet when loaded with coal sufficient for a round voyage to the first cataract and back, it carried a total list of seventy-five passengers. The indicated horse-power was 500, and I afterwards discovered that we made an average speed of seven miles an hour up the river, against the current, and twelve to fourteen miles when coming down. The steering was done by steam. It was an iron paddle-wheel steamer with three decks and fitted throughout with electric light and electric bells. The cabins were arranged some of them for two and many for but one passenger. All were large and comfortably furnished. Forward on the upper-deck was the dining-saloon. Next there was a large open space, extending over the paddle-wheels, where the easy chairs furnished by the steamer were placed, and where also there was a piano. Next to this was a reading-room, well supplied with guide-books and writing material, with small tables for games of various kinds, which were also provided. Then came a number of single berth cabins extending to the stern, where were tables and chairs for an open-air, yet protected, smoking-room. The main deck contained the galley, the Manager's office, the baths and many cabins, mostly with two berths each. On the lower deck were rooms for the officers, the doctor, the crew, the stores, several large cabins and in the stern two cabins fitted especially for invalids or others willing to pay an advance of \$50. on the regular fare, which, by the way, is from Cairo to the first cataract and back, first-class throughout, \$250., or to the second cataract and back, \$355. The table was very good, meals being served at: 8.30 A. M., breakfast; hot lunch 1 P. M., afternoon tea at 4.30 P. M., and dinner at 7 P. M. We were constantly supplied with machine-made ice. The water drunk aboard is taken from the river and twice filtered through great porous jars. It is not only wholesome but has a clean, clear and pleasant taste. The lime-rock which so much abounds seems to counteract the vegetable matter which it must contain in greater or less solution. In short, the steamer was well adapted to supply all necessary creature comforts, while making the most interesting single journey to be found on earth. The steamer of which I am speaking and the others of the same company are only for first-class tourists. But there is also a Nile Mail Service which takes native as well as foreign passengers. We carried a full list—Americans, English, Germans and French.

The river where we lay seemed to be about a thousand feet in width. It was of a dark, coffee color, full of sediment, and ran with a swift current. Near us were some smaller steamers of the same company. On the opposite bank were a number of the dahabeahs, with their huge fore-sail and their after-one, smaller but of the same shape, like the wing of a bird. These dahabeahs have great cabins that are built up from the deck, along which they extend nearly the entire length of the vessel. The crew seem to be crowded into a very small space forwards.

We lost no time in storing our trunks and small baggage under our berths, and started promptly at the advertised hour of 10 A. M. on our voyage of two weeks to Assouan. We soon were gliding past old Cairo and many large palaces lining the banks, the river being generally retained in its bed by great stone walls. Beyond we could catch glimpses of the city, and always had in view the Citadel and the dome and graceful minarets of the mosque of Mehemet Ali and, further off, the barren, yellow, rocky bluffs extending far north and south. We passed the island of Rhoda, with its pretty gardens and groves. The celebrated Nilometer is on the south end of the island. This consists of a simple graduated column marking the gradual rise and fall of the Nile as the annual inundation comes and goes. What is styled a "good Nile" consists of a rise from eighteen to twenty-five feet—a greater height would do much mischief. At Rhoda it is traditionally asserted that Moses was found amongst the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter. Proceeding, we pass on the west bank the village of Ghizeh, and see on each side of the town great quantities of mimosa, and many sycamores and date palms. Above these appear the summits of the giant pyramids of Ghizeh—the blunt-topped Cheops and the sharp-apexed Chephrenes. On the east bank Toora and Mokattam are passed. Here are the immense quarries from which were taken the stone for the pyramids. These quarries have supplied stone for building purposes for six thousand years. The builders of the pyramids made their workmen tunnel into the mountains for hundreds of yards until they found a vein or bed of stone suitable for their work. Every one knows that there is a broad belt of verdure which follows the course of the Nile through Egypt and Nubia. This belt is sometimes ten miles in width and sometimes but one or two. Frequently the fertility will extend on one bank seven or eight miles, and the desert will begin almost directly at the other. Situated then all along the

river, at varying distances, are the grand remains of antiquity—the ruins of ancient cities, the temples, pyramids and monuments. A railway follows the left bank of the river as far as Assiout, or 250 miles from Cairo. The steamer halts at the main points of interest and the travellers mounting donkeys in waiting ride to them and then return to the steamer, which at once proceeds to the next port of call. It runs only during the day so that tourists can see all of the banks. At night the steamer simply drops anchor in the stream or else runs in to shore and ties up at one of the landing-stages.

Our first stop was at Bedrashayn, fifteen miles from Cairo, which is a railway station also, and the place of departure for the neighboring ruins of Memphis. As we drew in to the west bank we saw awaiting us over a hundred saddled donkeys with their boy drivers. There were native saddles—long narrow affairs, with huge leather pommels like those used in Morocco—for the men, and English side-saddles for the women. Below us were a number of ordinary native boats, which are engaged in transporting cattle and provisions from point to point on the river. But what a hubbub the donkey boys made! As we landed they surrounded us, and each one pressed forward to recommend his special beast, and the few words they used were very comical. For instance, they called their tough little animals “Telegraph,” “Telephone,” “Flying Dutchman,” “Mrs. Langtry,” etc. They furthermore appealed to our supposed preference by telling us “Cook very good, Gaze no good”—these being the names of the two tourist agencies upon the river. Having at last mounted our chosen donkeys—most of them the size of Newfoundland dogs—with the hide of their hips and legs trimmed in fancy circles, and wearing upon their necks many chains of copper coins or beads, which made a great jingling, we started into the interior, passing through a date grove, across the railway track, and through a large native mud village. Our dragomans or guides and interpreters—each steamer carries several of these—who spoke passable English—accompanied us. We found the village of single-story huts, made of sun-dried bricks, very dilapidated and wretched-looking. Men and women half clothed in coarse blue gowns stared at us as we passed. Children of both sexes rushed upon us demanding in loud tones “backsheesh,” a gift—the cry so universally heard in the land of Egypt. It is not necessary that anyone should have done anything for you to demand a present, to see you is sufficient to make a general rush

and outcry. Leaving this village we passed through fertile fields and several groves of beautiful date palms, until we reached the site of ancient Memphis, the modern Sakhara. The circuit of the old city was about thirteen miles. Nothing now remains of this, once the great capital of Egypt, save mounds of bricks, broken earthenware and rubbish. In one building, though, there is sheltered a colossal statue of Rameses II. It was presented by Mehemet Ali to the British Museum a number of years ago, but owing to its great weight and to lack of necessary funds, it was never removed to London. The statue lies upon its back and is about forty-two feet in length. It is cut from hard limestone, and though the legs are badly fractured, the face is admirably preserved and bears the well-known amiable smile so frequently noticed in the Egyptian monuments. We next rode across a wide stretch of fields covered with barley, maize, sugar-cane, tobacco, and towards the pyramids of Sakhara, one of which, called the "step" pyramid, is built in six terraces seven feet in width on top and decreasing in height from thirty-eight feet at the bottom to twenty-nine at the top. The total height of this pyramid is about 200 feet. It is thought to be the oldest in the world—700 years older than Cheops, or nearly 7,000 years! These pyramids—there are eleven of them—were in sight all the afternoon. Leaving however the cultivated fields, where we followed the low lines of soil used to retain the water in times of irrigation, we entered upon an enormous dyke of earth built to restrain the waters of the Nile itself and to protect the positions of the native towns and villages. The dykes are always used as the roads of the country. Natives were everywhere at work in the fields, some with their crooked wooden ploughs, others with clumsy hoes. Files of laden camels and grave Arabs on diminutive donkeys passed us. And as we neared the edge of the cultivated land and proceeded to ascend the sandy hillocks of the great necropolises of Memphis, native after native met us with various antiquities—jars, beads, idols, skulls—most of them fraudulent—to sell. They offered many of these articles for ten cents each, which naturally made all of us too suspicious to purchase.

In the centre of these ruins stands the old mud-walled house which was the headquarters of the famous French savant, M. Mariette, where he and his staff lived during several years while engaged in making excavations hereabouts. Near this house is the entrance to the great Serapeum or Apis Mausoleum. It is all underground and the entrance contains a wooden door, which the

guardian Arab unlocked for our party. You enter through a steep incline of soft sand, and find many long corridors, hewn from the solid rock, in which the heat is oppressive. Candles are placed at intervals, and the guides furthermore occasionally burn magnesium wires. Right and left of the arched corridor are the chapels containing huge stone sarcophagi in which the sacred bulls of ancient Egypt were buried. The sarcophagi are of bluish granite, and many of them are covered with hieroglyphics which have been found of the greatest historical importance. There are twenty-four of these sarcophagi and each measures about $13 \times 8 \times 11$ feet. All of them have been rifled (it is said by Cambyses) in search of treasure. You observe that all the huge lids have been moved from their proper place far enough to allow the entrance of a man's body. The sarcophagi consisted of only two enormous blocks of stone, the lower part being hollowed out for the reception of the mummy and the upper serving as lid. These sarcophagi are believed to have belonged to different periods, and the oldest is thought to be about 3,500 years old. The Serapeum, which is described by Strabo, the Greek geographer, once had pylons or gateways to which an avenue of sphinxes led and was surrounded by a wall. The tombs of the necropolis of Sakhara range from 1500 B. C. to about 50 B. C. We visited two of the best preserved of them. These were the tombs of Thi and Phtah-hotep, both belonging to the ancient empire or those built during the first eleven dynasties. Thi was a royal councillor, a confidant of the king. His tomb is nearly covered with sand, but a steep and narrow incline leads to a door, and a narrow passage conducts to several chambers containing some very beautiful sculptures in low relief, many of them being delicately colored. Thi was a rich man having large agricultural estates, and the scenes on the walls of his tomb, from bottom to top, represent all the operations connected with a large farm, also with hunting and fishing and a country life. And I may say that the subjects of the paintings and sculptures of the tombs generally are illustrative of the daily life of the deceased. Directly under the chamber that we entered was that for the mummy. On certain anniversary occasions the relatives met in the upper chamber. What surprised me in the carvings were the sharp lines after so many centuries, and the often bright colors which adorned many of them. Here might one study not only the features of the builders of these tombs, but their costumes (there was not however much of this,

only a kilt of cloth generally), their habits and usages, etc. Opposite Bedrashayn is the large town of Helouan, and not far distant, and reached by a railway from Cairo, are the baths of Helouan—sulphur springs much resorted to by the citizens of the capital, both native and foreign. The late Khedive had a palace here, and it was here that he died, as hereinbefore mentioned. Helouan has a good hotel and is rapidly becoming a fashionable watering-place. At five p. m. we started on up the river, but anchored in midstream at dusk, near the village of Ayat, which is thirty-six miles from Cairo.

At daybreak we were under weigh. The night had been very cold. Awnings were dropped all around the steamer and all the port-holes were closed. The difference in temperature between midday and midnight is very great and is keenly felt, though it does not prove unwholesome—colds and so forth being almost unknown. The river, as with all shallow rivers, was very tortuous, with a swift current and averaging perhaps half a mile in width. At this season—January—the flood is at about half its height. Of course when at full height the river often extends in each direction as far as the eye can see, while in midsummer it dwindles to a mere thread quite unnavigable even by the lightest draught steamers. The channel changes year by year from bank to bank, and the pilots depend upon local reports and upon the constant soundings with marked poles of two men stationed in the bow for this purpose. Should the steamer run upon a bank her engines, assisted by the long poles of the crew, are usually sufficient to get her off. In extreme cases it might be necessary to employ a small kedge to warp the vessel free. We went steadily on all day, there being nothing of very special interest to visit on shore. The country was extremely diversified. Much of it lay in immense level and very fertile plains. Then again rocky and sandy hills would approach quite down to the bank, or great stretches of undulating plain would be too high above the river to admit of irrigation and hence would be utterly barren or with only fringes of date-palms or occasionally groves of these beautiful trees. Villages, some upon the banks, some inland, were frequent. Most of them were of one type—primitive, mud-walled, flat-roofed huts, with possibly a few of two stories, and the slender spire of a mosque appearing above all. The groves of palm trees seemed to be the favorite locations for these villages. In all of them you would notice the curious round towers, with sticks protruding in every direction,

used as the abode of pigeons, which are much raised for their manure and less as an article of diet. The little turreted tops of these pigeon-houses made them look at a distance like Indian temples and many of them being colored white heightened the illusion. Great flocks of pigeons were always flying about the native villages. There was also much movement of life along the banks. Natives were travelling with loaded camels and donkeys, boats were loading or unloading, men were at work in the fields, or tending the water-wheels which raise water from the river, women were filling the huge water-jars which they poise so gracefully upon their heads, children were playing and old people sitting and looking at the passing steamer or watching their own clamoring countrymen bargaining for produce with the boatmen. At a long distance from the west bank could be seen all day the low smooth chain of the Libyan Mountains, and upon the eastern bank much nearer the river, the strangely rough and rugged lime rock of the Arabian Hills. We overtook a great many dahabeahs, all bound up stream, and politely exchanged salutes with each. There were also a great many native boats, slowly working their way with oars up the river or sailing rapidly downwards. The sails of the latter, turned to either side, like the wings of a bird, were very pretty. They often added the necessary picturesque element to the long, smooth, lines of shore, plain or hill. We would frequently pass large sugar factories, their chimneys being in sight for many miles. All these belong to the Egyptian government. During the day we passed a town called Wasta, whence a branch line of railway connects with that fertile spot called the Fayoum, and a large town called Medinet-el-Fayoum. The district, which has an area of 850 square miles, is watered by a branch of the Nile. Seventy-three miles from Cairo we passed, on the west bank, the large town of Benisouf, the capital of one of the most productive provinces of Egypt. It is governed by a Mudir. At dark we reached the town of Maghaghah, where we spent the night—106 miles from Cairo, on the west bank. Maghaghah is in what is styled Upper Egypt. One of the largest sugar factories is here, and we paid a visit to it. It was a very large establishment, with machinery of the most modern make, French mostly, and with a branch railway for bringing the sugar-cane into town. The great buildings are lighted by gas, and all the different processes of the manufacture seemed to be under the manipulation of natives, over two thousand of whom are employed. During the day we saw

great quantities of aquatic birds and of many species, but as yet no crocodiles. The latter are not now to be found, I learned, below Assouan. After dinner each day the head dragoman entered the dining-saloon and briefly informed the passengers of the programme of sight-seeing proposed for the morrow, an admirable custom, since it gives ample time for those not well read up to prepare.

The following day we started at daylight, and noticed many islands in the river, which at high water are doubtless wholly covered. Many native boats were seen carrying miscellaneous cargoes. Others were engaged in ferrying passengers across the river. Upon the banks were miles upon miles of sugar-cane. This is ripe now and sugar making is at its height at all the factories. We pass on the eastern shore a range of limestone cliffs, several hundred feet in height, called *Gebel-el-Tayr*, on one part of which is an old Coptic convent called the Convent of the Pulley, from the fact that there is a hole or fissure in the rocks from which the convent may be reached from the water's edge by means of a rope and a pulley. The convent is simply a church surrounded by a small village of priests and their families, all walled in for protection from the Bedouins. Continuing our journey we pass on the west bank the town of *Minieh*, which is 156 miles from Cairo. This is the capital of an extensive province, and presents a very picturesque appearance from the river. There are many fine two-storied buildings with arched windows, gardens, spires of mosques octagonal below and with tops like sharpened lead-pencils, with two iron-railed galleries, and among them all the modern chimneys of large sugar factories. Some of these factories, in spite of Mohammedan law, annually produce several thousand gallons of rum. The late Khedive had a fine palace here.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached the village of *Beni Hassan*, on the east bank. This place is remarkable for the interesting and valuable rock tombs, which are situated at a distance of about half a mile, in the range of limestone hills, some hundreds of feet above the river. We land and mount donkeys to visit them, passing first through the native village, nearly every member of which seems to have turned out and to be busy begging us for backsheesh. At least half of these poor people are suffering from eye disease or are already blind of one or both eyes. The children of both sexes are quite nude and their elders at least half. The tombs extend for a long distance along the cliffs, on

about the same level, and are all cut from the solid rock. We first however visited what is called the *Speos Artemidos*, a cavern about twenty feet square, whose walls outside are covered with hieroglyphics. There is a small niche in one side of this chamber intended to hold a statue of the lion-goddess *Sechet*. There are about fifteen rock tombs at *Beni Hassan*. Leaving the village with its mud walls and overshadowing palm groves and crossing a narrow flat of fruitful gardens you reach the desert, and ascend a yellow range of hills until you arrive at the tombs. From their openings you have a splendid view over the valley of the Nile, a brief fringe of green near you, then the meandering river and then a wider expanse of fertility, until your eyes reach the distant *Libyan Mountains*. The tombs, which are nearly five thousand years old, are very simple in their architecture. You have generally an entrance door between two outer columns forming a portico like the *Doric*. The chamber into which you enter has a double row of pillars with either lotus-bud capitals or those of the plain *Doric* type. In one corner is a shaft which leads down to a corridor ending in a chamber which contained the sarcophagus and mummy. Some of the tombs have smaller chambers containing statues of the dead who were buried beneath. The pillars like the chambers are all hewn out of the solid rock. The walls are completely covered with pictures representing in general the private life of the old Egyptians, and in particular of the occupant of each tomb. The daily occupations and amusements are portrayed with such wonderful fidelity that you need no descriptions to comprehend all. Of ancient Egypt are shown pictures of the gods, animals, plants, manufactures, domestic work of the women, foreign visitors, soldiers, priests, vessels, hunting-scenes, agriculture, etc. The walls were first covered with a thin layer of plaster upon which the paintings were made. A few of the colors are as bright as if laid on but yesterday, though most are considerably faded. Below these paintings long inscriptions, with ornamental borders extending all around the chamber, have been cut in the rock. The ceilings are vaulted and gayly painted. The columns which have lotus capitals have four fluted or rounded sides, those of the *Doric* style sixteen sides. Some of the latter are twenty feet in height and the chambers are as much as forty feet square. The tombs are those of generals and officers of various Egyptian sovereigns, but two of the finest of them are of old feudal lords and governors of provinces. These latter have been protected with iron gates by

the authorities and it is necessary to show our tickets—purchased from the Egyptian government for \$5.12 each, and granting us permission to visit all the monuments of Upper Egypt, “fermés ou enclos”—to the native guardian before entering. This tax is devoted to the maintenance and preservation of the monuments, and judging by the depredations—the wanton mutilation and injury—of tourists, Arabs and dealers in antiquities, is a check and protection greatly needed. In one of the smaller tombs we found a young English artist had temporarily taken up his abode while copying the scenes upon the walls. He was employed by the “British Archæological Survey of Egypt,” and the “Egypt Exploration Fund” of which the learned lady Egyptologist, the late Amelia B. Edwards was Vice-President and Honorary Secretary. We returned to the steamer and went on to the village of Rhoda, on the west bank, where there is a large sugar factory employing several hundred hands. We anchored for the night in mid-stream opposite this village.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAPITAL OF UPPER EGYPT.

ON at daylight the next morning, passing a range of great rocks on the eastern bank which was some ten or twelve miles in length and in some places descended perpendicularly into the river. It was mostly of stratified limestone and the valleys were filled with winding rivers or glaciers of the finest yellow sand. The colors of the hills were brown, yellow and gray—rock, sand and lime. The terraces of the cliffs where they descended to the river were full of tombs with square entrances like those at Beni Hassan, and caverns where once dwelt the celebrated ascetics of Upper Egypt. There were also to be seen many pretty natural grottoes and many holes, the abodes of numerous wild fowl. The range of hills is called Gebel-Aboufaydah, and towards the southern end of it are the famous crocodile mummy pits. These reptiles were found here in thousands. Many dog and cat mummies were also discovered in this neighborhood. And cat mummies carefully rolled and still having a distinct natural odor were offered for sale to us at Beni Hassan. The Nile was only about a quarter of a mile wide at the cliffs and is quite deep here. The opposite shore presented a great level plain but little above the surface of the river, and the cultivated fields approached to the very edge of the water. The fields bore mostly maize and beans. The channel seems to prefer one or the other bank, so far the eastern; it does not generally run in the centre, as might be supposed. We next passed on the western bank the very picturesque village of Manfaloot, with its domes and minarets, its gardens and the Theban or doum palm which now began to mingle with the date. The houses of many of the villages are no more than the height of an Arab. Some are made solely of coarse straw, bundles of which are set on end for the walls. Occasionally we see the tomb of a marabout standing out in the desert quite by itself. As far as Assiout (250 miles from

Cairo), the fertile valley of the Nile lies mostly upon the western side, never is there over a mile of it on the eastern bank, where the desert is generally seen but a few hundred yards back and frequently it comes directly to the water's edge. Not so however upon the western bank, where the plains are so vast that the desert chain of the Libyan hills is generally but faintly discernible.

We saw the town of Assiout several hours before reaching it, the river here taking some very long curves. The city is a mile from the river bank, lies upon sloping ground and with its several-storied houses with white and light-colored walls, a dozen octagonal minarets with three and four galleries each and smooth cone apexes, very many large and small domes, and interspersed gardens, palms and acacias it makes a very picturesque appearance, backed as it is by a range of steep bare yellow mountains. The port of Assiout is El Hamra and here we moored to a barge secured to the bank and near several other steamers of the same line, a half a dozen dahabeahs, and a small fleet of trading-boats. The usual crowd of native merchants and donkey boys lined the bank to receive us and our surplus cash. From here an excellent road raised a few feet above the plain (on account of the annual inundation) leads to the city. The latter stands actually on an island formed by a branch of the river which is crossed by an arched stone bridge. Assiout has a population of about 25,000. It is the capital of Upper Egypt and the seat of an Inspector-General. It is more like Cairo than any town we have seen—has spacious bazaars, handsome mosques, luxurious baths. It is famous for its market held once a week, to which wares are brought from as great a distance as Arabia, to say nothing of far parts of Egypt. It is also celebrated for its red pottery, in which there is a considerable trade as well as in linen and woolen cloth, opium and pipe bowls. The present terminus of the railway from Cairo is at Assiout, but at a not very distant day this road will probably be extended to Assouan and the First Cataract. It is already completed thirty miles beyond Assiout. All the Egyptian railways belong to the government. Lower Egypt is covered with a perfect network of them. The first railway opened was that between Cairo and Alexandria, 131 miles, in 1855. The total number of miles now in operation is about one thousand.

We were called early for a visit on shore, so that the voyage up stream might be continued at noon. We found the donkeys and their saddles of a much better quality than any previously

employed. A branch line connects the river port with the railway at Assiout and this we followed to the town, passing through the usual rich gardens and groves of palm trees. Near the station were several handsome large houses of wealthy residents, the consulates of several nationalities, the prison and some barracks. We rode through a corner of the town and then followed a great dyke up to the base of the mountains, crossing a substantial bridge of cut stone over a wide canal, near which were the ruins of an old bridge. A fine new canal runs from Assiout to below Cairo. We crossed this in visiting the ruins of Memphis. It is navigable for native boats and for steam-launches. The yellow limestone range back of Assiout is full of old Egyptian tombs similar to those at Beni Hassan, only that here there are very many more of them and they extend in horizontal rows from the bottom to the top of the ridge. They were afterwards tenanted by Christian monks and hermits, and many have been destroyed for the sake of the limestone forming the walls. We visited first the tomb of the "sacred wolf." Assiout in ancient times was called the "wolf city" probably because the jackal-headed Anubis was worshipped there. The tomb consisted of a large number of chambers, opening into each other, all hewn from the solid rock. The mountain was pierced in this manner for a distance of perhaps two hundred feet and a width of fifty. Some of the chambers were thirty or forty feet in height. They were all half choked with débris and before them were great heaps of broken bricks, earthenware, mummies of animals, etc. Two sides of the largest chamber were crowded with carved hieroglyphics, showing traces of much coloring, with a frieze above. The ceiling had been covered with ornamental designs in blue and pink. In other of the chambers were figures of kings, divinities, and pictorial scenes too dim to make them comprehensible. A few minutes' walk up the steep hill brought us to the large tomb of Merikara, a king of the XIIIth dynasty, (about 4,000 years old), which contained some well-preserved hieroglyphics and the king's royal cartouche. All these tombs held also many small niches for the mummies of sacred wolves. In fact the whole surface of the hill seemed honeycombed, one opening led to another and there were several tiers of them. The best of these tombs were secured with high iron fences and gates, to which our "Monuments' Tickets" procured us ingress. Inside all these tombs was a printed notice headed "Service de Conservation des Antiquités de l'Égypte," and which in three languages—French, English and

Arabic—begged visitors most earnestly not to cut or write their names upon any of the monuments. A few of us on leaving these tombs climbed to the top of the mountain, where we enjoyed a very magnificent and extended view of the Nile valley. At our feet on the edge of the desert lay a large Arab cemetery, its white walls and little domes, packed closely together, looking very oddly. Further off was a capital prospect of the city of Assiout, with its low brown houses, interspersed with a few white ones of several stories, the domes and beautiful minarets of its mosques producing a fine effect. The octagonal many-galleried minarets with rounded tops reminded me strongly of those in India in their style of architecture. Nearing them afterwards I saw that they were delicately sculptured and that the pretty railings of their balconies were of carved wood. Beyond and all around were the rich green plains of the valley of the Nile. The line between the verdure of the valley and the sterility of the desert was most acutely drawn. The glistening river and its neighboring canal wound away in the dim distance. The crystal air and bright morning sun heightened all the effect and produced a picture of extraordinary beauty—a plain of emerald, a river of silver and two deserts of gold.

We descended to the town and visited the bazaar and the weekly open-air market. The latter was held in a large square which was packed with blue-robed natives buying and selling camels, bullocks, sheep, goats, chickens, vegetables and fruits. We had noticed the river full of boats and the roads full of animals bringing supplies to this weekly market. The bazaar consisted mostly of one long street of roofed shops. It was about ten feet wide and was a perfect mass of yelling, gesticulating and scrambling natives, loaded camels and donkeys and small hand-carts. The crowd of men, women and children was however extremely amiable and good-natured as our donkey boys shouted for passage and pushed us eagerly along. The shops stood partition to partition, mere boxes, as usual in Mohammedan towns, but they were filled with a marvellous variety of foreign goods and nicknacks, in addition to local manufactures and conventional assortments of cloths, embroideries, slippers, jewelry, etc. But there is no need of a special characterisation for it was like all oriental bazaars, of which so many have been already described in these pages. We returned to the steamer, which soon threw off its moorings and headed away up the swiftly flowing river. In a few hours we passed the town of Abootizh on the western bank, a mud village,

with a mosque having two most beautiful minarets. As we steamed near the bank we saw that a market, attended by a great crowd, was in progress. Surrounding the town were several large walled gardens containing orange, pomegranate, olive, date, fig and banana trees and grape vines. Along the bank were many native boats in course of construction. The average size of these is thirty feet long by ten wide. They usually have two low masts, one near each end, with the enormously long yards made so familiar to all through pictures. The boats being "pitched both within and without" have a dull dark appearance. We have seen many ferry-boats passing from bank to bank and always crowded with passengers. The appearance of a crowd of blue-gowned natives quite filling the interior of a boat suggested the amusing reference to the theatrical announcement dear to all managerial hearts of "standing-room only." We continued on by the light of a beautiful moon until 10 P. M., when we anchored in the river opposite the village of Gow-el-Gharbeeyah, about 285 miles from Cairo.

"Up anchor and on at daylight" seems to be our formula for beginning each succeeding day. We pass this morning several villages on either bank, the characteristics of all being the same—low, brown, mud-walled houses, here and there graceful minarets, many square turrets of pigeon houses, with their chevaux-de-frise of roosting perches and rows of earthenware pots fringing the tops, lines of boats tied to the banks, women coming and going with great water-jars, men building boats, hundreds of children shouting at us, strings of camels and donkeys or women with baskets of provisions upon their heads entering town, farmers at work in the fields, sometimes ploughing, a camel and a buffalo being incongruously yoked together—it is always an entertaining scene of life and activity. Before noon we passed the town of Bellianeh on the west bank. This is the starting point for the beautiful temple of Abydos, reached by a six mile donkey ride across the plain to the edge of the desert. But for the more convenient division of our journey, the visit to Abydos is deferred until the return voyage. We went steadily on all day, the scenery being very varied and interesting. There were rougher, higher and steeper hills on both banks. The absolute sterility of these hills made a very decided contrast with the fertile green plains. At many of the villages the pigeon business seemed conducted on a great scale; there were mud towers occupied by these birds which seemed in number often

to vie with the houses of the villagers. About the latter were always thick growths of date and doum palms and acacias. The fields bore much maize, beans and sugar-cane. The Libyan hills, which we have been following along from the neighborhood of Sakhara, vanish as the Nile takes a decided turn to the eastward. We anchor for the night in the river opposite the village of Dishneh, 387 miles from Cairo.

I was always interested in watching the various mechanical appliances and methods used in raising water from the river for the purpose of irrigating the fields. What is called the shadoof seems to be the most popular arrangement. This consists simply of a long pole, made heavy at one end, generally by simply sticking a huge ball of mud upon it, and resting on a pivot. To a short pole attached to the opposite end is a water-tight basket or goat-skin bucket, which is pulled down to the water and filled, and as the heavy end of the pole descends, the water is raised and emptied into a little gutter whence it flows to a basin where another man is stationed and afterwards to a third—it generally requiring at this season of the year (mid-winter) three, and occasionally four, lifts to get the water from the surface of the river to a level with that of the plain. This apparatus is an imitation of the old-fashioned well-sweep once so prevalent throughout the New England States—or rather that is probably an imitation of this. Another style in vogue was the *sakiah* or water-wheel of cogged wheels turned by a buffalo, camel or yoke of oxen generally blindfolded, each revolution of the wheel working up a series—an endless chain—of earthenware jars, which in turning empty themselves into a trough leading into a pool. A girl or boy often rides upon the shafts of the *sakiah* to drive the animals. This is the water-mill encountered throughout all North Africa. It stands near the bank and the water is let fall into the wells by a canal or tunnel from the river. But the most primitive method of all—and one without the intervention of any mechanical contrivance—is that in which two men, standing in the river or canal, hold a water-proof basket between them, which they swing into and out of the water with clock-like regularity, and throw the water into a pool upon the banks. Little canals distribute the water over the fields, upon which are low mud retaining-walls. The natives work the water along from the river bank into these sections, always using their feet for the purpose. The shadoofs line the steep side of the river—there is generally but one abrupt bank at one part

—every thousand feet or less, and occur in groups. The most of them were in steady operation.

In the level plains of rich loam covered with emerald verdure I have been constantly reminded of the great herbage-covered steppes of Holland and of the curiously contrasted facts that here the constant effort is to get water upon the land while there it is to get it off. In addition to produce already mentioned I have noticed here lusty crops of barley, wheat, lentils, vetches, peas, tobacco, flax, hemp, lettuce, peppers, cucumbers, water-melons and lupins, a coarse kind of clover. The coating of mud from the inundation renders the use of manure generally unnecessary, though that of pigeons is frequently used on bad land or in order to force crops. Often no ploughing is attempted, the seed being simply scattered and trampled in by oxen, sheep or goats let loose upon it. Artificial irrigation is however kept up at intervals between the inundations, and is especially necessary for the crops which are raised in the summer season—millet, sugar-cane, coffee and cotton. The chief article of export, I may add, is cotton, and the next in importance is sugar. The forest scenery of Egypt consists mostly of the palm groves which are found everywhere in the Delta and throughout the valley of the Nile. One notices however many other plants, such as sycamores, tamarisks, mimosas, acacias and plane trees. The lotus, that famous water-lily of the Nile, which was considered sacred by the old Egyptians, is frequently seen in the Delta but not in Upper Egypt. It is used nowadays for making a kind of bread. The papyrus plant, from whose delicate white stem the ancients made paper, has become extinct. There is prose as well as poetry in saying that Egypt is the gift of the Nile. The country actually consists only of its valley, for the rest is desert with a few scattered oases. Egypt owes its existence and fertility alone to this river. And to the same is also due its gradual increase of productive territory. For as the river bed rises higher, the amount of land covered by the inundation of course grows more and more. The alluvial soil of the valley of the Nile varies from twenty to forty feet in depth. The rich mud which the river carries down increases the level of the land on each side of its course at the rate of about six inches in a century. The land around Thebes has been raised about nine feet in 1,700 years. This is known partly by the depth to which the Colossi are embedded in a stratum of alluvium which has been deposited about their base. The annual inundation, it may not generally be re-

membered, reaches its greatest height about the 1st of October, remains for two or three weeks at an average of about twenty-five feet above low-water level, and then gradually subsides. The usual rise in various parts of the river varies greatly. Thus when it is twenty-five feet at Cairo, it will be thirty-eight at Thebes and forty-one at Assouan. A few feet of water more or less is always accompanied with disastrous results. A rise of less than eighteen feet is apt to result in famine in many parts. There are now cultivated about 12,000 square miles of Egypt out of a total of 500,000 available for cultivation—about half of this is in the Delta and half in the oasis of Fayoum and in the Nile valley.

Having spoken of the land of Egypt let me add a few words as to her people. The present population is generally put at 7,000,000, though it is next to impossible to obtain an accurate census in a country where an increase in population always means an increase in taxation. The great majority of the inhabitants—about four-fifths, it is said—are the fellahs or fellaheen, peasant-tillers of the soil, who are the descendants of those who adopted the Moslem faith of the conquerors and intermingled with them. These people greatly resemble the ancient Egyptians as depicted on the monuments. The whole of the cultivation of Egypt is in the hands of this race. Next there are the Copts, some 400,000 of them. They embraced Christianity during the Byzantine period of Egyptian history—about 400–650 A. D.—and did not intermingle much with the Arab conquerors. The clerks in government and commercial establishments, the goldsmiths and cloth-workers in the bazaars, are largely recruited from this class. The nomad Bedouin or desert tribes of to-day are the descendants of some of the Arab invaders who held themselves aloof from the conquered race of original inhabitants. Then there are Berbers from Nubia, negroes from the Soudan provinces, and Turks. The latter are believed to number about 15,000, and have mixed but little with the natives. The European population is estimated at 100,000—Greeks (40,000), Italians (20,000), French (15,000), Austrians, English, Germans. There are also many Syrians, Armenians and Jews. The latter, in fact, count some 10,000, and as is usual with this race the world over, include bankers, merchants, money-changers, and bric-a-brac venders.

Ever since leaving Cairo we have seen great quantities of birds on and about the river—standing in flocks upon its sandbanks or flying about its shores. There have been herons, hawks, kites,

ibises, crows, pelicans, cranes, flamingoes, snipe, plover, larks, sparrows, linnets, eagles and vultures. Some of the latter are enormous, said to be as much as fourteen feet across the wings. There are also many kinds of fish in the Nile which while they make rather unpalatable eating for foreigners, being thin and soft, are much used by the natives, whom we have frequently seen fishing with poles and nets. Among several to me unknown species exposed for sale in the town-markets I have noticed barbel, perch, and a sort of minnow.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.

ABOUT eight o'clock on the morning of the 18th we were made fast to the western bank nearly opposite the grand temple of Denderah. On the other side of the river was the town of Keneh, between which and the seaport of Kosseir on the Red Sea, about eighty miles distant, there is a caravan road which is usually traversed in three days. Kosseir carries on a considerable trade with the Arabian peninsula. We intend to visit Keneh on our return voyage. We found donkeys and drivers awaiting us, and following the river bank for a little started inland northwestwardly to the famous temple. An Egyptian officer and two or three soldiers accompanied us. Our route was lined by natives vociferously crying for backsheesh and offering coins, statuettes, scarabs, etc., for sale. The scarabs or scarabæus, it will be remembered, is the figure of a beetle, plain or inscribed with characters, which was habitually worn by the ancient Egyptians as an amulet. Its use and meaning as a sacred symbol are unknown. We passed several sakhiahs to which water is conducted in tunnels or the wells are filled by infiltration from the Nile. Both the eastern and western banks of the river were bordered in the distance by picturesque limestone hills, some of them table-topped and others with sharp ridges. Their steep gray sides were often covered with great mounds of sand. Tamarisks and acacias, date-palms, and doum palms singular in their bifurcated forms and fruit the size of an orange, appeared on every hand. Larks chirped in the great fields of barley. We soon saw before us on a low ridge of rubbish the ruins of Denderah, pylons or gateways, the great temple and several smaller ones. After half an hour's ride we reached the grand entrance, dismounted, and showing our "Monuments' Tickets" to the official guardian, were allowed to proceed. This splendid temple was begun under Ptolemy XII. and completed under Tiberius



Hypostyle Hall of the Temple of Denderah.

and Nero. It cannot therefore be older than the beginning of our era. Moreover it shows a considerable admixture of Greek and Roman with Egyptian ideas. We halted at the detached pylon in front of the main entrance. Huge mounds of rubbish surrounded us on every side. In fact when discovered by M. Mariette, the temple was not only nearly buried among the rubbish which centuries had accumulated about it, but a whole village of mud huts actually stood upon the roof! The pylon consists of little more than jambs and lintels but clearly indicates what it must have originally been. Two enormous blocks remain in position above the opening. The sides and top are completely covered with beautiful bas-reliefs and inscriptions, and faded colors can be easily traced. The avenue of sphinxes—the dromos—which led from here to the entrance, 250 feet, have been replaced by brick walls. The appearance of the temple from without is very imposing. The walls and columns are massive yet simple. The edifice is oblong in shape, with a flat roof. Its material is a hard yellow limestone.

To enter you descend through an unlocked door a long wooden staircase to the portico or "Hypostyle Hall," Hall of Columns, which is open in front. It is 140 feet broad, 80 feet deep, and 50 high, and contains twenty-four columns arranged in six rows! As exalted as had been our imaginings we found ourselves overwhelmed with the actuality. Everything is greater, grander and more gorgeous than we had expected. The temple is most wonderfully preserved. Every part of it both without and within is covered with high or low reliefs and inscriptions, and everywhere are traces of the beautiful colors which once ornamented it. The figures are many of them of life size and are disposed in large tablets or frames made of hieroglyphics. Friezes of lotus stalks and flowers border the ceilings, all of which are sculptured in a design of little stars. The capitals of the huge columns have four heads of the goddess Hathor surmounted by miniature temples. The round smooth surfaces of the columns are completely covered with figures and writing. Generally the pictures represent one subject—the royal founder adoring the divinities of the temple, and the various ceremonies observed by the king in connection with this adoration. The ceiling of the noble portico has in several places a representation of the Zodiac. The floor is formed of great stone slabs. There is sufficient light from without to see everything here to advantage, but for the inner chambers and crypts we were provided with candles, and in specially interesting

spots our dragomans burned magnesium wire which, as is well known, affords a very brilliant illumination.

Leaving the portico by a doorway facing the entrance you enter a second hall, having six huge columns, and three small chambers on each side. Proceeding, two smaller chambers on the right and left are passed and then you enter an oblong room which was the sanctuary. Behind this, but reached by outside passages, is a small chamber in which the emblem of the goddess worshipped in the temple was placed. There was a decided slope upwards from the entrance to this room. A staircase on either side leads to the roof. The walls of these are covered with large figures of the grand processions which on the occasion of festivals wound through the temple, mounted to the terraces and descended to perform their rites in exterior enclosures. On each side of the sanctuary are smaller chambers. These were employed for the assembling of the priests, the consecrations of the offerings, the guardianship of the sacred emblems, the preparations of holy oils and essences, and the preservation of the vestments. In the walls of the temple were two concealed crypts, wherein the most valuable gold statues and other sacred treasures were kept. We had literally to crawl into these upon hands and knees, but once within, found long halls perhaps seven feet in height and four feet in width, whose walls were covered with admirably preserved low-relief pictures of gods, and carved hieroglyphics. Many of the colors here were in capital preservation. A few of the chambers above, on the ground-floor, were consecrated to other divinities, such as Isis, Osiris, Pasht and Horus. Throughout this magnificent temple the heads and figures of the gods and goddesses had been chiselled away by the fanatic hands of the early Christians, who proved themselves in this respect quite equal to the Moslems here and elsewhere. On the roof were several smaller temples—one symbolizing the death of Osiris, another his resurrection. From the top of the walls I had a splendid view of the temple, its surrounding mounds of rubbish, which to the east are higher than the edifice itself, the neighboring fertile plain and villages, and distant Nile, desert and mountains. The interior chambers and the crypts were full of bats and the exterior walls were covered with the cells of bees whose humming sounded strangely in one's ears. The outer smooth yellow walls are covered from top to bottom with sculptures which look as if they might have been cut but yesterday. The temple exactly faces the north. On the south wall, among the great sculptures of the chief

gods and goddesses of the Greek Pantheon, you find the famous portraits of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, her son. Both have been much damaged by the chisel of the bigoted Christian. The profile of Cleopatra however still bears physiognomical evidence of the extraordinary qualities which history has ascribed to her. Near by on this side stands a small temple dedicated to Isis. It consists of three chambers and a corridor whose walls are covered with carved pictures. On the north side of the great temple is a small one, called the Typhoni, about 120×60 feet, which has not been all excavated. It has a peristyle of twenty-two columns, many of them with most beautiful fluted exterior and massive yet graceful lotus capitals. The ceiling of the first chamber bore a famous Zodiac, which was cut out, with the permission of Mehemet Ali, in 1821, and is now preserved in the Louvre at Paris. The temple of Denderah was dedicated to Hathor or Venus, who is represented as a woman, wearing a headdress in the shape of a vulture, and above it a disk and horns. She is sometimes represented with the head of a cow. The edifice seems from its completeness and from its wonderful preservation to give a good idea of the general arrangements of the great temples of ancient Egypt. We had voyaged up the Nile for nearly a week and had as yet seen nothing of startling grandeur or beauty, but in the visit to Denderah we all felt more than repaid for our trouble, and were delighted at our good fortune. We returned to the steamer and soon started on up the river for Luxor.

Leaving Kenh we turned once again to the south. The Libyan Mountains approached nearer the river and became higher, steeper and more picturesque. There were huge table-topped hills, sharp serrated ridges, vast walls of stratified rocks and winding-sheets of finest yellow sand. Late in the afternoon the ruins of the temple of Koorneh—dedicated to the memory of Seti I., the father of Rameses the Great—and others appeared on the edge of the desert upon the western bank, and soon afterward the village of Luxor was seen almost directly ahead on the eastern bank, some twenty or thirty feet above the river. The plain opened out on each side of the Nile and was backed by peaked mountains in the distance. Then as we steamed rapidly on I caught a glimpse through and over the thick groves of tamarisk, acacia, date and doum palms, of the vast ruins of Karnak—the massive main propylon and temple walls, the huge pylons, the lofty obelisk and the giant columns.

Luxor just beyond and 450 miles from Cairo, is a town of only a few thousand inhabitants which owes its importance solely to the fact that it is situated close to these ruins and to other grand ruins across the river. Ancient Thebes occupied the whole plain on each side of the Nile, a space sufficiently large to contain the city of Paris. The chief portion of the city was situated on the east bank, while the western was devoted to the temples, palaces and tombs. Our arrival at Luxor seemed almost as great an event for that town as it did for ourselves. The flags of four or five consulates were flying and the Egyptian standard was also liberally displayed. Guns were fired on shore and our steamer's whistle was kept in continual action. The appearance of Luxor was very strange and incongruous. First upon the bank, thirty feet above the river, came the long single-storied, brown-colored "Grand Hotel," then the smaller white-colored "Karnak Hotel," next the two- and three-storied and pink-walled houses of the consuls, then several great mud towers set apart for the pigeons, behind these appeared the mud-walled native town, the white tower of a mosque, and the splendid great columns of the grand temple of Luxor, which is built quite at the edge of the river, then a Franciscan chapel and mission, and finally the "Luxor Hotel" situated in a pretty garden, and the whole backed by and interspersed with the ever-strange and beautiful date palm. In the river were a dozen native boats, two or three steamers, and the landing-stage, to which we were soon made fast. On the bank above, awaiting our arrival, were several hundred Copts, Arabs and fellahs, together with a score of temporary foreign residents, gentlemen in tennis "blazers" and ladies with racquets in their hands. It was altogether an extraordinary scene, this mingling of the ancient and modern, the Occident and Orient, one only equalled by that already described as witnessed at the Great Pyramids. We went early to rest, in excited expectation of visiting the principal monuments of Thebes, on the western bank, in the morning.

We started at half-past eight and crossed a part of the Nile in boats to the large, low, sandy island opposite Karnak, where we took donkeys, crossed this island, and then were ferried over the other branch of the river, ourselves in one style of boat, the donkeys in another. Then we again mounted our diminutive beasts and proceeded along the bank of a large empty canal and across vast fields of wheat and barley. In the latter were farmers engaged in winnowing grain by simply throwing it in the air from

trays and letting the wind carry away the chaff. In the distance to the west along the edge of the desert were first the ruined temple and palace, Medinet-Haboo, and next the Rameseum or Memnonium of Rameses II. Between the two and some distance out in the green plain were the sitting Colossi, which, being backed by the great range of gray and brown rocks and sand, looked rather small by comparison. To the east across the river were the walls of the temple of Karnak, the propylons and obelisk, and behind us the great temple of Luxor, all appearing above the thick groves of palm trees. After half an hour's ride we reached the temple of Koorneh, surrounded by great heaps of rubbish and backed by a precipitous range in which we could see the openings of many rock tombs. The temple of Koorneh was built by Seti I., in memory of his father Rameses I., the remainder was added by Rameses II., who rededicated it to the memory of his father Seti I. It is therefore about 3,000 years old. It is situated facing the east and the Nile, at the entrance of a gorge called Bab-el-Molook, which leads to the famous Tombs of the Kings. It is built of yellowish-brown sandstone. The architecture is simple and massive. In the central hall are six great columns. The roof is formed of slabs of stone $20 \times 3 \times 2$ feet. It is carved without and within by rather large figures and hieroglyphics, some raised in low relief and then engraved. Many of them bear traces of coloring. The ceiling is also carved in places. The interior is divided into many small chambers, in one of which is a finely sculptured head of Seti, showing a very amiable but not very strong individuality. The sculptures on the walls represent Rameses II. making offerings to the gods, among whom appear the faces of Rameses I. and Seti I. This temple is in a very dilapidated condition. From a part of its roof I got a fine view of the surrounding plain with its various ruins, which could be easily differentiated, and of the remarkable Libyan Mountains to the west, with their many precipices of yellow rock and their tombs, and the mud villages scarcely to be distinguished from the tawny hills on which they stood. We did not tarry but mounted our donkeys for another ride of half an hour to the Tombs of the Kings. These are approached through a narrow, rocky ravine which is an awful picture of utter barrenness, and yet which from its contrasting forms and colors is nevertheless quite picturesque. In many of the conglomerate pillars I was strongly reminded of the "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. Here however there is much limestone rock and the

surface is covered with coarse gravel, large pebbles, flint stone and sand.

The tombs are hewn out of the living rock in the upper part of the desolate valley, which is situated some three or four miles from the Nile. It is a hard, milk-white, fine-grained stone, called "marble limestone." It takes a polish like flint. Twenty-five tombs have been opened. The most of them contained the mummies of the kings of the XIXth and XXth dynasties—say from about 1400 B. C. to 1100 B. C. All these tombs are of about one pattern, consisting of long, narrow inclined planes, leading to a large chamber in which was the sarcophagus and to several smaller ones, some of these extending into the mountain a distance of five hundred feet horizontally, and with a depth, measured perpendicularly from the end of the entrance, of eighty feet. These tombs were so built up and covered over as to afford no trace of the spot where the royal mummy was deposited. But Belzoni, Bruce and Mariette have been instrumental in bringing many to light and in excavating their wholly sand-choked halls and chambers. We entered several of the most interesting, amply provided as usual with candles, and our dragomans with magnesium wire. All were full of more or less beautiful wall sculptures and paintings from hall to crypt, and in several were huge granite sarcophagi. The tombs have all been numbered by the famous Egyptologist Sir John Gardner Wilkinson. The first which we entered was No. 2, the tomb of Rameses IV., containing a huge granite sarcophagus, the lid of which had been nearly demolished in getting at the mummy. The fine dust raised by our footsteps nearly choked us and greatly irritated our eyes. The tomb of Rameses IX. (No. 6) contains many pictures representing the idea of resurrection after death and of immortality. Tomb No. 9—that of Rameses VI.—is remarkable for the astronomical designs on the ceiling. The granite sarcophagus of the king lies at the bottom of this tomb. It is much broken. The tomb of Rameses III. is curiously called Bruce's tomb, because it was discovered by that celebrated traveller. It is sometimes also called the "Tomb of the Harper," because in one chamber near the middle of the tomb are represented some men playing harps. In other rooms interesting warlike, domestic and agricultural scenes and objects are depicted. There was once a sarcophagus of red granite in the principal chamber of this tomb which contained the mummy of the king. But the latter and the parts of the former are now widely separated. The mummy is in the

Egyptian Museum at Ghizeh. The body of the sarcophagus is in the Louvre, while its lid is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, England.

We reserved the most splendid tomb for the last visit. It was that of Seti I., No. 17, commonly called Belzoni's tomb, because it was discovered by that great antiquarian, in the early part of this century. When found by him it had already been rifled, but the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus, which may be seen in the Sir John Sloane Museum in London, was still lying in its chamber at the bottom of the long inclined plane. The mummy of Seti I. is preserved in the Ghizeh Museum. This tomb is entered by an inclined way and by several steep staircases. From the long hall you enter a small chamber about twelve feet square, beyond which is a hall perhaps twenty-five feet square, having four pillars, and to the left are some passages and small chambers leading to a grand six pillared hall, about thirty feet square, and on to a vaulted chamber in which once stood the sarcophagus. The whole tomb is adorned with artistic and beautiful paintings, sculptures and inscriptions. They are said to form parts of the "Book of being in the under world" and to refer to the life of the King in the lower world. The walls are covered with strange gods, serpents and uncouth monsters. The judgment of the soul and its admission to happiness are tersely pictured forth, while the many inscriptions running along the wall, the dragoman said, were hymns to the divinities supposed to be uttered by the spirit of the dead. The pictures in one of the chambers had never been finished, but the designs had all been marked out—first sketched in outline in red, and then when approved, more firmly in black by the master artist. We took lunch in the entrance hall of a neighboring tomb and then walked and rode by turns, according to the steepness of the path, over the mountain chain to the plain back of the Rameseum. From the eastern side we had a remarkably beautiful prospect—said by many to be the finest in Egypt—of the Nile, its valley, and of the various ruins of Thebes, including Karnak and Luxor. It was a bird's-eye view of the general plan of Thebes which was most instructive, while as to the *ensemble* of scenery it certainly was the most picturesque and grand of any I had hitherto seen in Egypt. About half way down we stopped at the temple of Queen Hatasou, who ruled for a brief time about 1500 B. C. It is built of marble-limestone in stages, at different levels up the mountain side, which are connected by inclined planes. The chambers con-

tain some excellent sculptures. Not ten minutes' walk from this temple is the entrance to the shaft which leads to the tomb where the royal mummies were discovered in 1881. This was the most remarkable and important "find" recorded in the history of Egyptian exploration and excavation. A pit 40 feet deep led, by irregular passages 220 feet long, to a nearly rectangular chamber 35 feet long, which was found literally filled with coffins, mummies, jars, vases, scarabs and papyri. Among the thirty or so mummies of kings and queens and royal personages, priests and scribes were those of the royal mummies of two of the Thothmes, of Seti I., and of two of the Rameses. The discovery of this tomb was made by an Arab, a native of the neighboring village of Koorneh. The royal mummies were removed here by one of the kings in order to prevent their being destroyed by thieves, who were sufficiently numerous and powerful to defy the government of the day. We passed through the aisles of the great Rameseum, skirted the imposing Colossi, crossed the plain and the two branches of the river, and reached the steamer late in the afternoon after a day of absorbing interest, but one which we believed would be altogether surpassed on the morrow, when we were to visit the remains of the world-famed Karnak.



Head of Ramesses the Great, from the Mummy in the Ghizeh Museum.

CHAPTER XXI.

KARNAK AND LUXOR.

OUR donkey boys were waiting for us at 8.30 A. M., and a choice of a few camels was also offered. These were furnished with large leather covers, half arm-chair, half saddle, and were preferred by a few on account of the novelty of locomotion. Having had considerable experience of these, however, I concluded to retain the services of my donkey of the previous excursion. We filed through the narrow streets of the town and along the top of a huge dyke until we reached an avenue of ram-headed or, now, no-headed, sphinxes, which led to a splendid great pylon of sandstone built by Ptolemy Euergetes II. about 180 years B. C. This gateway is carved with striking figures, and surmounted by the winged globe and serpents. Passing through it a smaller avenue of broken sphinxes leads to the temple of Rameses III. This is covered with deeply-cut figures and hieroglyphics and also with many low-relief sculptures. It is composed of enormous blocks of stone and contains many beautiful papyrus-headed pillars. This however, like the neighboring temple of Mut, is only an annex of the great temple. All about are mutilated statues and fragments of all sorts bestrewing the ground. The whole of the buildings occupy an area nearly two miles in circumference, and from the top of the great propylon, about one hundred feet in height, you can have an extensive view of the plan of Karnak, its surrounding rubbish-heaps and native villages, and of the green fields coming close up to it on every side. The temples of Karnak and Luxor were formerly united by an avenue over a mile in length and eighty feet wide, lined by great stone sphinxes, only a few of which however now remain, and these are greatly mutilated. Though the great temple at Karnak is on the whole regarded as the most wonderful of any in Egypt I confess that I was not impressed by it as much as I expected to be. This was explained by several facts:

having just seen the noble temple of Denderah, I had looked for too much, and did not dream the remains were in such a very dilapidated condition, and it was difficult at a first visit to appreciate the enormous scale on which some parts of it are built. Karnak was nearly three thousand years in building—begun by Osirtasen I. 3000 B. C., greatly added to by Thothmes III. 1600 B. C., and succeeding kings to about 100 B. C. These kings vied with each other in adding to its many and great attractions, so that as we now behold it Karnak is a dozen times its original size. It was dedicated in the first instance to Amen-Ra, one of the members of the Theban trinity, the others being Mut and Chonsu, to both of whom fine temples are reared.

We remount our animals and ride around to the main entrance of the temple, which fronts the west and the Nile. Here a small avenue of mutilated ram-headed sphinxes leads up to the great gateway, the propylon. Natives are engaged carrying away the mouldy dust as a fertiliser for their fields. The propylon before us is most impressive on account of its massive size, being made of nicely-joined dressed blocks of sandstone. It is 370 feet in breadth and one of its towers, not the original height, is now 140 feet high. We dismount here and, passing through the opening of the propylon, enter a great open court surrounded by pillared corridors and having down its centre a double row of pillars. Unfortunately only one splendid calyx-capitaled pillar is still standing. The sellers of antiquities, more or less counterfeit, and the local guides now became a great nuisance in their numbers and importunities. "No!" was an unappreciated term; to drive them off was to have them return in a moment. The only recourse seemed to be to hire two or three to keep the others away, so that we could inspect the temple at leisure. Opposite the entrance were the remains of a second pylon, covered with large sculptured figures, all the faces of which had been chiselled away by the fanatical early Christians. On one side of this stood a much mutilated red granite statue of Rameses II. Its companion on the opposite side had altogether disappeared. Passing through this pylon you enter the grand Hypostyle Hall. Here are twelve columns, forming a double row in the centre, which are each 69 feet high and 35 feet in circumference. The other columns, 122 in number, are 40 feet high and 27 feet in circumference. There is now no roof. Light formerly entered by the grilled upper windows, some of which still remain. Many col-

umns are toppling over or already lie prostrate. They have papyrus-bud capitals and are covered with sculptures. A few have been restored in order to preserve them in position. The walls of this part of the temple, mostly thrown down, were originally 80 feet high and 25 feet thick at the base. So closely are these columns placed, however, and so enormous is their size—as large as Trajan's column at Rome—that the proper effect is lost. It would perhaps be better were half of them removed. The Hall is 338 feet broad and 170 feet deep, an area sufficiently great to accommodate the entire church of Notre Dame at Paris. A smaller propylon next conducts us to a court surrounded by pillars bearing the figure of Osiris. Here stands an imposing red granite obelisk covered with beautifully-preserved hieroglyphics. Its pyramid-shaped top is quite sharp. It is said to be the largest known, being 92 feet in height and 8 feet square. A few obelisks lie prostrate, broken into several huge pieces. Beyond this court comes a ruined sanctuary, with some splendid carvings in red granite which are very brilliantly and delicately colored, another obelisk, the columns of Osirtasen I., 3000 B. C., the oldest portion of the edifice, the columnar hall of Thothmes III., and the Hall of Ancestors, and then to the east you see a pylon, another to the north, and the two approaches on south and west of which I have just spoken. In the Hall of Ancestors was found the famous Tablet of Ancestors, now in the Louvre, a record of the greatest value to Egyptian history since it contains the names of sixty-one of the ancestors of Thothmes III. On the south side of the great temple is a small lake which is filled by infiltration from the Nile. Its waters were originally used in the services of the temple. There are very interesting bas-reliefs on the exterior wall of the "great hall." On the north side are some striking scenes from the battles of Seti I. against the Assyrians and Armenians. The king is represented as having conquered all these people, and returned to Thebes laden with much spoil and many captives. In one extraordinary picture he is shown with numerous arms seizing his enemies by the hair and proceeding to slay them before the god of Thebes. On the south wall are sculptures exhibiting King Shishak smiting a group of kneeling prisoners. The god of the temple Amen-Ra, in the form of a woman, stands by and presents him with weapons of war. Near here you come to a projecting wall on which there are hieroglyphics of the famous poem of Pen-ta-urt, celebrating the victory of Rameses II. over the Khetas in northern Syria. A

treaty of peace between the great king and the prince of the Khetas may also be seen here. The great dilapidation of these remains seemed to astonish all our party. And unless steps of restoration and reparation are soon undertaken, these marvellous relics must all be thrown down. A huge column not only ruins itself in falling but destroys all about it. It would seem as if the government tax gathered from each tourist ought of itself to create a fund sufficient for such a purpose. The wonders of Karnak are so many and of such varied interest that one visit, even of half a day, serves only to give the traveller a very general and hasty if not mixed impression. The temple is worthy of many visits and of much collateral reading of history and of the commentaries of learned Egyptologists.

In the afternoon we inspected the great temple and the bazaars and town of Luxor. The temple which, as already stated, comes directly to the edge of the Nile, and which has been built upon an irregular plan in order to follow the course of the river, has been largely excavated by the Egyptian government during recent years. It was half buried by rubbish and a native village was over and about it and even now an Arab mosque is quite within its walls. Luxor was founded in the XVIIIth dynasty in the reign of Amunophis III., 1500 B. C., and was added to by various succeeding kings. It consists of a large court surrounded by a double row of columns, of a huge pylon, of chambers, obelisks, colonnades and giant granite statues. About forty of the latter have been unearthed, one of them being a very perfect one of Rameses II., with his wife carved in miniature standing beside him and scarcely extending to his knee. This juxtaposition indicates the superior position in the social scale of the women of those days. The features of this noble statue are said to exactly resemble those of the royal mummy (of Rameses II.) which is preserved in the museum of Ghizeh. In one spot are two granite Colossi and near them is an obelisk, a companion of that now in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, and which is justly regarded as one of the finest specimens of sculpture known. It stands 82 feet high, with several feet below the surface, and is covered with very deeply and sharply cut hieroglyphics, which look as if they were carved but yesterday. The large court is nearly 200 feet square. Certain parts of this great temple have been used as a Coptic church, as evidenced by the columns of mixed architecture, and the walls of ancient sculpture plastered over and painted with figures of Christian saints.

The huge granite figures, of which so many abound, are all, save one, terribly mutilated and defaced, but the temple on the whole, while not equal to Karnak, yet with its great rows of papyrus-headed pillars and its halls of lotus-topped columns, is not without great majesty and beauty. Further excavations will undoubtedly reveal other interesting remains.

In the evening we were invited to the house of the American Consular Agent to witness a dance of the ghawazee or native dancing girls, which proved to be only a modification of the "danse du ventre." The "band," which produced very shrill and plaintive music, squatted in the corner and consisted of two violins, a flageolet and two tom-toms. There were four dancing girls, who were dressed in white linen gowns and wore heavy gold ear-rings and finger-rings, and many necklaces of gold coins. Their black hair was gathered into little gold-fringed white turbans, and they wore silver anklets next their daintily slippered feet. None of the girls possessed any beauty. Snapping little brass castanets they moved about the room with bodies stiff above the waist and wriggling and twisted below it. Their movements were certainly graceful, if too suggestive, and as the music quickened they showed less reserve and threw more passion into their gyrations. After a brief pause one of the girls placed a bottle, full of water and containing a lighted candle, upon her head, and nicely poised it during a long dance of both slow and rapid movements, including lying down and turning over and over upon the floor. The dance was a wholly conventional one, but there are others vaguely hinted at in Luxor in which passion is much more vividly portrayed and the "nude in art" is lavishly exemplified. It is a singular fact that in this country among such a variety of ruins, there are none found of any Egyptian theatre. Perhaps amusements here in olden times were similar to those of the present day—almehs or singing girls, ghawazees or female dancers, jugglers, serpent-charmers, magicians, fortune-tellers, and wandering comedians who act rude farces.

The following day we rose early and took boats and donkeys for the Rameseum, or Memnonium as it is also called, built by Rameses II., in honor of the god Amen-Ra. We crossed the main branch of the river, the flat sandy island, the minor branch, and the plain to the edge of the desert, as we did when visiting the temple of Koorneh, a little further to the north. This fine temple faces the Nile in a nearly east direction. It is in great ruin and at least one-half of it has been carried off, probably for building ma-

terial. Still we see evidence of two pylons, one of them in fair condition and representing battle-scenes from the various campaigns of Rameses. The second court had a double row of round columns and a row of pilasters to which large figures of Rameses II., under the form of Osiris, are attached—"engaged" is the correct architectural term. Just without this court lie the fragments of a colossal red granite representation of Rameses II., the most gigantic statue ever carved in Egypt from a single block of stone. It measured sixty feet high and is calculated to have weighed nearly nine hundred tons. Tradition relates that it was thrown down by Cambyses. But just how so enormous a block of hard granite could have been so broken without the use of drills and gunpowder is a mystery to us modern travellers. Near here are the fragments of a huge gray granite sitting statue, of which the head, lacking a part of the nose, shows considerable character in its expression. The Rameseum is, like all the Egyptian temples, oblong in shape. The grand hall contains twelve huge columns with open lotus flower capitals and thirty-six smaller ones with bud or closed lotus flower capitals. The former are arranged in two rows, the latter in six. Numerous scenes from the wars of Rameses II. are sculptured on the walls of this temple—chiefly battles with the Khetas on the banks of the Orontes, in Syria. There are also reliefs representing the king making offerings to the gods of Thebes. On the ceiling of one of the chambers is an astronomical picture of some interest, on which the Egyptian months are mentioned.

We next mounted and took a ride of ten minutes towards the south, to the great temple of Medinet-Haboo, situated on and surrounded by a huge mound of rubbish and ruined dwellings. This temple actually consists of two, one of Thothmes III. and another of Rameses III. The former is very old and dilapidated and calls for no special mention. The latter is perhaps the most remarkable and the most impressive monument we have yet seen in Egypt. It cannot be called second to Karnak—on account of the grandeur of its architecture and the gorgeousness of its decoration. It is an immense labyrinth of great courts, innumerable pillars and superb colonnades. The view from the entrance gate through the various courts to the western extremity of the temple is very striking. The distance must be 1,500 feet, and right and left as you progress you see the huge mounds of rubbish and of houses on each side and even upon the roof of the temple. It is only recently that the western portion of the building was freed from Coptic ruins.



At Thebes.

All about these ruins, which surround the temple to nearly the height of its gateway and to much above its walls and roof, natives were at work as at Karnak collecting dry dusty soil in baskets to be transported on donkeys as fertilisers for the adjacent fields. Passing through the first pylon, which is sculptured with battle scenes from the wars of Rameses III. against the people of Arabia and Phœnicia, we approach the second, where the domestic life of the king is portrayed. In one place he is seen playing at draughts, and in another he is caressing a favorite. Continuing we enter a great court 135 × 110 feet, with a corridor running round its four walls. This corridor is supported on two sides by eight Osiris columns—bearing the king himself, with the attributes of Osiris. On the other sides are five circular columns, with lotus capitals. The surrounding walls contain sculptures commemorating the various warlike achievements of the king. We pass from this court into another measuring 123 × 133 feet and 40 feet in height. This, like the former, has corridors covered with brilliantly colored sculptures. The lower range of these sculptures chiefly consist of battle-scenes, while the upper series are for the most part representations of the ceremonies attendant on the dedication of the temple. The color of the ceilings of these impressive corridors is of the brightest blue. On the north exterior wall of this grand temple are ten historical scenes of the greatest interest. They represent the expedition of Rameses against the Libyans in the ninth year of his reign. The following are the subjects: 1. The king and his army setting out to war. 2. Grand victory, with fearful carnage, the king fighting in person. 3. Slaughter of the enemy by thousands, and the prisoners led before the king. 4. The king addresses his victorious army, and an inventory is made of the spoil captured. 5. Troops defiling to renew the war. Encomiums on the king, and thanksgiving to the gods, in hieroglyphics. 6. Second encounter and defeat of the enemy; their camp is captured, and women and children flee away in all directions. 7. March through a country infested by lions. One slain and another wounded by the king. 8. Naval battle-scene. The fight takes place near the sea-shore, and Rameses and his archers distress the enemy by shooting at them from the shore. [This is the only known Egyptian representation of a naval combat]. 9. Halt on the march towards Egypt. Hands of the slain counted. Prisoners defile. The king harangues his generals. 10. Return to Thebes. The king presents his prisoners to the gods Amen-Ra,

Mut and Chonsu. Speech of the prisoners who beg the king to allow them to live that they may proclaim his power and glory.

From this grand and interesting temple we recrossed the plains and river to the steamer, passing by the famous Colossi. These gigantic sitting statues represent the same monarch Amenophis III., and once stood before the pylon of the temple of that king, which has now entirely disappeared. The Colossi are quite a distance from the edge of the desert, and have their foundations marked by the "high" Nile which covers all the plain. They once stood sixty feet high, but now appear somewhat lower, owing to the deposition of vegetable soil around their base. Originally each was monolithic but that on the north, having been thrown down by an earthquake, was restored as to the head and shoulders by five layers of stone. This is the famous vocal Memnon, whence musical sounds were said to issue when the first rays of the morning sun fell on the statue. These sounds, the reader will remember, were said to be produced either by a priest hidden in the Colossus or by the expansion of fissured portions under the influence of the sun's rays. Though many celebrated persons of antiquity—such as Strabo, Aelius Gallus and Hadrian—testified as to hearing this peculiar music, its particular character and cause have never been satisfactorily explained. The features and whole front of the Colossi have been destroyed and the statues are now in such a mutilated condition as to make considerable imagination and their gigantic proportions necessary to arouse much interest in them.

In the afternoon we attended the races of the "Luxor Sporting Club," organised by the managers of the Luxor Hotel and supported by the guests of all the hotels and by the tourists of visiting steamers. The races were held on a smooth, hard, thickly-grassed plain just south of the town. There was here a straightway course of half a mile outlined with flags. At one part was an enclosure surrounded by ropes in which rows of old fruit crates and chairs did duty as a grand-stand—admittance to these was five piastres or twenty-five cents. A tent here contained a bar, which was most liberally patronised during the entertainment. Several hundred foreigners were present, having come on donkey, horse or camel-back, or upon foot. Opposite the foreign section were at least a thousand natives, lining the track for a long distance. It was evidently a field-day for modern Luxor. All the world was on hand, with field-glasses, and enthusiasm and excitement ran high, not-

withstanding the very great heat and wholly unprotected location. None but natives took part in the nine "events" which were neatly printed on a programme that was handed to each visitor. These were: 1. Foot race for small boys. 2. Donkey-boys' Race, facing tail of Donkey. This was very amusing, for the donkeys had no bridles and could only be guided by occasional slaps upon the neck, and the boys were kept too busy in remaining seated to look around much. 3. was a Camel Race in which several very tall, long-legged and long-necked animals made great speed with their sprawling strides. 4. was a race between little water-girls, bearing full goolahs or earthenware jars of water upon their heads. 5. was set down as a Buffalo Race, but for some reason or other this did not occur. 6. was a foot-race between six natives of the Bisharee tribe. These are Nubians whose home is in that part of Nubia lying between the Nile and the Red Sea and the 19th and 23rd degrees of south latitude. They are slight thin men, scantily dressed, and wearing their hair in a very extraordinary coiffure—a huge mop upon the crown, and a great bunch of little braids hanging down all around. Neither their speed nor their ambition to excel seemed great. 7. was a horse-race and the *pièce de résistance*. About half a dozen horses were ridden without saddles by as many little boys clothed only in shirts. This race was run in great style and dash and with considerable speed. Next (8) came some wrestling on donkeys, several couples of boys engaging in this feature of the programme. The donkeys had neither saddle nor bridle and the boys having locked their legs each under his animal endeavored to pull the other to the ground, the one succeeding winning a prize. The prizes were all small amounts of money for which the entrance fees of the foreigners amply sufficed. The wrestling of the donkey boys afforded a great deal of amusement. The last event (9) was a "tug of war" between six natives of the town and six waiters of the "Luxor Hotel." After an exciting contest this was won by the hotel employes.

During our visit to Luxor—in January and February—the three hotels were all nearly full of foreigners, some spending the winter and others visitors preferring a longer stop than the itineraries of the steamers permitted. Luxor is in fact rapidly becoming a popular winter health-resort. I can testify to its magnificent, crystal-clear atmosphere, the heavens all day without a cloud and flooded with the brightest of sunlight, a tonic in the dry smooth, balmy air that is a stimulant like champagne without its succeed-

ing depression, and cool, comfortable nights in which one rested peacefully under three blankets. Though hot in the day from eleven o'clock to four, it was never a depressing or suffocating heat—one liked to bask in the sun, to drink in the pure wholesome air. Here you live out-of-doors all the day, and as the complexion of my fellow-travellers darkened with the sun, I could see their eyes brighten with the life-giving atmosphere and their faces become rounder and fuller with the generous diet of steamer or hotel. The average temperature of this part of Egypt in winter is between 60° and 70° Fahrenheit. Rain almost never falls, and the prevailing wind is from the north. It is said that the health also of the native inhabitants of Upper Egypt is exceedingly good notwithstanding the great filth of their habitations and their persons—this being counteracted by the wonderful climate, by proper food and by sufficient agricultural work. Lung diseases are exceedingly rare. The ophthalmia which is so very prevalent in Egypt—so that quite half the population seem to have some disease of the eyes or to be blind of one or both of them—has been attributed to various causes: the glare of the sun, the fine dust-sand wafted from the surrounding deserts and which, when a strong wind blows, quite fills the atmosphere, and damp night air in a climate so dry by day. It is however most common during the floods of the Nile and in places where the effluvium is offensive. Ophthalmia is moreover often hereditary. The swarm of biting flies also tend to increase this complaint, and you frequently see babies and children and even grown people whose sore eyelids are fringed with these irritating insect pests. The natives never seem to take the trouble to brush them away. Then again the flies serve to transport the virus from afflicted to well people. Foreigners who have trouble with their eyes are advised to wash them frequently with Nile water and to wear eye glasses or spectacles of a neutral tint. Should these methods not suffice resort must be had to a zinc lotion or a weak solution of nitrate of silver.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FIRST CATARACT.

WE left Luxor the next morning at daylight for the town of Esneh, on the west bank and about thirty-five miles distant. We were to remain there only about an hour in which to visit a famous temple. It is interesting to note that, with the exception of the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, the rock-tombs of Beni Hassan and the obelisks, all the great and remarkable ruined cities, temples and tombs of Egypt are situated upon the western side of the river. Perhaps this is to be accounted for from the fact, that from Cairo to the second cataract by far the greater parts of the Nile's fertile and level valley is upon this bank of the river. It is interesting to remark also the geological features of Egypt with reference particularly to her grand architectural remains. The valley of the Nile is enclosed by limestone ranges as far as Esneh, nearly five hundred miles from Cairo; from Esneh to Assouan or the first cataract, about one hundred miles, the mountains are of sandstone; and above Assouan, for a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, comes a region of granite. These three were the chief building stones of the ancient Egyptians. The pyramids of Ghizeh are built of limestone, Thebes of sandstone, the obelisks, sarcophagi and colossal statues of granite.

Esneh I found to be a town of some 7,000 inhabitants, built upon the bank twenty or thirty feet above the river and extending back in terraces of picturesque, though dilapidated mud walls. Acacias and palms abounded, as did native boats along the bank, which in several places was faced with old Roman walls. We land and walk through a well-stocked bazaar, to the temple, which is situated near the centre of the town. It was formerly all but covered by the rubbish heaps of the ancient city and by modern dwellings, but the old Viceroy Mehemet Ali staying here, some half century ago, had a part of it—the portico—cleared; the remainder

has not yet been explored, but was probably a large oblong temple like the others. We descend by a long staircase from near the level of the roof to the floor of the portico. This grand hall is similar to that at Denderah. It contains twenty-four huge columns, sixty-five feet high and nineteen feet in circumference, nearly all the capitals being dissimilar and representing the doum palm, papyrus, lotus and composite orders of fruits and flowers. The walls and columns are completely covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics. The temple is built of brown sandstone and dates only from just before our own era. The sculptures as usual represent kings and princes making offerings to the deities. The columns and capitals are remarkably handsome. Greek grace and ornament seem in them to have been added to Egyptian simplicity and seriousness. On one part of the ceiling are carved several of the signs of the Zodiac. I noticed some cartouches of Roman emperors—of Domitian, Commodus and Caracalla.

Not long after leaving Esneh we find a considerable change in the scenery of the river. The region of sandstone, of which I have just spoken, is entered and great masses of it are seen lining the banks. The fertile valley becomes narrower. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the landing-stage of Edfou on the west bank, the town being a quarter of a mile back from the river. For an hour before reaching this point the great propylon of the famous temple had been in sight. Edfou is 515 miles from Cairo and in itself contains nothing of special interest for the traveller, since the temple is a little to the west of the town. We mounted donkeys, rode across the fields and past the low mud-walled houses to the sacred edifice, which we found considerably below the level of the town proper. It was excavated some thirty years ago by M. Mariette, who found the rubbish outside reaching to the top of its walls, and certain parts of the roof covered over with dwellings and stables. The temple of Edfou was begun by Ptolemy Euergetes I. B. C. 237 and was finished B. C. 57. It was therefore 180 years in course of construction. In general plan and arrangement this temple resembles that at Denderah, but it is more complete than the former, and is even said by some critics to be the most perfect specimen of an Egyptian temple extant. The space enclosed by the walls measures 450×120 feet. The propylon is gigantic, being 250 feet in width and 115 feet in height. The outer walls are carved in *intaglio rilievo*—a peculiar kind of engraving in which the highest parts of the figure are on a level

with the original surface of the stone—with enormous figures of gods and goddesses, and kings and queens of the usual religious character. The pylons are covered with battle-scenes, the figures being of huge proportions. Passing through the doorway you find yourself in a court about 140×150 feet. The temple is oblong in shape and built of brown sandstone. The gallery of the court is supported on three sides by thirty-two dissimilar columns. Before going further I ascended one of the towers of the propylon by an interior staircase of 252 steps and was rewarded for the toil by a very interesting view of the building, of the town of Edfou and of the Nile Valley. To the north was a modern cemetery, to the west the gray Libyan hills. Descending I went from the court to a hall full of immense columns covered with well-preserved hieroglyphics. Next came the adytum—the “holy of holies”—with its twelve bulbous columns, and then at the extreme end came the Naos or sanctuary where stands a huge gray granite monolith which was the depositary of the sacred hawk, emblem of Horus, son of Osiris and Isis, to whom the temple was dedicated. On the frieze of this was a beautiful colored sculpture of Horus, with his customary hawk’s head. The walls of this temple are completely covered with choice sculptures and neat inscriptions. The subjects are about equally divided between war and religion. We returned to the steamer, the majority of us while not wishing to detract from the glories of Edfou yet not thinking it on the whole equal to that of Denderah.

At eight o’clock the following morning we passed a portion of the river only a thousand feet broad, called Gebel Silsileh, with hills on either bank. On both sides are the great quarries from which the ancient kings procured the sandstone for many of the proud Nile cities. The stone immediately on the bank of the river being porous passes were cut directly through this right into the heart of the mountain chain. Several of these avenues are sixty feet wide, eighty deep and nearly half a mile in length. As we proceeded the previous narrow strip of cultivated land in many places vanished altogether and the desert on either hand came directly to the water. We seemed also to pass a greater number of islands, most of which would be covered at “high” Nile. At about eleven o’clock we reached a place called Kom Ombo where on the eastern bank is the small remnant, as now partially unearthed, of what must have been a very splendid temple. We halted a half an hour to visit it. It is situated upon a high mound

of sand, rubbish and gravel, or rather in it, for it is still more than half buried. The river sweeps against the bank and is gradually undermining the temple, the ruins of which have fallen down into the river in great heaps. It was a sort of double temple, that is it was dedicated to Horus, the principle of light, and to Sebek, the principle of darkness. Sebek was the crocodile god, Horus the morning sun. The temples were reared by Greek princes, successors of Alexander, and bear the names of various of the Ptolemies. They are believed to measure about 200×100 feet, and are enclosed by a brick wall. A great tower sculptured all over, and a little out of the perpendicular, stands on the very edge of the river, into which it is destined undoubtedly to tumble. The portico was supported by fifteen splendid great pillars, only a few of which are now standing. The hall adjoining this contained ten. All the walls and columns are covered with fine pictures and hieroglyphics, many of which still betray traces of bright coloring. The cornice which extends around the portico is very graceful. In short, it is an admirable little bit of ancient architecture, and would seem to deserve complete excavation. Standing on top of its knoll of rubbish the view of this temple, as we steamed away up the Nile, was especially effective. Great quantities of the castor-oil plant seemed now to be grown, and so dry was the cultivated land that the shadoofs almost touched beams. Sandbanks barely above water-level also increased. On the sides of the hills were huge banks and ridges of the softest, smoothest, tawny sand, and the strong north wind blew this in great clouds which caused the face to smart and hurt the eyes exceedingly. The hills were very diversified and picturesque. The telegraph line which has followed us on the western bank from the pyramids of Ghizeh is always in strong contrast with the works of both nature and man here. We pass many beautiful date-palms, some in clumps and some in long stretches, backed by the yellow desert and making a very pretty picture. The fertile land is often but a few feet in width and extends thus for long distances on either bank. Even this little fertility has to be wrestled for by the poor inhabitants. Notwithstanding we are now near the 24th degree of north latitude we find the nights cool—we still require three blankets as covering—the middle portions of the days are of course very warm, especially in the direct rays of the sun. At about 2 P. M. the hills around Assouan, crowned with forts and tombs of marabouts, become clear to sight, and a little later we see the white barracks and houses of



A Nubian.

the town, on the east bank of the river, in the midst of many date palms. At the right lay the green fields and trees of the north end of the island of Elephantine.

Assouan is at the southern limit of Egypt, 585 miles from Cairo, and contains but 4,000 inhabitants. It is one of the three British garrisons, the other two being Cairo and Alexandria. It lies in terraces twenty or thirty feet above the river. Along the bank are two-story white-walled houses, back of them a shelf of brown mud-brick walls, a white mosque tower, and then the station of the railway around the cataract to Shellah or Philæ and the smoothly-worn rocks of the river below it. To the bank of the island of Elephantine opposite were moored a long string of dahabeahs, steam and sail, and the Khedive's yacht. Along the shore of the town were many native boats. Soon we ourselves were properly moored, and then we all took ferriage to Elephantine, landing near the remains of a massive Roman quay. The upper end of this island seems to consist of no more than great mounds of ruins and rubbish, and a part of the gateway of an old temple once dedicated to Alexander III. The entire barren half of the island is covered by a native cemetery. From the highest point an extensive prospect is had of the two branches of the Nile, and their rocky shores and islands and of the extremely barren and desolate hills. Nearly opposite Assouan is an old Nilometer, a narrow stone-lined passage descending by a flight of stone steps to the level of the river, whose waters, high or low, are marked by lines cut in its stone sides. Upon the island of Elephantine the natives nearly pestered us to death by offering for sale various arms and bead-work clocks and necklaces, to say nothing of all sorts of so-called antiquities. The great heaps of ruins on Elephantine will corroborate its history in having been magnificent under Pharaohs, Persians, Greeks and Romans—but now, alas, all is gone. Here we saw many Nubians, tall and slender persons, very black, but with a bright amiable expression. They all had the curious arrangement of the hair already described of the Bisharees seen at Luxor. They dress in a long piece of cotton cloth which is never too white. Assouan is a very cosmopolitan place. One meets here Egyptians, Turks, Bisharees, negroes and British soldiers. On the island of Elephantine one sees none but Nubians or Berbers. These are the aboriginal inhabitants of this part of Africa. They are a bold and frank race, and impress one more favorably generally than the natives of the Egyptian portion

of the Nile valley. Nubia may be said to extend from the First Cataract to Khartoum and, more specifically, Lower Nubia is between the first two cataracts and Upper above the Second Cataract.

The following morning a few of us rose at six and after a cup of coffee and rolls visited some interesting rock-tombs on the side of the hills opposite Assouan. These were opened and excavated a few years ago by Gen. Sir F. W. Grenfell of the Egyptian army. We were rowed in large dahabeahs past the island of Elephantine, with its pretty hospital buildings with verandahs covered with vines, and over to the western shore, where we had to ascend the steep hillside to the rock tombs, which lie in terraces. The best of these tombs were made for the rulers of Elephantine who lived between the VIIth and XIIth dynasties. These are mostly small and rather rude and simple in their carving and sculptures, but some of them contain paintings whose colors might for aught you could tell have been laid on yesterday. From the entrance of these temples we had a splendid view of the island of Elephantine, the upper river choked with islands and rocks, and of Assouan and its picturesque surrounding hills. After breakfast we took the train for Shellah and the island of Philæ, about six miles distant, the time required being half an hour and the price six piastres or thirty cents. It is called the Assouan-Shellah Railway, and is under military control, which despatches one train each way four days in the week. There are arrangements for three classes of passengers, the third having to stand in open carriages, and the first being accommodated in carriages with side seats covered with leather. The line runs through the desert, and shows nothing more of interest than great heaps of smooth black, glistening rocks, and great expanses of sand. Shellah we found to be a long, straggling mud-walled village, with a few field-pieces and barracks for the troops. In the river were a dozen small steamers, many of them rickety affairs intended for the transport of troops, and a few being the tourist steamers of the upper river, i. e. running between the first and the second cataract. Most of them were "stern-wheelers." Round about were fine umbrageous sycamore trees and groves of date-interspersed with a few doum-palms. In the middle of the river was the little island of Philæ, upon whose surface—thirty or forty feet high—were many large temples. We were soon ferried over and gave a long inspection to the splendid relics of Egyptian civilization.

Philæ consists of a great granite rock about 1,300 feet long by



KURTZ

Isis Colonnade, Island of Philæ.

750 broad. Its sides have been scarped and have had firm solid walls built on them, several of which exist at this day. The surface is nearly covered with interesting remains and with the ruins and rubbish of a small town. I ascend immediately the propylon of the great temple, about sixty feet high, to obtain a general view of the island, river and environs. Philæ has been styled the most beautiful spot on the Nile, and so far as its picturesque location is concerned seems to well merit this praise—at least it is the centre of the most interesting bit of scenery we have so far found on the Nile. On the neighboring island of Biggeh we notice some pretty columns and a portal. On some great rocks upon the opposite shore are several inscriptions of former royal visitors and of those on their way to and from Nubia. The Nile to the north is full of black masses of rocky islands and to the south the hills come close to either bank. The lines are everywhere broken and variegated: it is wholly different from the uniformly smooth and level scenes of the Nile between here and Cairo. The monuments on Philæ belong to a comparatively recent date, but none have been found later than the time of Nectanebus, the last native king of Egypt, 358 B. C. Philæ was dedicated to three gods—Osiris, Isis and Horus. It was said to be the last stronghold of the ancient faith. The worship of these gods flourished here until A. D. 453, i. e. seventy years after the famous edict of Theodosius against the religion of Egypt. The principal ruins on the island are those of the great temple of Isis, which was founded by Ptolemy II. On each side of the path which led to it is a corridor—the line of columns following the curves of the shore—that in the west having thirty-two columns and that on the east sixteen. Many of the columns were never completed, their capitals being still uncarved and of those carved scarcely any two are of the same design. Passing mounds of ruins and a mutilated stone lion, the massive propylon is reached. Its face is sculptured with very natural and lively figures and scenes representing Ptolemy VII. triumphing over his enemies. These are *reliefs en creux*, or projections in a hollow. Through the propylon you enter a court and proceed through a pylon into a portico with ten columns. This is the gem of the temple and is really of great beauty. The colors are marvellously fresh, the capitals being of vivid blue and green, with delicate mixtures of red, crimson and orange. The ceiling is light blue with bright stars set upon it. Round and about are many small chambers, all covered with excellent sculptures—some rep-

resenting the king slaying hostile nations, others describing the death and resurrection of Osiris, and still others covered with mythological hieroglyphics. In the courtyard is a great block of red granite giving the famous Rosetta Stone inscription, though unfortunately without the Greek text. Very many of the sculptures have been defaced with hammers by the early Christians. In 577 A. D. the interior of this temple became, under Bishop Theodorus, the church of St. Stephen, and at a later period, a Coptic church was built from the ruins. On the southeastern corner of the island stands the beautiful little temple called the Kiosque of Philæ or "Pharaoh's Bed," dedicated to Isis. This is a most elegant example of the lighter architecture of the Ptolemaic era, and in its situation and general appearance—its beautiful columns and entablatures—reminded me at once of the Greek remains upon the Acropolis at Athens. A little to the north of this is a small and attractive temple built by Ptolemy IX. There are several other ruins and a Nilometer upon the island. The latter is like that at Elephantine, a sort of staircase whose sides are marked with measured lines, leading down to the water. Philæ is an exceedingly beautiful, picturesque and interesting place. We visited it again on our return voyage.

At Philæ we took boat—a sailing craft about thirty feet long and eight broad—and proceeded to pass down or "shoot" the cataracts or rapids to Assouan. There were eight rowers to the boat and two men at the rudder, our sail being furled. The first cataract begins just below the island of Philæ and ends a little before reaching Assouan. There are said to be eight cataracts reckoned on the Nile, or six before reaching Khartoum, which are about two hundred miles apart, but the first cataract is that most generally known. It is not a cataract in the sense of being a waterfall, but is rather a series of rapids, the river dashing through a wild profusion of rocks, though in no part dangerous to a careful steersman. The river here flows between two mountain ranges of granite which descend quite abruptly to its banks. The so-called cataracts are about five miles in length, but only at two points is there any very great commotion. There are some twenty "cataract islands," half a dozen of them being large. They are covered with, or consist of, smoothly rounded granite rocks, which are glazed like dark enamel or hard coal. The scenery of this part of the river is exceedingly wild. Many of the rocks are of spherical shape. This is due to the attrition of detritus washed down

the stream. The dark color is said to penetrate but a little distance and is believed to be caused by the protoxide of iron precipitated over the stones by the Nile water. In starting from Philæ we had near views of several of the rocks inscribed with the names of kings who reigned during the Middle Empire. Reddish-brown rocks and stones were piled up on the islands and banks about us in the wildest disorder. Near the surface where these rocks are washed by the river they become black and glistening. At the village of Mahatah on the east bank the real passage begins. Here the crew of Nubian sailors commence the cries, shouts and chants which they continue until we reach Assouan. The large rocks of the cataract are also covered with hieroglyphic names of princes or generals commemorating their expeditions, and with sculptures adoring the gods of the cataract. As we threaded the rocky islands the channel was occasionally not more than one hundred feet wide. Here the crew who had lately been amusing themselves with a quiet solo song and chorus, broke out into the greatest excitement. They would call upon all the saints of their calendar, especially upon Said, the rescuer from sudden dangers. Keeping time to their oars one would cry "ya Mohammed," or Allah is gracious, while the others responded in chorus "ya Said" (O Said). We passed a small village on the east bank called Biban-esh-Shellah, gates of the cataract, and then a headland known as Bab-el-Kebir or great gate. We were an hour and a quarter in making the run from Philæ to Assouan, the men rowing all of the way and the wind blowing strongly from the north—the prevailing winter wind.

In the afternoon I took a donkey ride through the bazaars, which are large and well-furnished with local manufactures and goods brought from the Soudan; through a Bisharee village in the desert to the eastward of the town, in which were their diminutive and wretched straw-matting tents; and to the quarry—the famous red granite quarry—whence all the obelisks and most of the great statues and sarcophagi of Egypt have come, and where may still be seen an obelisk, partly detached and still lying in the quarries, a monolith ninety-two feet in length. There were marks of wedges upon many surrounding rocks, showing how the ancient Egyptians split off evenly the immense masses used in their ponderous works of art. Near here I passed through great Arab cemeteries and by many ruined mosques and tombs of marabouts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN LOWER NUBIA.

THE next morning I left Assouan for Shellah and the steamer to go on to the second or "great" cataract. I took a donkey and proceeded upon what is styled the desert route, a track over the sand at least a hundred feet in width. The scene is similar to that obtained from the railway, the road being a little nearer the river. There were the same sandy waste and the same heaps and ridges of smoothly rounded dark rocks, scenery of an extraordinary wildness, the rocks looking like lava hurled from a volcano. Arrived at Shellah we went on board a little stern-wheel steamer which was to take us to Wadi Halfa and the second cataract. There are only two of these tourist steamers at present plying between the first and second cataracts. They were originally built for the transport of troops, and were then of course without cabins. There were sufficient passengers to fill the two, each having a maximum limit of fourteen persons. I found myself on a vessel about eighty feet long by twenty broad, and drawing, with its cargo of coal for a week's voyage, but thirty inches. It was a flat-bottomed iron boat, with two decks, the lower being but a few inches above the water. Here, forward, was the boiler and aft, the engine, they being so arranged to secure a good balance. Between them the deck was reserved for the necessary table provisions and live stock, the cabins of the engineer and chief steward. On the deck above were, forward, the kitchen and room of the manager, next came our cabins, and near the wheel, the dining-room and bath-room. Upon the roof of this deck was the wheel-house and the awning-covered sitting-room of the passengers, where were a table and several easy chairs. We started promptly on time, at 10 A. M., the other steamer following. Our fellow passengers from Cairo were to spend the day at Philæ, and returning to Assouan, depart on the morrow for Luxor on the re-

turn voyage to Cairo. We soon left behind the lovely Philæ, and entered a very different Nile region from that traversed during the past two weeks. The river was more tortuous and had high ridges of dark, low, rocky hills, half buried in yellow sand, bordering it. On these granite hills tombs of saints or marabouts were frequent. There was only a very narrow cultivated strip on each side, which frequently covered no more than the steep low bank, and even this had to be wrested from the desert, as was evidenced by the frequent sakhiahs, which the new dragoman informs me are obliged to run during the night as well as the day. The annual deposit between Philæ and Wadi Halfa—210 miles—averages only from six to sixty yards! We make about six miles an hour. There are narrow fringes of date- and doum-palms, tamarisks, acacias, and the henna shrub, the powdered leaves of which, made into a paste, are used for dyeing the finger-nails of a reddish-brown hue. The country is thinly peopled; the villages being simply single strings of mud-huts. We pass old ruined temples of little importance, but the scenery becomes increasingly interesting, the mountains being very diversified and affording strong contrasts between their granite rocks, the verdant shores and the huge mounds of yellow sand out of which the peaks rise like Alps from their snowfields.

In the early afternoon we passed the elegant brown sandstone columns of a temple at a place called Kardash. This unlike most Egyptian temples stands out boldly on the sloping hills, and is accordingly very effective to a passer by steamer. There is a quarry near at hand containing many inscriptions, mostly of the times of the Roman emperors. Gazelles are occasionally met with in the ravines of the desert of the neighborhood. The panorama continues wholly different from the greater part of that below the first cataract—that is low, level strata of alluvium—this is largely mountain broken, peaked and steep-cliffed. Soon after passing Kardash we enter a very remarkable gorge where the river, about a thousand feet in width, is confined between great cliffs of black and smooth rocks. This grand and savage scenery continues about four miles and the river is here a hundred feet in depth. On leaving we reach on the west bank the village of Kalabshah and two interesting temples, one the largest in Nubia, the other a small rock temple. Kalabshah is 629 miles from Cairo, and enjoys the distinction of standing directly upon the Tropic of Cancer. The large temple is in very great ruin. The propylon is

112 feet long, 60 feet high and 20 feet broad. This temple dates from the time of Augustus, and has had additions by Caligula, Trajan and Severus. The portico had twelve columns, with capitals of palm and vine leaves. The sculptures are many but not very good. Several of the chambers have been plastered over and used for chapels by early Christians. A short distance from here on the mountain side is the rock-hewn temple which commemorates the victories of Rameses II. over the Ethiopians. On the walls of the court leading into the small hall are some excellent sculptures representing Ethiopians bringing before the king gifts of wild and tame animals and quantities of articles of value. The sculptures are full of life, motion and spirit. There are here representations of various animals from the interior of Africa, conducted by Ethiopians of the negro type. The country remained wild, bare and varied, with several small rocky islands in the stream, which in one place seemed to have rapids almost as large as those in the first cataract; these we passed at dusk, frequently turning from side to side of the river, until at about eight o'clock we drew in to the bank at Dendour and made fast for the night. Being now in the Tropics we beheld for the first time the glorious constellation of the Southern Cross. There were ruins of small temples at various points along this part of the river, but nothing of special interest—at least to one who has recently beheld the splendors of Thebes and of Denderah.

We started on at four o'clock in the morning and about eight halted at Dakkeh on the west bank in order to visit a Greek temple here. The pylon is in an almost perfect state of preservation but the remainder is all but destroyed. Still you can make out that the paintings and sculptures must have been very good. On the opposite side of the river is Kuban, where are some old Egyptian fortifications. The river continued all day from half a mile to three-quarters in width, was tortuous as usual, and had in the distance back from either bank many picturesque hills and ranges of mountains. There were also many striking peaks, seemingly of volcanic origin. Several of these, on account of the discoloration of their rocks, looked as if covered with trees or shrubs, and their hard dark color made a strong contrast to the soft yellow desert. Small villages were at intervals strung along the banks, generally lying quite in the sands, as fertile land is here too precious to build upon. The date palm predominated, and henna was much cultivated. It seems to be regarded as quite necessary that fertile

land, though very scarce, should be set apart for this shrub, as well as for the castor oil plant, from which the oil is obtained with which the people soak their hair and smear their bodies. Every time we go on shore we are pestered to buy all sorts of "antiquities," mostly of a suspicious character as to their origin and habitat. We are also followed and jostled by crowds of jabbering, chaffering, laughing boys and girls, to whom the arrival of a steamer is as good as a holiday. So far we have seen very few native sail boats and no dahabeahs upon this section of the river. Formerly, before the war with the Mahdists and the abandonment of the Soudan, in 1885, the dahabeahs were here the same as below the first cataract, but now in the disturbed condition of the country they do not come above the first cataract. The natives never molest the steamers but would the dahabeahs, which, being without steam power, would be more at their mercy. The people hereabouts are poor and there is little or no exchange of commodities. In the great fields of tawny sand and in the valleys and slopes of the dark, rocky mountains we were continually reminded of the snow-fields, glaciers and bare peaks of Switzerland. All the afternoon we saw many beautiful date palms bordering the banks. In some clumps I noticed as many as ten trees springing apparently from a large general root-stem. The sunset was very splendid, the rocky hills turning purple and the glossy palm tufts standing strongly out from the yellow sand-fields. At about seven in the evening we reached the village of Korosko, a considerable point of traffic on the high eastern bank, to which we moored for the night. There is a small oasis here. The inhabitants know only Nubian; Arabic here ceases to be spoken. Korosko is a starting-point for Abu Hamed, across the Nubian desert on another part of the Nile, which here makes a great circle to the westward. The caravan route is two hundred miles in length. It is said to be a very bad one, not at present feasible for foreigners, water being procurable only at one stopping-place, and the wild Bedouins being very troublesome. When the caravan route arrives at Abu Hamed, the river is followed to Khartoum, in the Soudan, about two hundred miles further.

We reached Amada early the next morning. Here in the desert near the river, and half buried in the sand, is a very small but interesting temple, which was founded by Usertsen II. about 2500 B. C., and repaired by some other king a thousand years later. It is greatly worn by the sand and weather and much dilapidated but

contains some beautiful sculptures of a spirited and life-like design, which still betray much of their original vivid coloring. The hieroglyphics are also well executed. Standing upon the roof of this little temple we had a fine view of the surrounding desert and the river, and listened to the droning music of a dozen sakhiahs, while a solitary Nubian warrior went through a pantomime of attacking his foe with his long and slender assegai. One wonders that some sort of grease or oil is not used to stop the creaking of the water-wheels, but the people do not wish this, believing that the peculiar sound encourages the oxen in their work, in the same manner that the natives in the interior of Brazil regard the creaking of their great block-wheeled carts. We did not tarry at Amada but went on slowly against the strong current, passing on the east bank the village of Derr, which straggles for a long distance along the river and is half hidden in a large and very dense oasis of date palms. The dates of this neighborhood have the reputation of being the best in Egypt. Derr is the capital of Lower Nubia, but contains only some three hundred inhabitants, and with the exception of having a mosque and a large house for the Sheik is in no particular different from other mud-walled and straw-covered Nile villages. As we proceed the rocks become bolder and sharper and assume very singular forms—one is fancifully thought to resemble the pyramid of Cheops and another has been compared to the Sphinx. During the afternoon we pass Toski, on the west bank, which was the furthest point north reached by the dervishes (the Mahdists), and where a decisive battle was fought in the late war, in which the British troops won a great victory. From Toski to Aboo Simbel the scenery is wholly of the desert type. Igreen, the ruins of an old Roman town, is on the top of a steep, rocky, sandstone cliff some two or three hundred feet above the river. In the same cliff were several rock-hewn tombs, on the walls of which we could distinctly see the customary pictures. The town dates back to the time of Augustus—the tombs to that of Thothmes III. Although there was sterility along this part of the river—many enormous banks of sand which made you think you were somewhere upon the shores of the ocean—there were also occasionally perfect forests of date palms, the tree-trunks being so thickly placed that it was quite impossible to see between them. Crocodiles are said to abound in this part of the Nile, but though we scoured every sandbank with our binoculars, we discovered but one during all the afternoon.



The Rock Temple of Abou Simbel.

At about five o'clock we saw, a long distance before us, upon the west bank of the river, the rocky ridge, some three or four hundred feet in height, which runs at right angles to the river and in the interior of which has been excavated the famous rock-temple of Aboo Simbel. There were low ranges and peaks in sight all around the distant horizon, and along the east bank vast groves of palm trees and some straggling villages. Before us we could see a longer and straighter stretch of river than I had noticed heretofore. There is no village at Aboo Simbel, but as we drew in to the shore a number of natives came running to us from every direction, all bringing something to sell—coins, spears, bridles, bits of Dervish manufacture, etc. Aboo Simbel or Ipsamboul, is 170 miles south of Philæ and 46 from the second cataract. We passed a small excavation in the face of the cliff in which we could distinctly see a sitting-figure—some member of the Egyptian Pantheon. This would have been almost inaccessible except by ropes let down from the top of the cliff. Next we saw, at a height of say twenty feet above the surface of the river, a rock-hewn temple which is dedicated to Hathor. The face of the rock had been planed, and covered with sculptures of Rameses and members of his family. But the highest interest centred in the great temple near at hand, and before which we moored for the night. Notwithstanding our considerable expectation and the knowledge that this monument is not only the greatest attraction Nubia has to offer the antiquarian student, but perhaps the finest rock-temple in the world—not even excepting those at Ellora and Elephanta in western India—and the chief reason for visiting the Nile between the first and second cataracts, we were in no particular disappointed. The sun was just setting and threw a peculiarly mellow light upon the cone-shaped mountain and the colossal figures of Rameses the Great. There they sit in serene and amiable majesty looking out over the Nile valley as they have done for over 3,000 years. Their simplicity, grandeur and beauty are very impressive. At a distance the great statues are somewhat qualified by the background of rock and sand, but when you approach and stand below them, you are overwhelmed at their huge proportions.

This grand temple was built by Rameses II. to commemorate his victory over the Khetas. It is hewn out of the solid grit-stone rock—a sort of brown sandstone—to a depth of 185 feet. The cliff, which originally sloped down to the river, has been hewn away and smoothed for a space about 120 feet square to form the

front of the temple. This has made a great niche in the mountain, seventy-five feet deep at the bottom, and here in very high relief have been carved four gigantic statues of Rameses II. seated on thrones like other Egyptian colossi. Each has the royal cartouche cut upon the upper arms. These splendid figures are sixty-five feet high and twenty-five feet across the chest, and well proportioned. The nose of each is three-and-one-half feet long; the forefinger three feet. The countenances are especially intelligent and pleasant-looking. The statue to the left of the entrance has lost its head, shoulders and arms, which lie on the ground in front. The colossus on the other side of the doorway has been restored by Seti I., and that to the extreme right by the Egyptian government. The statue in the left hand corner is the most perfect. To the right and left of each of these statues stand small figures of the mother, wives and children of Rameses. The cornice and frieze at the top of the façade is ornamented by a row of twenty-one little cynocephali, or apes with dogs' heads. These are regarded as worshippers of the sun-god, whose statue, in full relief, is just below. Beneath these are rows of hieroglyphics and cartouches. Over the door is the statue of Hermachis or Re the sun-god, to whom the temple was dedicated, and on each side of him is a figure of the king offering adoration. An enormous bank of sand has drifted down the mountain to the right and across the foot of the temple, nearly closing the entrance, though it has been four times cleared away—by Belzoni in 1817, Lepsius in 1844, Mariette in 1869 and by the Egyptian government, for the visit of the late Khedive, in 1891. The cliff may be ascended by means of this great sand drift—a stiff climb—but the view from the summit, above the statues, repays the effort. The temple is perhaps fifty feet above the river, which is very deep hereabouts.

Well supplied with candles and magnesium wire we enter the lofty and narrow doorway, and proceed to inspect the various chambers, of which there are about a dozen, the side ones being of irregular size and location, though all of them are of an oblong shape, as seems to be the universal rule in Egyptian architecture. We enter first the grand hall, in which are eight great square columns with "engaged" figures of Osiris, 18 feet high, upon them—i. e. figures of the king portrayed as Osiris. These statues with their calm, dignified countenances and folded arms are very impressive. The ceiling, columns and walls are covered with deeply carved—*intaglio*—sculptures which show many traces

of having once been very brilliantly colored. The tableaux on the wall represent the victories of Rameses. On the north side is an enormous battle-piece covering a space 58 feet in length by 25 in height and containing nearly 1,200 figures! There are also many pictorial decorations. All these were first chiselled in the stone, and then covered with a thin coating of plaster and painted. The great hall is sixty feet square, with a ceiling twenty-five feet high. Directly behind this hall is a smaller one, 35 × 25 feet, with four square columns. Next there is a corridor and then comes the "holy of holies," containing an altar and four seated figures, which are much mutilated. They represent Ptah, Amen-Ra, Rameses II. and Hermachis. Several of the other chambers have sculptured walls and a high and narrow shelf or seat running around the sides. Some of them are without sculptures or only show them in process of formation. These chambers were full of hundreds, if not thousands, of bats. A little distance to the left of the great temple is a small one—about 12 × 14 × 10 feet, which has some interesting sculptures. It is believed that this temple was used in connection with the larger. To the north of the great temple and close to the river, hewn in the living rock, is the smaller one, to which allusion has already been made. It is eighty-four feet deep, and is dedicated to Hathor, who is symbolized in the form of a cow, by Rameses II. and his wife Nefert Ari. The cliff has been smoothed for a breadth of ninety feet for the façade of this temple. The front is ornamented with six large statues standing (the colossi are sitting) and sloping back from the base like those of the great temple. They are those of the king, his wife and some of his children. Between the statues are vertical rows of hieroglyphics. Inside the main hall are six Hathor-headed pillars. This room is about 35 × 25 feet in dimension. The interior chambers are similar in character to those of the large temple, but the execution of the sculptures is inferior to them.

We go on at four o'clock in the morning. The scenery is somewhat tamer, but hardly less interesting. We pass several castles, towns and columns of Roman and Arab ruins, with some few grottoes, tombs and tablets in the hills. We notice sakiachs far out in the river, at the edge of great sandbanks, which connect with other sakiachs on the permanent banks, and thus work in combination like the shadoofs already mentioned. The Nile keeps of about the same width, but is shallower. We ran aground several times, but almost immediately backed off. Extremes of tempera-

ture have been very great. I remarked one day on which there was a difference of 45° between 6 A. M. and 4 P. M.— 45° to 90° . At about eleven o'clock we reached Wadi Halfa, 802 miles from Cairo. The houses of the town are scattered along the eastern bank for several miles, and are mostly single-story mud huts; a few of them are of two stories, and have whitened walls. Groves of palms line this bank, but the opposite is all desert. Wadi Halfa is so called from the halfa (called alfa throughout Barbary) or coarse grass which springs up everywhere outside the irrigated portions of land. The town is about in latitude $21^{\circ} 50'$ north and longitude $31^{\circ} 20'$ east. It contains 4,000 Egyptian troops, officered by Englishmen. A permanent garrison has been stationed here since the war in the Soudan. There are many negro soldiers, and these are said to be quite as brave as the Egyptians, and much truer. There are several mud forts, mounting small repeating guns, and outlying citadels for pickets in every direction on the summit of the ridges and knolls and even upon the opposite bank of the river. The town itself contains nothing of any special interest, but there is a narrow-gauge railway running from here around the cataract, which it is worth employing for a trip as far south as possible.

The second cataract begins a few miles south of Wadi Halfa and extends about seven miles. The railway was laid down by the English a number of years ago to transport troops and stores above the cataract. It at first ran a distance of eighty-six miles to Ferket, but fifty miles of it were afterwards destroyed by the Mahdists, who threw the rails into the river and used the sleepers to boil their kettles and cook their food. The telegraph wire they twisted together to form their spurs. Thirty-six miles of this road have been put in order by the Egyptian army, and trains are now run regularly on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 A. M., returning at 4 P. M. The line extends to a place called Sarras, where is a large fort and camp, the outpost of the Egyptian army, all beyond this being since 1885 in the hands of the Mahdists. Thursday was the day on which we had arrived, and the train having gone out regularly in the morning, it was necessary for us to engage a special train, which we did at the rate of about \$2.50 each for the excursion. There were some twenty of us, and so the railway people received \$50.00. We had first to get permission of the military authorities, and then a guard of twelve soldiers, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, being deputed to accompany us, we left at 2 P. M. The car-

riages were of miniature pattern, the third-class passengers having to stand in open vans. The rolling-stock was of English manufacture. Our small but powerful locomotive was curiously enough called the "Gorgon." No train, even of goods, is allowed to run without an escort of soldiers. The little road in leaving Wadi Halfa passes the large walled enclosure of the garrison and the level space used as a parade, drill ground and shooting range, and then heads across the desert until it reaches the banks of the Nile, which it follows to Sarras. We crossed a number of Arab cemeteries, the graves being placed close together, and only marked by low head and foot stones and covered with white pebbles. We soon entered the region of the cataracts—rapids and rocks similar to those in the first cataract. Along the banks were hills composed wholly of smoothly-rounded rocks, in the river were thousands of rocky and sandy islets, about which the muddy Nile roared and ran—some of these islets only large stones, others great heaps of them, others rocks with banks of sand, and still others large islands, cultivated and tree- or shrub-covered, and inhabited. The river was hereabouts several miles in width, and the black polished rocks and swirling water made a very extraordinary picture. The first cataract cuts through granite, but the second through ferreous sandstone boulders, which are stained and coated with Nile mud as those at Assouan-Philæ. At Sarras, the present terminus of the line, we found an Egyptian garrison in camp, and upon a neighboring isolated rock a strong fortress. The troops consisted of a battalion of infantry, a company of cavalry and a small camel-corps. The camels especially attracted our attention and admiration, being all of them white and fine animals. We found three English officers in charge of the outpost. The river continues southwards, between high banks, of about the same width, but is said to be scarcely navigable for a long distance. Sarras is the farthest point to which travellers are now permitted to go—it is in about latitude 21° north, or a thousand miles from the Mediterranean. We arrived back at Wadi Halfa at 7 P. M.

A few of us rose early the next day and made an excursion to the famous rock of Aboosir, which is about the centre of the cataract region, upon the west bank, the object being to get the view from thence of the cataract. We crossed diagonally to the opposite shore, a distance of about three miles, where we found donkeys to take us over the desert to our destination. I had so small a donkey that I actually feared he might trip over my feet.

A very strong breeze from the northwest was blowing, and we were able to stem the strong current in about an hour. The donkeys carried us for a short distance along the river bank and then took a direct line across the desert to the great rock. The undulating surface was covered with fine deep sand. All about us were curious low, weather-worn outcroppings of rock. In an hour and a quarter we had made the distance of six miles. The rock rises solitarily about fifty feet above a huge cliff facing the river and three hundred feet above it. It not only affords a capital prospect of the second cataract, but of the country in every direction. In the south the long range of blue mountains is that of Dongola, 150 miles distant. The third cataract is near them. The view over the Nile is one of grandeur but of savage desolation. The polished black rocks look like heaps of coal or carbon crystals as they sparkle in the sunlight. The rapids on the western side of the river are much larger than those upon the eastern, and one sees better here the myriads of small islands which dot and break up the Nile into so many swirling streams. The roar of these rapids is plainly heard, but is not so prodigious as some travellers and geographers have maintained. The desert side of the rock of Aboosir is carved with thousands of names of visitors. Among them I noticed several of famous explorers and Egyptologists—those of Belzoni, Champollion, Warburton and Lord Lindsay. We returned to Wadi Halfa at noon, and our steamer almost immediately thereafter started upon the return voyage to Philæ. The strong head wind did not neutralise the power of the strong current, and we proceeded down stream at nearly double our upward rate. We arrived at Aboo Simbel at 5 P. M., and spent two hours in studying the splendid old temple, both exterior and interior.

In the morning we found lying near us a little Egyptian gunboat, which came in late the previous night. It was a "stern-wheeler" of much the same model as our own boat. It mounted a small Hotchkiss gun in an iron turret forward, and two Nordenfeldt guns on a little deck above. The steamer was plated with bullet-proof sheets of iron. We had risen early in order to see the interior of the great temple illumined by the morning sun—it facing the east. It was not a specially bright morning, still we could see the sculptures and paintings to good effect. The appearance of the wall pictures was quite like that of old tapestry, and showed a very harmonious blending of colors. The spirit and



General View of the Second Cataract.

life of the various figures of Rameses once more called forth our heartiest praise and delight. We spent about three hours more in and about this very interesting temple, and then left for Korosko. On the way a large crocodile was discovered asleep on a sandbank. Late in the afternoon we reached the village of Korosko and remained a couple of hours in order to visit the peak of Awes-el-Guarany, some five or six hundred feet in height, from which an extensive survey is to be had, on the one side, of the Nile valley and, on the other, of the desert-road leading due south to Abu-Hamed. Korosko was from the earliest times the point of departure for caravans going to and from Shendy, Senaar and the Soudan. It was sometimes possible to see here at one time as many as two thousand camels. The peak of Awes-el-Guarany is held sacred by the natives and is a place of pilgrimage. On the summit are very many tablets and inscriptions recording the names of pilgrims from all parts of Egypt. The top is now secularised by the Egyptian government as a lookout and signal-station. There is a stone watch-house here manned by three or four soldiers. In the village there is a large garrison of native troops. The mountain is of curious shape and composed of sandstone and other rocks apparently of volcanic formation. The path is very steep but you are well repaid for the toil of the ascent by the view, which gives you a capital idea of Nubian scenery. We returned to the steamer and went on down the river until ten o'clock, when we halted for the night at Sihala.

We arrived at Shellah the following day, having had a very strong head-wind all the way. We then crossed to Philæ and spent a couple of hours in re-inspecting the temples. From there we were ferried to the island of Biggeh, where are some ruins of a small Egyptian temple. From the summit of the rocky hill behind this, a splendid view is had of Philæ and a little further on of the first cataract and its many islands, and of the hill on the western side of the river opposite Assouan where we had previously visited some interesting rock-temples. All along the western bank were great hilly ranges of yellow sand. The scenery of the first cataract is weird and strange, but not nearly so much so as that of the second. We returned to the steamer late in the afternoon, and left the next morning for Assouan by a road which for the most part follows the bank of the cataracts. On arriving we at once boarded the "Rameses," a steamer a little smaller but of the same general style as the "Rameses the Great,"

and with a full complement of passengers, viz. seventy-five. We remained all day in Assouan, busy revisiting many places and objects seen on our upward passage, and left at daylight for Luxor, where we arrived early in the evening, and afterwards visited the temple of Luxor by bright starlight and were much impressed by the grandeur of the rows of great lotus-headed pillars. In the morning I rode out to Karnak on camel-back and spent two hours re-examining the ruins. I was more impressed by the magnitude of the grand hall, but found the pillars, as upon my previous visit, much too close to properly estimate and appreciate their massive proportions. We left Luxor at noon for Keneh, where we arrived four hours later, and took donkeys across the plain about a mile to the town. Keneh is noted for its manufacture of porous jugs and filtering bottles, for its dates, and its dancing girls. Its bazaars are large though not specially interesting. We remained but an hour, and then went on down the river to Disneh, where we moored for the night. Soon after leaving the port of Keneh we had a distinct view of the distant temple of Denderah on the western plain. This majestic monument we had explored on our upward journey and only regretted that the steamer did not allow us a second call.

The next morning early we were at Bellianeh, the port of Abydos, which is seven miles in the interior. Donkeys were in waiting, and immediately after breakfast we started. The road led across an enormous plain covered with wheat, barley, beans and lentils. The ruins at Abydos consist of the temples of Seti I., and Rameses II., and of the Necropolis. The temple of Seti is alone of any great interest. Great heaps of rubbish lie all about it and are higher than its walls. It is built of a fine, white, calcareous stone, and is renowned for its splendid bas-reliefs and highly-finished hieroglyphics. The stones of the roof are of great size, laid on edge, and then having an arch cut through them. It is the only roof of the kind in Egypt. In the general appearance of this temple one is strongly reminded of that at Medinet-Haboo. The portico contains twenty-four columns, and has seven doors which lead into the great hall of thirty-six columns. This hall again leads into seven parallel sanctuaries. There are also a number of small halls and chambers connected by corridors. The walls of the sanctuaries are very delicately sculptured and most brilliantly colored—all is in marvellously good preservation. In one room is the famous Tablet of Abydos, which gives the names of seventy-six

kings of Egypt, beginning with Menes and ending with Seti I. The Necropolis is near by—vast heaps of rubbish, masses of graves one upon another, in historic strata. Abydos was one of the most renowned cities of ancient times and was famous as the chief seat of worship of Osiris in Upper Egypt. We lunched in the great temple and, returning to the steamer by the middle of the afternoon, went on to Souhag, a village on the west bank, at which we spent the night. We reached Assiout the next day at noon, the following night were at Maghargha, and arrived at Cairo at four in the afternoon of the day after, February 11th, thus completing a Nile tour of a month—one of the most instructive, fascinating and delightful journeys I ever made.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAURITIUS AND MADAGASCAR.

I WENT from Cairo to Alexandria and then to Constantinople, whence I paid a visit to Russian Turkestan, returning to Constantinople and Alexandria after an absence of five months. This was a detour incidental to my main journey, thus spending in a salubrious part of Asia the months in which it would be unsafe or disadvantageous to travel in tropical Africa. From Alexandria I took a little Russian boat around to Port Said, my object being to try and find a steamer going thence to Mauritius, for since this island is usually regarded as belonging to Africa, I had determined to see it, as well as Madagascar, in my projected circumnavigation of the continent, and this for climatic reasons was the best place to visit next. I found, however, at Port Said that I had missed by a week a French mail steamer of the *Messageries Maritimes* running monthly from Marseilles to Aden, and Mahé in the Seychelles islands, whence there was a connecting steamer to Mauritius. I also learned that by waiting a few days a choice of routes still remained open to me: either to go direct in French steamer by way of Aden, Zanzibar and Madagascar to Mauritius, or in English steamer to Colombo in Ceylon, where I could change to another vessel for Mauritius. The latter though a considerably longer route would, by reason of but a single stop and greater speed of one of the steamers, bring me to my destination one day earlier than by the French course. I therefore accepted this plan, being also not unwilling to see again Ceylon, an island which I had visited twenty years before. From Port Said to Mauritius by the way of Colombo the steaming distance is 5,640 miles and the least time required twenty-four days. I left Port Said on July 14th in a splendid large steamer of the Orient Line. This vessel after calling at Colombo would go on to Australia—to Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney.

Suez looked rather pretty from the southern entrance of the



The Summit of Peter Botte.

Canal, but its glories have departed and its rival, Port Said, now contains double its population. We had fresh breezes in the Red Sea, but so hot was it—the thermometer ranging from 92° to 98°—that we were only comfortable when upon deck, and on the windward side of the vessel. I arrived at Colombo on the 25th, and left for Mauritius on the 30th, in the British India Company's steamer "Wardha," 3,000 tons burden, duly arriving on August 8th. As there would have been little or nothing to describe on my projected voyage from Port Said to Mauritius by way of Aden and the Seychelles, I have for convenience marked my route on the Map, accompanying this narrative, as continuous between these points.

As we approached the island of Mauritius from the north the prominent objects were the famous peak of Peter Botte, with its curious cylindrical boulder poised aloft, and another peak in the same range, called very appropriately *La Pouce*, from its striking resemblance to a gigantic thumb. The harbor of Port Louis, the capital, is long and narrow, with a good depth of water. Upon either side as you enter are sunken forts mounting heavy modern guns. The town lies upon land gently sloping backwards to the hills, but so little above the sea and so thickly dotted with trees that it does not show to advantage from the harbor. It contains some 60,000 inhabitants—French and English. These do not mingle, and though Mauritius has been a British dependency for over eighty years the island is full of people who cannot speak a word of English, and who preserve their own laws, habits and usages. Behind the town, on a prominent knoll, stands a strong citadel. The higher hill to the right is used as a signal-station. You land upon the stone jetty, and see across a plaza a bronze statue of one of the earlier French governors and beyond, through a little park full of curious tropical trees, the government-house, a plain stucco-covered building, with many broad verandahs. The streets are macadamised. The houses are mostly but one story in height and are built of stone or wood.

Mauritius was called by the French *Isle de France*. It is situated about 20° south of the Equator, and 450 miles east of Madagascar. It is some 39 miles long and 34 broad, and its highest point is but 2,600 feet above sea-level. I had been told that the scenery of Mauritius surpassed in beauty that of Tahiti, in the South Pacific, but failed to discover the slightest resemblance between the two. The greater part of Mauritius is plain, or smoothly-

rolling country, with here and there precipitous cones and ridges of volcanic formation. Once it was covered with forest but now you see scarcely a tree, and save in Port Louis, firewood is very dear. The island is in fact simply a great sugar plantation, 100,000 acres being under culture. The staple article of export is unrefined sugar. Others are hemp, aloe and similar fibres, vanilla, cocoanut oil, rum, drugs and caoutchouc. The soil is very fertile and besides these exports, rice, coffee, indigo, cotton and spices are cultivated. There are altogether about a hundred sugar estates, upon which nearly sixty thousand laborers, mostly immigrants from India, are employed. There is a large trade with India and Great Britain. Mauritius is said to be the most thickly peopled country in the world, having 534 to the square mile—Belgium has 470, China 300. The population was given me as 375,000—over two-thirds of whom were from India (mostly Hindoos), Africans, Chinese, Malagasies, mixed races and whites. One-third of the inhabitants are engaged in agricultural pursuits. As to seasons, the climate is cool and genial from May to October; warm the remainder of the year. Hot during January to March. Being a British colony one expects to find good means of communication, and is not disappointed. There are 367 miles of macadamised roads and about 100 of railway. There are two lines of the latter, one serving the northern and the other the southern parts of the island. Little narrow-gauge roads from sugar-estates connect with these. There is also a complete system of telegraphs. The standard coin is the Indian rupee, about 50 cents. The government of Mauritius and its dependencies (small archipelagoes in the contiguous or neighboring Indian Ocean) is vested in a Governor aided by an Executive Council. There is also a Council of Government consisting of the Governor and twenty-seven members. Ten of these members are elected under a moderate franchise, one for each of the districts into which the colony is divided and two for the capital. The Governor has a salary of 50,000 rupees per annum.

Mauritius is widely known for the terrific hurricanes which periodically visit it, and I had arrived only a few months after the greatest ever experienced. Quite one-third of Port Louis was utterly destroyed, stone edifices seeming to fare as badly as wooden ones. The total number of houses blown down, or more or less damaged, amounted to 1,450. In the capital and island 1,200 people were killed, and one-half of the sugar crop was destroyed. The



Chanarel Falls, Mauritius.

greatest velocity which the wind attained was 120 miles an hour! The estimated loss caused by this hurricane amounted to 18,000,000 rupees. One of the first things that struck me when walking through the streets was the great number of people wearing mourning. These Mauritius hurricanes invariably occur on the inner borders of the southeast trade wind and northwest monsoon, and are supposed to be the meeting of those two opposite currents of air, under the influence of solar heat and the earth's diurnal motion. Their range is from 6° to 30° south latitude. The season lasts from November to April. The average number of hurricanes in a year is eight. The most of them observed in the southern Indian Ocean in any one month has been, during the years 1848-1885—71 in January. In August and September there were during the same period none, and in July two. Of the hurricanes which at various times have devastated this island, those of 1771, 1773, 1861, 1868, and 1879 were especially violent. That of 1771 raged uninterruptedly for eighteen hours and completely destroyed the harvest; that of 1773 threw down three hundred houses in Port Louis and devastated all the neighboring plantations; that of 1861 lasted six days, and was accompanied with an extraordinary fall of rain; that of 1868 raged during three days; and that of 1879 lasted two days during which the wind acquired an occasional velocity of 100 miles per hour. The island was not visited by a hurricane from 1879 till 1892, a period of thirteen years.

During my stay of a week, I visited all parts of the island. Distant about an hour from Port Louis to the northeast are the observatory and the famous gardens of Pamplémousses. The observatory is very well equipped, and is constantly engaged in meteorological work. The gardens, once among the finest in the world, are a sad wreck and will never recuperate. The hurricane of 1892 has completely destroyed all the splendid trees and plants. To the south of the capital in nearly the southern centre of the island is the little town of Curepipe, 1,800 feet above the sea. This may be called the sanitorium of Mauritius, for the climate is moderately cool and you need two blankets every night. The greater part of the troops are garrisoned here. The only hotel in the island worthy of the name is in Curepipe. There is a neat little park, where the English regimental band plays once a week, and there is an old extinct crater to which a short walk may be taken, while a drive of less than an hour will carry you to Tamarind Falls, one of the prettiest bits of scenery in the island.

I wished next to visit Réunion, or Bourbon, 135 miles from Mauritius, but as this could only be done after undergoing a quarantine of fifteen days, I decided to pass on to Madagascar. Réunion has belonged to France since 1764. Its scenery was described to me as bolder and grander than that of Mauritius, as it has an extinct volcano 10,000 feet high and an active one over 7,000. Otherwise Bourbon is similar in many respects to the other island. It has a population of 165,000, of whom 120,000 are creoles, the remainder being Hindoos, Africans, Malagasies and Chinese. Saint Denis is the capital, with a population of 40,000. It is 360 miles distant from Tamatave in Madagascar. The franchise was given to the former slaves in 1870. Maize, rice, wheat, beans and various vegetables are cultivated. Horses, mules, oxen, sheep, and goats are raised. The exports are sugar, coffee, and vanilla. There are eighty miles of narrow-gauge railway. On August 18th I left Port Louis for Tamatave in the "Garth Castle," a fine steamer of 3,000 tons burden, belonging to the well-known Castle Line of Liverpool. The distance is five hundred miles, which we made in forty hours.

At daylight I went on deck to get my first glimpse of the great island of Madagascar—several ranges of mountains, the one rising behind the other with smoothly flowing lines, and covered with trees and grass. In the foreground were low undulating hills overspread with scrub, and sloping down to the sea a great broad beach of yellow sand. A vast plain studded more or less with hillocks seemed to extend from the water away north and south as far as the eye could see. The distant mountains appeared steep, but with flat smooth ridges; nothing of a volcanic character was anywhere noticeable. As we drew rapidly in the town of Tamatave, half concealed by trees, became visible on a flat point of sand which jutted from the shore towards the southeast. The harbor or roadstead is to the north of this peninsula and is partially protected by a semi-circular coral reef, with a deep opening, perhaps half a mile in width, through which the ships and steamers safely pass. In this harbor were anchored a little native gun-boat and three or four coasting-smacks. The appearance of the town from our anchorage was very pretty, the different colored wooden shops, cottages and warehouses, shaded by cocoanut palms, mango, orange, pandanus, bamboo, and umbrella trees, with the long lines of breaking, foaming surf contributing to the general effect. A few church towers and steeples, and a dozen flag-staffs of foreign con-

ulates diversified the long level of verdure. At the land extremity of the peninsula is a large native town, and here stands an old dismantled stone fort. Back of the beach here was a great fringe of scrubby trees and beyond this beautiful soft meadows and cultivated land extending to the hills. Boats manned by the negro-like inhabitants of the east coast came off to us, a bargain was soon struck and I went ashore. There was no *pratique* on board the steamer, nor any inspection upon the shore. There was no pier or proper landing-stage, so I ran the boat upon the beach and was carried ashore upon men's shoulders. But such a crowd as was assembled to carry my baggage! They were colored boys and men, some of the negro type with curly, woolly hair—these were Betsimisarakas; and others with straight hair and Malay features—these were Hovas. All were dressed in straw hats and great white cotton sheets, which they wore very gracefully like Roman togas. Their legs and feet were bare. Laughing, skylarking and good-humoredly fighting, showing great rows of splendid white teeth, at last about twenty of them succeeded in getting possession of my "traps" and followed by twenty more of their friends started for the principal street, which extends along the centre of the peninsula. It is perhaps twenty feet in width, filled with deep sand, without sidewalk but with a little narrow-gauge track upon which merchandise trucks are pushed from warehouse to harbor. This street is lined with one and two-story wooden houses, the offices, dwellings and warehouses of the European merchants—there are about twenty in Tamatave—and with the foreign and native retail shops. The houses were half concealed by the rich tropical vegetation and were always surrounded by pretty little flower gardens. The street was full of natives, some passing on foot, but the most squatting by the roadside and waiting for jobs, which apparently they hoped would not come. Occasionally I would meet a European merchant riding by in his filanzana, or palanquin, his bearers going at a jog trot, and chattering and laughing joyfully among themselves. There is no hotel in Tamatave, and I considered myself fortunate in having a letter of introduction to an old resident, the Vice-Consul of my government, R. M. Whitney, who kindly took me in, cared for me during my brief stay, and carefully fitted me out for the journey to the capital. Mr. Whitney had been many years in Madagascar and was one of the oldest established merchants and most popular of citizens of Tamatave. I was greatly grieved to learn that only a few

months after my visit he succumbed, comparatively a young man, to a sharp attack of the dangerous Malagasy fever.

There is no provision for lighting the narrow streets of Tamatave; at night people carry lanterns and the better class ride in the filanzanas. This is the universal carriage of Madagascar. Each man keeps his own, together with four bearers whom he pays about ten francs each per month and supplies with food. There are no proper wheeled vehicles in the island and but very few horses. The roads in the interior are mere trails and often too steep and bad for a horse or even a mule. The filanzana consists of two strong but slender poles, about eight feet in length, fastened together by two iron rods. Secured to other iron rods in the centre is a sort of chair made of heavy canvas. Before this is a narrow flat piece of wood suspended by ropes from the poles and used as a foot-rest. The poles are borne on the shoulders of four men, two in front and two behind, who lock arms and keep step. They carry you at a brisk walk or a trot. These bearers are stout, lusty young fellows. You may generally recognize them by large callosities upon both shoulders and collar-bone produced by the poles of the filanzana which rest there. When changing bearers they allow the poles and your weight to fall upon them in a manner you would think might fracture a bone. The motion is of course easy and agreeable over level ground but in hilly tracks you are naturally much tossed about. Some find the filanzana on long journeys very tiresome, since its construction admits of but little change of position, but such was not my experience. Those used by women are sometimes made a little larger, and have a light canopy as protection from sun and shower, but men generally trust to their large pith hats for the former and an umbrella for the latter.

Tamatave is in latitude about 18° south. Its total population is 7,000 souls. Of this number about 200 are Europeans and there are perhaps 1,000 creoles. There is a French Resident—Madagascar being now a protectorate of France—and a Hova governor. The latter lives in the fort, in a small house built upon the walls. I called there, and found him a dignified and courteous gentleman, speaking English fairly well. There are in Tamatave many Hovas though the greater part of the population are Betsimisarakas. In general the men are short, thick-set and muscular, with scanty beards. Their color is light-brown and their skin smooth and satiny. Their hair is jet-black and bushy. The women dress their hair in a very elaborate manner, one performing this service



The Governor of Tamatare and his Family.

for another. The hair seems to be parted into many small sections, which are separately braided, coiled and combined. It is dressed with cocoanut oil and is arranged but once a week. The men wear usually only the great white cloth toga; the women very high-waisted gowns of bright-colored calico. Both sexes go barefoot, the women without head covering, and the men with large yellowish straw hats, with black ribbons, which much resemble the Panama product, being very neatly plaited out of fine straw. Some of the girls are quite slender and comely, but too early marriages and improper sanitary precautions soon change this to plainness and corpulency. Both Hovas and Betsimisarakas are a smiling, rollicking, amiable set of people. The native town of Tamatave consists of two or three long streets of huts, built in the level sandy plain. The streets are crooked and not more than six or eight feet in width. The houses are all of one story, small and oblong in shape, with peaked roofs and generally with but one opening, the door. The floor is usually raised a few inches above the ground and covered with matting. The walls or sides are made of the split ribs of the traveller's palm and the roofs of the leaves of the same useful tree. There is but one room, which must be used for every purpose and be occupied by both sexes and several generations. Many of the huts are native hotels, where the merchants from the interior and the bearers of produce stay when in town. They can be easily recognised by the presence of many bottles and a large cask of rum standing near the door. These people are excessively fond of spirits but it is remarkable that you scarcely ever see a drunken man in public streets or places. In front of many of the huts are displays of vegetables, meats and fruits, and occasionally a small general stock of miscellaneous manufactured goods. The houses, being built of palm ribs and leaves and filled with grass mats, are as dry as tinder. A considerable fire once started and aided by a strong wind would certainly burn the whole town. The native method of fighting a fire is by tearing down the huts and throwing sand upon the burning embers.

CHAPTER XXV.

DOWN THE COAST.

FOR a journey to the capital, distant about 215 miles from Tamatave by the travelled trail (though only 118 from point to point), which first follows the coast towards the south for some 72 miles and then when about opposite, proceeds nearly due west—it is necessary to engage a double set of filanzana bearers or eight men, the one set alternating work with the other; to take provisions, cooking utensils, camp-bed and bedding, mosquito-netting and folding chair; also bearers for these and for one's personal effects, since everything for the interior must be carried upon poles resting upon men's shoulders. The journey up is an affair of about a week of ordinary travelling, though it has been made, with frequent relays of bearers, in four days, and special government runners have covered it in three. Coming down to Tamatave the ordinary journey is uniformly two or three days less. There are no established posting men or stations; it is a matter of individual contract. In the villages travellers generally select the best hut and its occupants temporarily move out for their accommodation, receiving a small fee therefor.

On August 24th at 9 A. M. I left Tamatave for Antananarivo. My preparations, thanks to Mr. Whitney's knowledge and kindness, were quickly effected. I had eight bearers for my filanzana and six for my luggage, which was packed in small tin boxes. Two men will carry suspended from a stout pole of bamboo about 120 pounds weight. When one man bears a burden he divides it if possible into equal portions, which he carries at the ends of a shorter piece of bamboo than that used by two men. I took a generous supply of provisions, mostly in a condensed or else canned form, besides the special camp articles mentioned above. All these things, save only the chair, were packed in tin boxes and all were further protected by covers of tarred cloth. The



On the Road in Filanzana.

money current in Tamatave is French coin, gold, silver and copper, but for the journey to Antananarivo what is called "cut money" is employed, and in fact only this sort is current in the capital and generally in the interior of the island. Five-franc silver coins are cut up into irregular-shaped pieces—the largest being of about the value of a franc and the smallest of one-half of an American cent. With such a small coin as the latter naturally it is not necessary to cut up copper coins. These "cut" pieces pass only by weight among dealers, every native merchant keeping a little pair of metal scales. The maromitas or bearers receive about fifty cents each per day. Then I had a captain or head man who was to walk at my side, carrying my umbrella, macintosh, a water-jug and other necessaries, ready for instant use. Of course none of my men could speak anything but Malagasy, but this language is so easy that with the help of a phrase-book and the frequent correction of my pronunciation by my chief, I soon could make my most urgent wants known. My men were a muscular set of young fellows, very good-natured, and always laughing and chatting among themselves when on the road. They were rather scantily dressed, having on only a loin cloth and two shirts, the outer being sleeveless, made of coarse sacking like a gunny-bag, and colored and striped like the uniform of a prison-gang. Their legs and feet were bare, but they all wore straw hats, no two being of the same pattern or same kind of straw, or bearing the same color of ribbon. They carried an extra shirt in a pocket curiously placed on the back of their gunny-bags between the shoulders. The filanzana bearers are rather disposed to look down upon the baggage bearers, who, however, when accompanying travellers, receive the same wages as the others. On the road your bearers will carry you on good ground four or five miles an hour. They keep step two by two, but not four by four. One takes hold with his disengaged hand of the engaged wrist of the other and this secures their movement in unison. With eight bearers, four walk a little ahead and relieve the others at intervals of two or three minutes. In this respect of frequent change they differ greatly from the palanquin bearers of India who do not alternate until one set is quite tired. The bearers change without slackening speed, even when going down a steep hill at a brisk trot or while in the middle of a river, and if well done, you scarcely feel it, but when on a long march they are not over particular and you generally receive a decided jar every time a relay comes in. When

changing, the new men duck under the poles and the others simply slide away at the ends. The bearers occasionally run with you, but only for short distances, and as a sort of rest for themselves. Over a fairly good road I prefer the filanzana to the horse, since you have no animal to watch and no fear of a spill, and thus are more at liberty to observe the country and the people. Tamatave is considered a healthy place for Europeans during the winter months, and a foreigner should always if possible enter the country at that time. All the seaboard of the island is permeated with miasma during the wet season. Besides, to say nothing of discomfort, the rains are so heavy and continuous it is almost impossible to enter the interior at that time. August, September and October are perhaps the best months for travel, and this was the time of year during which my visit was made. I found the days bright and warm, almost too warm in the middle of the day on the coast and low-lying plains, but the nights were always cool and comfortable, and necessitated the use of one or two blankets.

The road follows at first the line of the seacoast, from which you are never more than half a mile distant, and constantly in hearing of the heavy surf produced by the southeast trade winds beating upon the broad beach. For some three or four miles inland, as far as Adevoranty, or seventy-two miles along the coast, the plain consists of sand which has been heaped up in great billows and is covered with scanty pasture or scrubby trees and low bush, except in parts where you pass through genuine woods or forests. The rivers coming down from the hills have been stopped in their courses and great lakes or lagoons have thus been formed along the coast. It is said that some four hundred miles of inland navigation by boats is thus afforded, the occasional obstructions of land being few and unimportant. The track which I followed ran along these great sandbanks of islands between the sea and the lagoons. I met many natives coming in to Tamatave, the men in plain white togas, the women in gay gowns. There was great dignity as well as grace in their gait and manner. All carried umbrellas. Many coolies bearing the products of the country also jogged along. A large number bore the hides of cattle, four of which seemed to be considered a sufficient load for one man. All these coolies carried a short spear with a slender staff and iron head, which, being also shod with a sharp iron prong, served as a sort of alpenstock as well as weapon. Several men bore old-fashioned flint-lock muskets. I will spare the reader the names of



Native Canoes at Ivondrona.

most of the villages at which I stopped, since they are all of extraordinary length and nearly unpronounceable. A Malagasy however will pronounce a word with twenty-seven letters as quickly and glibly as we would one with five. The geographical nomenclature of the island embraces a great number of these many-syllabled words, but in the conversational language are very many words of one syllable and but few letters.

About two hours from Tamatave—distances in Madagascar are reckoned by hours' or days' travel, never by miles—I reached the Ivondrona river, a swiftly-flowing and tolerably deep stream some three or four hundred feet in width. This we crossed in a dug-out canoe about forty feet in length, four feet wide and three feet deep. The wood tapered to about an inch at the gunwales; the ends were sharp. Though these canoes are as round as a barrel, they are left so thick at the bottoms as to be quite stiff when loaded. All my men, with the filanzana and baggage, and a couple of boatmen sitting on the low seats, crossed to the shore further down the river. Eight men worked our passage with short paddles having wide blades and a cross-stick for handle at the opposite end. The paddle is grasped in both hands, one on the shank and the other on the cross-piece, so that thus the men can easily push and pull. One stands in the bow and continually sounds with a long pole and another sits in the stern and steers. The men sang several songs to which they kept time by striking their paddles against the side of the canoe. The music was soft and melodious, at times lively, and again plaintive. The time would change with the rapidity of the paddling. The voices though light were in good accord. One man generally sang the air and the others kept up an almost continuous accompaniment, somewhat like our part-songs. It was much more than a chorus, though there was a considerable repetition. I afterwards frequently heard the same and similar songs in the villages of the interior, and always with delight. For this canoe voyage and incidental music I did not grudge the sum demanded, viz. half a franc. I stopped for lunch at a little village consisting of but a single street through which the highway passes, as is the custom in Persia and Turkestan. For the use of a house during the two hours' noon halt I had to pay half a franc and for a night's rest about a franc. The natives would generally sell me chickens and eggs, and firewood to boil my coffee, make soup, etc. In some of the larger villages I could buy beef and cooked manioc, in others small fish and sometimes

milk. During the first day's travel I saw a great many herds of cattle—large, long-legged and long-tailed beasts, many of them plain black in color and others curiously mottled. The long horns of these cattle gracefully curve forwards. They have a curious large conical hump upon the middle of the fore-shoulders and a long pendulous under neck which flaps when they move. The Madagascar beef is very good and being plentiful and cheap no doubt greatly contributes to the plump, strong and healthy condition of the Malagasy. My bearers had enormous appetites. The first day at breakfast I was much amused, as well as surprised, to see two of them consume a huge platter of rice and beef, accompanied by a great bowl of melted fat, which I had supposed was to serve for my eight men. They sat cross-legged upon the floor of the hut and ate from the same two dishes with large wooden spoons. They were accustomed to have two meals a day; the first, consisting of a portion of boiled manioc packed in a piece of banana leaf, which they always begged me to buy them in the first village through which we might pass in the early mornings, could only have served them as a "whet" for their midday breakfast. The eight packages of manioc cost but half a franc. And to keep my men friendly disposed to the route and to myself I was in the habit of giving them—fourteen persons all told—every night a grand total of ten cents, which was always received with profound salaams and benedictions, and I suppose went likewise for a general supply of the inevitable manioc.

During the afternoon our route lay along the sea-shore and we traversed its soft sand for a long distance. The beach is here very steep, saving a narrow strip adjoining the land, which is thus gradually being heaped up by the constant trade-winds. I passed the night in the village of Ampanirano, about thirty-five miles from Tamatave. These native towns through which you pass consist generally of but one long tortuous street from ten to twenty feet in width, lined by palm-thatched-and-sided houses which are of a dull brown color, and whose gable ends nearly touch. You will pass geese, fowls, pigs and dogs and see people squatting before their houses, the women generally engaged in dressing each other's hair and the men busy with gossip or looking up and down the street. The proportion of old men and women seems quite large. Through the small doors of the huts you see women either weaving upon primitive looms, or else engaged in some domestic operation. In front of some of the huts, under little verandahs



Madagascar Cattle.

made by continuing the roof beyond the eaves, are small shops of meat, fish and fruit, or perhaps some cooked food. Other huts will have their little store of goods just within their doorways. There are small fenced enclosures about each village for raising vegetables or herding cattle. In the immediate neighborhood are cemeteries placed always upon a ridge shaded by a few trees, each family plot being surrounded by rough palisading and the graves marked with tall rough-hewn blocks of stone. The fences most in vogue for other purposes are simple limbs of trees placed near together and often half of them sprouting vigorously. The hut where I passed my first night was a typical one. It was slightly oblong in shape, the walls being about ten feet high and the length perhaps twenty-five feet, with a width of twenty. To the ridge-pole it must have been thirty feet. The whole house, excepting the light frame, was made of different parts of the traveller's palm, and there was not a nail in it. The floor was raised a couple of feet above the ground, and upon a layer of split palm ribs was a covering of nicely woven mats, sewed together, and the walls were similarly lined. This hut was of but one story and all was open within to the peak of the roof and showed very clever and neat arrangement and fastening of the palm-leaf roof. There were two doors near one end, one directly opposite the other to insure a draught of air, in which the people like to squat or recline during the heat of the day. There were no windows and no arrangement for allowing the smoke to escape. A large space in one corner was taken up by the fire-place—a square box filled with sand and containing a number of conical stones for supporting pans and kettles, fires for cooking being kindled beneath them. A framework of split bamboos, a few feet above it, contained the few cooking utensils used, and a neighboring shelf the quite as little crockery and earthenware. Leaning against the framework which is over the fire-place stand several pieces of bamboo perhaps six feet in length and three or four inches in diameter. The joints of these save the bottom one have been bored out, and a wood or metal stopper has been inserted at the top. They are used as water jars. The mouth is shaped like that of a pitcher and I found it required some practice to pour from them—first you did not have enough water and then of a sudden you had a deluge. Besides holding them in the middle it is always difficult to hit the mouth of a tumbler. Nevertheless they keep the water sweet and fresh, and comparatively cool. People travel with these poles as we

do with a convenient "cooler" or "filterer." Extra mats and straw pillows for use at night were suspended from various parts of the walls. A straw-covered stool stood at one side, but there was neither chair nor table. I did however afterwards see reclining-chairs, covered with straw matting, and a bed like a small table, but I imagine these were innovations intended to gratify the taste of foreign visitors. In addition to the above-mentioned furniture there is usually a wooden mortar in which the women pound their rice with a large wooden pestle. I suspect that the people who vacated this house for my accommodation took little with them save some extra clothing and their supply of food. I have been describing one of the best houses in a village; the majority are smaller and more shabby. Flies and mosquitoes abound in the native huts at most seasons. Chickens, dogs, lizards, rats, mice, scorpions, and spiders the size of a teacup, are also regular visitors. At night light doors made of the central rib of the palm leaves are slid before the two entrances. I managed to get a fair amount of sleep notwithstanding the intrusion of my uninvited guests. There are many houses in each village set apart for the sole use of the merchandise-carrying coolies who travel between Tamatave and the capital. The owners live in adjoining huts.

I started on at six in the morning. The scenery was at first of the character of great billows of sand, covered now with rough and scant pasture, and now with scrubby underbrush and squat trees, the *Casuarina Pandanus*, the screw pines, and the areca and other graceful palms predominating. The vegetation seemed to improve later on, and I especially remarked its rich deep green and very glossy appearance. There were a few flowers noticeable, including some very beautiful white orchids, having long spikes with a double row of curious pitcher-shaped blossoms. The singing of various small birds was a pleasing accompaniment to my march. I took lunch at Vavony, and during the afternoon we were again wading for a long distance through the deep soft sand of the sea beach and deafened by the thunder of four or five rows of huge billows. I had passed several small hamlets during the day and at night reached the town of Adovoranty situated at the southern extremity of a narrow island of sand, at which point there runs into the sea the Iharoka river, here some 300 yards wide. Adovoranty being the point where all routes turn westwardly into the interior is a place of bustle and importance. Canoes loaded with merchandise are continually coming and going. The dis-

tance from here to the capital as the crow flies is said to be but 70 miles, but the road is so tortuous, to avoid marshes and hills generally, and so uneven, including a gradual rise of nearly 5,000 feet above the sea coast, that the actual distance to be covered is 143 miles. A few Frenchmen are settled in Adovoranty for business purposes. Their houses are easily distinguished from those of the natives by being of two stories and constructed of wood. I stopped at the rest-house for travellers, a small building reared upon posts some four or five feet from the ground, and consisting of but a single room, which however was provided with a bed, table and chairs. In the evening I took a walk through the long crooked and sandy main street. The only light was from the open door of the houses. Most of the shops seemed engaged in the retailing of rum and were all supplied with laughing and singing customers. This singing and general tattle over the town you could hear until a late hour at night owing to the flimsy construction of the houses.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN TERRACES.

MY men woke me at 4 A. M., for we had to take a long canoe voyage, and the wind is apt to blow rather fresh later in the morning. At the landing close beside my windows I found a dozen great canoes busy lading merchandise and preparing to go up the Iharoka river. We selected a suitable one for which, including the services of two men, I had only to pay five francs, and this for a journey of nearly five hours. My own men did the paddling. As we started away by bright star-light, with the dark shores of the river dimly showing, and my men breaking out into wild songs something like those of the Georgia Jubilee Singers or the "colored minstrels" at home, and racing with neighboring canoes, the steerers exhorting their several crews to extreme exertion, I felt as if just arrived on a wholly new planet. The banks of the river were low and covered with large-leaved plants and delicately-fringed reeds. After about three hours' paddling, and when the river had narrowed to something like 100 yards, we entered a smaller one to the right and kept on for an hour and a half, the stream scarcely wide enough for two canoes to pass and flowing with a current of four knots an hour. In these rivers were many fish fykes, as in fact there were in all the lagoons that we had seen. Fish traps consisting of great square wicker-baskets, with funnel-shaped entrances, are also used. Along the banks much rice, tobacco and sugar-cane are grown. Our canoe reaching the headwaters of the river at last grounded, and I was carried on shore on two of my men's shoulders to a village called Maromby, built on a ridge and part of its steep sides. The crew had sung nearly all of the canoe journey, giving at least a dozen tunes, some fast, some slow, now loud and dashing, now low and plaintive. I resumed the filanzana. The aspect of the country was wholly different. I had left behind me the flats of the coast and found myself in a hillocky



The Traveller's Palm.

region that at once reminded me of certain parts of central Brazil. Instead of the sand of the shore I found a clayey soil covered with rich pasture, the depressions between the hillocks being crowded with masses of the traveller's palm (*Ravenala*) strongly resembling the setting sun, of the stout, gaunt roffia (*Raphia*) palm, and the graceful feathery bamboo. There was not wanting color also to the picture. The ground was often bright red, the leaves of the traveller's palm dark glossy green, the roffia purple, and the bamboo a bright yellow. The bamboos were growing largely in separate plants instead of the clumps usually seen, and with their very delicate foliage and gracefully drooping plumes gave great beauty to the general effect. In other places the enormous variety of plants of totally different form on a single definite space caused one to think the landscape-gardener had been giving aid to Dame Nature. The country is but thinly inhabited, the villages being small and far apart. You see but very few secluded farm houses here as in most other lands. The people are too amiable and sociable not to be gregarious. The track endeavors as far as possible to follow ridges and avoid valleys, but this is quite impossible, for it holds its way up and down steep hills in a terribly rough and washed-out condition, and with hard clay rendered very slippery by much travel. It does not wind or run in tangents but goes straight at the steepest hills. My men struggle and perspire but never seem to lose their footing. The strain upon them was intense and continuous, but only once did they ask for a few minutes' rest and put me down. By having a plenty of curves and inclines the road might be made available for mules or even horses, but a railway could only be built at an enormous outlay. It would probably have to be three times as long as the present track. None is likely however to be built, for the Hovas do not wish their country to be too accessible in either times of war or peace. I travelled this day fifteen miles in canoe and seventeen in filanzana, a total of thirty-two, and halted for the night in a small village on the top of one of the hills, asking the occupants of the best hut to be good enough to turn out for my accommodation, which they were only too glad to do—in view of an expected payment. I went to bed but not to sleep. The chattering and jabbering and singing in the streets and houses of a Madagascar village must be heard to be believed. You would think every other house was a *café chantant*. If you happen to understand the language your neighbors on every side will cheerfully acquaint you with all the gossip and some of the

scandal of the village even while you are in your closed(!) house. One good thing may however be said for these houses, the ventilation is always of the best, and plenty of fresh air is no small matter where local odor as well as local color prevails. But joking aside, no sleep can be had by a visitor before midnight and none after five in the morning. The natives are accustomed to make up for this deprivation by sleeping a part of each day.

The following morning I started at half-past six, the weather being pleasant and not too cool. The hills were more sharp and clearly defined, though the vegetation consisted largely as before of the traveller's palm and grass land. The meadows became greener and the whole country began to improve in beauty and individuality. There were splendid views in every direction, especially backwards towards the sea and upon the lower region of hillocks. The hills now, though quite as diversified as before, yet seem to partake of the general character of narrow parallel ranges, with much broken ground between them. I recalled the island of Dominica in the West Indies in this connection. The road became exceedingly steep, deeply gullied and full of rough stones, alternating with smooth and slippery clay. It frequently ran at an angle of 35° , and so crooked and uneven was it that I do not believe there was a straight level stretch 100 yards in length. We passed many more beautiful clear brooks, their waters running over pebbles and flat black and white stones, and having their surface often literally covered with pretty lilies. There were also cool pools, cascades and whirling rapids. Along the banks the vegetation grows in astonishing luxuriance, frequently completely arching the streams. From one of the ridges the houses of Adovoranty, but fifteen miles distant as the crow flies, may be distinctly seen. Descending this hill we crossed the Mahela river, about fifty feet wide and two or three feet deep. We overtook many coolies. There was one troop of about a hundred and another of fifty. They were carrying canned provisions and miscellaneous merchandise to the capital. Several other troops passed us on their way down to Tamatave, either bearing hides or only their bamboo poles and ropes. As there was not business for the latter sort in the capital, they were going to look for imported goods at the seaport. The shoulders of some of these men were galled like the back of a horse under a bad saddle, while upon others were great excrescences of flesh, all produced by their bamboo poles and heavy loads. But these people smiled at me quite as

pleasantly as the others. The traveller's palm had now altogether disappeared and in its place were great groves of ordinary forest. These trees were not of very large girth, but they were very tall and almost without limb or foliage except at the extreme top. It seemed as if there was a race between them to get up to the light and air. The number of vines, lianas and creepers was great and there were many saplings, but the forests were by no means so dense as those in Brazil. Tree-ferns, orchids and parasitic plants in plenty were seen, and the woods were pleasantly vocal with the sweet notes of many birds. We next began to see quite extensive valleys which were given up to rice culture, and I noticed upon the terraces little elevated guard huts where, when the crops are ripening, men sit to frighten off the birds. We had several showers during the afternoon, which rendered the road like a toboggan slide, but though there were occasional slips not a man went down. To give an idea of the character of the surface of this region I have only to mention that the direct distance between two villages to-day was fifteen miles, but by the road thirty. At night we reached a good-sized village called Ampasimbé, lying in a beautiful amphitheatre of green hills, some 1,600 feet above the sea. In the centre of the plaza was a flag-staff and near it a little butcher-shop standing apart by itself. In all the villages this place of honor seems to be given to a butcher-shop alone. The largest house in the village was put at my disposition by its owner, a local dude with moustache and short side-whiskers, and a colored jacket under his white toga. I afterwards saw this gentleman parading the streets smoking a cigar stuck in a crooked meerschaum holder. This was the first native I had seen smoking. Many of them however chew a powdered tobacco or sort of snuff, which they carry about their person in a little section of bamboo. There seems to be a good deal of fever among the inhabitants even at this the best time of year. When I would halt natives would come to me to give them something, and sometimes parents would bring in a little child suffering from some throat or lung disease. As I always carry a small medicine chest with me, and very seldom find it necessary to have recourse to it myself, I was often able and very glad to help these poor people. Dry firewood is scarce everywhere. I always had to pay ten or fifteen cents for enough to "boil my kettle."

We went on at the usual early hour the next morning, marching up and down, up and down, until we passed a depression in a ridge—a sort of pass—which is nearly 4,000 feet high. Then we

gradually descended till we reached a wretched little village called Anuvoka, where I halted for rest and lunch. The road was filled with coolie-carriers. One large box which might have been a piano was being carried on the shoulders of twelve men, with five more holding it back and steadying it in deep descents and hauling in front in ascents. There were two or three men in charge of this party. The coolies kept up a series of the most remarkable howls and shouts and grunts that would have done honor to a North American Indian. At times they would laughingly encourage each other and they seemed on the whole to be having a very enjoyable time. They were large, splendidly developed men, strong and wiry, and belong to a tribe occupying a fine plain between here and the capital. Soon after leaving this party I heard a terrible row of men's voices some distance ahead and upon coming out of the woods into a clearing, discovered about fifty villagers tugging at two long ropes attached to a sort of wooden drag which bore a great conical slab of granite intended to serve as a monument or tomb-stone. Some three or four men were directing this removal and twenty or thirty more were on-lookers. The laborers were working as usual to the time and tune of one of their lively songs, and shouting, laughing and skylarking as if they were demented. They were dragging this huge stone across the country to their cemetery. I was reminded of the labors of the ancient Egyptians. The going on the road was even worse than in the morning; the mud was nearly a foot deep in places, and the men floundered and slipped about and had to grasp at roots and rocks to prevent going down on "all fours." Some of the gullies were so narrow and so deep as to seem almost like tunnels. We crossed brook after brook—they call many of these "rivers" here—some of them upon the rough trunks of small trees, hand-rails being sometimes, not always, provided. Gradually the forest became less dense and the vegetation lower and smaller. In the middle of the afternoon we passed the frontier Hova station of Analamazaotra, a neat village situated in a clearing of forest and surrounded by fields of bananas and sugar-cane. We had risen again, some 1,500 feet in about seven miles. There are now many hills and valleys covered with pasture, but still we have to ascend and descend ridges at angles of 35° and 40°, and so we kept on until at night I reached the village of Ampasimpotsy. At this altitude and coming so recently from the warm coast we find it quite cold, but the houses are of

the same flimsy construction as at the level of the sea, and the people do not seem to wear any heavier clothing, though when walking abroad early or late they generally cover their mouth with their white winding-sheet—*alias* toga. They are, as I have said, predisposed to throat and chest troubles, and hence this superstition of covering the mouth. I can only find quarters in a wretched house whose roof is so threadbare that as I lie upon my cot I can clearly trace all the constellations in the Southern Heavens. As I am endeavoring to go to sleep natives are strumming on a sort of mandolin on one side, a large party is singing on the other, and pandemonium reigns in a drinking-saloon opposite. Speaking however of native musical instruments, there was one which I frequently heard and which I thought particularly soft and sweet. It consists of a piece of bamboo with three joints, the middle one of which has sixteen slender strips cut from its surface and drawn taut by one or two stops arranged at such distances as to form a sort of musical scale. The strings are played upon with the fingers like the harp. It resembles in part a harp and a mandolin, and the simple native melodies are well adapted to its qualities. It is called the valiah.

During the next morning we had a fine view over the plain of Ankay, a rolling prairie of long grass with several lines of smooth downs. This is a great elevated plateau of sedimentary clay, nearly two hundred miles long and from ten to twenty in breadth. To the east was a chain of hills some five hundred feet in height, while to the west was another perhaps two thousand feet high. We descended to the large town of Moramanga, surrounded by gardens of coffee, tea, manioc, bananas, sugar-cane and peaches. The main street was some thirty feet in width, and many of the houses were of wood. One of them was two-stories in height, probably the residence of the mayor. On each side of the street were small tents in which many Manchester goods and nicknacks were exposed for sale. A suburb extended quite half a mile along our route. We then had six miles of travel across the grassy plain, on which were large herds of sleek-looking cattle. I met many Hovas with their bright, pleasant, intelligent faces. Two or three riding in filanzanas saluted me cordially. I had left behind me the country of the Betsimisarakas, who dwell in the eastern part of the island and was now fairly in that of the Hovas, who occupy the central, the most fertile and salubrious section. Besides the great leading divisions of the people—Hovas, Betsimisarakas and

Sakalavas, the latter occupying the western part—they are separated into a great many clans, which seldom intermarry. There is said to be a total population of not over 2,500,000—only the census of the city of Paris—in an island the third largest in the world, with an extreme length of 1,000 miles and a breadth of 350, and an area twice that of Great Britain and Ireland. Of the entire number the races are estimated as follows: 1,700,000 Hovas, 500,000 Sakalavas and 300,000 Betsimisarakas. The Hovas are the most intelligent, powerful and enterprising. They form the governing class and have been dominant for over fifty years. Their language is understood over a large part of the island. They, like the rest of the inhabitants, are chiefly devoted to agriculture and cattle-breeding. Slavery still exists among them, though in a sort of patriarchal form. They have an army of 20,000 men, most of whom are armed with modern rifles. I met a battalion of these troops, marching in single file on their way down to Tamatave. They wore no distinctive uniform and most of them used their rifles to carry their kit at one end and their ammunition at the other. The officers were only to be distinguished from the men by their drawn swords; they had no scabbards. Many women accompanied this troop, some of them carrying the men's rifles.

The western part of the plain of Anokay is deeply scored with little valleys through which run small streams. All these valleys are terraced with rice fields. As I observed a "bird-scarer" sitting in his little hut and knew that there he sits all day long, and day after day, I thought that at least he had an excellent opportunity to realise the child's desire of sitting to see the plants grow. Rice seems to be the principal culture and production of all this region of country. I descended from the great plain into a little valley through which ran the Mangoro, a swiftly flowing stream about one hundred feet wide. It rises far to the north of the latitude of Tamatave and, flowing due south for most of its course, finally takes a sharp turn to the eastward and enters the Indian Ocean. I crossed it in a very narrow and cranky canoe. There is a small village here on either bank. Again I mounted and crossed a sharp chain of hills—part forest and part meadow-land—and then entered another rough valley. At one point the trail was so precipitous, and so smooth and slippery, that my bearers could not carry me up. The recent showers had made the tenacious clay like glass. So I had to climb and, being without an alpenstock,

made two of the men pull me, as the Arabs do on the great pyramid of Egypt. One of the men however slipping and falling, came near bringing us all down to the bottom when about half way up. We had forgotten to rope ourselves together. Some three or four times I had also to alight and crawl along the slippery logs which often serve as bridges over the brooks. One of my filanzana bearers fell several times, and it was always the same one. I wished to get rid of him as I would of an animal that stumbled badly. But there was no one to take his place, so I had to put up with him as well as go down with him. I next followed along a small river and across a valley which was quite wide and full of rice fields. The hills, or mountains if you like, were now just before me, covered with verdure and beautiful in outline. I halted for the night high up on the western side of the valley in a Hova village called Avarati-Asobotsy. I was put in a fine wooden house, with two rooms both of which were completely lined—ceiling, walls and floor—with fine straw-matting. One room contained moreover a chair and a large table. Soon after my arrival the schoolmaster of the village, at the head of a considerable party, called to bid me welcome and brought me a present of a basket of luscious oranges. He spoke in English. In returning thanks—in fluent Malagasy—I begged him to accept the gift of a small pot of Liebig's Meat Extract together with two Bengal cigars. The delegation withdrew overwhelmed by my graciousness. The schoolmaster told me the Prime Minister had some large plantations of coffee and tea in the neighborhood. He further said he had been taught English—he knew perhaps twenty words altogether—by the missionaries at Antananarivo, that he had thirty-five boys and thirty girls in his school, and that he taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history. Education is compulsory in Madagascar wherever the influence of the central government extends. All the missionary societies—English, Norwegian and French—at work in the capital, have high-schools and colleges. There are also many missionaries stationed in different parts of the island, and very many religious and other books have been translated into the native tongue. There are a number of foreign printing-presses in Antananarivo and from them issue, in the Malagasy, besides the religious, many educational and purely literary works. The foreign and native periodicals of the capital consist of a government gazette published at irregular intervals, three weekly newspapers, six monthly magazines and a quarterly. The

missions have had great success, though five-sixths of the Malagasy still remain pagans. I was much amused at one old lady in this village feeding her large brood of chickens with one hand and with the other holding a long pole and driving away the chickens belonging to her neighbors! How she could distinguish her own property from that of others, I could not guess. You see but few dogs in Madagascar, and these are such miserable curs that their absence is much to be preferred to their company.

The next day we reached the capital, but we had some very hard climbing in getting over the range of hills upon whose flanks we had been travelling. The filanzana seemed often to overhang precipices a thousand feet deep. But reaching at last the summit, called the Angavo Pass, we plunged once more into a dense forest and progressed over a very steep and rough road, on the whole rapidly rising until we reached the large village of Anderamadinika (I am glad my duty extends only to the spelling of this word), 4,620 feet high and the first village in the finest province of Madagascar—Imerina. This portion of road was quite as bad as any yet experienced, and in addition to the four bearers it required the almost constant pushing or holding of two other men to get me along. It was curious with the cool air of our altitude to see the merchandise-coolies jogging cheerfully along with nothing on but a breechcloth. There were a goodly number of these men and of other natives travelling, the greater part on foot but a few in filanzanas. The band of the battalion which passed us the day before went by. They were in full undress uniform—that is to say, they were nearly nude. A funny sight it was to see a crowd of Hova men, dressed in white sheets as if just about to step into a bath, with large high-crowned straw hats and with bare, chocolate-colored legs and feet. Nor was the effect made the more sober by the large white umbrellas they carried. Several of the women had their hair braided in tiny strings which either were laid flat upon their heads or hung down all around, and others had theirs frizzed into “beau catchers”—as I believe they are termed by our more highly civilized ladies. Both these styles of *chevelure* were matted with lard, so that the general effect was somewhat marred. Many women were noticed also whose hair was sticking out almost a foot all over the head. They thus resemble some of the African tribes. Their hair is not long, but very thick and jet-black. This particular method of wearing the hair is a badge of mourning.

Going on we again entered a region of grassy downs, with great



Some Styles of Hair-Dressing.

Kupis

granite and gneiss rocks cropping out in every direction. One huge round bare rock was of just the shape, color and character of the great Half Dome in the Yosemite Valley, California. The houses now became more frequent and were of better style. The most of them seemed made of red or yellow clay bricks (unburned), and were two stories high. Their height indeed was much out of proportion to their length and width. They looked at a distance like towers. The inmates must ascend from floor to floor by ladders. They all had sharply-pitched grass roofs, the ridge poles being ornamented by pretty little pillars. The country itself was now becoming more cultivated, and was divided into small fields. A round pit used as a threshing-floor with cattle was seen in some part of every farm. There was no fine scenery, the hillocks still continued. I descended into a sort of large basin in the hills and halted in the town of Manjakanduina. All about the neighborhood were little clusters of villages, and three or four churches were in sight. Everything seemed to indicate the gradual approach to an important centre of society and business. In many of the Hovas I could plainly distinguish a strong resemblance to the Malay family. They had the same type of features, eyes and hair. They follow similar customs and their language is of the same general character, though I do not remember any such extraordinarily long words in the Malay. These words however, which at first give the foreign visitor so much trouble, do not bother the Hovas in the least. They seem to clip off the beginning, slur over the middle, and omit the ending. It is a good thing perhaps that the long Malagasy words can be thus shortened, otherwise, as with German, you would get quite tired waiting for the thought or idea that a sentence might be supposed to convey.

Resuming the road after lunch I was especially surprised at the great number of villages in sight from one point: I counted fifty that must have been situated within a radius of six miles. The surface of the country was all up and down as before. Away to the south was a fine range of blue mountains, and in every other direction nothing but hills and hills. In one large depression were great dome-shaped hillocks of sedimentary clay, and quite a perfect amphitheatre which needed only its stone benches to have come directly from Italy or Greece. The land was quite treeless, and the few shrubs and bananas about the hamlets had a very forlorn look. From the crest of one of the hills I had my first view of Antananarivo, some twenty miles away. Even at that great

distance the Queen's Palace, a lofty building on the highest point of the hill on which stands the capital, could be seen. Later I got another view and could distinguish very well the general position of the city. Finally there was had a view, distant some eight miles as the crow flies, which allowed me to discern several of the larger edifices. The scene now became more inviting. The brown meadows, the cultivated fields, the threshing-floors, the pits for fattening cattle, the red or yellow clay houses with grass roofs a foot thick, the little roadside bazaars, the numerous churches, the streams bordered by great flat rice fields, all these kept the eye occupied and the mind interested. Whenever I mounted the successive billows of clay I caught glimpses of the city. It seemed built upon the top and steep sides of a short range of hills rising almost abruptly from the downs, about the last place one would naturally have selected for the position of a large town. The Queen's Palace and the Prime Minister's House were the two conspicuous buildings. The remainder of the city seemed to consist of brick—both burned and unburned—and to be mostly of the tower style already described, although there were many houses quite in the fashion of Swiss chalets. The churches with which the city appeared to abound were of brick and stone. And now it became dark, and I could only discern that we passed many rice-fields. We then entered the outskirts of the city and ascended almost perpendicularly through its streets, some of which were roughly paved with huge blocks of stone. After a long circuitous course I was at last set down by my tired bearers at the house of Mr. J. O. Ryder, a gentleman connected with the same firm as Mr. Whitney, at Tamatave, who had favored me with a letter of introduction. Mr. Ryder has been in Madagascar nearly forty years, having been stationed at points on both the east and west coasts, as well as in the capital. The interest and pleasure of my visit were much enhanced by this gentleman's knowledge and kind attentions.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANTANANARIVO.

ONE of the first things that strikes a visitor to the capital of Madagascar is the modern character of so many of the houses. My original impression was derived largely from the work of the missionary Ellis, who gives a wood-cut of Antananarivo in which one recognizes the same hill but in which the buildings are of mud with straw roofs. The city has in fact had three eras, extending over a period of more than a century. First were the mud huts, then a reign of wooden houses, and now all are to be of burned brick or stone. Antananarivo lies in latitude about 19° south and longitude 48° east. It is in nearly the centre of the great island from north to south but not in the centre from west to east, being a little nearer to the eastern coast. It stands 4,790 feet above sea level. It is built upon the summit and steep sides of a hill that is 500 feet above the plain and about a mile and a half in length. The northern end branches into two arms or spurs which gradually slope down to the plain and are covered with houses. As for several miles around there is no eminence of like size and elevation, the city hill is a conspicuous object. It is of granite and basalt. The western, south and eastern sides are especially steep, and parts of the western are even precipitous. The country around is comparatively level, and hence the view is very extensive and embraces hamlets, moors, cultivated fields and hills and mountains in every direction. The prevailing color of the plains is in the dry season red and brown, and in the wet a rich green. To the west of the capital is the great plain of Betsimitatate, which was anciently a lake but is now an immense field of rice. The word "Antananarivo" signifies in Malagasy "city of a thousand" and was doubtless so named when a thousand houses were considered a very great city. The object of placing it upon the summit of an almost inaccessible hill was in accordance with

the ancient idea, and generally a very necessary one, of defence. It rests, in short, upon the Acropolis of Madagascar. It is un-walled at present. Spaces have been dug out of the surface of the hill and on these the houses have been built. Thus you see them a dense mass, terrace above terrace, with no regularity of arrangement nor is there of the streets which wind around and about them. So uneven is the surface of the city that you will frequently see houses facing the road, upon which you are passing, fifty feet above it and reached only by stone staircases. The narrow streets are usually faced by mud walls from ten to twenty feet in height, so that one can see into many places only from a considerable distance. In fact all except the houses of the poorest classes are enclosed by high mud walls. I have said that the houses were nearly all two and two and a half stories in height. This attic or uppermost story is always used for the cooking—a good way of getting rid of unpleasant smells and a sort of safeguard against fire. The number of houses in Antananarivo is put at 16,000, which would give an average of about eight persons to a house. The city has a peculiar reddish hue, either a natural color of the bricks or an artificial one of the stucco covering them. There are only three or four principal streets—the largest dividing the city east and west—and from these branch innumerable pathways in every direction. Some of the latter are so narrow that it is as much as two people can do to squeeze by one another. The streets are greatly washed by the heavy rains that prevail at certain seasons, and being for the most part unpaved, or only very unevenly and irregularly, with huge undressed blocks of stone, they are very many of them little better than great rough gulleys, and walking is consequently of so great labor that foreigners and the better class of natives patronise very liberally the filanzanas. Great patches of the rough natural rock often appear as sections of pavement. You frequently see prisoners, wearing heavy chains as in Siberia, passing along the roads. These are convicts, and are employed by the government in repairing the highways. Every portion of the city has a special name, generally given from some feature of the topography. The palaces and houses of the nobility occupy the summits of the central parts, while the houses of the poorest classes are at the northern and southern extremities and along the lower slopes of the hill. The latter are still built of sun-dried brick. The city is not lighted at night; those who go out generally carry lanterns. At ten o'clock a gun is fired and no natives are permitted in the



The Great Palace, Antananarivo.

streets after this hour; foreigners are however not bound by this law. There are some half dozen foreign merchants settled in Antananarivo and about thirty missionaries, teachers and doctors. There is a French Resident and staff, with a guard of seventy-five French troops. The capital is policed at night by a sort of semi-civil, semi-military watch, who arrest any native walking after gun-fire. These guards are distributed all through the city in the yards of houses from which they can overlook the roads. At irregular intervals all through the night they keep up a long drawling cry of "*Zovy?*" which means literally "who?" and which proves a great nuisance to the nerves of sleepless strangers. The population of Antananarivo numbers 128,000.

The next morning I started forth in a filanzana, with a native guide, for a cursory inspection of the city. I proceeded directly to the southern end of the hill, and then paused at the points of special interest on the way back. The crest at the southern extremity is marked by a small stone church, one of the first erected. From here you look away over the rice-fields and villages of the valley, some small lakes, and the little Ikopa river, which flows northwesterly and empties into the Mozambique Channel at Mojanga, the second city of the island, with a population of some 14,000. This is nearly opposite the town of Mozambique on the mainland of Africa. You also look down upon one of the Queen's summer palaces, a large structure of wood standing in the centre of a great level square, unsurrounded by trees. Turning about and proceeding along the ridge of the city towards the north you pass the Palace of Justice, a large wooden building with a high-peaked roof also of wood. Next comes the great palace called Manjakamiadana ("reigning prosperously"), an imposing edifice of yellow stone, about 100 feet long, 60 broad and 120 high. It has three stories, and a high pitched roof, covered with shingles, in which appear three or four dormer-windows. At each corner is a square turret of stone. The roof is surmounted by a great bronze figure of the voromahery, a bird something like a falcon, and the national emblem. The walls are ornamented by many balconies and pretty stone pillars. This palace occupies the centre of a wall-enclosed space perhaps 150 feet square. It may be justly called an imposing building, though sadly out of repair and greatly in need of a general furbishing. The chief entrance faces the north and consists of a sort of triumphal arch. Above it is the figure of another voromahery. The ground-floor of the palace is said to be

divided into two immense rooms, where treaties are signed and grand receptions held. The Queen and her husband, who is the Prime Minister, live in the upper rooms, notwithstanding what is styled the Prime Minister's Residence stands a short distance to the northward and a little lower down. This palace, the second finest native building in the city, is occupied at present by various members of the Prime Minister's family. It is a square three-storied brick edifice, with towers at each corner and a conical dome in the centre. Like the great palace it also is much in need of repair. Passing many three-storied dwellings of nobles and government officials, each surrounded by high walls and a few trees, we enter the largest public square in the capital, the intersection of several roads. It is an open space of some six or eight acres, which was formerly the place of public assembly and has always been used as a coronation-ground. In the centre there is a slight depression in which the bare blue granite comes to the surface. This is called the "sacred stone," and standing upon this the sovereign made his or her first public appearance on the coronation day. Around the square are many fine houses, a number of stone and brick churches, and a few shops. At one side is an open-air bazaar, the little shops being only covered by canvas roofs. Reviews are sometimes held here, about 5,000 troops being garrisoned in the city. I saw some of these native soldiers on guard at the Queen's Palace. They were active, smart-looking young fellows, uniformed in dark trousers and white jackets, with canvas skull-caps. They were armed with Snider rifles. A little distance to the west of this square is the Rock of Ampamarinana, a precipice 150 feet deep, over which criminals were thrown until within the last twenty-five years. Near the foot of this is a large, level, grassy plain called Imahamasina. It contains 180 acres and forms the Hova Champ de Mars. There is another "sacred stone" in the centre of this parade-ground, enclosed in a circular structure of masonry eight feet high by twelve in diameter. Standing upon this after the coronation the sovereign is presented to the assembled multitudes. South of the great square stands a curious dome-shaped hill whose sides are deeply scored by long parallel trenches, too straight and uniform to be made by water, too narrow and direct to be quarries of stone. The true explanation is that these trenches were made by one of the old kings, who had the intention of here levelling a site on which to erect a palace. North of the Champ de Mars is a pretty little lake, partly natural, partly



The Zoma Market.

artificial. In its centre is an island upon which are summer-houses and gardens, connected with the mainland by a long narrow causeway. In passing from the central square of the city to the northern suburb, in which was the residence of my kind host, I moved along a precipice in a paved road shaded with fine large fig-trees, under which, lying upon the ground on a sort of old rampart, were some score or so of antique cannon. These bear the initials G. R., and were presented to one of the Radamas, former sovereigns, by George IV. of England. They seemed quite useless.

Seeing the streets full of people all walking in the same general direction I learned that they were going to the principal market-place, where a great market is held every Friday, and called from the name of the day, Zoma. The main road passing through the market continues on to the northwest, where on a slight elevation is situated the tomb of the Prime Minister's family, a large, low, square building with towers and minarets. This road then descends to the plain and runs off in the direction of Mojanga. The street nearing the market was lined with shops dealing in filanzanas. The hire of one of these by the day costs, in Antananarivo, fifty cents. The market proper was held in a large open space on the side of the hill, with a sort of annex in a square below. In the first were rows of little grass-thatched booths, with very narrow passages between them. These contained English and American cotton goods, and domestic utensils in small quantities but endless varieties. Here was also every sort of native manufacture, clothing, hats, silks, furniture, mats, earthenware, baskets, hardware, dyes, medicines, books, musical instruments, etc., etc. Each character of article was contained in a street or quarter by itself. In one part were great quantities of fruit: pineapples, oranges, lemons, bananas, guavas, peanuts and sugar-cane. In another section were the butchers, in shops singularly enough without roofs, cutting up and bartering their meats in the full glare of the sun. In one corner was the slave-market. Slavery here is altogether domestic; no slaves are allowed to be imported, this by treaty made long ago with England. The slaves were a well-appearing set of people, both physically and mentally. In fact I could see no difference between their outward character and conduct and that of their purchasers. About fifty of them of both sexes and all ages were squatting in a long row against a wall, and would-be purchasers simply stood looking at them and asking them questions—there was no physical examination, no

tests applied. Slaves are here treated very well by their owners, often living in the same hut and eating of the same food. Sometimes they are hired out as laborers. They seemed to me a happy, contented lot. In another part of the market the larger and more bulky articles were exposed for sale, such as timber, fodder, firewood, hides, oxen, and poultry. There were also a few sheep, but this animal is not numerous in the island. It is easy to give an idea of the contents of the market but of the enormous crowd of people, of their appearance and of the babel of voices, both human and animal, it is difficult to give any adequate conception. The natives come from all the country round about to attend these weekly markets. There were many hundreds of booths and stalls and from two to four persons in each, while standing before them and surging between them, and in the open-air spots where there were no paths, there were such crowding and pushing one could scarcely move at all in any direction. The appearance of so many dark faces, contrasted with the white lambas or shawls, was very striking. You see these white figures all the day long walking in single file in great numbers over the surrounding reddish plain. The market is open from dawn to dusk. To describe it more minutely would be to simply give a catalogue of the products and manufactures and the imports of the country. I have never anywhere seen a greater variety of goods exposed for sale in a like space.

Facing the little lake of which I have spoken, in the northern part of the city, is the French Residency. It is a fine large palace, two stories in height and built, in true Versailles style, of brick with yellow-stone trimmings. It is surrounded by barracks and pretty gardens leading down to the placid lake. I called one day upon the French Resident General, M. Lacoste, with a letter of introduction from M. Massicault, then French Resident at Tunis. M. Lacoste was very agreeable and offered to do anything in his power for me, and so I accepted several letters of introduction to French officials, including the Vice-Consul at Mojanga.

Another day I called by special invitation upon His Excellency Ranailivony, the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Madagascar. This nobleman, now about sixty years of age, is far-and-away the ablest statesman the island has yet produced. He is in fact the government, for though having a cabinet and many ministers, he is the real ruler of the country. He has been Prime Minister for thirty years, and has served under three queens. The



Native Soldiers.

present Queen, who is only about thirty years old, is his wife, and their home is, as I have said, in the Royal Palace. They have also several residences in the suburbs, which they visit at certain seasons. An officer was sent to conduct me to the palace gate, where I was gravely saluted by a guard drawn up on either side. These men all come from the eastern parts of the island and are said to make very good soldiers. Their uniform was a picturesque sort of blouse, made of native cloth, and short knee-breeches. Their head gear was a curious conical straw turban. The officers had various styles of semi-European uniform—I remarked one in bright scarlet. The Malagasy troops are drilled by a colonel who was formerly in the British army. Having entered the courtyard I proceeded across the great square, passing two tombs of former kings, with their curious pyramidal covers of wood, with my hat in hand, as etiquette enjoins. I then arrived at a building, styled the Silver Palace from some fanciful idea, for silver by no means enters into its construction, either without or within, nor is it the royal treasury. It is a high, peak-roofed building of brick, with columned verandahs. Hereabouts were scores of natives who displayed great curiosity to see who could have the honor of a visit to their greatest official. They very gravely and respectfully saluted me. Here I met the aide-de-camp and first secretary and interpreter of the Prime Minister, and my guide withdrew. Walking down a long line of saluting officials, I was ushered into the Silver Palace, where stood the Prime Minister, who bowed and shook hands with me, and motioned me to enter a reception-room, a small, plainly furnished apartment, with a large empty table in the middle and several chairs along the walls. His Excellency waved me to a large arm-chair at one side and himself took the seat at the head of the table. At the opposite end of the room now entered and sat down several secretaries, ministers and officers of the army. The Prime Minister was short and of slight build, with small hands and feet, but with a fine head, a high, broad and prominent brow and bright piercing eyes. His face was close shaven excepting only a long jet-black moustache. His manner was quiet and dignified, but he was very affable and genial, and his countenance fairly beamed when interested in conversation. He was dressed in a long tunic of striped yellow and green brocade, from a pocket of which depended a massive gold chain and locket. About his neck was a yellow silk handkerchief, fastened with a great diamond and pearl brooch. I could not determine the char-

acter of his trousers, if such he wore, but his feet were encased in red silk gaiters. Upon a little table at one side lay his hat—a curious flat and round affair of white satin. His Excellency wore no decorations, though he possesses many which he has from time to time received from European monarchs and governments. The remainder of our company were in plain European civilian dress or that modified by Malagasy canons of taste and conventionality.

After a few complimentary speeches and considerable reference to the picturesque side of Malagasy life and landscape, the Prime Minister was good enough to say that the United States had always been very friendly to Madagascar, a feeling which he cordially reciprocated and hoped might always endure. He then offered to do everything to facilitate my tour through the island—I intended to cross to the west coast—and in the meantime alluded to a summer palace of his, distant about two miles to the north, which I could visit whenever I wished. I named the same afternoon and he deputed his nephew, a major in the army, his second secretary, and an aide-de-camp to escort me there and do the honors. Our conversation lasted about twenty minutes and, before leaving, the Prime Minister graciously acceded to my request to give me his photograph and to place his autograph upon its back. Several servants crouched into the room bringing writing material, and with a very large heavy gold pen His Excellency, while standing, wrote in a bold hand the name so popular throughout Madagascar, Ranailivony. One of the officers was then directed to add “Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Madagascar,” and I was rather unexpectedly invited to present my own photograph in reciprocation, a compliment which I fully appreciated, and with which I afterwards duly complied. Neither the Queen nor the Prime Minister has ever been out of Madagascar. Upon my telling the latter that he would find much to interest him in the United States, he said he should like very much to go, but it was so far and he was so busy. The Queen was described to me as a handsome, clever woman, who spoke English very well, having been educated at one of the missionary schools. She does not hold receptions or audiences, and is not much seen in public. Her birthday however is observed with great ceremony, such as parades, processions, music, ovations and fireworks. The Prime Minister impressed me as a man of great reserve force who was quite able to hold his own with any political intriguers. Though his power is almost absolute,

yet it would seem that this could hardly be intrusted to abler or more patriotic hands. After giving me his photograph His Excellency asked if he could do anything else for me, and upon my replying he had already honored me far beyond my deserts, he rose, shook hands cordially, and said to me laughingly "Good-bye," the sole English words he knew. Then shaking hands with the principal officials, I left the Silver Palace, the Prime Minister politely accompanying me to the door. I passed through the crowds of gaping people, went hat in hand by the royal tombs, was again saluted by the guard at the archway, and entering my *filanzana*, was gently wafted back to my temporary home.

I found the Prime Minister's summer-palace standing in the midst of a great garden of mango and other fine trees peculiar to the country, and whose names are not known to me. We passed through a double series of high mud-brick walls and entered upon a long broad path which had but a short hour before been ordered swept in anticipation of my visit. At least fifty men and women were just finishing this work, with large bundles of twigs, as I approached the house. This proved to be a long and lofty single-story brick building, upon whose broad verandah stood the Prime Minister's nephew to welcome me. He was a pleasant-looking young man, not speaking English or French, but who had, he told me, once been connected with a diplomatic mission that visited Paris. He did not much care for Paris, it was too gay. I said I feared most Americans could not agree with him there. The palace contains large high-ceilinged rooms and is furnished throughout in elegant and appropriate European style. I was ushered through the grand hall and the library into the saloon, a noble room upholstered in red velvet, with velvet carpet, large mirrors, crystal chandeliers, and many tables of rare woods, loaded with silver ware and choice bric-a-brac. Above the mantel-piece hung a fine water-color portrait of His Excellency in full official dress. In his bedroom I afterwards saw another water-color representing him in his military uniform, with breast covered with decorations. After a lively chat with the major, through the secretary, who spoke English perfectly, champagne and cake and cigars were served, and afterwards I was shown through the remainder of the palace, with its fine dining and breakfast and sitting-rooms, etc. We all then took a stroll around the grounds, and paid particular attention to a South African ostrich which is one of the "show sights" of the place. It was

the largest ostrich I ever saw and at a distance, with its long neck and small head, reminded me of a giraffe. It was moreover very vicious. When it was not biting, it was kicking. In the grounds is a large pond full of beautiful gold-fish. The Prime Minister was the first to import this pretty fish into Madagascar. I was followed everywhere by a crowd of at least a hundred retainers, whose curiosity though respectful seemed quite insatiable. On the way back to the city my guides halted to show me a native tomb. The rich families generally have large stone vaults, of pyramidal shape, above ground, upon their own premises and frequently quite near their houses. Others seem to prefer any open spot by the wayside. There are no general public cemeteries. I saw many large flat slabs of granite lying by the road on the way from Tamatave to the capital and supposed that these covered tombs, but I was mistaken. They were instead intended in each case to be built into vaults. These are made of great rough slabs, well fitted together and entered by a door of a single stone, which turns upon pivotal hinges fashioned from itself and which are very exactly and neatly adjusted. A square chamber within contains tiers of stone shelves upon which the bodies rest without coffins, being simply covered and rolled in very many silk lambas or togas of the best class. The simple vaults have a pyramidal stepped mass of stone above them; the others are of a like type, with columns supporting flat stones and cone-shaped ornaments. My escort were very entertaining, and only took leave of me at the gate of my abode.



H. E. the Prime Minister of Madagascar.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOURNEY TO THE WEST COAST.

EARLY on the morning of September 10th I left Antananarivo for Mojanga. My chief reason for not returning to Tamatave was that I preferred to see new country, and the second, that I wished to visit some gold mines worked by a Frenchman, named Suberbie, who had a concession of a large tract about half way between the capital and the coast. This gentleman has a house in Antananarivo and spends much of his time there. I had the pleasure of meeting him and he favored me with letters of introduction to his manager at one place and a mining-engineer at another. The bulk of my baggage had been left in Tamatave, and was to be sent on by the next monthly French mail steamer to Zanzibar, my ultimate destination. I expected to meet a like steamer at Nosy Bé, a French port and island on the northwest coast, with which I learned I might connect by means of a small French steamer which periodically served the principal ports on the west coast of the island. By thus crossing Madagascar I hoped to familiarise myself with its three great races. The Sakalavas on the western portion of the island have always borne a bad name, which they have in part merited, though high-handed aggressions of foreigners ought often to be urged in mitigation thereof. I was warned to keep my revolver in readiness and my escort near at hand, and so determined to take chances of a safe passage to the sea. The direct distance from the capital to Mojanga is 240 miles in a general northwest direction, though this distance, by many deviations and changes of level, is lengthened by the travelled route into about 311 miles. Of this latter distance some 200 miles are by land in filanzana and the remainder by water in pirogue and dhow, or small sailboat. The total journey may readily be accomplished in ten days. The country through which I would have to pass was said to divide itself

naturally into three sections: the first was similar to that eastward of the capital, a treeless region of moors and hills. This was the most inhabited. It consisted of four broad terraces which fell rapidly towards the sea. The road however leading as it did obliquely across these terraces presented on the whole easy gradients. Then came a section of nearly uninhabited wilderness, wooded and undulating. The third section contained the cultivated hills and plains of the Sakalavas. I re-engaged for this journey four of the filanzana bearers and the captain, Mazoto, who had come up from Tamatave with me. This Mazoto was a bright intelligent fellow, who besides being the chief of the men, acted as my body-servant, and assisted me in cooking and the general duties of vagrant housekeeping. He was born in the country, but of Mozambique parents. His descent showed itself very clearly in his curly hair, his features and his manner. I then engaged four more filanzana bearers and six baggage coolies. This made a following of fifteen persons. I took a little larger stock of provisions, but otherwise the outfit was quite the same as when coming to the metropolis from Tamatave. I hired my men only as far as the land journey extended and was therefore obliged to pay one-half more for their return, which seemed no more than just. The bulk of this payment was arranged to be made when they arrived in Antananarivo and I promised them each also a small present to be earned only by faithful attention to duty and good behavior. So that by these means I had the men pretty well under control. And now it was necessary to call the roll of my assembled bearers and coolies and this was no easy or quick matter, for scarcely one name was of less length than six syllables. Biographical names in Malagasy are quite as long as geographical. Two of the men were slaves belonging to Mr. Ryder's clerk. In appearance they could not be distinguished from the others, and in amiability and faithful work they proved rather superior to them. All the names singularly enough began with the letter R. Here are some of them: Rataimiandra, Ramahamay, Rainivelonandro, Rainizanakolona. The baggage was soon packed in three parcels, and covered with tarred cloth for fear of stray showers. These parcels then being lashed to thick bamboo poles, each borne by two men, were sent on in advance. My filanzana stood waiting and after a hasty, but none the less heartfelt, parting from my kind entertainer, I "mounted" and started away north through the deeply gullied streets of the capital, past the edge of

the great Zoma, by the tomb of the Prime Minister's family and down onto the great plain of Betsimitatatre, covered as far as the eye could see with variously tinted rice fields and everywhere traversed by large and small canals of water obtained mostly from the Betsiboka river. The large canals are utilised by boatmen in bringing their supplies in canoes to market. Squatting by the banks of many of the rice fields were natives armed with guns with which to kill the numerous birds that eat the young growing rice.

The Betsiboka river is here about fifty feet wide in the dry season, but so high and powerful does it become in the wet season that it has to be restrained in its bed by a huge levée of earth some fifty feet in width. On the top of this lay our road for many miles. The other great embankments crossing the plain were nearly covered with mud-walled dwellings. We next reached the banks of the Ikopa, here only a muddy stream about fifty feet wide but one of the largest rivers of Madagascar, whose general course I was now to follow, though at some distance to the eastward, until I reached the sea. I soon left the plain and entered upon a country similar in general character to that found east of the capital, except that the treeless moors were smoother and the road far better. For a long way I enjoyed fine views of Antananarivo, sitting proudly upon her Acropolis, and then crossing a high ridge, she was gone, to be seen by me no more. Afterwards we passed at some distance a great bazaar or weekly market like the Zoma of the metropolis, being held on the top of one of the great smooth downs. The thousands of white shrouded figures collected there were a queer sight. I stopped to eat my lunch in a little roadside hut, and rested upon a comfortable mattress made of palm leaf ribs and covered with straw matting. On the wall hung a sort of fiddle, with two strings stretched upon a small gourd. The doorway of this hut was only three feet in height and I had almost to go on "all fours" in order to enter. A very old decrepit woman was the only one about, though I had noticed others in other huts. The sole occupations of these poor old creatures consist in sitting in the sun and gazing at nothing, or, while lying half asleep on a mat, in driving chickens from the rooms with a long pole or with simple hisses. As the doors are always wide open and the fowls always in search of scraps of food, the crones are not idle at least when inside the huts. No one seems to pay any attention to these reminiscences of humanity and they themselves appear to wait only for

reluctant nature to dissolve. Going on there were many outcroppings of granite now to be seen and many curious shaped erratic boulders. One hill looked like the round dome of an observatory, another like an ordinary haystack. Everywhere possible rice terraces were placed, and there were many small cultivated fields, but before night the country had become quite deserted, and the road after those to which I had been accustomed was positively lonesome. The strong pitiless wind which unobstructed sweeps these moors added to this feeling. Travelling at this season is very trying also, for as you sit so long in your filanzana you are chilled and cold until midday, then positively roasted until about four in the afternoon, when you again feel cold until your fire warms you at night. You must have a fire, for although the houses hereabouts are built of mud bricks, they are by no means tight about doors and roofs. While I was in Antananarivo the weather was cool and delightful morning and evening, perhaps a trifle too warm in the middle of the day only. But the air was always clear and bracing, and there was generally a light breeze blowing.

Many of the hamlets were now surrounded by a deep ditch, a huge fence of cactus and a very wide low wall. They reminded me at once of pictures of scenes in Central Africa. The ditch generally has some sort of drain for fear of its overflowing during the heavy rains of the wet season. The ground within the enclosure is quite smooth and level, and the houses usually stand in two rows right and left of the low and narrow entrance-gate, which is partially closed by a great stone slab or by piles of logs. I stopped for the night in one of these villages and was shown quarters in a wretched hut half full of pigs. That is to say, I was offered a room adjoining the pig-sty, into which the door of the house directly opened, while the people scrambled into the dwelling-room by a window about two feet square, to which they mounted by a pile of rough stones. Up stairs there was a dirty kitchen to which you had access from the pig-sty by a flight of dark, narrow steep steps in which there was a turn at right-angles, for otherwise the house was so small the steps would have had to be vertical. Adjoining this kitchen was a room just large enough to contain my camp-bed, and this I accepted—fleas and all—for if I had to be in the same house as the pigs at least I preferred another *étage*. All these villages seemed to allot a large portion of their ground-floors to a horrible little black and white spotted pig.

The infrequency of pigs on the east coast is more than balanced by their frequency in the central districts.

We continued on during all the next day in a sort of rough valley bordered by ranges of hills. The soil was poor, the grass was coarse, and there was much red clay. The country was very thinly settled and few people were met upon the road. I stopped for my lunch in one of the circular, ditched villages, in a very dilapidated dirty hut in which the only door, as usual, opened directly into the pig-sty, while the family scrambled through a little bit of opening several feet from the ground. To facilitate the exit of smoke two large holes had been made at either end of the roof. This let in some daylight, which was much needed, but looked as if much unneeded rain must enter by the same orifices. In the centre of the room next the piggery was a fire, and against the walls a few cooking utensils, a rice mortar and pestle, a basket of young squawking ducks, some rolls of matting and a few clothes. In one corner sat two little bright-eyed boys who were studying from some paper-covered books—their readers and spellers. I observed that they had also a catechism and a small testament. All were of course in the Malagasy language. They had also a slate which was used for writing their exercises. I took a little stroll afterwards among the houses, and was surprised and amused to see how frightened the chickens were at my approach. I had expected this of the few curs about, but hardly of the fowls. The hens exhibited the greatest alarm and strove to marshal and drive away their chickens. Apparently even a glimpse of civilization, as represented in my humble self, was altogether too much for these creatures, so naturally more distrustful than their owners, who cheerfully look at everything foreign but will adopt nothing.

During the afternoon we passed through the large village of Ankozobe, pleasantly situated on a smooth hill like the whole country hereabouts entirely devoid of trees. The people burn a small reed for their cooking, and charge the same price for this as for firewood. Just outside the capital a great field is covered with huge bundles of this reed, there kept for sale. Nearly all the houses of Ankozobe were built in the shape of wall-tents, i. e. they had mud walls two or three feet high upon which directly rested the high-peaked grass roofs. The governor came from his house to invite me to rest and partake of some refreshment, but I was obliged to decline his hospitality, wishing to reach a certain town before dark. This was called Ambatvarana, with deep wide moat and a square

full of cattle. Pigs swarmed everywhere. Just to the westward was a magnificent great mass of gneiss, with precipitous sides showing vertical striæ which looked like the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway of Ireland. The range ends a little to the northward of the village in a vast dome of gneiss, with a big conical top which itself rises all of a thousand feet above the roughly undulating plain. It is called Mount Angavo. The highest point is said to be 4,880 feet above sea-level, or about one hundred feet above the site of Antananarivo. I visited several houses in this village that were tendered me, but each seemed worse than the other. Finally, I accepted a room in one, on condition that the pigs should sleep away from home for that night. After putting up my camp-bed and mosquito-netting, I found I could not get in all my very limited baggage and myself at the same time unless I suspended the most of the former from the walls, which accordingly I did, having driven wooden pegs into the interstices of the mud bricks. The upper floor into which the family were crowded was reached by a vertical bamboo ladder. Soon after lying down for the night I heard so much noise in the pig-sty that I was afraid my hostess had forgotten her promise. On searching I did not, it is true, discover any pigs, but there were a cat, a litter of pups and a brood of chickens. These, at least at my distance, did not smell, and I supposed would not indulge their respective vernaculars all the night, so I returned decided to make the best of the situation. But little did I know that by no means had a complete roster of the inmates been taken. I found long before morning that the place swarmed with vermin of all sorts: lice, fleas, mosquitoes, bugs, cockroaches, spiders and even scorpions. I arose at 2 A. M. and wished to take to the road at once, but had not the heart to waken my tired men before five. Within an hour we were off.

The face of the country now presented a very extraordinary appearance, and was of a wild and broken character not without a certain picturesqueness. The land was still of sedimentary clay but the smooth hills were deeply scarred by land-slides and washed by the heavy rains of summer. The brown grass having slipped or been worn away exposes vast red or yellow rents, making exposures of gneiss and granite. It reminded me of similar sights in eastern Brazil. The valleys were pretty hard travelling for my bearers, but on the moors the track was quite smooth and without rocks or gullies. It was however a very desolate region. Not a single hut did I see during the entire morning, and we met but

two or three travellers. We forded several small and crystal-clear streams. There was a hard climb up a long and narrow gulch, a sort of pass in fact from one valley to another. The highest point reached was 4,800 feet, and here the east wind blew with great force. We then descended a little and reached the large town of Kinazy. This is one of a series of Hova military stations, five in number, which stretch in the direction of the west coast and the Sakalava country, and along the line of easiest access to the capital. They thus form a series of defensible posts, within easy communication of each other, being only about fifteen miles apart. Each of these posts has its commander and garrison. Each is at the same time a cattle preserve and general depot. Great herds are always to be seen in their immediate neighborhood. These fortified towns clearly indicate the character of the Sakalava people, at least as they were a few years ago. Between them and the Hovas there seemed to exist a perpetual feud. The forts are now, however, in a sadly dilapidated condition and the moats full of trees, though they are still regarded as useful for the protection of cattle from marauders, and the gates are regularly barricaded at night. Kinazy numbers some eighty or so houses, built along the spur of a hill. It has double gateways and the inner one may be closed by a great round slab of stone, rolling it before the opening in the wall, as was the custom of closing the old tombs in Syria.

We passed on up the valley, and then crossed a high and steep ridge into still another, this one quite narrow, with hilly moors upon one side, and high rocky hills, with steep bare "palisades," upon the other. After crossing many small streams we forded the Firingalava river and then mounted to the extremity of a short level spur upon which was situated the town of Ambohinarina—thirty or forty houses and a chapel. The houses were built of reeds, thickly plastered with mud, and lined with mud bricks. The governor lent me one of his spare houses—a neat little hut of one story, containing but a single room, draped throughout with straw matting. The roof projecting on either side made comfortable verandahs. A cook-house adjoined, and the whole were surrounded with a paling of stout sticks. The style of house indicates that I have descended so much that the climate is warmer here; the next step will probably be the pure reed or palm-leaf hut. The other houses seemed full of squeaking pigs. I suppose the people endeavor to squeeze into any space that might by chance remain. This town is the second of the Hova frontier stations and is de-

fended by moat, wall and cactus hedges. There is a small Hova garrison. After my experience of the past night in a sort of vermin "happy family" cage, I greatly appreciated having a clean room and being comparatively alone—there were in fact fleas, mosquitoes, cockroaches and mice—but I could not mention these in the same day, or even the day after, the events recorded above. We had here also a concert of local professional talent, with a very long programme and not very long intermissions—lowing cattle, grunting swine, crowing roosters and baying, growling and fighting dogs—but I managed to snatch some sleep, and started on early the next morning.

My filanzana bearers are a jolly set. They take turns when on the march in relating diverting stories, and all shout and laugh like merry children at play. The fellows enjoy the most robust health and the utmost gayety of spirits, yet their life seems to me a hard one. There must be compensation here as elsewhere. Their endurance is remarkable. They will march from thirty to forty miles a day over the worst roads of any country in the world, over tracks upon which no animal could possibly carry you, much worse than the worst in any part of the Andes or the Himalayas, and they will continue marching this way and carrying a load of sixty or seventy pounds for a month at a time. We followed the little river Feringalava up the valley for a few miles, and then climbed a steep ridge and went along its crest and down into another valley, passing on the left a fine gneiss mountain, four miles long, and a little further another, this time a sharp-peaked one. Much of the region had been burned over and was quite black. When the red path ran through this it looked in the distance like a line of bright flame. The old dry grass is burned in winter to improve the quality of the young grass which comes up in the spring, it thus acting as a species of fertiliser.

I halted for lunch at Ampotaka, the third garrison town, which seemed to consist of about fifty houses, and contained several hundred cattle in its great fold—not to mention innumerable pigs. This station is 3,000 feet above the sea, or 1,800 below Antananarivo. Coming from the comparatively high level of the latter we found the afternoon exceedingly warm. Two of my coolies were in fact prostrated with the heat. I doctored and encouraged them a little, and was glad to see them all right the following morning. We were much tormented by a little black fly in the deeper valleys. The country thus far from the capital has

been very dry, the regular rains not only setting in somewhat later on the western than the eastern side of the island but being very much less in amount. The forest belt of the eastern side has doubtless much to do with this phenomenon, together with the strong and constant trade-winds which waft the clouds towards the high lands of the interior, where they are speedily condensed to rain. During the afternoon we arrived upon the summit of a long ridge whence the view of mountains and hills in every direction was really magnificent. There was a pretty valley, also, with green trees throughout its length, and a stream which tore along over a rough granite bed in many whirling rapids. Then we came to a river which most deserved this title of any we had seen since leaving Antananarivo—the Mahamokomita. We descended to its banks, which we followed for a long distance. Here we saw a couple of Sakalavas driving away a small herd of stolen cattle. One of them, a wild-looking fellow, armed with rifle and spear, passed near us, and gave us a greeting equivalent to “good-day.” We were glad to have our acquaintance with him cease with that commonplace. The scenery all along had been bold and picturesque, but at one point the river of which I have just spoken—it may have been two hundred feet wide—rolled over a tremendous ledge of granite in four cascades very like those of Trenton Falls, New York, only that here there was a double series, one on each side of the river.

An hour or so afterwards we entered a great amphitheatre, a basin perhaps ten miles across, in the centre of which stands the fourth of the Hova garrison posts. It is called Mangasoavina, and is a station of some eighty or ninety houses. The hut in which I had to take up my quarters was small and filthy, and swarming with vermin enough to fill one wing of a zoölogical museum with interesting specimens. I had stipulated in advance that the pig members of the family should be sent on a brief visit for their health. On arising during the night for a drink of water I was much surprised to find a battalion of immense cockroaches reconnoitering the spot where I had taken my evening meal. They scampered off with a great clatter upon the appearance of a light and myself upon the scene. Fortunately I had taken the precaution to lock up everything in my tin boxes so they could neither defile nor extract any of my provisions. In the morning I noticed one of my men lifting and peering under what I had taken for a bamboo mat. My curiosity was excited,

and I found the opening to an underground passage leading to another hut and then to the open air. The whole village was undermined in this manner, and these tunnels are used for escape from a raid of the ever-distrusted Sakalavas. In every hut is a drum which the occupants beat on occasion of attack, and, if too hard pressed, rush for their burrows. To assist in its defence there were four gates to this little village, one behind the other. These gates are closed by small trunks of trees, which are suspended from a cross-stick piercing one end, and thus you can during the day time push them aside, in order to pass, and they will naturally swing back to their places. At night a tier of logs enclosed in two upright tree trunks is placed behind them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A VISIT TO A GOLD MINE.

By six in the morning we were off again, and after a few miles passed on the left a splendid great mass of gneiss called Mount Andriba. We journeyed much along the crest of a high ridge which gave us in every direction fine views of the mountainous country. We then worked slowly up a long narrow and very rough pass and next entered a valley in the depressions of which I noticed many beautiful roffia and traveller's palms. There was here a considerable river, as far as width goes, though it was shallow and ran over smooth sand, and its banks were terraced with rice fields and supported a few shade trees. The little ribbon of silver and green looked very pretty amidst the brown and yellowish hills, with their great "beauty spots" of red clay. Especially noticeable were these washings, weatherings and land-slips. Great peaks of hard material had been left standing in precipitous abysses, whose clean mineral walls displayed a dozen shades of color. The characteristics were like those of the grand cañons of the Colorado and the Yellowstone rivers. During the day I passed the fifth and last of the Hova garrison towns, Malatsy, situated on a steep spur of hills. Malatsy numbers about fifty houses. There were also many little hamlets scattered about the valley, and among them was a Sakalava village. The Hova frontier proper may be said to terminate here, for beyond there is a belt almost unpeopled. This forms what was until quite recently a sort of debatable land between the wild coast tribes and the more civilized ones of the interior. This region used to be the resort of criminal outcasts and runaway slaves, and the transit across it was always considered hazardous. Leaving Malatsy I entered upon a rough but rather picturesque district with much running water, and many dells with trees like those on the edges of the forests of the eastern half of the great island. The road led through long valleys and over

pass after pass. The clay ridges were sprinkled with much quartz gravel, which caused even my rhinoceros-footed bearers to walk gingerly. There now appeared bamboos, wild citrons, guavas, fig-trees, gourds and acacias.

Descending from a long ridge I had been following toward the north, I arrived at the town of Ampasaritsy, pleasantly situated upon a low, smooth knoll, adjoining which are the residences of the officers of one of M. Suberbie's rich alluvial gold-washings. The precious metal is not found in quartz in this locality. I remained all night with the mining-engineer in charge of the works here, and there being nothing special for one not a professional to see, started early in the morning upon my last day's march before beginning the canoeing. We passed through a rough sterile section of country without a hut in sight, and without meeting a single traveller upon the road, and then crossing several smaller rivers, came down to the banks of the Ikopa, here about a thousand feet in width, rushing along its half exposed rocky bed, and full of small tree- and grass-covered islands. The rushing water, falling in cataracts of foam over ledges of rock, with borders of high yellow grass and green trees, made a very pretty sight. We reached this river at a point suffering from the extraordinary name of Antanimbarindratsontsoraka (I believe I have not omitted any syllables), and then followed its banks for several miles until we reached the half-way village between Ampasaritsy and Mevatanana. The view this morning had greatly opened toward the west, where you almost seemed to distinguish the sea-line. At last we were fairly out of the mountain region where we could never see more than ten miles in any one direction. We next turned a little inland from the river and entered a plain of drift, débris and huge boulders. At one of the villages at which I halted for the midday rest, a man sitting quite nude on a stone near his door, was being given a bath by his wife. She would pour the water over him and then rub him down as if he were a child. He sat grinning and seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. Though both men and women were continually passing, I was apparently the only one who perceived anything at all peculiar. Whether the wife afterwards received her bath in similar fashion at the hands of the husband, I did not inquire. It was only too probable that she did.

The region in which we were now was covered with scattered hamlets of Sakalavas. You can generally know a Sakalava by his

more coarse and brutal appearance and less intelligent eye than the Hova. The men, moreover, always "do up" their hair in little braids that hang down all around their head, and give them the look of women when they happen to be without beard. Physically they are small but stocky, sturdy men, like the Hovas. Their huts on this coast are exactly like those of the Betsimisarakas in the same latitude and altitude upon the east coast. As I stood upon the ridge where the gravel drift is most noticeable I saw near the road a human skull reared upon a pole. This once belonged to a Sakalava who was a notorious robber, and is thus placed as a warning and threat to would-be evil doers. The special outlook in the westerly distance was over an enormous undulating plain, part covered with trees, part with pasture, and part with cultivated crops. This remarkable view was bounded only by the horizon, which in places one was apt to mistake for the line of the sea. I had wished this day to reach the town of Mevatanana, and could have done so easily had not my men been an hour late in coming to me in the morning, and had they not taken two hours instead of one in which to eat their breakfast. As it was, night overtook us upon the desolate plain, and with no huts in the immediate neighborhood. I had pressed on hoping to reach the town or rather the headquarters of the gold mines of M. Suberbie in the vicinity. At last, however, it was evident that I must halt, or run the risk of broken limbs. There was nothing for it but to pass the night in the plain, so I had my camp-bed put up quite in "the open," and after my usual supper, turned in for a good sleep, and did not dream of hostile Sakalavas and skulls reared on poles. My men all lay down in the tall grass around me and drawing their white sheets over them were soon all joining in a great but not harmonious snoring chorus. As I lay thus surrounded by my faithful henchmen I felt almost like a King of the Cannibal Islands. At three o'clock in the morning I roused them all up and after treating them to a pail of tea, a large loaf of bread and one of my tins of bouilli and soup, I started on, our trail illumined by the planet Venus and a faint last-quarter moon. In half an hour we reached the quartz mines and then followed the track of a narrow-gauge railway which serves to transport the ore from the mines to the mill. We passed a large village of the laborers, and soon after saw before us the several dwellings of the European employes and officers, and near them on a low ridge the large two-story house of M. Suberbie, at one side of which was the residence

of M. Victor Guilgot, Director of the Mines at Suberbieville, for all these houses, and those of the laborers, constitute a small town thus given in compliment the name of the concessionnaire. I received a kindly welcome from M. Guilgot, and was appointed to a room in a neighboring cottage, taking my meals with him, his pretty young wife, and his charming mother-in-law. Mevatanana is but a little way from here. The name means "an excellent site for a city" and is appropriate, for it stands on a high ridge of clay, 240 feet above sea-level. It is splendidly fortified by Nature and reminded me at once of the general appearance of the city of Constantine, in Algeria. With modern guns and soldiers it would certainly be an impregnable post. From the northern end of the hill—where stands the house originally occupied by M. Suberbie—you have a magnificent panorama. To the east and south the country is empty, to the west, across the river Ikopa, at long intervals, are small Sakalava villages. Mevatanana contains two hundred houses. That of the governor is in a broad open square, close to which are the principal shops. It is two miles from here to the Ikopa at the point to which in the wet season the river is navigable for canoes.

The gold of Madagascar is nearly the purest in the world, being only surpassed, I believe, by that of Ballarat, in Australia. It has been known since the time when the island was first visited by the English missionaries, but no systematic mining has been done until comparatively recent years, and this always by foreigners. Concessions have been from time to time granted by the Malagasy government. That of M. Suberbie covers one hundred miles square and is to run for sixty years, of which but eight have as yet transpired. He has several alluvial works, but only one quartz-digging. Fifty-five per cent of the gold has to go to the government, which provides the native laborers, fortunately, for with such a large bonus to pay, M. Suberbie could hardly do so himself. It is, however, a system of forced labor which prevails. The government claims a right to three months out of the twelve for the work of all natives. A Hova official will go to a village, impress every man, woman and child there, and send them away to work in the mines. This forced labor seems especially hard on the people because, when they are drafted, their farms and cattle must necessarily be neglected. Many of them escape and, taking to the desolate parts of the country, lead the life of banditti. They are of course unwilling to return to their homes for fear of being again

drafted. All this has greatly added to the danger of travel in this section of the country. Criminals also are compelled to labor, and in chains. There were a score or more of these wretched creatures at Subervieville, and the perpetual clanking of their chains was really distressing. But I confess they themselves seemed to have no sense of shame, and were apparently quite as well contented without as they would be with their freedom. Most of them had been convicted of robbery; a few of mining and selling on their own account. For this the severe penalty of death was at first ordained, but has since been commuted into long imprisonment in chains. The greater part of M. Subervie's work has been so far in the alluvial washings of the beds and banks of streams. In the diggings the gold is found in pure quartz-rock. Near Subervieville are several shafts and galleries from which the rock is removed in little iron cars. American powder is used in the blasts. The gold is exported in the form of bricks and dust. Two American stamping mills are at work, a third is nearly erected, and a huge turbine wheel is being mounted, so that water-power may largely take the place of steam, since firewood is very scarce and costly. About eight hundred natives are at present employed by M. Subervie. Formerly he had three or four thousand, but the fear of being forced to work has caused a general exodus of the people from this part of the country, and it is now very difficult to get enough men. Besides M. Guilgot, the able and active manager, there are several other Frenchmen and two Americans employed. There are commodious and appropriate buildings for offices, for stores, for drug, blacksmith and carpenter shops, etc. The houses of M. Subervie and M. Guilgot are surrounded by large vegetable and flower gardens, and great boxes of orchids line the verandahs. There are small ponds, and in one place a cage in which there are three tame monkeys who will eat from your fingers and lick your hand like a dog. The houses of the other Europeans are clustered around. They all have broad verandahs and roofs of galvanised iron, and are very comfortable, when one considers the great heat which always prevails. The pretty little gardens of which I have spoken, are only to be maintained by great and continual labor and with a lavish use of water, the land being very sterile and in the winter, or dry season, as parched as the Sahara. Another concession has lately been granted by the government to some German capitalists interested in the gold mines of Johannesburg, South Africa, for a large district to the south of M. Subervie.

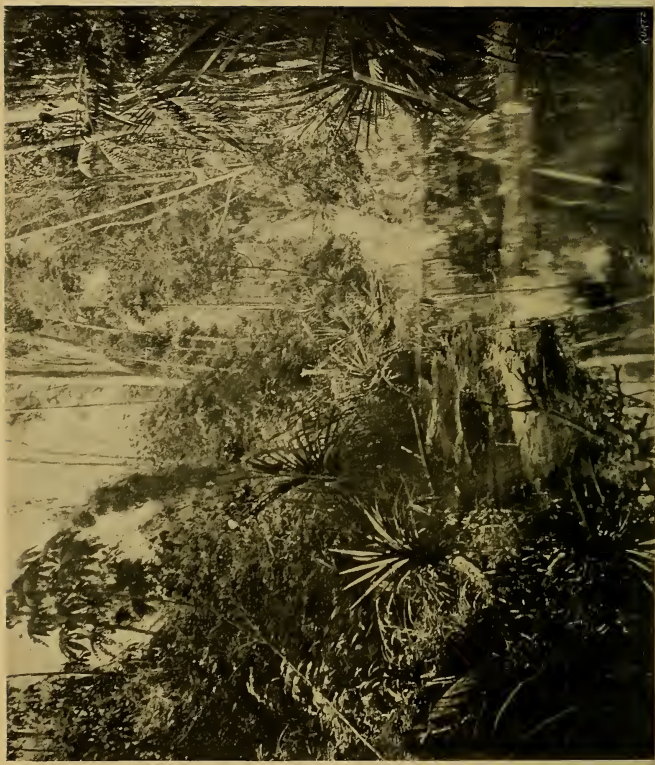
bie's tract, and they intend to set vigorously to work to prospect thoroughly their acquired territory.

From Mevatanana the route to Mojanga is generally by water, when there is enough to float the canoes—a species of dugout—the large ones carrying forty men. The canoe takes you down the river to the town of Marovoay, to the salt water, and here it is necessary to exchange it for a dhow, a boat about thirty feet long, eight broad and six deep. This has a wide and partially decked stern, and carries a big lateen sail. But when in winter there is not sufficient water to float a large canoe, the route then follows the course of the river at a distance of from five to ten miles. On September 19th I left Suberbieville for Mojanga. The canoes were awaiting me about a mile down the river. There were a large and a small one. M. Guilgot was sending the monthly produce of gold and some merchandise, and as I had an escort of eight soldiers and an officer, two canoes were necessary. The country through which we were to pass was in a disturbed state, and an escort was therefore furnished by the Hova governor of Mevatanana. These men had no distinguishing uniform but were armed with Snider rifles. Each canoe had four Sakalava rowers and a coxswain, a native of the Comoro islands, a sort of Arab, but speaking a lingo understood by the Sakalavas. The rowers sit in the bow and use a broad, short paddle, alternating a long with a short stroke, and often singing while working. When my baggage was placed in the long narrow canoe and the soldiers and crew were aboard, there was scarcely room enough for me to sit, and I had before me a voyage of several days in the burning sun without any sort of canopy. We started late in the day as we only intended to make a few miles and then, camping for the night, to reach as soon as possible a little steamer of M. Suberbie's which ascends the river as far as the shallow water will permit, and whose exact whereabouts were not then known. After a couple of hours' rowing, crossing frequently from bank to bank as the channel seemed to veer, and several times getting aground, when the men would jump into the water and lift or push us free immediately, we reached our camping place—an ordinary hut in an ordinary village. The river thus far had been from a quarter to half a mile in width, and everywhere extremely tortuous and shallow. In the morning at daylight we started on down the river, and soon arrived at a spot where it debouches into the muddy Betsiboka, a more important stream. The banks were flat and low, and covered with

vegetation. The country from here to the coast is occupied by semi-independent tribes of Sakalavas, who pay a nominal tribute to the central government at Antananarivo. The population however is thin and scattered, the villages numbering from ten to twenty houses. These houses are often well and artistically made of split bamboo reeds and palm leaf ribs and leaves, though so airy are some of them they look quite like great bird cages. The plains are frequently diversified by pretty chains of hills and the vegetation is very tropic; traveller's, roffia and fan palms, mango and tamarind trees, the banana, and quantities of the *via*, an arum lily of large size, abound. The banks are frequently composed of great terraces of fine sand, and indicate a rise in the rainy season of at least twelve feet. There are many aquatic birds and a few crocodiles, some of the latter being as much as fifteen feet in length. I frequently fire at them, but though often wounding, never know if I kill them, as they glide from the low smooth sand spits into the bottom of the river, and do not soon afterwards come to the surface. Lower down, the river is quite full of these uncanny monsters, and though they are never known to upset a canoe or attack its occupants, they occasionally mangle or kill a native who is careless in bathing, and frequently seize and drown an ox who may advance too far into the stream while drinking. We went on until dark along a part of the river said to be infested with pirates, and regarded as so dangerous that my soldiers sat holding their rifles in their hands, as if expecting an attack any moment from hidden foes. But nothing happened, and not being able to quite reach our originally planned point, we halted for the night in a Hova garrison town, surrounded with a heavy wooden palisade. The governor kindly gave up his house to me, and after a comfortable night, I continued the journey at daylight.

We soon left the main stream, which has a current of about four miles an hour, and, entering a small affluent, proceeded up this to a place where we expected to exchange the canoe for the steamer. We were, however, destined to be disappointed, for, owing to the very low water, the steamer had not come up so far. My men now informed me they had only agreed to take me to this point, and that they would not carry me on. I nevertheless was determined to reach the steamer at Mojanga, which once a month connects at Nosy Bé with the other from Tamatave to Zanzibar. So I sent for the Hova commandant and explained my situation, begging

him to use his authority and influence with my men. He, however, seemed quite afraid of them, and was of no service to me. A palaver went on at intervals for a couple of hours. Neither bribes nor threats seemed of any avail. Then my patience was exhausted, and nothing being settled, I ordered the men to cook and eat their breakfast, for I thought that my personal persuasion might be more effectual in appealing to full stomachs, but, upon calling the roll, was surprised to find that half the men had deserted. Things were now getting serious, and I saw that I must make a demonstration. So revolver in hand I advanced savagely upon the two Comoro men, whom I believed had instigated the others to mutiny, and threatened to shoot either of them who should not at once get into his canoe. At the same time I sent a messenger to the Hova official to tell him my determination, and that if he did not get my missing boatmen together in fifteen minutes, there would be very serious trouble for which he would be held responsible by his government, to which I should report him. The ruse—although there was more in it than a mere ruse, for I certainly “meant business”—had its effect, and I started with but one man short, and his place I bribed a soldier to fill. We went rapidly on during the afternoon, through thick woods and plantations of the Sakalavas, amidst pretty scenery of hill and plain, passing a score of crocodiles lying log-like upon the sandbanks, and meeting a small fleet of canoes bound with various merchandise up-stream to Subervieville. In ascending the river the boatmen stand two on either side of the bow, and pole the boat rapidly along. There were no inhabitants upon the banks, the little hamlets being situated at some distance inland. The birds increased in number: egrets, flamingoes, ducks and pigeons. At dusk having first driven a half a dozen crocodiles from a sandbank, we landed and cooked and ate our dinner, and then entered the canoes to continue the journey, as there was no neighboring village where we could pass the night. We had reached the head of tide-water, which rose so fast that we had several times in the course of our meal to move further inland. My men had during the day been somewhat more civil, but in the evening became again mutinous, notwithstanding my promise of liberal gifts upon the completion of the voyage. I never closed my eyes throughout the night, and had literally to drive the men on at the point of my revolver. One would quietly draw in his paddle and go to sleep, when I would rush upon him from my seat, put the paddle in his hands, and compel him to continue his



work. So we went slowly on all night, our progress being further delayed a part of the way by a strong head wind.

Early in the morning we entered a small stream, a few miles up which is the town of Marovoay, where we expected to find the steamer or, if not, at least a dhow which would take us across the Bay of Bembatoka to Mojanga. We reached this place at eight o'clock, after sitting almost continuously for twenty hours in a canoe three feet broad and two deep! The steamer proved to be in. It was of iron, about ten tons burden, and had side-wheels. A Frenchman was the only foreigner connected with its management and he informed me it would leave the next morning at four o'clock for Mojanga. The town of Marovoay was half a mile distant from the landing, lying on a plain at the base of a prominent hill, upon which was an old fort and the residence of the governor. The town was built of the customary palm stems and leaves, the houses standing on either side of long crooked sandy streets, shaded by many great mango and tamarind trees. From the summit of the hill a splendid view of the surrounding plain and winding river is obtained. The governor received me with much courtesy, treating me to champagne, and sending after me to the steamer the present of a pair of ducks and a pair of geese. The little vessel started promptly at daylight and proceeded at its best pace—including the impetus of the current, about five miles an hour. The country is mostly level and covered with forest from Marovoay to the bay. The river is from one to two miles in width. It is about thirty miles from the mouth of the Betsiboka—which has been ascended for one hundred miles—to the town of Mojanga. The bay is in parts eight or ten miles in width. The shores present no striking or beautiful scenery. Mojanga has a little port, which is somewhat sheltered by a sandy spit curving from north to south. There are two towns—the upper is on a ridge from one hundred to two hundred feet high, while the lower extends along the sandy shore for a mile or more. The houses in the latter are huddled together in the sand, as at Tamatave, and are made of palm-leaves as dry as tinder. A fire consequently is exceedingly dangerous, and in connection with a strong wind is fatal. One occurred a few years ago, and burned down the entire native town. The houses of the few Europeans and the Baniau (British India) and Arab merchants, however, escaped, being made either of stone or brick. Formerly Mojanga was an important place, with many Arabs, principally engaged in

the slave trade, but now its population is much dwindled and it is quite dead commercially. The streets are sandy, dirty and unlighted at night. There are two mosques, an Arab and an Indian. The governor resides in a stone circular fort at the extremity of the point near which the town is built, but it is not garrisoned at present. On the hill and in the neighborhood are many splendid specimens of the mango and baobab trees.

CHAPTER XXX.

MADAGASCAR TO ZANZIBAR.

AFTER stopping two days in Mojanga I took passage in a little French steamer of 400 tons burden, belonging to the Messageries Maritimes Company for the island of Nosy Bé, on the northwest coast, and about 150 miles distant. This steamer, as before mentioned, makes a monthly tour of the ports on the west coast and connects at Nosy Bé with the large mail steamer running between Marseilles, Tamatave and Zanzibar. It carries only first and fourth class passengers. We had a few of each class, French and Bombay merchants. We kept in sight of land during most of the voyage, and as we neared Nosy Bé beheld some pretty ranges of mountains, which stand about 2,500 feet above sea-level. We also saw some curious conical rocks along the shore. Crossing Ampasindara Bay we had before us the island of Nosy Bé—perhaps fifteen miles square—and several other smaller ones, the most of them being covered with trees. Nosy Bé has belonged to France for over half a century, and has an *administrateur principal*—at present M. Joseph François—for its governor. The general aspect of the island is altogether tropical, with its dense mass of vegetation peculiar to regions approaching the Equator. Thus I noticed mango and tamarind trees, cocoanut-palms, bananas, the bread-fruit—splendid large trees in fine perfection—custard-apples, papayas, lemons and limes. The inhabitants grow many vegetables, salads and pimentos, or hot spicy peppers. They also raise great quantities of poultry. The neighboring sea supplies a profusion of good fish and a variety of small oysters. The town stands upon the south side of the island. It has several quarters or, more properly, distinct settlements: one of Sakalavas, another of Bombay and Arab merchants, and a third of French, Malagasies, Comoro islanders and negroes from the African coast. The latter village is nearly concealed from view by the large mango and other trees which so

greatly abound. The chief administrator's house, that of the agent of the Steamer Company, and some warehouses alone being prominent. As to the dwellings they are of palm-leaf, with a few brick and stone ones belonging to French people. There are good macadamised streets shaded by long rows of great trees, faintly illumined at night by kerosene-lamps, a quaint stone church, a small market, a large public garden, and many buildings used by the government or, formerly, by the troops—none of the latter being now stationed here, though there is generally a French man-of-war or two in the harbor. From many of the streets you catch pretty views of the surrounding sea and hilly islands. The inhabitants seem largely composed of Comoro islanders, the women in particular being bright and gay, and often speaking French quite fluently. I landed at a long stone jetty and there being no hotel, hired a small house, and took my meals at a neighboring café. Nosy Bé is warm, but a sea-breeze generally prevails during a great part of the day which renders the heat quite endurable. The climate is healthy but the summit—1,800 feet above the sea—of one of the neighboring islands, that of Nosy Komba, is used by a few of the foreign residents as a sanatorium. The administrator, in particular, has a comfortable house here, which, at his kind invitation, I visited in company with one of his staff-officers. We crossed the bay in the Harbor-master's boat, some ten miles, to a small Sakalava village, on the shore of Nosy Komba. Here we took filanzanas and started for the top of the hill. The path, which led through beautiful forests of palms and bamboos, was very rough and steep. We passed a small house belonging to the chief priest of Nosy Bé, and next the better-made dwelling of a French merchant, and then came the house of the administrator, a plain wooden affair with an iron roof. From its verandah we had a superb view of Nosy Bé and the surrounding islands and sea, of the town, and the ships in the harbor. A short distance back of the town a huge extinct crater was prominently visible. The island had greatly indented shores and was hilly, partly covered with forests, with grazing land, and sugar and vanilla plantations. We descended in half an hour, a half part of the time necessary to come up, the bearers going at a rapid trot. Arrived at the Sakalava village, the wind was found too strong to cross at once, and so we dined at the house of one of the administrator's secretaries, and sailed back to town about midnight. At Nosy Bé I concluded my Madagascar tour of 750 miles.

I had to wait four days for the French steamer going to Zanzibar which calls also at the island of Mayotta, a couple of hundred miles nearly due west from here. There were on board a number of officers and soldiers going home, a few merchants, and a civic official from the island of Bourbon, the only first-cabin passenger except myself. Early the following morning Mayotta was in sight, a very pretty island of volcanic formation, with a peak exactly like that called *La Pouce*, or *The Thumb*, in Mauritius. As we drew in I noticed that the vegetation was rather sparse, though there was much pasture-land. Mayotta produces little beyond sugar, vanilla and cacao. It is completely surrounded by a large reef between which and the island are several pretty islets, on one of which to the eastward of the large island, the French colony is built. We followed a long winding channel, between several outlying islands, first to the west and then to the north until we dropped anchor near the little town. The surface of Mayotta was very rough and hilly. Here and there were palm-leaf villages, interspersed with large sugar estates. The town consists of little more than cottages for officials and military officers, and barracks for troops. There is also a little fort mounting some small old-fashioned cannon. Within it is the dwelling of the local administrator.

Late in the afternoon we left for Zanzibar, going out by the same tortuous channel by which we had entered. Early the following morning I caught a very distant glimpse of the great Comoro island, some of whose mountains reach an altitude of 8,600 feet. There is here also a volcano which, though inactive during the past twenty years, is not considered extinct. There are sugar and vanilla plantations. But unfortunately there is no water supply and the inhabitants have to depend wholly upon what they collect during rainfalls and preserve in tanks. There are two other islands of the Comoro group: *Johanna* and *Mohilla*. Mayotta is, as I have said, a French colony, the others are under a French protectorate. About all there is on *Mohilla* is one large sugar plantation. *Johanna* is the most fertile and healthy island of the four. It has a splendid water supply, there being several rivers in the island. It has a fine harbor and several sugar plantations, the largest one being owned by an American, named *Wilson*, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in *Port Louis*, Mauritius. Vanilla, tobacco, cotton and coffee are also grown. There is a Sultan here.

The next morning we had a view of the mainland of Africa—a

low, smooth, wooded country, with some ranges of hills just discernible in the far distance, and a great sandy beach at the sea's edge. A few hours afterwards we caught sight of the large, low island of Zanzibar, covered with a rather scrubby vegetation in which palms, bananas and mangoes take a prominent place. The shores were great sloping beaches of white sand. The Arabians who first looked upon this island named it Zanzibar, which means Paradise, and such it is in comparison with the shores of the Persian Gulf. As we threaded our way along between the mainland and the island, the sea was everywhere dotted with Arab dhows, or sloops with great lateen sails. The mainland, twenty-five or thirty miles distant, could only be seen in spots. The city of Zanzibar stands about the centre of the western side of the island. Nearly opposite upon the mainland is the town of Bagamoyo, the chief point of departure (and arrival) of caravans which pass into or out from the great central lake region by one or the other of several nearly parallel routes.

The island of Zanzibar is about fifty miles in length and fifteen in width. It is about equally distant—say 2,400 miles—from the Suez Canal, from India, and from the Cape of Good Hope. It is 1,332 miles from Tamatave direct to Zanzibar. Off the coast are several small, low islands, and some large sand-banks, but navigation is not difficult and there is a plenty of water for the largest of ships to enter its commodious and safe harbor. We soon saw the great white buildings of the city, which is situated on a broad point of land, with a slight slope towards the sea. Beyond is a range of prettily wooded hills. Before reaching the city we passed a large summer-palace belonging to the Sultan—a plain three-story building having much more the appearance of a factory than a palace. The city from the water and at a distance was quite picturesque. At one side, near the shore, was a great collection of brown palm-leaf huts, the home of the poorer natives, and beyond them rose the spire of the English church. On the extreme point stood the British Consulate and the warehouses of European merchants. A great square three-storied edifice with verandahs to every story, near the harbor, particularly claimed attention. The upper floor seemed opened to the air all around, the roof being raised above it. The walls were of a coarse kind of coral or of a light-colored lime-stone; the roof of galvanized iron. The windows, of which there were continuous rows all round the building, opened down to the floors. The only attempt at orna-

mentation of any kind was in the gilded Arabic inscriptions on the balcony railings. This was the palace of the Sultan. Near it stood a lofty, many-storied, square tower, containing a clock giving Turkish time, which is six hours behind our own. There are here, in striking contrast with the glaring white walls of the houses, clumps of mangoes, palms, bananas, papayas and other tropical plants. The flagstaves and flags of many consulates broke somewhat the hard, stiff lines of the flat-roofed houses. In the harbor there lay at anchor four small British and a German man-of-war, four or five cargo steamers, a yacht or two of the Sultan's and, near the beach, in a sort of bay, a great fleet of native dhows and coasting vessels. In the distance, along the shore to the north, were a couple of old stone palaces of the Sultan, together with a few residences of the city's rich men. The Sultan has several so-called palaces scattered about the island, but he does not dwell in them for any length of time.

On going ashore my first surprise was that there should be no Custom-house examination or even inquiry regarding my baggage. My second surprise was at the terrific heat of the narrow uncovered streets, which average from four to twenty feet in width, and are very crooked. They are lighted by lamps suspended from the walls of the houses. They are either macadamised, or covered with concrete. There are of course no sidewalks. The only method of getting about the city is on foot. For trips into the suburbs or country, horses are to be had. There are also many carriages used outside the town, the English dog-cart seeming to be the favorite style. The Sultan has a large stable, containing some good Arab horses. Most of those used by Europeans are the tough little ponies of the Comoro islands. I had a long walk between dingy, tumble-down houses—whose only remarkable feature was the prettily carved wood-work of their doors—until I reached a small German hotel, situated near the edge of the sea, where I found very good clean and airy rooms, and where my special servant was a Zanzibari who had been across Africa with Stanley on the Emin Pasha relief-expedition. He spoke a few words of English, and informed me that "Mr. Stanley he good man, but dwarfs very bad people." The fellow's name was Abdallah, and he was a splendid bronze Hercules as to physique.

Zanzibar lies about 6° 30' south of the Equator, but owing to its fortunate position enjoys nearly always a refreshing breeze. The average temperature of the year is very equable, ranging, it is said,

between 70° and 80°. The island is believed to contain a total of some 225,000 inhabitants, of which number about 100,000 are allotted to Zanzibar city. During the northeast monsoon—December, January and February—foreign traders increase the latter estimate by 30,000 to 40,000. The population is very mixed. There are Arabs, half-caste Arabs and Africans or Suahelis, Comoro islanders, Parsees, Malagasies, and Indians or Banians, as they are usually called, who come from the west coast of India. Almost all the retail trade is in the hands of this race, who live so economically that no European can compete with them. When rich they generally return to their own country. More than half the native population are said to be slaves. Those already in servitude are allowed to be owned as slaves, though no more may be bought, sold or imported. The British Agency here, assisted by several gun-boats, is giving rigid support to this law. You frequently see in the streets of Zanzibar a half a dozen or more men and women—women quite as frequently as men—who are passing along, chained together by the neck or waist with large and heavy links. These are not slaves, but convicts. The most of them are thus punished for comparatively minor offences, such as theft and assault. They are always laughing and talking, and seem as happy and contented as ordinary non-criminals. There are about a hundred foreigners living in the city: British, Germans, French, Portuguese and Americans. Many of these are in the employ of the Sultan in civil or military capacities. His Prime Minister is an Englishman who once had command of the native army. The latter, by the way, numbers about 1,200 men, armed with Snider rifles. I afterwards saw the whole number on parade. They were led by two English officers, one a general, the other a captain. The men marched in very soldierly fashion. They were dressed in a neat white uniform of European style, and wore small red caps. The only irregularity seemed to be in their foot-gear—some having leather shoes, some canvas, and some going barefoot. The men were all Suahelis, who are said, when properly led, to make good fighters, though not so good as the Soudanese. The remainder of the foreigners are settled as merchants or agents.

Zanzibar is the largest town and the centre of the trade and commerce of East Africa. The chief exports seem to be ivory, caoutchouc, sesame seed, skins, cloves, copra, orchilla and gum copal. In 1891 the exports were valued at \$7,000,000. Nearly



A Clove Plantation, Zanzibar.

one-half of this was ivory. Of cloves nearly a million dollars' worth were exported. The principal imports are raw and unbleached cotton, and manufactured goods, the value of the latter being about double the former. The British Indian rupee (50 cents), and the new rupee of the German East Africa Company are the coins current. As to the government, the protectorate of England was conferred in 1890. The Zanzibar dominions, originally acquired by the Imams of Muscat by conquest from native chiefs and the Portuguese, were formerly held as appanages of Muscat, but in 1861 became independent of that State. The Sultan at the period of my visit was Ali bin Said. He succeeded to the Sultanate in February, 1890, and was only on the throne about three years, dying of dropsy March 5, 1893, thirty-five years of age. The succession is not from father to son, as in most monarchical countries, but from brother to brother, and then starting afresh with the son of the last brother. The new Sultan is Hamed Said bin Tweni, son of the Sultan Said Tweni of Muscat—a grand-nephew of the late Sultan of Zanzibar.

On the day of my arrival I had a sharp attack of Malagasy fever which kept me in bed for four days. It was probably contracted during my canoe voyage down the Ikopa and Betsiboka rivers, and was waiting until my system should be sufficiently exhausted to assert itself. This it certainly did, quite making up for any lost time by its vehemence. This fever, like so many of the African ones, generally commences in the afternoon with chills, and rises rapidly to its climax, with constant and terrific pain in the head, vomiting, profuse perspiration, frequently delirium, and then, on the following morning, great prostration and continuation of the pain in the head. This pain, by the way, is something that "must be felt to be appreciated." Sometimes it is a sharp pang that will pierce one part steadily for a period of twenty-four hours, without ceasing its power for a second. Sometimes the agony will be that produced by a tremendous pressure upon every portion of the skull, as if the blood were being forced into the head with a pump. The nausea continues, and you are quite unable to eat until the fever is broken, and even then it may be weeks before you have a natural relish for your food. This fever increases every afternoon and evening, and gradually diminishes day by day until it ceases. The treatment usually followed is the heroic: first to give strong purgatives and afterwards heavy doses of quinine—thirty to fifty grains. As the fever lessens, the doses of quinine are

diminished but not omitted for several days, or, sometimes, weeks. This is the fever which Madam Pfeiffer, the celebrated Austrian traveller, contracted in Madagascar, and of which she afterwards died.

One day I took a drive of six or seven miles down the coast towards the south, to one of the Sultan's palaces—that which we passed in entering port from Madagascar. The road was good, being macadamised the whole way. The vegetation consisted mostly of mango and cocconut-palm trees, and much manioc was cultivated. Very striking in appearance were a few baobab trees, looking, with their branchless trunks and leafless limbs, like huge turnips standing on their tops. Some of these trees bore at a distance the appearance of a clump of half a dozen growing closely together. Some of their massy bodies were as much as twelve feet in diameter. There were but few native houses on my road, but several pretty bungalows of European merchants and of rich Banians doing business in the neighboring town. The palace of the Sultan is finely situated on a bluff at the edge of the beach, and a grand view may be had of the sea, the mainland of Africa, and of the city of Zanzibar. The palace seen near by is very plain and somewhat dilapidated. At one side were a large merry-go-round, and a huge vertical wheel fitted with swinging chairs. Both of these machines were turned by steam power. They gave a decided Coney Island flavor to the scene. At another spot were some pretty gardens full of bright flowers and curious-leaved plants, and several tanks and fountains. The interior of the palace is said to be handsomely furnished in European style, but it is only exhibited to visitors through special order from the Sultan. His Highness sometimes spends a day here, but never more, and consequently everything is allowed to go to "rack and ruin" in true Moham-medan fashion. On another occasion I took a drive in the opposite direction, along the coast towards the north. After passing through the Portuguese and Arab quarters, there came a very long street of Hindoo shops and huts, and then the open country. Soon thereafter I halted at the entrance of another of the Sultan's palaces and, alighting, visited the house and grounds. The latter are very extensive and are surrounded by a high coral-rock wall. They are full of palms and mango trees. A broad stone causeway leads from the gate directly to the building, which is large, two stories high, and faced by two pretty fountains, and a flower and vegetable garden. Returning to my dog-cart, I drove on through a fine grove



H. H. the late Sultan of Zanzibar.

of trees under which nestled several little villages. I then passed two or three old ruined palaces of former Sultans, and returned to town in the early evening.

The Sultan has a band of thirty Portuguese musicians who play in a small square before his city palace every Wednesday afternoon from five to six, and for a short time at eight every evening. This serves also as the military band for the troops, who have besides a Suaheli drum and fife corps. For the weekly concert a circle of chairs is placed about the band for the exclusive use of the foreign residents. On one side of the square is the Sultan's harem. It is a large three-storied building, with several field-pieces stored upon the lower verandah, and Persian guards on duty at the door. The windows of the upper floors are carefully screened from too prying eyes by green jalousies, through which the ladies of the harem are supposed to be peeping during many of their waking hours. The Sultan is said to have some fifty or sixty women in his seraglio—Circassians, Georgians, Persians and Arabs—who are strictly guarded by black eunuchs and mutes. A covered bridge leads from the great palace to the quarters of the harem. Lying upon the ground near the palace were a score of old bronze cannon, some of them being twenty feet in length. Along the sea front here are also several large brass cannon, one of which is used for signals. There is also a large stone tank filled with water for public use, and drawn from faucets placed at frequent intervals. The tank has been fancifully fashioned in the form of a steamer. Here are also confined in cages a large African lion and lioness. At the time of my visit several hundred natives were grouped about the band, and were kept at a proper distance by an Arab armed with a huge stick. The band played a selection of operatic and military airs very well indeed, in fact I was agreeably surprised at the softness and sweetness of their music. But with such oriental surroundings a selection from "Martha" did seem rather bizarre. The concert terminated promptly at six by playing "God save the Queen," while the signal-gun boomed, the guards, drawn up in line, saluted, and the red flag of Zanzibar fell from its staff. It was quite a dramatic scene.

During my stay in Zanzibar the (late) Sultan honored me with an invitation to visit him in the great palace which was reserved for audiences, balls and fêtes, he himself living in a neighboring house connected with it by several enclosed bridges passing from floor to floor. Mr. C. W. Dow, the American Consul, who speaks

Suaheli fluently, was invited to accompany me. We went in full evening-dress, the Sultan sending for us one of his own carriages, with coachman in the royal livery. On alighting at the grand entrance of the palace we were received at the steps by the chamberlain. Then passing between double lines of the Persian guard, who presented arms at command of their officer, we entered the huge carved and bossed doors, passed under a massive crystal chandelier and then mounted a long wooden staircase to the second floor. The building is erected in a quadrangle and the great covered court is filled with double lines of staircases which connect the several floors. There are two flights running in opposite directions between each floor, the ceilings being very high. At the top of our staircase the Sultan, surrounded by some of his head men and a few guards, stood waiting to receive us, bowing and shaking hands in most graceful and friendly fashion. He then led the way into a reception-hall, which extends the entire length of the building, and asked us to take chairs at a large round table near the centre of the room. Around the walls was a row of ordinary cane-seated chairs; the rest of the furniture was in old gold and crimson brocade. Enormous chandeliers of crystal and silver depended from the lofty ceiling. Along the inner-wall of the room were niches which were filled with rare clocks, vases, and costly and curious bric-a-brac. On the opposite side was a row of windows reaching to the floor, and above them were wooden tablets covered with inscriptions in Arabic from the Koran, in gold letters upon a green background. Great mirrors in rich frames extended quite around the room and added much to its brilliancy. A single officer alone remained, and he was at a considerable distance. A long and spirited conversation then took place, Mr. Dow kindly acting as interpreter.

His Highness was a medium-sized man of rather light-brown complexion, with bright dark eyes, having a pleasing expression, and wearing a beard and a moustache which were cropped close according to Moslem fashion. His voice was soft and rather thin and high, as if he was suffering from some throat or lung trouble, though he did not look in ill health. He was dressed in fine linen undergarments, over which was worn a dark cloth tunic, brodered heavily with gold lace. His feet were bare and thrust into leather sandals; upon his head he wore a little white cap of very fine lawn. He had donned no jewelry of any description, nor any decorations, though, besides his own order, he has the Grand Cross of the Star

of India, received from Queen Victoria. There was a strong scent of attar of roses about His Highness. In conversation he showed himself very curious but courteous, asking many questions about America, and also concerning my travels in Africa and other parts of the world. He was graceful, dignified, and charmingly unaffected. During our interview fragrant coffee was served in little silver-mounted cups, and afterwards goblets of cool sherbet delicately flavored with bitter almonds. The Sultan then kindly offered to show us his palace, himself leading the way and explaining everything as we passed. All the walls of the interior corridors of each floor are covered with pictures, some by foreign, some by native artists, some of merit and many of none. I noticed portraits of the chief monarchs of Europe, several having been presented by themselves, and of Said Burgash, a former Sultan and brother of the late Sultan. There were also a number of pictures of local history. In one corner stood the as yet unused apparatus of a short line of telephone. In others were several cases full of Arabic books, among which the Koran and its commentaries were conspicuous. These corridors were full of furniture, gilded and pushed, of bureaus and sideboards and tables of choice woods, deftly carved. Rich gilded doors led from the corridors into various large parlors, reception-halls, ball and banquet rooms. They were of similar style of decoration and furnishment to the great reception-hall below. The Sultan took us from one of the upper floors out upon its wide verandah where the view of the harbor, the little islands, and even the distant mainland was very fine. He walked the entire length of this verandah with us, halting some time in the corner nearest the harem. This I learned afterwards was to allow his ladies to have a peep at us through their venetians. After resting a little in the reception-hall, where the Sultan kept up a lively and often humorous conversation with us, we took leave, His Highness coming to the top of the staircase, shaking hands, and wishing us every prosperity. At the outer door the Persian guard were again in line and saluted as we entered our carriage, around which a crowd of curious natives had collected and, thinking we must be people of some consequence, gravely salaamed to us as we drove away, well pleased with our courteous reception. The following day the Sultan did me the honor to bestow upon me his order of the Star of Zanzibar, and a large photograph of himself in his state robes, bearing his autograph in Arabic. I at once called at the palace to personally thank him

for his gracious kindness and, upon leaving, he surprised me by presenting me with a fine water-color painting which I had particularly admired on my first visit. Its subject was the city of Zanzibar, with the foreign men-of-war, gayly decked in bunting, steaming past the palace, and firing salutes on the occasion of his succession to the Sultanate.

I called one afternoon upon Tippoo Tib, the Arab governor of a large district of the Congo Free State, who was first made known to the world in the books of the explorer Stanley. Tippoo Tib ten or fifteen years ago was comparatively poor. He is now said to be the richest native in Africa, having property to the value of about \$800,000. He is just building a fine large three-story house in the city of Zanzibar, and intends to reside here permanently after a visit to Europe, and one more to the Upper Congo. Tippoo received me at the street door and led me to a long narrow sitting-room upon the second floor. Here were ottomans and pillows, but the remainder of the furnishing was altogether in European style. Upon the wall hung many fine swords, daggers and pistols, and upon the centre-table were a set of tea-things and smoking utensils in delicate filigree silver-work. Tippoo is a large broad-shouldered man of more than middle-age. His head is shaved and his iron-gray beard trimmed close. He was dressed in a long tunic of fine white linen. His naked feet were in leather sandals, and upon his head he wore a cap of embroidered white linen. We took chairs, and through an interpreter had a long chat about Central Africa, Stanley, Zanzibar and Europe. Tippoo Tib's sons were administering his province during his absence, and, learning that I intended to visit the Congo, he promised to give me letters of introduction to them. One of these, Sefu, the eldest, and a most bitter enemy of the Congo Free State, has since been killed in a fight with the Belgians. During our talk the customary small cups of coffee and large goblets of sherbet were served. Tippoo then took me all over his new house, with its wide view of the sea from the terraces. On leaving he insisted not only upon accompanying me to his door, but into the street for a distance of a hundred yards, as a special mark of respect, and appreciation of my call.



Tipoo Tib.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

BEFORE continuing my journey I paid a visit to the mainland at Bagamoyo, in company with two gentlemen connected with the American Consulate at Zanzibar. The distance across as sailed is about thirty miles. A strong current to the north sets through the channel between Zanzibar island and the continent, and there are many great sandbanks, some a little above, some a little below, the surface, both to be carefully avoided. The navigation is therefore especially dangerous for steamers, which have to thread their way into port whether coming from the north or the south. We hired one of the Arab dhows to take us across. There are many hundreds of these boats which ply in and out of Zanzibar. They bear the letter Z and a number upon their sails, and nearly all carry the British flag. The special vessel that we hired was about thirty feet long, fifteen wide and ten deep. It had a long sharp prow and broad square stern. It was decked only a little space in the bow and in the stern. Under the latter was a small cabin capable of holding four people. The centre of the boat was roofed with palm-leaf and mats, upon which were placed great coils of rope and on one side a row-boat. The mast was about twenty-five feet in height and held a single lateen-sail attached to a yard perhaps forty feet in length. There were anchors in both bow and stern. In one place stood a large tank of drinking water, in another a box of sand where fires were made for cooking food. The crew numbered six Suaheli boys, with but one officer, the Arab captain. The men were quite naked, save for their small loin cloths. When the sail had been swung to one side, the stays were shifted to the opposite, thus giving additional support to the mast. The ropes were coarse but strong, being made of cocoanut fibre; the blocks were crude enough affairs but seemed to answer their purpose. In fact the whole boat was coarse and primitive, roughly but very

strongly built of hard wood. These dhows will carry considerable cargo and are very good sea-boats. The Arab captains are capable and brave seamen, and are not afraid to carry sail in heavy weather.

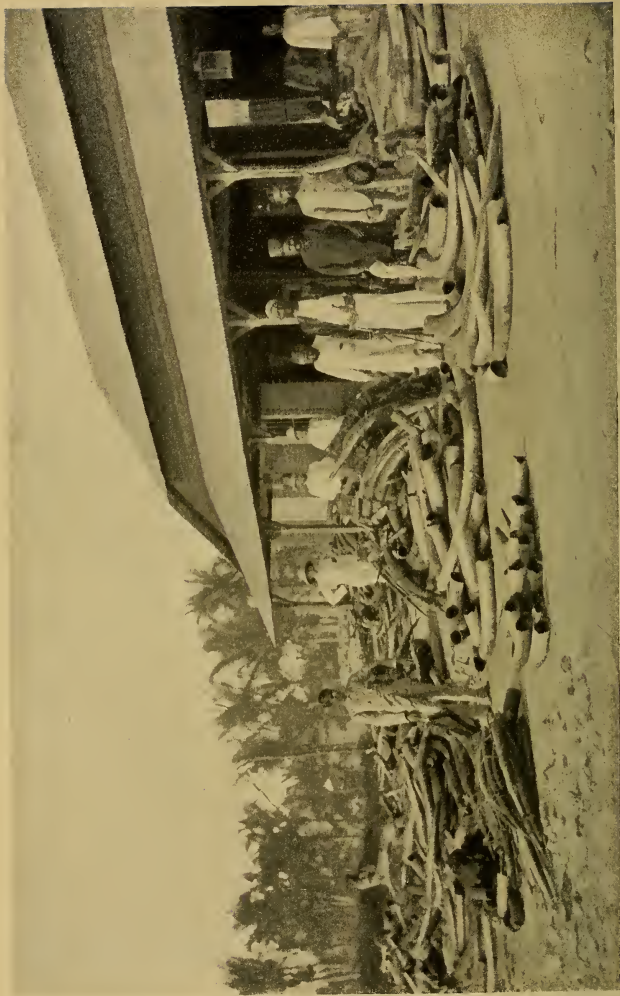
We started at half past twelve, our chief presenting a very picturesque appearance, standing upon the little quarter-deck dressed in a long yellow gown, over which was worn a short embroidered jacket, and a huge white turban, and giving his orders in a loud authoritative voice to weigh the anchor and hoist the sail. We were soon speeding over the roadstead and headed for Bagamoyo, which lies southwest of Zanzibar. The Sultan's tower remained in sight for a long time, and when we were half way across we could just discern both the island of Zanzibar and the low country in the neighborhood of Bagamoyo. We passed several dhows, and many men fishing with hook and line from little outrigger canoes far away in the middle of the channel, generally locating themselves upon the edge of the great sandbanks. The water over these is of the most beautiful bright green tint, while all around it is of a dark purple. Upon some of the banks the sea breaks in long lines of foam. Their tawny yellow, and the varying tints of the water have a very pleasing effect. The wind generally rises about ten o'clock in the morning, and blows quite freshly during the remainder of the day. At night there is a land breeze and this is frequently used in returning from Bagamoyo, leaving there very early in the morning. At last we passed a large sandbank upon which a spindle had been placed, and now saw dimly before us the town of Bagamoyo. The coast here is low and level and is prefaced by a very wide and gently-sloping beach. Cocoanut palms are a prominent feature of the landscape. A score of two- and three-story residences of the German officials and merchants, and another score of Banian shops, owing to the density of the vegetation, alone appear from the sea, but beyond these stands a large native town with huts of mud and palm-leaf. The view is pretty, but tame. At the southern extremity is a small fort which was built by Major Wissmann. This mounts a few good modern cannon, and is garrisoned by a company of Soudanese. Near this is the building of the officers' mess, which contains also a reading-room and a billiard-table. It was through one of the windows of the dining-room of this house that Dr. Emin Pasha fell and fractured his skull on the occasion of a banquet given to him and to Stanley upon their return from Central Africa a few years ago. The windows at that time extended to the floor; they have since

been half blocked up to prevent further accidents. In the centre of the town facing the sea is the building of the German East Africa Company, a large two-story edifice reared upon stone and iron pillars. Behind this is the "Grand" Hotel, a little house with good accommodation, and a bowling alley in course of construction. As we anchored in the semi-circular roadstead, near half a dozen other dhows, the wind was blowing very fresh and a high sea was rolling in upon the smooth beach. We had made the voyage in three hours, a very quick passage. We were rowed ashore in our small boat, or rather, we were rowed half-way ashore and then, mounted upon the backs of members of our crew, were carried in undignified but amusing positions to the dry land. The customs officials passed us at once and we walked to the hotel over a very sandy road.

The whole location of Bagamoyo is sandy, and soil for the gardens has to be brought from the interior. Then, with the free use of water, most European vegetables can be grown. The officials of the East Africa Company use an imported windmill for drawing water and, besides a fine large garden, exult in a pretty fountain. The Banian and foreign part of Bagamoyo consists mostly of two narrow parallel streets, covered with concrete. The houses are one and two stories in height and have little half-open-air shops under their front verandahs. The negro town has been largely laid out by the Germans and has grown very much of late years. The whole place is said to have a population of 30,000 and there are about thirty Europeans. The negro quarter is built quite upon the level sand, the streets are broad and straight, fenced off with cactus plants or pineapple shrubs, and rows of small cocoanut-palms have been set out for shade. The huts have high peaked roofs, which extend in front and make narrow verandahs, but the walls of the houses are very low and the doors too small even for the entry of an ordinary dog. In the bazaars we noticed that each merchant had for sale great quantities of very fine copper and brass wire, and bunches of beads in many colors and sizes. These constitute the money of the interior, the former corresponding in value to gold and the latter to silver. Cotton drillings and sheetings would probably in like manner correspond with a copper coinage. There were also many things from the distant interior exposed for sale: spears with broad, flat heads, and shields of bull's hide or wicker-work, short swords, war clubs, ostrich eggs, etc. Among the foods there were many grains and much manioc,

many eggs, bananas, plantains and great heaps of unsavory dried shark's flesh. We called upon the highest German official resident in Bagamoyo and were received most courteously, being invited to take a drive in the only carriage in town, and over the sole road, and afterwards to dine at the officers' mess. The usual locomotion here and, in fact, in most parts of tropical Africa, is by foot, though there are many donkeys and a few saddle-horses used. The carriage belongs to one of the rich Parsee merchants. It is a victoria, with one horse, and a coachman in a fancy blue cloth uniform that is gayly trimmed with red. The road, made of broken shells, extends away to the north, parallel with the bay and passing through a splendid large cocoanut plantation and along a beautiful avenue of large mango trees, until you reach the French Catholic Mission. One of the brothers kindly showed us through the grounds, which are very extensive and embrace cocoanut and vanilla plantations, and gardens in which a great variety of European vegetables are grown. This mission has been established nearly thirty years. It is intended for the education, both literary and technical, of native boys and girls. About thirty French men and women are at present connected with the mission, and are styled fathers, brothers and sisters. There are some three hundred pupils. The mission embraces comfortable modern dwellings for the children, school-houses, buildings where the brothers teach practically various manufactures and trades, a chapel, hospital, etc. The grounds are full of European trees mixed with the tropical, and there are several pretty shrines and statues of bronze which give the place a very cheerful civilised appearance. To my question, "Was the mission successful in its evangelical work?" the reply was, simply, "We are getting on." The mission constitutes one of the chief sights of Bagamoyo, the other being what is called the Caravansary. We reserved a visit to this until the following day.

On the outskirts of the town the Germans have set apart a considerable space and erected several barracks for the use of the great caravans that come down from the interior with ivory, hippopotamus teeth and other commercial products. In the middle is a large stone-built quadrangle of godowns, or warehouses for storing the valuable goods, and in it is the residence of the manager of the caravansary. Frequently these caravans number one or two thousand men. They remain in Bagamoyo until cottons and manufactured goods are to be carried into the interior. Unfortunately



Ivory at Bagamoyo.

just at the time of our visit there was no great caravan nor were there any goods in the caravansary, but there were still a few natives who had not yet returned to their homes. These were from the country lying between Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria. They were a very dark people, scantily clothed, but all wearing a piece of a shell attached to a string of blue beads, as a charm, about their necks. Around their wrists they wore sometimes as many as fifty bracelets of silver or brass wire, and, wound around their ankles, as many as ten yards of copper wire, which stuck up in a great bunch. They were not tall, and the men were generally thin and muscular, while the women were fat and glossy. The short hair, or wool rather, of their heads was frequently shaved in small patches of various concentric patterns. Very curious were their houses, simply little hollow hay-cocks, perhaps four feet high and five feet in diameter, with a hole a foot square for entrance. They were made of bundles of hay in the form of a bee-hive, and in them we generally found a native man or woman lying upon an ox-skin spread upon the ground. There was no furniture of any kind, but just outside and surrounded by a grass or palm-leaf fence, two or three feet high, were a few earthenware bowls and pots for cooking, a bark pail for holding water, and perhaps some cocoonut-shell saucers and some bottles made of gourds. These huts were generally massed under the large trees. Sometimes two or three of them would open into the same little yard, in which case they were probably owned by the same family. These natives seemed very stolid and unintelligent, although they did display some curiosity about our personal appearance. They frequently march with their loads for a thousand miles and are many months on their way from the centres of the continent. At Bagamoyo I had an opportunity to see a great quantity of ivory as it comes to market, quite in the rough. The tusks were of all sizes and of many shapes and colors. They seemed to be hollow for about half their length. A large tusk would be some eight feet in length, would weigh 175 pounds, and be worth \$600. The best ivory is used for making billiard-balls, and no good substitute has ever been found for their manufacture. Ivory, as I have already indicated, is at present the principal export of the Zanzibar merchants and when we know of one single house there sending away in one year 6,000 tusks and are told that 65,000 elephants are killed annually in Africa, it certainly looks as if this splendid animal, like the American bison, must at no distant day become extinct.

What then shall be the substitute for ivory? Doubtless when that time arrives, if not before, some product will be found or some manufacture invented. We left Bagamoyo at eight o'clock in the morning but owing to light and partially adverse winds did not reach Zanzibar until three in the afternoon, more than double the time required for the voyage in the opposite direction. I was very glad to have made this little flying visit to Bagamoyo, associated in my mind, as it always has been, with the inland journeys of Burton, Speke, Stanley and Cameron, and as once a great slave entrepôt, but afterwards simply the terminus and the port of great highways leading into Central Africa.

After a round of calls upon the foreign officials and merchants of Zanzibar, who had shown me so much attention during my stay, I took passage in one of the German steamers for Port Natal, with stops at Mozambique, and Lorenzo Marquez in Delagoa Bay. There are only two lines of regular mail and passenger steamers plying between Zanzibar and Port Natal—a Portuguese and a German. Both of these have small connecting steamers at Zanzibar and Mozambique in which you may visit the smaller intermediate seaports. By either line the traveller has an opportunity of remaining two or three days at Mozambique. My steamer was of about 2,500 tons burden, and very clean and comfortable. There were only two passengers besides myself in the first cabin and but three or four in the second, while in the third were some score of Englishmen, Germans, Italians and Greeks going out to the gold fields of the Transvaal. Early the next morning the mainland was in plain sight—smooth ranges of hills covered with forest. About ten o'clock we entered the Bay of Lindi and in half an hour more were anchored some three miles from the town of the same name, and distant about midway between Zanzibar and Mozambique. It is a German possession. The country round about was covered with rough forest, conspicuous on the borders of which were the uncouth baobabs which, with their gnarled and bulbous trunks and branches, reminded one of Doré's illustrations to Dante. In one of the largest groves of cocoanut palms stood the town of Lindi, a great collection of grass huts, and a few large stone buildings inhabited by foreigners. Anchored near the beach were a number of dhows. A small river enters the head of the bay and through a break in the hills in which it flows we had a distant view of the interior. This river is navigable for native boats some twenty miles. The shores of

the bay held several small villages, and solitary huts could be seen in clearings of the forest. As we lay at anchor I observed many huge sun fish coming to the surface for food, and occasionally also the triangular fin of a shark prowling about the steamer. We remained only an hour at Lindi and then once more headed south for Mozambique.

Early the following morning I obtained my first view of Mozambique town and island, and of a large square stone lighthouse which is built upon a low island in the sea some distance to the eastward. The mainland was covered with forest and along the sandy beach were great groves of cocoanut palms. The island was low and mostly filled by the town and its suburbs of grass huts. At the northern end stood a great fortress, with massive stone walls, forty feet in height, from embrasures in which there peeped the muzzles of many cannon of small calibre. Above the walls appeared the spire of a church or two and the flagstaffs of a number of foreign consulates. As we steamed slowly along we saw that the town was mostly built of single-story stone houses, plastered and variously colored red, pink, yellow, or lavender, or simply left white. Broad sandy beaches and coral reefs seemed to fringe the island. There were many cocoanut palms and a few other trees. The effect from a distance was thoroughly oriental and tropical. The island is about a mile and a quarter long and only a quarter of a mile broad. It extends northeast and southwest. Its northerly and southerly points are separated from the mainland by channels perhaps each a mile in width. The northerly is the only one navigable by steamers. The anchorage is upon the west side in a large and secure bay, which extends far into the interior of the continent, with heavily wooded shores. In the distance a few pointed hills are seen. The steamer entrance to this commodious harbor is narrow and tortuous, and you pass near the great fort, whose arched and ornamented gateway carries one in imagination back to the middle ages. A long iron pier runs out from the shore and provides a convenient landing. Near it was a small fleet of dhows at anchor, and other boats were drawn up upon the beach. We passed a small Portuguese man-of-war, three or four Portuguese steamers, a German one—that connecting with our own for the minor coast ports—and a Swedish brig, and then we dropped anchor perhaps half a mile from the town, and nearly opposite its centre. From this position we could look through both channels out to sea. A dilapidated

fort occupied the southern end of the island. The health officers came off to us and after a considerable discussion agreed to allow us to "communicate" with the shore, without the quarantine which, the steamer coming previously from the then cholera-infested port of Hamburg, we had reason to expect. Natives in small canoes filled with great varieties of most beautiful shells and corals, paddled beside us, vociferously praising their wares and prices. The little German steamer then came alongside to receive her supply of coal and to give and receive cargo.

Mozambique and its dependencies on the mainland consist of some 200,000 square miles, and contain a population estimated at 1,000,000. The island, which lies in 15° of south latitude, is said to hold about 8,000 people. The province is administered by a governor-general, who is appointed by the Crown of Portugal, and armed with almost unlimited authority. He is aided by a provincial council and district governors, and a small military force. The neighboring mainland peninsula of Cabaccira is the cultivated portion of Mozambique—rice, maize, cassava, oranges, cocoanuts and coffee being raised in large quantities. The exports of Mozambique are ivory, rubber, ground nuts, sesame seeds, wax, skins, tortoise-shell, gum copal, sago and timber. A large trade is carried on with India by Banian merchants, chiefly in Arab vessels manned by Arab seamen. At the head of the bay is the village of Messuril, where a large annual fair is held by Africans who come from the interior in caravans of sometimes 3,000 men, bringing native products to exchange for the manufactured goods of Europe and America. The greater number of the people who attend this fair belong to the Wahiao tribe. This is the tribe of which Chuma, Dr. Livingstone's faithful servant, was a member. It will be remembered that Chuma was with Dr. Livingstone during his nine last years of travel, and after his death accompanied his remains to England. Mozambique island being entirely covered with houses produces nothing, and its inhabitants receive all their food from the mainland. Every morning the bay is dotted with boats coming over to the island and every evening the bulk of travel is in the reverse direction.



The Governor General's Palace, Mozambique.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOZAMBIQUE AND LORENZO MARQUEZ.

UPON landing at the town, I was agreeably surprised at the cleanliness of the streets, so different from most oriental towns. They were narrow and crooked, but they were smoothly macadamised and had little sidewalks, covered with hard plaster, at the curb of which were useful gutters. The streets were named by large enamel signs, and were lighted at night by lamps bracketed to the walls of the houses. Occasionally they would cross each other in such a way as to leave little triangular parks, and here you would find ambitious bronze candelabra recalling a European town. The dwellings are mostly of but one story, though several of the public buildings have two. There are a number of very old and curious small churches, massively built of coral rock. The municipal building is quite interesting from its quaint architecture, its doorways and plaster ornamentations. It is now used as a prison. The governor-general's palace is a large two-storied building facing the landing-pier. It was formerly a Jesuit convent. There is an open tree-lined space in front, and a band-stand where military music is performed three times a week. I was the fortunate bearer of a letter of introduction from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Portugal to the governor. One of the native guards at the gate took my card to an aide-de-camp, and I passed through a long corridor and entered the patio or inner court of the palace. This was neatly paved with tiles and embellished with a flower garden and a fountain. At one side a grand double staircase, surmounted by elaborate coats-of-arms and national paraphernalia sculptured in plaster in high relief, led to the second floor. I was ushered into a very large ante-room with lofty ceiling, comfortably though not grandly furnished. The walls were covered with groups of African weapons arranged in ornamental patterns. Here I forwarded my letter to the governor, and was soon sum-

moned to the reception-parlor, on one wall of which hung a large oil portrait of the King of Portugal. The governor-general, His Excellency Raphael d'Andrada, entered, a bright pleasant young man of medium height and light complexion. He received me most courteously and offered to assist my travels in any way in his power. He had formerly been the captain of a man-of-war and had visited all parts of the world. He spoke French and also English very well. He gave me permission to visit the great fortress, parts of which, he said, were nearly four hundred years old. The fort is called St. Sebastian, and is approached from the town by a long avenue of beautiful wild fig-trees. I visited it after leaving the governor. A young lieutenant showed me around. It has been enlarged and modernised and is now in good condition, though it could hardly withstand the fire of one of the war-cruisers of the present day. The walls are of cut coral rock. There are massive bastions on each of the corners, where through notches in the parapet some fifty cannon protrude their muzzles. These are mostly old-fashioned iron 24-pounders, but there are a few new, though very small, brass guns. On top of one of these bastions there is quite a pretty garden of fig-trees, acacias, grape-vines, oleanders and other flowering plants. About three hundred troops under command of a major, are now in garrison. They are mostly half-castes or creoles. They wear a uniform of yellow drilling, with small cloth skull-caps, a curious head-gear for such a latitude. The greater part of the population of Mozambique are Africans, then come Asiatics—Indians and Goanese from Hindoostan—creoles and half-castes and some two hundred Europeans, the most of whom are Portuguese, there being only about a score of other foreigners—English, French, Dutch and German. The town being small you can generally get about on foot, though all the well-to-do inhabitants use a sort of palanquin called a machilla, which is borne by four men. It is simply an oblong cane-seated chair or lounge, in which you sit or recline, and is attached by ropes to a long bamboo pole, above which a canvas awning is fastened. It is much like the cango of Japan, though being larger is more comfortable. I visited the market, a small fenced enclosure with two large sheds and a pavement covered with smooth plaster. There seemed as many vendors squatting in the sun as under the iron roofs of the buildings. There was not a great variety of food offered for sale but there was an active business done in native beer brewed from the cachou

fruit. It was dispensed in large earthenware jars. This beer is light and wholesome, and its flavor is not displeasing to a European palate.

After stopping two days at Mozambique we went on to Delagoa Bay, having with us three additional passengers in the first cabin. As we were passing the old fortress the serried ranks of cannon suddenly belched forth a thundering salute of twenty-one "guns." This was in honor of Conselheiro Antonio Ennes, who was on his way to Lorenzo Marquez as special commissioner on the part of Portugal for the delimitation of the Anglo-Portuguese frontier in East Africa, and for determining the interpretation to be placed on some of the terms of the Convention of 1891 with England. Senhor Ennes was formerly a major in the army, and afterwards Minister of the Marine and Colonies at Lisbon. He is not only a diplomatist of proved ability, but a very amiable and highly accomplished gentleman, being distinguished as a dramatist and journalist as well as a soldier and statesman. The other new passengers were an Englishman in the Telegraph Service and a Boer, a resident of Johannesburg, in the gold-fields of South Africa. In a few hours the low-lying town and island were out of sight, as was also the distant tree-covered coast of the continent. Our general course was south-southwest down the Mozambique Channel, the great island of Madagascar lying some 250 miles to the eastward. On November 1st we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, and on the same day brought into sight the mainland in the neighborhood of Cape Corrientes and the town of Inhambane—steep, sandy bluffs and smooth shrub-covered hills bordering the coast. About noon on the following day we reached Delagoa Bay and Lorenzo Marquez. Directly at the mouth of the bay lies the large island of Inyack, of a sandy soil and overgrown with dense scrub. There are many reefs about and the channel is rather tortuous. The color of the water changes rapidly from dark-blue to dark-green and then to a dirty yellow. A small point of land projected from the northern shore upon which were a lighthouse, signal-station and some barracks for troops. The bluff showed a peculiar red soil. The opposite shore was low, smooth and lightly wooded. Passing the lighthouse we entered what is called English river, here perhaps a couple of miles in width. This stream is said to be navigable for light-draught steamers a distance of some seventy miles. Having rounded the point, the town of Lorenzo Marquez suddenly appeared before us, lying upon

the side and foot of a range of low hills facing the west. The gay colors of the houses and the quantities of trees between them made a very agreeable picture. The appearance of the town, which has a population of about six thousand, was altogether European and very striking by contrast with Zanzibar and Mozambique, which I had just left.

We anchored near a little Portuguese man-of-war, a couple of steamers, and a few native trading-boats. Along the river's edge was a stone embankment, from several parts of which piers projected. Here in the centre were two very large sheds belonging to the Custom-house. Away to the right, high up the hill, was a square stone building with castellated spires at the corners. I thought this might be a general mausoleum, with mural niches, and was surprised to learn that it was a powder magazine, for a more conspicuous building or site could hardly have been found. In about the centre of the town stood a very pretty white church and near it a large hospital. Away to the left upon a projecting knoll, were half a dozen large yellow barracks, and before them stood a saluting battery. At this extremity of the town were a railway station, machine shop, and car and locomotive sheds. The railway is to run eventually to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal Republic, and already covers 143 miles, the total distance being 350. Loaded trains were passing, and added greatly to the European aspect of the place. I went on shore and found a very clean little town with straight macadamised streets and concrete sidewalks. The dwellings and shops were mostly of one story; two or three hotels were of two stories. Most of the houses have iron roofs and sides. This makes a cool and lasting dwelling. Upon one side of a neat square was the governor's residence, an unpretentious building. You pass abruptly from the streets of the town to those running into the country, which are laid out with great width and bordered with rows of trees. I visited what is called the Botanic Garden and found it small, though full of a great variety of trees belonging both to tropical and temperate zones. As Lorenzo Marquez stands at the beginning of the shortest route from the coast to the gold-fields of Barberton and Johannesburg, and as it possesses a splendid harbor in which large steamers can anchor within a short stone's throw of the shore, I expected to find it a place of considerable business activity, and I was not disappointed. About two hundred foreigners are engaged in business here—mostly Dutch and German, with a few English

and French. The remainder of the population is made up of Portuguese, creoles, Banians and the representatives of many races of Africans.

As my steamer was to remain in port for a day or two, I availed myself of the opportunity to make an excursion by rail to the Portuguese frontier and the town of Komati Poort, some sixty-three miles distant. The daily train started at 7 A. M., and I could spend about three hours at Komati Poort and return to Lorenzo Marquez by 6.30 P. M. The railway is of narrow gauge. The locomotives have been built in England and the cars and vans either in Holland or Germany, that is to say, their parts have been made there, and brought out and put together here. A Dutch company has the contract for continuing and completing the road to Pretoria. Komati Poort is really a few miles beyond the Portuguese frontier, in the Transvaal. I was therefore only able to buy a "round" ticket to Ressano Garcia, the actual frontier station, and then to purchase another there to Komati Poort. The cars were diminutive little affairs, built partly on the English and partly on the American plan. You could pass from end to end of the train. The cars were of four classes, those of the first having comfortable leather-covered seats. The fourth were simply open freight cars, in which the natives stand or lie like animals. There were however but few passengers. The blacks proved interesting. They belonged mostly to the Amatonga and Swazi tribes. The men were of good size and muscular; the women were fat and sleek. All were very dark, with short woolly hair, in which one or two feathers were generally stuck, not, as one would think, for ornament, but to use in scratching the head. These gave a funny look indeed to the faces beneath them. The natives were always chatting, laughing and skylarking. The dress of the women was simply two pieces of gay-colored calico or cotton, the one worn as a chemise, the other as a gown. They wore much jewelry: silver finger rings and buttons in their ears, bangles around their wrists, and rings of copper around their ankles. The men were clothed only in loin cloths, over which were suspended two pieces of an animal's skin, a flap before, another behind. They had sometimes many yards of copper or brass wire coiled about their ankles, sometimes several strings of coins or shells, or both. They often wore charms of bone or shell about their necks. Occasionally you might see one who had eked out his scanty costume with a European-made vest

or hat, or a military coat. One fellow strutted up and down the platform of one of the stations with a pair of antelope horns fastened to his neck and standing out from his head in a very diverting fashion. These natives are either employed upon the railway or the plantations of foreigners. Many of them live in hamlets along the line, where the women till the fields and the men and boys bring food—chickens, eggs, fruit and bottles of milk—to the stations to sell to passing travellers. We followed the banks of the English river for a short distance, and then turned away and pursued a northwest course to our destination. The country throughout was of the same general character, low and level, and covered with grass and scrubby trees. You especially remarked the juxtaposition of vegetation belonging to widely separated zones. There were many species of palms and cacti, and a great number of calabash trees. At the stations were little else than the necessary railway buildings, and no towns appeared between them. The scattered houses of the natives were made of grass in beehive form, with an entrance not two feet in height. I saw many half-naked women at work in the fields, using great clumsy hoes, and often smoking pipes. Sometimes they had a child strapped to their backs. Much maize and wheat seemed to be grown, but the greater part of the country was simply covered with coarse grass and with a squat sort of tree with gnarled branches. I noticed very few cattle, and these were not of good appearance. The scenery was altogether tame until the end of the journey was approached. Here we followed the banks of the Incomati river for a considerable way and then saw a distant chain of mountains to the left. These trend north and south, and are called the Lombobo Range. They serve as a division between the possessions of Portugal and the Transvaal. The southern frontier of the former is only seventy miles south of Delagoa Bay. Komati Poort consists of about a score of European houses, and a small settlement of blacks lying on the gentle slope of a wide valley. It boasts a hotel, many drinking saloons, and a few shops of provisions and miscellaneous manufactured goods. I was attracted to one of the latter by the great quantity of horns of animals peculiar to South Africa lining the verandah. I found Koodoo horns selling for 15 shillings a pair, Buffalo £2, Hartbeest 5 shillings, Sable Antelope £2, and the skull of a Hippopotamus for £4. Inside the shop were Leopard skins worth £2 each, and a splendid skin of a huge yellow Lion, for which the moderate



Gathering Coconuts, Lorenzo Marquez.

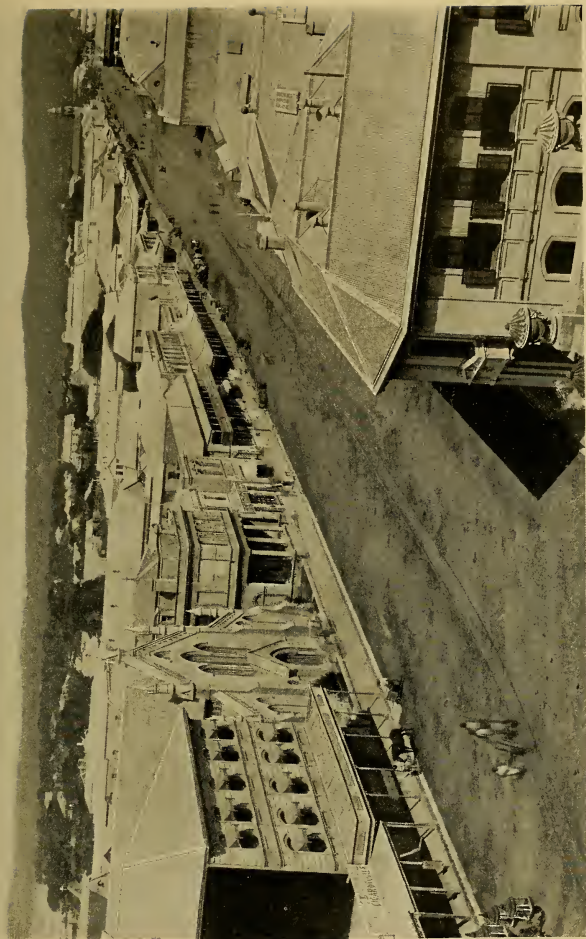
price of £5 was demanded. After lunch at the "Railway Hotel," I returned to Lorenzo Marquez.

The next day at noon we left for Port Natal, a voyage of three hundred miles. The continent, ten or fifteen miles distant, was in sight most of the way—a smooth, wooded country. Owing to a strong head-wind and very heavy sea we reached Port Natal too late to pass the bar on the flood tide, and were obliged to anchor off shore for the night. Cape Natal, a wooded bluff some three hundred feet high, and bearing a lighthouse whose splendid flash-light may be seen from a distance of thirty miles, juts into the sea towards the northeast, where is the outlet of a large interior bay that is fed by three rivers. There is a bad bar here and, though long and costly breakwaters have been built with a view of improving the channel, it has been found impossible to retain a sufficient depth for the largest steamers. Upon the northern shores of the bay, and three miles from the extremity of Cape Natal, is situated the English town of Durban, of which Port Natal is simply what its name implies. We anchored near a large steamer of the Castle Line. A steam-tender, with the Health Officer, came out to us, and gave us permission to enter port the next morning, when there would be the greatest depth of water on the bar. To the north, above our position, was a long high ridge, mostly cleared of trees and covered with sugar-cane plantations. Directly facing us was a range of hills, about five hundred feet in height, which was thickly dotted with the residences of Durban officials and merchants. This is called the Berea and may be regarded as the largest suburb of Durban. But little of the city proper can be seen from the ocean. It lies too low and level. You observe, however, the tall tower of the fine Town Hall, a spire of a church, and a few large houses along the shore—the hospital, and the large "Beach Hotel." To the extreme left, near the entrance of the port, are seen the masts of several ships lying in the bay. Port Natal is 1,200 miles from Mozambique, or 1,800 from Zanzibar, and about 800 from Cape Town. Including the stops I was twelve days on the voyage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NATAL.

AT five o'clock we crossed the bar, and passing the long breakwaters, slowly entered the port of Durban and drew up at the wharf, making fast in line with a dozen or more vessels of medium tonnage. On shore were various shipping offices and a large brick hotel. Cars were standing on several tracks of railway. Tugs were busy hauling lighters. A 'bus stood near by, and a uniformed customs official was at the gangway. I realized that I had reached a thorough-going British Colony. Making a simple "declaration" regarding my baggage, it and myself were soon bundled into a carriage, and all started for the town, two miles distant. A tramway connects the port and a suburb, called Addington, with Durban, but it was not running at the early hour of our arrival. We drove rapidly along a broad, clean, macadamised avenue, lined with small single-story cottages surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers, and turning into one of the three principal parallel streets of the city, passed a small but neat hotel, some Law Courts, and then the handsome Town Hall, appearing beyond and above a fine park, furnished with the conventional bandstand. Opposite this park was the hotel to which I had been recommended. And a more extraordinary structure I have never beheld in any part of the world. Apparently the citizens of Durban and visitors from this section of Africa dislike to mount staircases, for this hotel is but a single story in height, and is therefore spread over several acres. The front gardens were ablaze with lovely flowers which exhaled the richest perfumes. Entering I found halls like lanes running in every direction and most of them lined with pots of flowers and plants, and hung with heads and horns of South African game. Passing through a number of offices, reception-rooms and corridors, I came out into a large paved courtyard full of flowers and vines, and furnished with a fountain. Here were placed rows of great reclining-



The Principal Street of Durban.

chairs, and on every side were rooms for guests. I wandered about, discovering one by one all the apartments necessary for the equipment of a first-class hotel, but this I did at great risk of getting lost. Flitting about in every direction with bare feet were Hindoo (Madrassee) servants, neatly and cleanly clad in white tunic and trousers, and wearing graceful white turbans. I afterwards found the hotel to be as well arranged and comfortable as it was novel and curious. Durban has a population of 30,000, of which number about one-half are English, one-quarter negroes, and one-quarter natives of India.

In the afternoon I took a long drive through the city and out into the country to the top and along the crest of the Berea. Here there is a small hotel which commands, on the one side, a splendid view over the town, the port and the ocean, and upon the other, of the beautiful green hills and valleys of the interior. The view in this direction reminded me of many parts of England, with its general style of park-land, groves of trees and open country. There were cultivated here also much sugar-cane, tea, coffee, and tropical fruits and vegetables. Right at one side of the very English-looking hotel and surrounding gardens, stood a mango tree and a huge roffia palm. The principal roads are broad and macadamised. A tramway line runs nearly the whole length of the Berea. The open cars are drawn by three horses harnessed abreast. The country houses are of pleasing architecture, and some of them of brick and two stories in height, of Queen Anne style, surrounded by extensive grounds laid out in lawns, flower-gardens and paths, would be no discredit to a watering place like Long Branch. There is a very good Botanical Garden on the Berea, to which the public are admitted free. A small greenhouse contains a capital collection of orchids.

I reached the Umgeni river on the north and returned by the great plain upon which lies Durban, and which would contain a city three times the size. In the evening we had very heavy rain, which as the rainy season is coming on, will occur frequently now, and to which is due the deep rich green of the verdure all about the city and extending along the coast of the colony for a distance of about thirty miles inland. This has caused Natal to be called the "Garden of South Africa." Here tropical agriculture generally prevails. To this region succeeds one where English styles of farming are carried on, and wheat, oats, barley and Indian corn are grown. Next comes the veldt or grazing country, where sheep-

farming and the breeding of horses and cattle are the chief pursuits of the inhabitants.

The streets of Durban always afford interesting sights and scenes. As with the commingling of the vegetal products of two zones in this semi-tropical colony, so with the varied and picturesque blending of things English and things African, of life and customs at home and of those adopted abroad. In the first place Durban is a very pretty and lively town. It is laid out at right angles, with very wide macadamised streets and flagged sidewalks. The majority of the buildings are but a single-story in height, and are made of brick and plaster with iron roofs, although plain brick and even stone are rapidly coming into use. There are many fine and useful public buildings. The Town Hall, near the centre of Durban, would be an ornament to any city. It occupies an entire square and is built of a gray sandstone, with a lofty tower in which a clock strikes the hours, halves and quarters, together with additional chimes. In the centre of the building is a large hall, with gallery and stage suitable for political meetings, concerts and balls. Other parts are occupied by the Post Office, the Museum, and the various municipal offices. The Museum, which is free to the public, is small but interesting, being devoted almost exclusively to collections from Natal and South Africa generally. There are minerals, shells, coins, animals, plants, and the dress and weapons of native tribes. All are well arranged and carefully labelled. Near the Town Hall is a public swimming bath, admission to which is little more than nominal. The swimming tank is ninety feet long, thirty broad, three feet deep at one end and eight at the other. Durban boasts of a pretty little theatre, which has two galleries and eight stage-boxes. It is used at present only by travelling companies. There are also a free public library and reading-room. In short, most of the institutions thought necessary at home are here represented, and it is with difficulty one comes to believe one's self actually in "savage" Africa. There are but few cabs in Durban, but there is the tramway, with its one- and also two-deck cars, and there are regular stands of single and double 'ricshaws, a sort of baby-carriage, like those in use in Japan, where the idea originated, pulled by a native at a fast trot and costing a sixpence by the course. These vehicles are used also in Ceylon, and might with advantage be introduced elsewhere. Very odd it is to see occasionally in the streets—amid smart English drags, and dog-carts with tandem teams, and young men astride



A Zulu Venus.

bicycles—huge four-wheeled wagons holding four tons and drawn by nine yoke of sturdy oxen. Curious also are the native policemen with their helmets and uniforms like those of the London police, but with knee-breeches only, their chocolate-colored calves being quite bare. They are picked men, however, and of fine physique. The streets are diversified and enlivened also by the features and costumes of the different neighboring tribes, of Zulus, Swazis, Amatongas, Basutos, and Pongos, to all of whom the general name of Kaffir seems to be indiscriminately applied. Then there are, moreover, Banians, Chinese, Madrassees, Boers and various European nationalities. The principal exports of Port Natal are wool, sheep- and ox-skins, and sugar.

Having seen everything of interest in Durban, I left for the gold-fields and diamond-mines of the interior. My objective for the former was the city of Johannesburg, in the centre of the diggings, which is in a general northwesterly direction from Durban and is reached by 304 miles of railway to the borders of the Transvaal Republic, and then 135 miles by coach—the total distance by this route being therefore 439 miles from the coast. It is traversed in forty-eight hours, including brief stoppages for food and sleep. The railway is eventually to be extended from the frontier of Natal across the Transvaal to Johannesburg. There are several lines of railway running from different parts of South Africa towards Johannesburg, but only one—that from Cape Town—as yet reaches it; by the others the latter part of the journey has always to be made by coach. As the tariff is very high, and the coaches used in the interior cannot carry much baggage, I sent nearly all of mine by sea to Cape Town, there to await my arrival. An express train leaves Durban daily at 6 P. M. for Charlestown, the present terminus, arriving at 11.30 A. M. the following day. The coach is advertised to leave half an hour later. The railway is a narrow-gauge single-track, the road-bed is “metalled,” the bridges are of cut stone, and the signals embody the latest improvements. At the station I found a short train of small carriages arranged in three classes, with a baggage van and powerful locomotive. Owing to the hilly character of the country and its rapid rise from the sea the line is very tortuous. There were not many passengers of the first and second class, but two carriages were crowded with Kaffirs. For a long distance from Durban the country was covered with the suburban residences of her citizens, and with fruit and vegetable gardens. The

broken character of the surface, and the intense green of the glossy verdure had a very pleasing appearance. In two hours' time we had ascended 2,500 feet and reached another climate. Much tea and many bananas were grown hereabouts. We saw several huts of the Zulus and numbers of these nearly wholly nude people. In two hours more we had reached Maritzburg, the capital, a pretty town about half the size of Durban. Here I purchased for five shillings a "sleeping-ticket," which entitled me to have brought into my compartment a heavy blanket, a sheet and two pillows, this being the nearest approach to a sleeping-car yet known upon this road. In the fine, large, brick station in which we halted were trucks bearing great piles of this bedding, which natives wheeled opposite each compartment and gave to those willing to pay the extra price. It was removed early in the morning at another station. We stopped several times for refreshments, there being a choice offered of sitting at a table for a regular meal, or getting a lunch at a bar. The bars were always large and profusely supplied with "wet goods." The English governor of Natal resides at Maritzburg. Ladysmith, a little village of iron-roofed houses, which we reached at half-past five the following morning, is 3,300 feet above the sea. As we went on I saw that we had attained an entirely new style of country—undulating plains, for the most part treeless, and with a range of mountains, the Drakensburg, to the westward. One part of this range, nearly due west of Ladysmith, is 10,000 feet high. The Drakensburg forms the dividing line between Natal and the Orange Free State. We passed many Kaffir kraals or villages, with their circular enclosures for cattle, around which were placed their beehive-shaped grass and reed huts. On the grassy plains were occasionally to be seen small herds of cattle or flocks of sheep. English or Boer farms were few and far between. At Newcastle, a small town 268 miles from Durban, and nearly 4,000 feet above it, we halted for breakfast. From here on, the engineering of the road was quite remarkable. It was full of loops, horseshoe curves, sometimes almost complete circles, steep grades, and in one place several tangents, the locomotive pulling first at one end of the train and then at the other. Coal of seemingly good quality was being mined at several points upon the railway between Newcastle and Charlestown. Four or five miles from the latter we passed through a rough ridge in a long tunnel. Charlestown I found to be a small village of two or three long, wide streets, with houses of hasty and



A Kaffir Kraal.

flimsy construction, and everything betraying a temporary town, for when the railway is continued it will relapse into merely a station. Charlestown is 5,400 feet above the sea-level.

At the side of the depot stood our coach, which I was surprised to find was of the "Concord" pattern, from New Hampshire, U. S. A. It was a huge structure, swung upon great leather straps, and carried twelve passengers inside and six outside. It was drawn by a team of eight mules and two horses, the latter leading. We employed mules over the rougher parts of the road, but elsewhere the teams consisted entirely of horses. All these animals were in fine condition, fat, strong and willing. Forty pounds only of baggage was allowed free to each passenger, all above that having to be paid for at a dear rate. The baggage having been weighed and our tickets shown, we took our seats, the coach being about half full. I therefore was able to obtain an outside seat, while reserving that in the inside which I had engaged for shelter in case of rain. There mounted before me two Boers, the one the driver, the other the conductor, a man whose duty it was to tend the break and castigate the team. I was surprised to find the driver employed but two pairs of reins, one being for the wheelers and the other for the leaders, though the latter passed through rings in the headstalls of all the others, with an outside rein attached to each animal. This arrangement was as admirable as simple, for the team was at all times under complete control. The driver was moreover exceedingly expert, but no less so was the conductor, who was armed with a whip of which the bamboo stock was about twelve feet in length, with a leather lash of at least twenty feet. With a team of horses this was not much used, but with one of mules it was in almost constant application. The wielding of it is an art which I never tired of watching. The Boers will hit any part of any animal of the team that they wish, easily reaching the leaders and slashing them right and left with lightning rapidity, accompanied with snaps of the lash like the report of a pistol. They also have many peculiar cries for instructing or encouraging their animals. The team draws by a long chain attached to the pole of the coach. The stages varied from an hour to an hour and a half in length, and we alternated a trotting with a galloping pace. Our speed would vary from eight to ten miles an hour. At some of the stations there would be a store and hotel, and perhaps three or four other houses, at others only the stable of galvanised iron sheets. The stores contained a very

miscellaneous collection of the necessities of life and travel in the interior of South Africa. As we drew up the fresh teams would always be standing in line, ready to be "put to" by their native hostlers in five or ten minutes' time.

Leaving Charlestown and entering the Transvaal, we found ourselves in that vast prairie of smoothly undulating land called the veldt. Not a tree or bush was in sight, nothing but smooth pasture. The road is merely a track across this vast sea of grass. It is like the steppes of Central Asia. There are some distant low hills to be seen, but owing to the wavy character of the surface, extensive views are not often possible. We would pass many miles of country without seeing a single house or meeting a person. The Boer homesteads are neat little structures, always surrounded by such trees as can be made to grow. We would occasionally meet their owners driving in a sort of two-wheeled gig, covered with a canvas hood, and drawn by a pair of horses or maybe a four-in-hand team. Occasionally we would pass natives walking to Johannesburg and carrying upon their backs all their worldly goods, consisting of a pair of shoes, a blanket and a pail or kettle of food. These people work in the mines for a few months, and then return home to spend what they have earned, or it may be to live in luxury for several years. We passed many of the great wagons going in either direction, loaded with wool and hides, or with all sorts of merchandise and provisions. The rear part of many of the wagons was covered with a canvas hood and here the transport men sleep and keep their cooking utensils and personal effects. Each wagon has a huge break attached to the rear-wheels and worked with a screw from behind. The oxen are driven by a man on foot with a long whip like that already described, though a native boy, called a forelouper, generally leads the first yoke by a leather strap attached to their horns. The oxen are fastened to the wagons by long chains or wire cables, and they pull with light and comfortable yokes. These animals were all large and sleek, though I was told that in the dry season they become very lean and ill-favored. Frequently by the side of the road you will see several of these teams "outspanned," unharnessed or unhitched, as we should say, for rest and feeding. At frequent distances along the road stones are set up informing the transport men that teams may feed thereabouts, or in other words these are public outspanning places. The land belongs to Boer farmers, but they have such enormous farms that they permit this use of



Kaffirs taking Snuff.

their pasture at stated spots. I found the track for the most part very good, being as smooth and hard as the floor of a house, though on the latter part of the journey, owing to recent rains and a rougher surface, we were a good deal shaken and jostled. During the afternoon we stopped at a wretched little inn for dinner. This meal consisted only of chicken, rice and potatoes with tea and coffee, all bad, and the chicken sufficiently hard and tough to macadamise a road. We reached the town of Standerton about seven in the evening, first crossing the Vaal river—the principal branch of the great Orange river—upon a fine iron bridge resting on stone pillars. The stream was at that time not more than a hundred feet in width, but its banks plainly showed that before the end of the rainy season it became many times that width, with a swift current that would ill brook obstacles. Standerton is a straggling sort of village of small single-story houses, with a great shed of a hotel and a pretty stone church. It has, like all South African towns, enormously wide streets, and some attempts have been made at introducing the blue gum or eucalyptus trees of Australia. In the gardens of several of the houses you see peach and other fruit trees, though all seem to thrive with difficulty. In the hotel was a large billiard-table, and a bar which was constantly crammed with Boer citizens. We had a passable dinner, slept two in each room, about ten feet square, and were called at half-past four in the morning to dress, drink a cup of coffee, and re-enter the coach.

The stars were shining brightly, and we found our overcoats none too heavy in the fresh light air. At eight we halted fifteen minutes to partake of a bad Boer breakfast and then went on to Heidelberg, which we reached at half-past one. This town, lying on the slope of a smooth range of hills, is larger and more important than Standerton, though like the latter its only fine building is its church. After an unsatisfactory dinner at the hotel, we started on for Johannesburg. I speak so much of our meals because this being one of the shortest and most travelled routes to the gold-fields, one expects and is entitled to far better accommodation. The road became wet and heavy but we kept steadily on, passing herds of splendid cattle and large flocks of sheep and goats. We crossed the track of the new railway running between Johannesburg and Pretoria, which was completed a few months later. And about here we obtained our first view of a suburb of Johannesburg. The last stage was a short one of but

six miles, and soon after entering upon it, we crossed a ridge from whose summit we had a good general view of the range of hills called the Witwatersrand, or simply Rand, for brevity, in which lies the reef now being worked for gold. This reef extends in a general east and west direction for some forty or fifty miles, and all around the horizon we saw the wooden towers containing the hauling-gear of the shafts, and the smoke-pipes and buildings of the batteries or stamping mills.



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

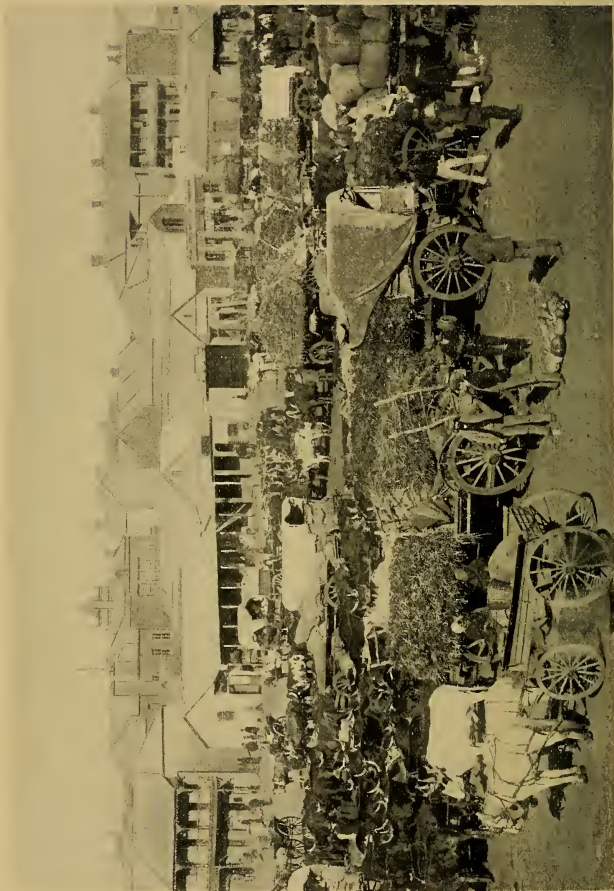
JOHANNESBURG—THE CITY OF GOLD.

COMING from the almost uninhabited, desolate and lonesome steppe, the first view of the metropolis of the Transvaal, scattered over the bottom and sides of an immense valley, is by contrast very striking. No very large or grand buildings appear, but the great mass of houses, the activity indicated by the many smoking chimneys, and the subdued roar of the mills take strong hold of the imagination. We pass an occasional outlying mill or a dis-used shaft, see on the distant left the grand-stand of the race course, in the centre the hospital, and along the range to the right a long row of batteries. The soil hereabouts is red and sandy, and these characteristics prevail throughout the city. The latter is laid out at right-angles, with wide, unpaved and for the most part unmacadamised streets, with bare sidewalks, lighted by gas or electricity, and bordered by buildings mostly of a single-story, which look more like sheds than proper houses. Then there are pretentious great stores of two and even three stories, some built of brick, some of iron, a few of stone. The prevailing color is like the soil, a dark red. The streets are full of people of every shade and nationality.

We enter the city, our conductor playing quite an extended tune upon his brass-bugle. Following one of the principal streets and soon turning up another we deliver our mails at the Post Office, cross a large square, on one side of which is the handsome brick market, and rounding another corner, halt at the coach office, our ride of 135 miles completed. I descend and enter a cab like the gigs of the Boer farmers, already described. They have two seats, a half of the front one being raised to permit passage to that in the rear. I am driven to the "Grand National Hotel," a large rambling, shed-like structure, but the best hostelry in town. The rooms were very small and crude, though lighted by elec-

tricity. The table and wines were good. Before the house ran a tramway, with cars exactly such as may be seen in the streets of New York. There were billiard-tables, reading-room, and of course a bar, with conventional English bar-maid. Buying a newspaper I saw that amusement for the evening might be sought in two theatres, an amphitheatre, a gymnastic exhibition, a concert, and several music halls. Just think of it, a city of 50,000 inhabitants has in seven years been built here in the centre of the steppe, and all the material of the houses and nearly all their contents have been brought in ox-wagons by tiresome journeys of from 400 to 1,000 miles from the sea-coast! Only the magic power of gold could have effected this.

The Transvaal is not only wonderfully rich in gold, but copper, silver, lead, iron and coal are all found here in quantities and situations that will pay for mining. A great belt of auriferous country, varying both in width and riches, stretches right across the continent from Delagoa Bay to Walwich Bay. Johannesburg is the centre of the richest and most promising of these gold-fields. So far back as 1854 gold is said to have been discovered in this locality, but no serious efforts were made to turn the discovery to practical account until thirty years afterward. And it was not until July, 1886, that the government proclaimed the district public gold-fields and the Witwatersrand or White Waters Range was then "rushed" by gold seekers from all parts of South Africa, and soon from all parts of the world. In less than two years from the proclamation of the fields there were a thousand head of stamps at work. The gold-bearing strata, to speak geologically, consist of reefs or lodes of conglomerate rock, formed of quartzose pebbles bedded solidly in disintegrated schists. This region is cut out into an almost continuous line of claims for a distance of fifty miles. The deposits in many cases are of great width, and shafts have been sunk six hundred feet, proving the stability of the formation. The mines are chiefly in the hands of a large number of joint-stock companies, over one hundred of which are registered at the Stock Exchange. The quantity of gold mined in the Rand has long since beaten the best records of California and Australia. Thus the output for the month previous to my visit was 112,167 ounces. Its value was nearly \$2,000,000. As a rule each month's supply has shown a steady increase on that of its predecessor. The total output for ten months of the year 1892 was 234,423 ounces greater than



Market Square, Johannesburg.

for the corresponding months of the previous year. It was thought by experts that the amount of 200,000 ounces a month would be reached within three years' time. The shipment of gold from South Africa during 1893 amounted to \$27,500,000! The output from the Witwatersrand district for May, 1894, amounted to 169,773 ounces, worth about \$3,000,000. The crushing power is constantly being increased—one mill now has 160 stamps in operation. I visited this mill and its mine, one of the oldest and richest in the neighborhood of Johannesburg. It is the property of the Langalate Estate and Gold Mining Company. The batteries in operation are a grand sight, and the clatter is appalling. The stamps have been furnished by the great Chicago firm of Fraser, Chalmers & Co. Very much of the other machinery has been provided by American firms. There are three shafts to the mine. On the upper levels the rock is a sort of coarse red conglomerate or pudding-stone, but below this a hard gray sandstone is reached. There are about 1,000 natives and 200 Europeans employed in the mine and mills. The latter run continuously night and day, and Sundays, but the mine is closed on Sundays.

Street scenes are even more interesting in Johannesburg than in Durban. The great squares are full of long ox-teams and huge wagons. They come into town in the morning with produce of all sorts, which is frequently sold by auction. Saturday is the day on which extensive general auctions are also held in the plazas or squares, every conceivable article is thus offered and sales are generally brisk, if prices are not always high. Besides the single- and double-deck tram-cars and the cabs or two-wheeled gigs, you see elegant barouches and victorias, many fine saddle-horses, and not a few bicycles. On the sidewalks ladies fashionably attired are eagerly engaged in shopping, Boers and miners swing recklessly along, and natives of many tribes peer like children into full store windows. During business hours, which are short, there is a great rush and turmoil, and the street in front of the Stock Exchange is usually blocked with a crowd of excited men, either discussing matters in groups, or calling out their "bids" and "takes" for mining shares. The Exchange is a large and well-appointed building where bulls and bears, as in Europe and America, do congregate and vociferate. The two little theatres of Johannesburg would be ornaments in either London or Paris and are largely attended by ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress. Life is interesting in Johannesburg and would be pleasant were it not for

the almost constant dust storms which prevail. These are often so dense you cannot see the buildings across the street. Thunder storms are also fierce and frequent, and much damage is done by lightning.

I paid a flying visit to Pretoria, distant thirty-five miles to the north. The railway was not completed, but the coach made three trips a day, taking five hours for the journey. I started about three in the afternoon. We had a full load of passengers. We soon left the suburbs of Johannesburg and entered the veldt, a rolling prairie which continued all the way to the capital. The latter portion of the ride was made quite in the dark, in fact we neither could see our leaders nor the road, but on we went at full speed just the same. The electric lights of the city shone forth for a long distance, and exactly on schedule time we dashed up to the coaching-office, amid the usual excessive quantity of bugling from the conductor. A good little hotel was near at hand, and there I found accommodation. Pretoria lies in a large uneven valley, nearly everywhere surrounded by low grassy hills. Its appearance from the flanks of any of these is very pretty, and the profusion of green foliage is in marked contrast to Johannesburg. The great majority of the trees have been planted. You are sure to take delight in the willows and the great blue-gums. The city is only a quarter of the size of Johannesburg. It is regularly laid out, and the streets are illumined at night by the electric light. In general appearance the business quarters are like those of the "city of gold" but the dwellings are of a better class and are very attractive, with their large gardens and fruit trees and bright flowers.

The most conspicuous building is nearly in the centre of the town, and occupies an entire square. It is the Government House, three stories in height and built of brick covered with cement, which gives it at a distance the appearance of gray sandstone. It faces the principal square and the largest church. It is, however, a rather curious sample of architecture and seems too ambitious for its surroundings. It cost \$750,000. On the central façade is the motto, in raised gilt letters: "Right makes Might"—or rather its Dutch equivalent: "Eendragt Maakt Magt." Besides all the government offices—save those of the law courts—it contains the two Chambers, called the First and Second Volksraad. These are rather plain halls, with stained-glass windows. The seats for the members are arranged in circles facing the platform, the tables and desks being covered simply with green baize. On the floors lie



General View of Pretoria.

rough matting. The walls of the First Chamber are decorated with portraits of President Krüger and General Joubert, in their ceremonial dresses. The members of the Volksraad are elected by their constituents for four years. There are thirty-four representatives in all. The Executive consists of the President, who is elected for five years by a general election throughout the State, the State Secretary elected by the Volksraad for four years, and four unofficial members, chosen for three years by the two chambers. President Krüger was just completing his second term of office, and was a candidate for a third. His opponent was General Joubert, who had long been the Commandant-General. Krüger seemed likely to be chosen, though it was thought the polling would be very close. (He was re-elected in April, 1893). The President lives in a plain little single-story house, backed by large trees, but situated directly on one of the principal streets. In one part of the city is a fine large park, surrounding which are the best residences. At another side is the race-course, with commodious grand-stand. I passed the prison, near which, enclosed by a high brick wall and all but covered by a great orchard of peach trees, stood the public gallows, the black cross-beam alone looming ominously. Living is very dear in Pretoria, as also in Johannesburg. You get a good variety of meats in the hotels, though but few fruits and vegetables. There is some reason for the high cost of all such manufactured goods as come up from the coast ports in ox-wagons; there is less reason for the absence of market-gardeners' stuff, for the soil and climate are well adapted to almost every sort. Travel also, both by coach and rail, and along the coast by steamer, is very costly. Pretoria is in frequent connection with all the neighboring mines and towns by coach, and in a few weeks there will be communication with Johannesburg and Cape Town by rail. It is also connected by coach with Bechuanaland to the west, and with Matabeleland and Mashonaland to the north. A weekly line of coaches runs through direct from Pretoria to Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland—at present the most northerly outpost town of the gold regions—for \$140., doing the journey in sixteen days. One's food would cost \$30. additional. Fort Salisbury is in about latitude 18° South, nearly due west of the Portuguese town of Quilimane, and due east of, and about 400 miles distant from, the celebrated Victoria Falls of the Zambesi river.

Having returned to Johannesburg, a day or two later I left for

Kimberley and the diamond mines. The railway does not go directly there by the shortest route, but one has to pass through the Orange Free State from north to south, and having entered Cape Colony, to cross westwardly to a railroad which extends from Cape Town to Vryburg in British Bechuanaland and passes Kimberley *en route*. You reach this line at De Aar Junction, almost at a point equidistant from Johannesburg and Cape Town. The time consumed on the journey of 1,013 miles between these two latter points is fifty-six hours, and the first-class fare, exclusive of meals and "tips," is £11. 12s. Every Monday a "saloon sleeping and dining train," consisting of first-class carriages only, leaves Johannesburg by this route, and every day of the week there is an ordinary train of three classes, which completes the distance in about five hours' more time. The line had only been opened directly through to Cape Town about two months before my visit to the Transvaal. When extended to Pretoria it will cover a total distance of 1,050 miles. There was talk also of the Western System, or Kimberley route, being continued to Johannesburg, a distance of 250 miles. All these railroads are of a three-and-one-half foot gauge, are of single-track, and belong to the Cape Colony Government, with the exception of the roads in the Transvaal, which are being built for that government by the "Netherlands Company of South Africa." My train started at the rather uncomfortable hour of 5.15 A. M. There were about a dozen carriages, drawn by a very powerful locomotive with six small driving-wheels. Some of the carriages were labelled as passing through direct to Port Elizabeth or East London, ports on the southeast coast, or to Cape Town or to Kimberley. Then there were a number of dilapidated old freight-cars which had been cheaply fitted for excursions. These were at that time running to the local and foreign exhibition being held at Kimberley, to which cheap return rates were being offered by all the railroads. I found the Orange Free State Railway to be well made, with a stone-ballasted track, substantial stone and iron bridges, and frequently pretty and commodious little station-houses, built of a hard cut stone. All along the road were wretched huts of Kaffirs, who had been employed in building it, or were now engaged in keeping it in order. Some of the huts were made of pieces of sheet iron, others of iron sleepers, others of old rugs. The country through which we passed all day was simply the veldt, a great treeless rolling prairie, with but very few farmhouses, and still fewer villages. The stations ordi-



H. E. the President of the Transvaal.

narily contained only the buildings appropriate to the railway service, and a miserable little store, hotel and bar. Our speed was slow and we made long stops at seemingly unimportant places. Meals of not very good quality, and with little or no attendance, were served at the uniform rate of two-and-sixpence per head. Occasionally you might see several ox-wagons with their great teams "trekking," or travelling, away across the plains. On leaving Johannesburg we passed for a long distance through a mining region. There were plenty of shafts and mills, and great heaps of "tailings." These were gold diggings, but upon reaching the frontier of the Orange Free State I noticed many coal mines. About three o'clock the next morning we passed through Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, a small town of low houses, though of a picturesque appearance, in strong contrast to the surrounding prairie. The government of this State is carried on through legislative powers vested in an assembly called the Volksraad, as in the Transvaal. There are fifty-eight members, who are elected by their constituents for the term of four years. The Executive power rests in the President, who is elected by suffrage of burghers throughout the State.

Going on from Bloemfontein, the character of the country changed somewhat, being much more rough and hilly. This kind of surface is here styled the Karroo, and it is mostly covered with a low scrub called Karroo bush. In this part of the State I saw many great flocks of sheep and goats, and a few of ostriches. The latter sitting close together, with their long necks craning directly upwards, made an odd sight. The railway is not yet fenced, and the engineer had frequently to blow his whistle to scare away animals, and sometimes we had to come to a "dead-stop," since the railway company are obliged to pay for any destruction of life. The line will eventually be fenced, as are the Natal railways. The southern border of the State is the Orange river, which we crossed upon a fine iron-girder and stone-pier bridge, about 1,200 feet long and fifty or sixty feet above the water. The river is crooked, very muddy, and not very deep, but subject to floods in the rainy season that greatly increase its depth and velocity. We were now in Cape Colony proper and still in the Karroo, great undulating plains from which spring here and there curious peaked or table-topped hills with almost precipitous flanks. Not a tree, other than such as have been planted, appears. In the valley of the Orange river and other smaller streams which we crossed there was

a little verdure, consisting of dwarf trees and bush. At the De Aar Junction we found a train that had just arrived from Kimberley, and was going on to Cape Town, after attaching several carriages of our train destined for the same point. From De Aar to Kimberley the distance is 147 miles. Late in the evening we crossed the Orange river again, and by a bridge similar to that just mentioned. To sum up, the greater part of the country through which we passed from Johannesburg to De Aar and to Kimberley was simply a vast, wind-swept, treeless, grass- or bush-covered upland steppe. We reached Kimberley at half-past two the following morning, and I was driven at once to a comfortable little three-story brick hotel, situated near Market Square.

CHAPTER XXXV.

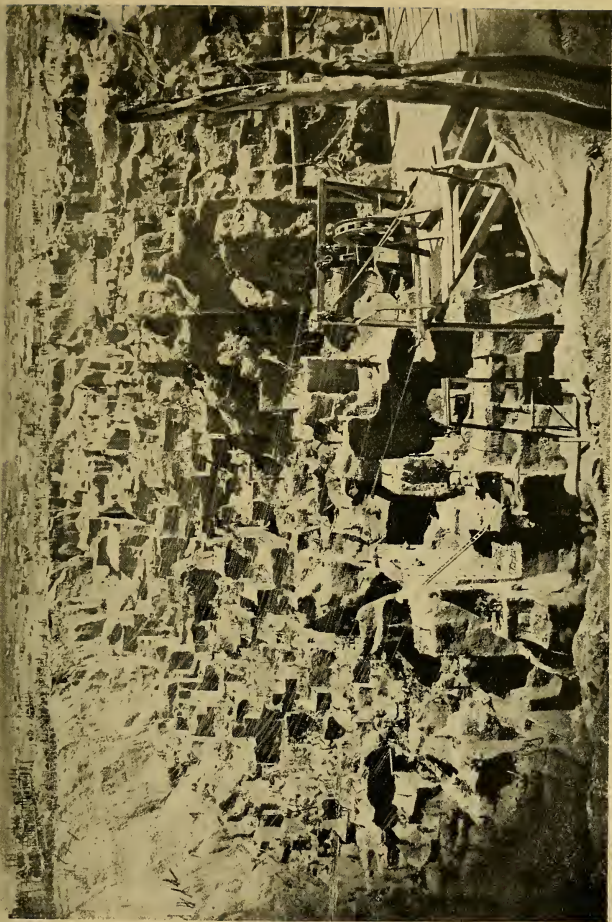
THE DIAMOND DISTRICT.

KIMBERLEY is the capital and the centre of the greatest diamond mining district in the world. It is situated on an open windy plain, about 4,000 feet above the sea-level, and has a population of 30,000. Here are tramways, the electric light, cabs, good shops, hotels, theatres and daily newspapers. The city is irregularly planned, but has smooth macadamised streets. Its suburb of Beaconsfield, to the south, is laid out at right-angles. The houses are most of them but single-story, of brick or iron, and with iron roofs. Around the residences, which are walled, trees and flowers and lawns have been planted, but they are maintained with great difficulty, owing principally to lack of water. There is a small Botanical Garden, which upon the very day I visited it was being devoured by an enormous cloud of locusts. The flower section especially suffered, and was all but completely removed during the hour of my stay. The locusts were short and thick, and of a dark yellow color. They had recently been making great ravages in the Orange Free State, and had destroyed nearly all the growing crops.

On the extreme northern edge of the town is the famous Kimberley Mine, now a vast hole of a tunnel shape, whose surface covers fifteen acres and whose depth is 650 feet. A few men were working near the bottom, where a shaft has been sunk, but the great cobweb of wire ropes, with which the diamondiferous soil was formerly hoisted, was all gone. The sides of the huge funnel seemed composed of loose earth, small rocks and stones. The mineral coloring was quite pretty. There were tints of light and dark blue, black, gray, and various shades of red. This is the largest open mine in the world. Upon its northern edge work is still going on by means of shafts, inclines and levels. Beyond these are the washing-machines and the great depositing floors.

The De Beer's Mine, with its depositing and washing sites, and its "compound" or enclosure for the native miners, lies upon the western side of the town, while directly south of Beaconsfield and quite near together, are the Bulfontein and Dutoitspan Mines. A circle three-and-one-half miles in diameter would enclose the four, and the great diamond output of past years has been chiefly from these four mines. Upon the discovery of diamonds here in 1870, the land was divided into claims under government control, and then these claims became the property of many companies. These have now, however, for the most part been united under one vast control—the De Beer's Consolidated Mines, Limited. Their capital is \$20,000,000, and their present annual output, the value of diamonds exported, is of about the same amount, and this appears to be the maximum the market can take without unduly affecting the price. It is said that during the past twenty years there have been exported from South Africa over fifty millions of carats of diamonds, of a total value of \$375,000,000. Bearing in mind that a carat equals four grains, the weight of diamonds exported has amounted to about fifteen tons! If piled in a heap, they would form a pyramid 6 feet high, with a base 9×9 feet, or they would fill a box $5 \times 5 \times 6$ feet. Before the diamond mines were discovered more than three-quarters of the total exports of Cape Colony—which amounted to about two millions sterling per annum—consisted of wool. To-day the exports are six-fold that sum, to which diamonds contribute more than one-half, and wool but a fifth.

These mines are situated about 650 miles northeast of Cape Town and 500 miles from the sea-coast. The diamonds were first obtained on the surface in a yellow earth, the result of the decomposition of strata. Then going down they were found in a sort of tough blue clay, a hard lava-like earth which extends to a great depth, as a shaft sunk 1,200 feet shows nothing but this species of diamond-bearing soil. At a depth of 600 feet hard rock has been found containing some shale. It is said that this rock has been altered by the action of heat produced by penetration of volcanic forces through it, and this heat causing the liberation of some volatile hydrocarbon, has produced the diamond. The funnel of blue ground, surrounded by various hard and soft rocks and mixed with angular pieces of carbonaceous shale, garnet, mica, etc., with the crater-like mouth, support this hypothesis of a volcanic origin of the mines. And this agrees with the popular theory of the formation of diamonds—an outburst of heat or force from below, result-



Kimberley Mine, 1873.

ing in the conversion of carbon into the crystalline form which we call diamonds. At Kimberley the diamonds occur in a great variety of colors—green, blue, pink, brown, yellow, orange and white—and in a variety of tints from pure white to dark yellow, from light to deep brown. The precious stones vary in size from that of a pin's head to one that was found a few years ago in the De Beer's Mine, which weighed in the rough $428\frac{1}{2}$ carats and after cutting $228\frac{1}{2}$. This is undoubtedly the largest brilliant in the world. It measured when uncut $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches through the longest axis, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. This remarkable stone was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1889. There are many other famous South African gems, but I have space to mention only two. In 1869 a Dutchman purchased a stone from a Gricqua native for \$2,000. worth of goods, and immediately sold it for \$50,000. Its value to-day is estimated at \$125,000. It was the famous "Star of South Africa," a pure white diamond of $83\frac{1}{2}$ carats, and is at present amongst the jewels of the English Countess of Dudley. What is called the "Tiffany" yellow diamond, the largest stone in America, and the finest yellow diamond in the world, weighing 125 carats and valued at \$100,000, was found in the Kimberley Mine.

The mining processes are as follows: The blue ground is hoisted by the shafts and being emptied into iron cars is drawn by machinery to the depositing or pulverising floors. That of the De Beer's Mine is three miles by one in extent—fairly level land, cleared of bush, rolled and made as smooth and hard as possible. Here the blue ground is spread out to be pulverised by exposure to the air and sun. This requires a period of from three to six months, varying according to the season of the year and the amount of rain. The next step is that of passing the blue stuff through rotary washing machines where the lighter portions are washed away and the heavier remain. In this washing process one hundred tons of blue ground are concentrated into one load of diamondiferous stuff. After being washed in the machines, the diamonds are cleaned of any extraneous matter by boiling them in a mixture of nitrate and sulphuric acids. They are then carefully assorted with reference to size, color and purity. Parcels are made up and sold to local buyers, who represent the leading diamond merchants of Europe. What is called the Diamond Market, at Kimberley, consists of several streets of the offices of these merchants. The size of a parcel varies from a few thousands

to tens of thousands of carats. In one instance, a few years ago, nearly a quarter of a million of carats was sold in one lot to one buyer. These parcels are sent to Europe by registered post. There are about 12,000 natives at present working in these mines, under the supervision of some 1,300 Europeans. The natives receive \$5. a week. Work goes on both day and night by different gangs of men. It is said that \$5,000,000 are annually expended for labor in the mines, shops and offices. Formerly there was a great deal of diamond stealing by native diggers and buying by white merchants. It is even told that these thieves stole one quarter of the entire yield. Improved methods of surveillance are rapidly diminishing this loss. Now none but authorised agents are permitted to purchase or possess rough diamonds, a large detective force is employed, and the natives are domiciled and confined in "compounds," or villages, enclosed by high walls or fences, with doors made of sheet iron.

The deepest shaft in the mining district is that of the Kimberley—1,200 feet. The hauling machinery here was manufactured by the Chicago house of Fraser, Chalmers & Co., and is of course of the latest and best pattern. Near this shaft is what is called the "mechanical haulage," a sort of endless chain by which loaded trucks are carried a mile or so to the pulverising floors and at the same time unloaded ones are returned to the mine. Here I saw one of the "compounds" of the native diggers. It was a great open square lined by iron sheds and surrounded by a high iron fence. Entrance to this compound is had only from the shaft, the men thus going to and returning from work in narrow underground passages. The period of service for which they engage is usually three months. During this time they may have special permission to visit their relatives or friends for a few days if desirable, but otherwise they are in effect prisoners. They, however, do not object to their isolation as they are thus preserved from temptation to drink, and have an opportunity to save some of their wages, which are for their limited wants comparatively high. Frequently they come and beg to be taken into the compound. In the one of which I am speaking there were 2,500 men and boys, mostly belonging to the Basuto tribe, splendid specimens physically and going all but entirely naked, save only when visiting their homes. Ample space is allotted to each, though several are put together in a room. They seem to have very few personal effects or domestic paraphernalia—a suit of coarse cotton, a blanket



Kimberley Mine, 1888.

or two, and a few kettles and pans suffice. Everything is done for their comfort and cleanliness by the company. There is a shop in which they can buy their simple food of appointed persons at reasonable prices. A general kitchen is also provided, but they seem to prefer doing their cooking each before his own doorway, buying firewood from a great store of it heaped in the centre of the compound. Near this is a place set apart for their washing. The diggers are almost invariably docile, a good-natured lot of children. A curious effect is produced by a wire netting which extends over a large part of the compound. This has been arranged to prevent any one throwing diamonds concealed about their persons to pals waiting outside the barriers. There are a hospital and a post-office on the premises.

In the general office of the company, I visited the valuing-rooms, where the diamonds are sorted by size and color in little heaps upon white paper placed on long narrow benches under strong light. Here they are viewed by the local buyers and prices are arranged. The transactions are naturally frequently very large. A single sale of \$750,000 was made the day before my visit. The De Beer's Mine, Works, Compounds and Floors are enormous, covering several square miles of surface. This mine, which closely resembles the great funnel of the Kimberley, is not now worked in the open. I visited all parts, and witnessed many interesting processes. The machinery of the "Pulsator," where the diamonds are found, and that of the washing-machine is, however, too intricate for detailed description here. The smooth pulverisation fields, covered about a foot deep by blue earth, extended away almost to the horizon. On one side were huge gray hills composed of "tailings," or soil from which the diamonds had been extracted. A little locomotive was hauling a train of trucks loaded with the precious gravel. Smoke issued from many chimneys, and the clatter of machinery resounded on all sides. I was in the centre of the mining works of the greatest stock company in the world.

While at Kimberley I also paid several visits to the "South African and International Exhibition." The buildings and grounds occupied a considerable space on the outskirts of the town, and neither were very impressive. The buildings were merely temporary sheds, while as to the grounds the great difficulty to make anything else than coarse shrubs live and thrive was only too apparent. The Exhibition was open every day except Sundays, from

11 A. M. to 11 P. M. General admission was two shillings. Besides the railway excursion tickets, with accompanying six to twelve free admissions, there were the usual enticements of organ recitals, promenade concerts, side-shows, children's games, and illuminations and fireworks. The Exhibition was a considerable success. It had only been open a little over two months and had already been visited by 300,000 people. There were eight hundred gold, silver and bronze medals awarded to successful exhibitors. A striking object in the centre of the main building was a great yellow shaft—perhaps thirty feet high and three feet square at the base—which represented the bulk of all the gold so far taken from the Witwatersrand reef of the Transvaal.

From Kimberley I went direct by rail to Cape Town, the distance being 647 miles and the time consumed on the journey thirty-four hours. We reached De Aar Junction late in the afternoon and attaching several carriages of the Johannesburg train, which arrived at the same time, we went on in a southwesterly direction. The country consisted still of great bush-covered prairies, interspersed with many ranges of low hills. There were also many isolated flat-topped, or sometimes peaked, hills which from a distance had the appearance of islands rising from a great green sea. During the night we passed Beaufort West, a town of considerable importance, on the banks of the Gamka river, and situated about 2,800 feet above the level of the sea. Going on we halted at a number of stations whose names were supplemented with the word "Roads." It seems many of the villages are distant from the railway—one of them Fraserburg, as much as sixty-seven miles—and at the stations there are simply roads which lead to them. Farmhouses were few and far between. In the Karroo were many large flocks of sheep and goats, this being a great wool and mohair producing region. The sheep farms of Cape Colony are of very great extent, running from 3,000 to 5,000 acres each. Beyond Beaufort West I saw flocks of ostriches almost as frequently as of sheep. It was always interesting to observe these great birds quietly feeding, strutting about, or squatting in the sand, with their long slim necks reared aloft. Ostrich farming has long been a staple industry of Cape Colony. In 1865 there were but eighty domesticated birds in the Colony; now the number is put at 150,000. Naturally therefore the price of ostriches has fallen very much of late years. Whereas formerly they fetched \$1,000 a pair, now a young one may be bought for \$10. The total weight of feathers exported from



A Depositing Floor.

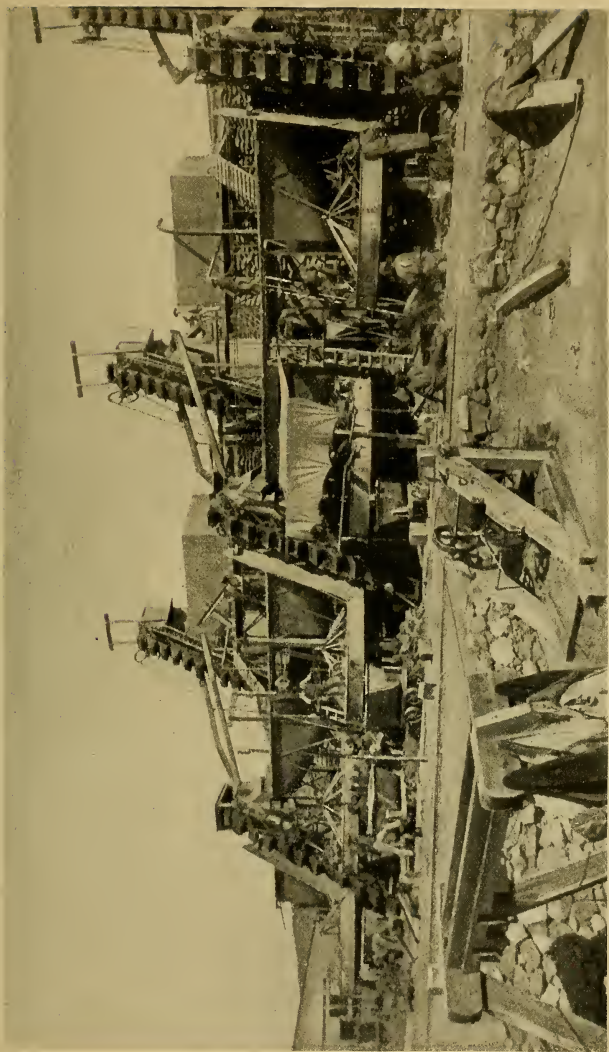
the Cape during the past thirty years is more than one thousand tons, and their value about \$50,000,000.

We arrived at the village of Matjesfontein at eight o'clock the following morning and were served a most abominable breakfast. I may say that the food, beverages and cigars at all the railway stations in South Africa are especially bad, though very high charges are made for everything. Matjesfontein is about 3,600 feet above sea-level. From this point we gradually descended, until at Cape Town we were at the level of the sea. We left behind the "great" Karroo and passed through several large villages with steep rocky ranges on either side, called the Hex River Mountains. These are utterly devoid of vegetation and seem as if nearly altogether composed of lava. The highest peaks were slightly flecked with snow. These mountains are very picturesque, frowning savagely above level valleys covered with verdure and crops of grain, and dotted with pretty farm-houses. From the top of one range we had a magnificent view of what is specifically styled the Hex River Valley, some 2,000 feet below. The road descends by a stupendous feat of engineering. At one place it has to make an enormous triangle. For upwards of twenty miles it is very steep in gradient, very sharp in curve, deep in rock-cutting, with several long tunnels, many high embankments and some great gullies spanned by fine iron viaducts. In the steepest places the grade is one foot in forty feet. Within a distance of thirty-six miles you descend 2,500 feet.

Leaving the beautiful Hex River Valley we entered upon an enormous plain, surrounded by rough rocky mountains, where the bush of the Karroo had given place to rich grass and great fields of oats and rye. We halted at the pretty town of Worcester, thickly ensconced in trees, amongst which very large blue gums were prominent. There are no natural-grown shade trees in this part of Cape Colony, everything has been planted and is sustained by great labor and care. Around Worcester were gardens of beans, potatoes, cabbages and lettuce. Wellington was a similar town, some fifty or sixty miles further on. And then we came to a chain of mountains, called the Paarl because they were fancifully supposed to resemble a string of pearls. These mountains supply granite for the public buildings of Cape Town. There is a long line of neat farm-houses along their base, where grapes are largely cultivated. In fact, the Paarl is the centre of a famous wine district. Then we had a great stretch of the Karroo again, with the

massive Table Mountain, half-covered with clouds, in view directly ahead. Next I caught sight of a wide sandy beach and the Atlantic, and realised that I had crossed South Africa.

We passed through the outskirts of Cape Town with glimpses of Table Bay, a long breakwater and several large steamers upon the right and the Lion's Head and more distant Devil's Peak upon the left. Our journey terminated in a fine, large two-story station, and I at once took a hansom—the city is well supplied with a serviceable variety—for one of the many good hotels. The thoroughly English character of most of the houses struck my attention—though in the flat roofs and yellow-colored walls there was also an oriental flavor—but the words "Coffee Room" on the doors of a cheerful refectory did not lessen my first impression.



Diamond Washing Machines.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CAPE TOWN.

CAPE TOWN is situated in nearly the 34th degree of south latitude. It is built on the steep slopes of Table Mountain and Lion's Head, and a level expanse around the circular shore of Table Bay. The perpendicular sides of the dark, gray, rocky, flat-topped Table Mountain, flanked by the two other eminences known as Lion's Head and Devil's Peak, make a grand background for the town. Table Mountain reaches 3,850 feet above the sea; the lower part is composed of granite, the upper of sandstone. When the wind is from the southeast a peculiar sight is witnessed upon the top and edge of this mountain, which is then fringed by a thin line of fleecy cloud. This lying flat and low on top, and gracefully falling over the edges, has happily been called the "table-cloth." The slopes of this mountain were once thickly wooded, but now the comparatively small amount of vegetation seen is mostly the result of planting. The streets of Cape Town are regularly and well laid out, macadamised or paved with wood, and lighted by gas. In general appearance it is like an English provincial city. There are large and well-built stores of two and even three stories, which are mostly of brick and stucco or cement. In nearly the centre of the town is the Botanical Garden, a beautiful mass of green, and in the upper or more modern portions—called the Gardens, a belt of foliage here surrounding the city proper—are the greater part of the English dwellings, many of them handsome cottages or pretentious villas with slate roofs, and standing in enclosures prettily arranged with lawns and flower beds. Besides the cabs and hansoms there are several lines of tramway and omnibuses. The hansoms, with their white hoods and fanciful names in addition to their numbers, are a prominent feature, standing in long lines in the centres of the principal streets. At one side near the shores of the bay is the parade-ground and near it the old Dutch

Castle, a fort laid out by Van Riebeeck, the first Dutch governor, 240 years ago. This is a quaint specimen of the ancient citadel, built of brick and stone, in pentagonal form, with ravelins, glacis, ditch, gate, sally-port and all the other features characteristic of old fortifications. The military headquarters of the commander of H. B. M.'s forces and his staff are at present in the Castle. At the other extremity of the town are the docks, which are very extensive and commodious, and the breakwater, which is nearly two-thirds of a mile long. Ten million dollars have been spent on the various harbor works.

Cape Town is now misnamed "town," for it is a city of 62,000 inhabitants. The population is very mixed—white and colored, passing gradually from a pale yellow to a deep black. There are English, Dutch, Malays, Indians, Kaffirs, and many half-castes. A large proportion of the white inhabitants are of Dutch, German and French origin, mostly descendants of the original settlers. The white population of Cape Colony is 350,000; while blacks, half-castes and others bring up this number to a gross total of 1,500,000. The water supply of Cape Town is excellent. There are several large reservoirs in the upper part of the city which are supplied from springs and rain-water running down the face of Table Mountain. Iron pipes distribute the water everywhere, and the pressure on the hydrants is sufficient to throw a good volume seventy feet in the air. This is most useful for the local fire-brigade. Some of the business and public buildings are handsome and appropriate. In the principal thoroughfare—Adderly Street—is an especially striking edifice, the headquarters of the Standard Bank of South Africa. It cost \$160,000. The style is strictly classic, with massive façade and portico, and a domed tower in the centre ninety feet high, surmounted with a marble figure of Britannia. Further up the same street is the capacious Dutch Reformed Church, with its quaint old vane-topped Flemish spire. It contains an interesting pulpit carved from timber brought from India. Two enormous lions support the pulpit, which is ornamented with the Netherlands coat-of-arms, an upright anchor on a shield, with cable on either side. This church might properly be called the "Colonial Westminster Abbey," for beneath its pavement lie the bones of no less than seven Dutch governors of the Cape.

In several of the streets the old-fashioned Dutch mansions of the early colonists may still be seen. The houses are spacious and



Typical Diamond Diggers.

lofty, with flat roofs, massive white or yellow colored fronts, numerous windows with very small panes, and a terrace or stoop (*stoep*) rising from the street at the entrance. The extension of Adderly Street to the south is called Government Avenue. This runs in the direction of Table Mountain for a distance of three-quarters of a mile, a fine, broad, gravelled walk through rows of grand old oaks, a veritable tunnel of glossy green foliage. These now massive gnarled trees were set out as young plants over two hundred years ago by one of the old Dutch governors, Van der Stell by name. The new Parliament Houses and the Public Library and Museum are close to the entrance of this avenue, and adjoining it are the Botanical Garden, the Government House, and the Fine Art Gallery. Government House is the official residence of the Governor of Cape Colony. It is a heavy, irregular building of brick and stucco, colored yellow. It was originally commenced by the Dutch officials more than a century and a half ago, and has been altered and modernised from time to time since. Before the entrance there is a military patrol, day and night. The rooms are large but very plainly furnished. On either side and in the rear of the house are beautiful flower gardens and many shade trees.

The handsomest of the public buildings of Cape Town is that containing the Houses of Parliament. It stands in neatly-laid-out gardens, surrounded by a high iron fence. Before one of the side entrances is a marble statue of Queen Victoria. This is about ten feet in height, and represents Her Majesty in robes of state. In the right hand is the sceptre, in the left the orb. A diadem is on the head, and the ribbon and star of the Garter are conspicuous. The likeness is said to be good, and the statue as a whole has a pleasing effect. The edifice is of brick, with pilasters and window-dressings of Portland cement. There are three stories, and the base is of Paarl granite. The general style of the architecture reminds one of the palaces at Versailles. The principal front is 264 feet in length. The portico is of massive dimensions, with a commanding flight of granite steps. Passing in by the main entrance I found myself in a lofty hall or vestibule with a tessellated pavement, and a gallery and many pillars in imitation of dark gray granite. Adjoining this hall is the Parliamentary Library, a fine apartment about 50 × 30 feet, with two galleries. There are also on this floor a number of committee rooms and offices for the President and Speaker, and officials of the Legislature. There are

also refreshment, smoking, reading, and billiard rooms for the comfort and diversion of members. The two debating chambers are in the right and left pavilions. They are of the same size—67 × 36 feet—or only ten feet in length and breadth less than the House of Commons in London. The Upper-House or Legislative Council Chamber is upholstered in red leather, and the chair of the President is of fine carved-wood. In the Lower-House or Assembly Chamber, the benches are covered with green leather, and the Speaker's chair is also elaborately carved. Behind it, upon the wall, hangs a large portrait of the Queen. Both these halls are very simply and plainly frescoed. The ground-floor of the building is occupied by the premier department of the government, the offices of the Colonial Secretary and other officials, and by fire-proof safes in which the records of Parliament and the archives of the Colony are deposited. The entire cost of the building, furniture and grounds has been \$1,100,000. Parliament meets once in each year, and oftener if necessary. Its sessions are usually held during the months from May to August. There are seventy-four members in the Assembly and twenty-two in the Council.

The Public Library and South African Museum are located in a large building of Grecian design, situated nearly opposite the Houses of Parliament. The library contains about 50,000 volumes, in every branch of science and literature. In addition to the library itself—which is free to the public for consultation, though a subscription of \$10. per annum is made by those who wish to take out books—there are several valuable collections which have either been bequeathed or purchased. One of these has some 4,500 volumes of a rare character, including 130 manuscripts on vellum or parchment. In this collection are two very old maps of the world, the one dated 1489 and the other 1546, both of which, singularly enough, show the Central African lakes. There are also very valuable manuscripts of the native languages of Africa, Polynesia and New Zealand, and many photographs and paintings of types of the South Africans. In the wing opposite that occupied by the library is the collection of curiosities forming the Museum, which is free to the public. This is chiefly devoted to products of South Africa, and combines zoölogy, geology and ethnology. It occupies a large hall with two galleries, and is a very interesting and creditable exhibit. It is supported by an annual grant of \$5,000 from the public funds, and some special sub-



An Ostrich Farm, Cape Colony.

scriptions of private individuals. The Botanic Garden faces the Public Library and Museum building on the north. It covers some fourteen acres, and is well worth a visit. It is laid out with trees, flowers, vegetables, shrubberies, conservatories, nurseries, fountains, statues, and a herbarium. It is said to contain upwards of 8,000 varieties of plants, embracing rare exotic productions, as well as specimens of the indigenous flora. The greater part are designated by neat, enamelled iron labels. The sole remaining "public building," and dating from the olden time, is the Town Hall, situated on a square in the central part of the city. Outwardly it is a plain, two-storied, stuccoed structure, built in the heavy Dutch style with a balcony and massive stoop, and with large windows filled with many small panes. Its corner stone was laid in 1755. It is now used by the Mayor and Town Council to carry on the municipal administration. The Council Chamber is the only interesting room. This occupies the front of the building on the second story. It is a very plain and bare oblong room, with ceiling supported by thick rough-hewn rafters, and floor devoid of carpeting. The chair of the Mayor, which faces a horse-shoe oval of desks, is surmounted by the old coat-of-arms—shield, anchor and cable, carved in wood. On the wall behind the chair is a painting of the first Dutch governor, Van Riebeeck. Above the door leading out upon the balcony is a very curious old carving in wood, representing a couple of cannon, pyramids of balls, and kegs of gunpowder. In the centre is the coat-of-arms, with an inscription in Dutch. The present Council meets once a week.

The suburbs of Cape Town extend for long distances in two opposite directions, one to the southeast around the side of Table Mountain, and the other towards the northwest, along Table Bay, and to Sea Point fronting directly upon the ocean. In the former direction the buildings stretch some ten miles, in the latter three. The capital is connected with both by railway, and with Sea Point also by tramway. From the east side of Table Mountain the railway runs on towards the south for a distance of twenty-three miles to Simon's Bay, a great naval station, where generally a half dozen British men-of-war are maintained. Cape Town is situated upon the northern portion of a long narrow peninsula whose southern extremity, forty miles distant, is the world-famous Cape of Good Hope. This great cliff bears a lighthouse whose top is eight hundred feet above the surface of the ocean, and holds a splendid revolving light which may be seen thirty-six miles at sea. About

one hundred miles southeast of this cape is that of Agulhas, which is the most southerly point of Africa, and not that of Good Hope, as many people seem to imagine. I paid a visit to Simon's Bay and returning about two-thirds of the way—to Wynburg—drove across the peninsula behind Table Mountain and by the ocean around to Sea Point and back to town, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The railway has a double-track most of its course, and trains run very frequently during the day. The villages, which thickly adjoin each other, lie in a long flat valley, with the gaunt rugged Table Mountain and its comrades upon the west, and upon the east a distant range of mountains which runs north and south and circles around False Bay to its eastern extremity. We passed through many fine forests of fir, oak, willow, pine and eucalyptus. Though there is much wild wood, there seems to be more that has been planted and cultivated. All along the line were pretty little cottages, nestling in beautiful gardens of fruits, vegetables, and flowers, and half concealed by vines, with fences composed of rose-bushes in full-bloom. The country roads led through perfect tunnels of green foliage and were as smooth and hard as those of a city park. This is a much healthier place of residence than Cape Town, or at least more comfortable, for in summer the difference of temperature is as much as ten degrees. The scenery all along the railway is very interesting, the sylvan beauty of the foreground being enhanced by a grand background of precipitous mountains.

A few miles from town, on the left, I saw the domes of the Royal Observatory, which was designed by Telford and completed in 1829. Here Sir John Herschel made his long and valuable survey of the southern heavens. Perhaps the prettiest and most attractive of the little villages at which we halted was Rondesbosch. It contains the country residence of the governor. Here also are grounds for cricket and football clubs, and a few miles further, the race-track of the South African Turf Club. At Wynburg, eight miles from town, is the hospital, and the military camp which is said to be the healthiest and most agreeable foreign station in the British possessions. The old Dutch governor Van Riebeeck once had a farm here, upon which a good deal of labor was bestowed. It is recorded that in 1661 there were on it over a thousand young orange, lemon and citron trees, ten banana plants, two olive, three walnut, five apple, two pear, nineteen plum and forty-one other fruit trees, besides some thousands of vines. Near Wynburg is the Government Wine Farm, where there are 150,000



General View of Cape Town and Table Mountain.

vines, besides many fruit trees of every description. During the latter part of the journey the rich fertile soil changed rapidly to a very sandy one, and I finally came out directly upon the shores of False Bay, on the western side of which, about its centre, lies the further small indentation of Simon's Bay. There were several hamlets along the shores and many hotels, and boarding and bathing houses. The people of Cape Town spend a part of the summer here, to inhale the fresh and invigorating sea air. The fishing industry is also lucrative hereabouts, and eagerly pursued. Simon's Town is a small village of a single street, winding around the steep chain of hills that extends from here down to the Cape of Good Hope. In the bay lay four British men-of-war and a number of small gunboats. On shore was a large Naval Dockyard, which is fitted with every appliance requisite for repairing modern war ships. There are two hospitals, a residence for the Admiral, and buildings for many officials.

Returning to Wynburg, I alighted from the train, and took an open "Cape cart" back to the capital. It proved a most interesting and charming drive of three hours, at the very good speed of about eight miles an hour. The road was faultless and the team fresh and frisky. The air was by turns redolent of the perfume of flowers or the rich resinous odors of firs and pines. In gliding over the plains and up the gradual incline of the mountains I passed through many great vineyards and fruit-orchards. All sorts of European vegetables seemed also to be raised, and were growing in perfection. The grape vines were very low, squat bushes, not trained on trellises or supported by sticks, but planted thickly in rows close together. The red and white Cape wines are good and cheap. Sherry and brandy of fair quality are also made. We mounted a low ridge between Table Mountain and other similar-topped mountains to the south, and enjoyed a magnificent prospect behind us over the rich green plain of Wynburg and Constantine, and off over the bright blue waters of False Bay. Then we crossed a great barren valley, containing a few poor houses, and turning towards the south came out upon the wide, flat beach of Host's Bay, which is mostly bordered by savage rocky mountains that start straight up from the water's edge. Near here was a comfortable little hotel, patronised by the city people as a bathing and fishing place, and as a sort of road-house for those who simply come for the drive from Cape Town. Turning about I went a few miles further north, and then crossing a ridge found myself

directly by the ocean's side, though upon cliffs several hundred feet above it. The road now wound in and out around these cliffs and gradually descended until we were nearly at the level of the sea. Upon the right was a long line of rough, rocky, crags, styled the Twelve Apostles, which extend quite to the edge of Table Mountain. About the centre of these is a tunnel whence an inexhaustible supply of water is obtained, and carried to Cape Town through several miles of iron pipes. The views of the sombre cliffs of Table Mountain, of the sharp peak of Lion's Head, and of the sea are very grand all along this side of the peninsula. Gradually we approached Sea Point, passing first a toll-gate where the modest sum of sixpence was charged; little enough for the pleasure of using such capital roads. Near here we turned sharply around and followed the tram-line, through a wide street lined with pretty villas, back to the city. On the left, in the distance, was a great hospital, of three stories and six castellated turrets, situated within spacious grounds, well planted with trees and flowering plants. Next came the Breakwater, and the Docks and circular bay with their crowd of steamers and ships, and soon thereafter I arrived at my hotel, having enjoyed a picturesque excursion, with perfect weather. The seasons at the Cape come of course in the reverse order to those in Europe and North America. The climate is warm and dry. I found it a little hot in the middle of the day in November, the Cape summer, but not uncomfortable, and the nights were always cool and agreeable. It is a land of sunshine, pure buoyant air, clear blue skies, and pleasant temperature. The air is especially sweet and exhilarating; it is as "clear as crystal," and a vitalising tonic.

I had desired to continue my journey from Cape Town up the western coast of the continent to Mossamedes, the most southerly town in the Portuguese Possessions, and but four hundred miles from Loanda, the capital. But I was unable to find any direct means of communication, either by steamer, ship, coaster, yacht or man-of-war. There was formerly a Portuguese line and for a brief period a German, but both of them had been withdrawn. At present this is the only part—save that between Tripoli and Alexandria—of the whole 16,000 miles of African sea-coast not served by several lines and nationalities of steamers. There was absolutely no way for me to reach Mossamedes except by making a very long detour by way of the island of Madeira. I would have to accomplish a voyage of 10,000 miles in order to reach a point but

1,200 miles from Cape Town! I could go directly to Funchal in an English steamer and return in a Portuguese, calling at several ports upon the west coast. So being quite unwilling, unless absolutely compelled, to forego any part of my projected tour, I decided upon this course, being the less reluctant as I wished to see Madeira. I took passage in the "Moor," of the Union Royal Mail Steamship Company, which sailed on the evening of December 7th. We passed slowly out of the Docks, crept along the Breakwater, and turning abruptly, steamed away to the north. But little of the city is visible from beyond the roadstead, and the great precipice of Table Mountain is half hidden by the Lion's Head and Signal Hill. In half an hour we reached Robbin Island, a low, sandy stretch of land, about two miles long from north to south, and seven or eight miles distant from the shore. In 1657 a platform was erected on this island upon which a fire was kept up at night whenever ships belonging to the Dutch East India Company were seen off the port. But nowadays a fine, round lighthouse, sixty feet high, warns the navigator to steer clear of the heavy breakers which surround it. It was also formerly used as a convict station and place of banishment for political offenders. The Cape Colony general infirmary for lepers and lunatics is upon the southern part of this island. More than half the population—of 650—are patients of one kind or another. The annual expenditure upon the maintenance of the institution is \$100,000. A little steamer makes bi-monthly trips from Cape Town to the island. We carried few passengers, for, as it was the cold season in England, people accustomed to the hot weather of the Cape preferred visiting home in the summer time. The grand old Table Mountain and the gigantic crags of the Twelve Apostles were in view for several hours, or until the darkness of night came down upon us. We went on with a cool fresh breeze, and a tremendous "following swell," which caused the most extraordinary rolling of the steamer and continuing the next day, made nearly all the passengers very ill.

The distance from Cape Town to Funchal is 4,761 miles. On the 10th we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn—my tenth entrance into the Tropics. Both air and water were much colder than in the same latitudes of the East coast. This is doubtless explained by the South Atlantic and Equatorial currents which run from Polar Regions northerly and northwesterly along this coast and then bend to the westward through the Tropics and along the

Equator. Our track was very lonely; we saw no vessels until near Cape Verd. We crossed the Equator on the 15th, and afterwards entered the region marked on the charts, "Variables and Calms," between 2° and 10° north latitude, and situated west of the African State of Liberia and the British Colony of Sierra Leone. We then followed the coast of the continent until we reached the Tropic of Cancer, when we headed off a little towards the Canary Islands. We passed Cape Verd about ten miles to the westward. Well does it deserve its title of the Green Cape. It is a long, narrow peninsula upon the extremity of which are two knolls, the most westerly one being crowned by a tall lighthouse. These knolls seemed covered with grass and shrubs, and extending a short distance on both sides of the point were forests of palms and other trees. Cape Verd is in the French Colony of Senegambia and on its southern side lies the town of Dakar and the neighboring island and town of Gorée. Cape Verd is situated almost exactly in latitude 15° north. The Cape Verd Islands lie 350 miles due west. We sighted the island of Grand Canary late on the afternoon of the 20th. In the evening we steamed between the islands of Teneriffe and Gomera, where is a deep channel about twelve miles wide. By starlight we saw the hard, black outlines of the famous peak, though it did not show to advantage, as we were too near and there was an intervening stretch of high land. It is 250 miles from the Canaries to Madeira.



A Funchal "Carriage."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

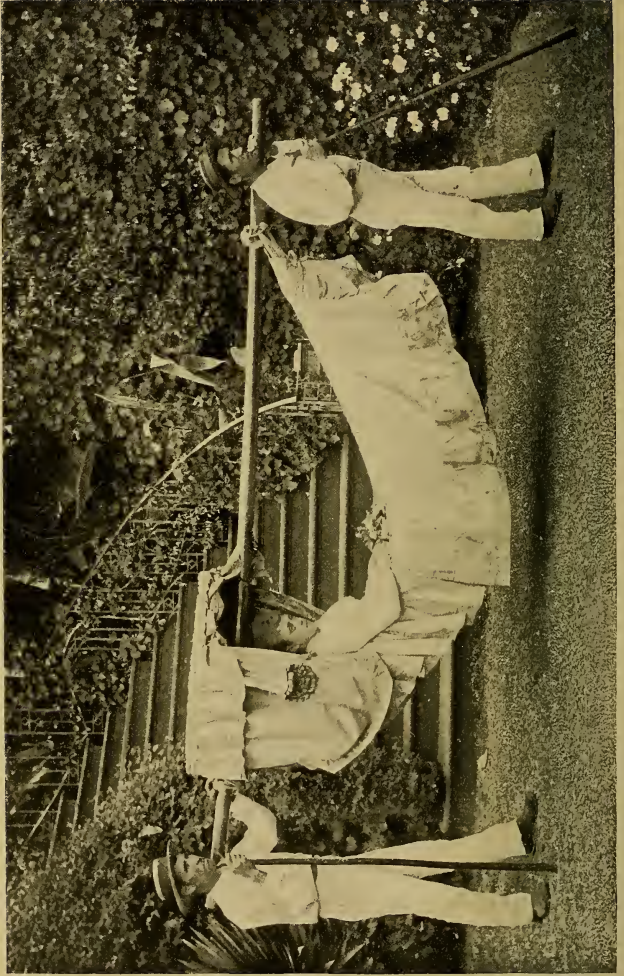
A DETOUR BY MADEIRA.

A HEAVY squall of wind and rain prevented our seeing Madeira until we had almost entered the roadstead of Funchal, its capital, which is situated on the southeastern side of the island. There is great depth of water, and we drew in to less than a quarter of a mile from the shore and anchored, just fourteen days from Cape Town. The view of Funchal was remarkably fine. The town is built upon the steep sides of a vast amphitheatre of high hills, which are dotted to their top with villas interspersed with gardens, orchards and vineyards. So steep are the hills that it is necessary to cover them with minute terraces. The villas are mostly but one or two stories in height, and their gay-colored walls and red tiled roofs make a very pretty appearance amidst the glossy green foliage of the diversified hills. At the right was an old stone fort, at the extreme left, not far from shore, upon a high rough rock, was another, and quite a distance up the hills upon a sharply projecting spur, was a third. In the centre was a short stone pier, the landing place for boats. On one side of this was the palace of the governor, a yellow, two-storied edifice standing in an old fort. Near by was the theatre, a great plain white building. Prominent also in several directions were the large three and four storied English hotels, built for the accommodation of winter visitors and invalids. The towers of several old churches appeared above much rich foliage of trees and tropical plants. The beach was composed of gray and black pebbles and large stones which the furious surf was rolling up and down with a noise like the booming of distant cannon. No sooner was our anchor down than a score of boats full of native products and manufactures were rowed off to us, and our quarter-deck was soon converted into a bazaar. There were wicker-work furniture—chairs, tables and baskets—feather flowers, fine embroidery and filigree jewelry, and

an extraordinary profusion of fruits—oranges, apples, chirimoyas or custard-apples, bananas, lemons, pears, mangoes, pineapples, loquats and granadillas. The island also produces mulberries, pomegranates, grapes, guavas, figs, gooseberries and alligator-pears.

Though the waves were running "mountain high," I succeeded in getting ashore in a little haven behind the rock-topped fort. When the wind does not blow too strongly and the sea is calm, the landing is made directly at the pier, or even on the neighboring shore, the boats being beached before their occupants leave them. Where I was taken there stood a line of strange-looking sledges, drawn by bullocks. They are called *carros*, or cars, and are the national vehicles of the island. The streets are all paved with small cobble-stones, a sort of slippery pumnice over which these sledges, shod with iron, glide as smoothly as if over snow. The *carro* has two cushioned seats, *vis-à-vis*, and a black water-proof canopy. The body is hung on springs, and is only about a foot above the ground. The bullocks are small but strong. They are driven by a man and boy, the latter walking directly before them, like the forelouper of a South African ox-team. The man walks at the side and occasionally prods the animals with a goad which he carries. I suffered no delay at the Custom-house and proceeded to one of the English hotels, centrally located, and which had been established upwards of forty years. Nearly all the hotels of Funchal belong to the same English family. I found mine exceedingly comfortable and well-conducted. It offered for the delectation of its guests a beautiful large garden, filled with rare plants and pretty flowers, fountains, and cages of birds and monkeys. Under great magnolia trees were easy extension-chairs, in which invalids passed the greater part of the day reading, chatting and dozing. The paths were paved with smooth pebbles in pretty ornamental patterns, and kept scrupulously clean. There was a billiard-table in a detached cottage, and of course a convenient lawn-tennis ground. Every morning I was awakened by the glorious singing of birds, the most of whom were captives. The wild canaries sing admirably. They are generally dark in color. Every family seems to keep a number of song birds, half a dozen or more together in a cage, canaries being in the majority. It is the same in the Canary Islands; every town inhabitant has many specimens.

The houses and streets of Funchal reminded me of Lisbon. The features and complexion, too, of the inhabitants closely re-



A Hammock, Funchal.

semble the Portuguese. The houses in the heart of the city are two and three and, sometimes, even five stories in height. They are adorned with many little balconies, and their lower windows are barred and grated like those of a prison. There are three mountain torrents that come down from behind the city and pass through it in deep, walled canals which are crossed by occasional bridges. On either side of these streams are avenues with rows of great trees which produce a grateful shade and have a pretty appearance. The streets are narrow and crooked. They are lighted at night by oil lamps suspended from the walls by brackets. Many of them are a bright green color from the fine grass which springs vigorously from the interstices of the pebble-pavement. This pavement by the way is very disagreeable for the foreign pedestrian. The natives wear a heelless, low-legged boot, made of tanned goat-skin, which is said to be much more comfortable than the customary European foot-gear. Occasionally there are narrow sidewalks. I passed the Public Gardens, which are very beautiful. In Madeira you have the rose, fir, myrtle, laurel, bay, cypress, chestnut, oak, pine and cedars of southern Europe mixed with the plants of the Tropics—magnolia, mango, banana, coffee and palm. The profusion of flowers and vines growing upon the walls of the houses is remarkable, and with the myriads of birds hovering about produces a very fascinating scene. There are many shops selling the special industries of the island, though most of the inhabitants are engaged in the culture of the grape and sugar-cane, and in the manufacture of wine. The prosperity of Funchal is largely due to the winter residence of many foreigners. Every one knows that the island is much resorted to by consumptives on account of the mildness and uniformity of the climate. In the capital the mean annual temperature is 67° , and there is an average difference of only 10° between the hottest and coldest months. Madeira is situated approximately in latitude 32° north, about four hundred miles to the westward of Morocco, and is kept at the high and even temperature by the Gulf Stream, which, dividing at the Azores, sweeps southwards and envelops the island in its warm embrace. Madeira, I may mention, is the name of a group of islands as well as of that containing Funchal, though only one besides this is inhabited—Porto Santo. The population of the two is 140,000. Madeira proper is a volcanic mass of basaltic rock. Its extreme length is thirty-eight miles and breadth sixteen. The highest point is Pico Ruivo—6,050 feet. The capital has a population of

30,000. It is only three-and-one-half days by fast steamer from Southampton.

There are three methods of transport about the city of Funchal—horses, hammocks and bullock-carros—and they are all of the same cost per hour, about forty cents. The horses are very good, and carefully shod with high heels and prominent nails in the front of their shoes, on account of the steep and slippery streets. A boy usually runs behind you. The hammocks are very comfortable, being furnished with thin mattress, pillow, and with a canopy for the head. They are slung from light, bamboo poles borne upon the shoulders of two men. These bearers, neatly dressed in white trousers and dark vest, with cloth or straw hat, carry long forked poles which they use to support the hammock when resting, and as alpenstocks when marching. They carry you at a fast walk, or jog-trot. For long distances two extra men are taken, who alternate with the others. They do not change so frequently as in Madagascar, but two go on until tired and are then succeeded by the other couple, and so on. The bullock sledges have already been described. These can only penetrate a short distance into the country through lack of suitable roads. In fact, there is only one carriage road in the island. It is in Funchal, is about six miles long, is macadamised and planted with trees, and extends along the shore to the westward, to a quiet little fishing village.

One day I paid a visit to what is called the Mount Church, situated behind the town, and 2,000 feet above the sea. I engaged a small wicker-work bullock sledge, with one seat facing backwards, and uncanopied for the better view. The sledge runners were shod simply with hard wood—the others have them of iron—and from time to time they were cleaned and oiled by passing under them a wad of greasy rags. After a little winding we went straight away up the hills by a very steep road, where the pavement was put down in low ridges for better foothold. The road was walled the greater part of the way and lined with quintas, or villas, all of which had solid masonry terraces covered with gardens, pavilions, and seats for enjoying the wide prospect over town and sea. The huge camellias were a mass of flowers. Many grape vines grow upon trellises which frequently projected half across the road. I was just one hour in making the ascent of two miles to the church, which is reared upon a great platform of masonry, and is approached by a long flight of stone steps. The façade is



The Grand Curral, Madeira.

flanked by two towers. The interior is roughly decorated with indifferent altars and paintings. The small image of the Virgin on the high altar is covered with jewelry; gifts of the pious. She is much venerated on account of the miracles she is said to have performed—in token of which, witness an assortment of wax arms and legs hung upon the wall at one side. This church is four hundred years old. In returning to town it is customary to omit the service of the bullocks, the car descending by gravity, and being directed by one or two men who run at the side or behind, holding ropes which are attached to the forward end of the runners, as with our ordinary sleds. This then is called a “running sledge,” and well does it merit the title. You go down at a fearful pace; I was but ten minutes in covering a part of the road that took fifty to mount. All these steep mountain roads are thus utilised by the peasants for carrying their morning market supplies down to town.

The Fish and Fruit Markets on the beach at Funchal are worthy of a visit. Both are well adapted for their purposes. The fish are exposed for sale on stone slabs plentifully supplied with running water. Here are to be seen turtles, mackerel and horse mackerel, red and gray mullet, sardines and tunny fish. The tunny is often enormous, weighing several hundred pounds. Its flesh is coarse but said not to be unpalatable. Then there are a great number of bright-colored, odd-looking fish, whose names convey no meaning to us. The Fruit Market displayed an extraordinary variety of well-conditioned products. In the centre of its quadrangle is a pretty marble fountain, with an allegorical statue.

The Funchal citizens seem very fond of noise. About noon of the day before Christmas, they commenced letting off all sorts of fireworks—rockets and crackers predominating—and this amusement continued at intervals during the night, all of Christmas Day and all of the two succeeding days. The only holidays these people have are connected with religious festivals, processions and pilgrimages. On Christmas Eve the churches had extra musical services, and balls also were in great vogue. Parties of gay young men paraded the streets singing a lively fandango style of songs to the accompaniment of violins and guitars. The voices though light were often good, and the instruments were managed with much skill.

Undoubtedly the first natural sight in Madeira is what is called

the Grand Curral. The word curral means sheepfold or cattlefold. It is simply an immense valley, surrounded by hills or mountains with perpendicular sides nearly 2,000 feet high, which lies eleven miles to the northwest of Funchal, and nearly in the centre of the island. The valley extends north and south. Its bottom is 2,080 feet above the sea level, and bears a small torrent called the Rio dos Soccoridos. The visit is generally made on horseback. You pass through the narrow streets of Funchal, always rising, and in three-quarters of an hour reach the church of San Antonio. From here there are splendid prospects backward over the city and roadstead. A half an hour further and you come out upon the top of a ridge 3,365 feet high, whence a good view is had into the Curral Ravine, with its river flowing away to the ocean. I was much reminded of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, excepting that you have not the exquisite coloring of that renowned gorge, for here all is green, not of trees, but of grass and shrubs. The road is paved to this point, but beyond only in the most dangerous places. The greater part is very steep, often you have a rise of one foot in four feet. The peculiar characteristics of Madeira scenery may be said to be steep mountain ridges and peaks separated by deep valleys and yawning chasms. At the bottom of these are stony torrent beds, almost or quite dry in summer, but in winter covered with rapid streams which rush over them with great noise. All the hills are terraced and carefully tilled, the limit of cultivation being 3,000 feet. The terraces, as I have said, are absolutely necessary by reason of the steep inclination of the country. The houses of the peasants are generally small, of rough basalt, and thatched with straw. A better class are faced or stuccoed, and have tiled roofs. There are some wooden huts, and caves in the rocks which are walled up. The peasants are of course descendants of Portuguese settlers. They live simply, dress roughly, are not clean in person or dwelling, are hardy and strong, are superstitious, hospitable, conservative, ignorant, and generally respectful and polite.

As I proceeded the road narrowed to three or four feet, and in places was quite appalling, there being a vertical wall of rock above you, on the one hand, and a sheer precipice of 1,500 feet below you, upon the other. I was astonished at the variety and fecundity of vegetable life. There were hedges of box-trees twenty feet high, and heaths of even greater height. The display of ferns and mosses was also remarkable. There are said to be forty-two



Types of La Palma Islanders.

varieties of ferns found in the island. Flowers, as already stated, covered the walls and crowded the gardens everywhere. There are 650 species of flowering plants known to botanists in the Madeira group. Among the curious vegetable products is the Dragon tree, originally a native of Teneriffe. This odd plant lives several thousands of years! It resembles the asparagus in that the dead branches serve as a support for the tufts or crowns, the roots of which encircle and conceal the original stem, which gradually rots away inside, leaving a hollow trunk. The roots which fail to grasp the stem hang withered from the branches. Dragon's blood or sap is an article of commerce. As regards the great variety of trees in Madeira I may mention that the United States Consul at Funchal collected, and sent to the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, samples of two hundred species. As I went on up the mountains to a point commanding a special view of the Grand Curral, I saw peaks like those in the wonderful cañon of the Colorado, save that here all is verdure, there all is rock. In about two hours from Funchal you arrive upon the brink of the most interesting part of the Curral, where you may look down 2,000 feet below you to a comparatively level expanse, upon which are a church, a few comfortable houses, and a village of grass-thatched huts. The entire bed of the valley is carefully cultivated, and upon its precipitous sides browse many flocks of goats and sheep. You dismount and climb a neighboring pinnacle, and then enjoy a broader view below, around, and above. The air is like crystal, and mountains of 6,000 feet seem only half this height. The hills are mostly covered with grass and shrubs, and often the bare rock crops out, showing a purple hue that contrasts well with the green of the foliage, the white of the houses, the blue of the sky. The precipices are fearful, sheer descents to the bed of the stream, and often accentuated by silver ribbons of falling cascade. In spots the river has worn itself a deep and tortuous channel through the rocks, and hereabouts the picture is most impressive. The panorama is alternately wild and savage, graceful and beautiful. One marvels how the peasants ever get down to the bottom of the Curral, but occasionally you will observe their zigzag paths scratched upon the flank of some giant precipice.

After seeing the principal objects of interest in Madeira, and having still some ten days to await the arrival from Lisbon of the mail steamer for Mossamedes and other Portuguese towns on the west coast of Africa, I determined to pay a flying visit to the

neighboring Canary Group, and try and make the ascent of the volcanic peak of Teneriffe. For this purpose I took passage in one of the Mersey Steamship Company's fortnightly steamers plying between London, Madeira and the Canary Islands. This vessel was to call first at La Palma, then at Teneriffe, and then at Grand Canary, and to return to Madeira, stopping only at Teneriffe. My plan was to leave the steamer at Santa Cruz, the capital of Teneriffe, to visit Orotava and the peak on the opposite side of the island, and to rejoin it on its return to Funchal. This would give me three or four days upon the island of Teneriffe. The steamer was only of 800 tons burden, so small it was quite full with our dozen cabin passengers. On leaving port we had the Desertas, three uninhabited islands of the Madeira group, in sight for many hours. These are steep and barren, save for a few pine trees. They contain, however, rabbits and wild goats, which are sometimes hunted by parties from Funchal. Deserta Grande, the largest, is but six miles long, and 1,600 feet high. Madeira belongs of course to Portugal and the Canaries to Spain. The latter were once known as the "Fortunate Isles" or "Isles of the Blessed" by the ancients. They lie between $27^{\circ} 30'$ and $29^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, opposite the desert of Sahara and Morocco, and one of them—Fuerteventura—is but sixty-four miles distant from Cape Juby. There are seven large islands—of which Grand Canary and Teneriffe are the most important—and many small ones. They are all of volcanic formation, containing many craters of extinct volcanoes, hilly and rugged, and generally rise sheer and precipitous out of the deep waters of the ocean. Their climate is one of the finest in the world, warm and equable, and less humid than that of Madeira. The population of the Canaries is placed at 284,000. They are a mixed people, descendants of Spaniards and a native race—called Guanches, now wholly exterminated—mingled also with Norman, Flemish and Moorish blood. The aboriginal Guanches, supposed to have belonged to the Berber family, were a brave, powerful, moral shepherd race. The inhabitants at the present day are chiefly engaged in agriculture, cattle-breeding, and the cultivation of cochineal and the vine. About 20,000 pipes of Canary sack—a dry red wine—are exported annually to England and America.

Early the following afternoon we were at anchor in the circular roadstead of Santa Cruz de Palma. The island is high, steep and very broken like Madeira, the loftiest point nearly reaching 8,000 feet. The little capital is situated in a valley facing the sea, and



Carting Wheat, Tenerife.

just north of a huge extinct crater. Landing upon a small stone pier I took a stroll through the town, which contains about 6,000 inhabitants. The principal street bore the astounding name of O'Daly, many Irish having once emigrated here. There is a good English hotel. The sights of the place appear, however, to be of no very great number or interest. I pass a circular building once used for cock-fights, but now occupied as a wine store. The Town Hall presents a fine old façade of cut stone, with arches and a coat-of-arms bearing the date 1563. The Cathedral of San Salvador also has its original tower and a fine doorway still standing, but the interior presents little more of note than a carved wooden ceiling. The Alameda or public garden is very small and but illy supplied with trees and plants. The interest of the island is not however in the capital but in the Gran Caldera, an enormous crater, 6,780 feet deep, and from five to seven miles across, broken on one side by a great barranca, or ravine, through which once rushed a gigantic river of molten lava. Unfortunately I could not visit this great crater—perhaps the largest in the world—as the round journey requires three days upon mule-back.

We remained twelve hours at La Palma and then sailed to Teneriffe, directly to the eastward, and about fifty miles distant to its nearest point, though one hundred to its seaport of Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, on the northeastern side. The names of these capitals are very confusing, and it is necessary always to add those of their respective islands. There also seems to be an unnecessary similarity in the name of the island La Palma and of the town Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary. From La Palma I had a fine view of the snow-capped peak of Teneriffe, and the high land of the island. This is the largest of the Canaries, notwithstanding there is a Gran Canaria—another misnomer. It is sixty miles long and thirty-seven broad at the widest point. It extends northeast and southwest and is of a rough, pear shape, the peak being in about the centre of the broadest part. Teneriffe is of course chiefly renowned for its wonderful peak, which was first ascended by some members of the Royal Society of London, at the instigation of King Charles II., and the Duke of York, with the purpose of weighing the air and taking other observations. But it was the memorable ascent of Humboldt, nearly a century ago, which brought it prominently before the world. The name Teneriffe is derived from two words in the ancient dialect of La Palma, *thener*, mountain, and *ife*, white, in allusion to its appearance when

covered with snow, which it is during a great part of the year. It is 12,200 feet high, and has been seen from the hills of Madeira, 250 miles distant, and from the level of the ocean at a distance of 125 miles. This peak in relation to its surroundings is second to none on the globe. As Humboldt long ago said, rising as it does directly from the level of the sea, it presents one of the most striking objects Nature has to offer us in any part of the world, and its situation is heightened by its form, character, and the marvellous grouping around its base and lower heights of all the climates and vegetable products of both hemispheres.



A Dragon Tree, Teneriffe.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A MID-WINTER ASCENT OF TENERIFFE.

THE next morning we were favored with a magnificent unclouded view of the peak and the island, some ten or twelve miles distant. The peak shows to best advantage from a considerable distance at sea, for the whole island is so elevated that the great height of the mountain is dwarfed when you are near. At least 4,000 feet of the beautiful cone were covered with snow. We could just discern the town of Puerta Orotava, at the sea's edge, and, about the centre of the celebrated valley, the town called Villa Orotava. The valley was very green and beautiful, though almost destitute of trees. It was bordered by two long, steep and lofty ridges, and seemed but an enormous flow from the volcano. The scenery at the northeastern end of the island is exceedingly wild, precipitous and broken. We passed between two huge rocks, and turned around to the south and west. Far away in the dim east were the islands of Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, and to the south, Grand Canary. A long breakwater makes a small but safe port of Santa Cruz de Teneriffe. The town lies upon the gently-sloping hills, with two tall churches very conspicuous, and many pretty villas dotting the hills. In the distance, just appearing above the ridge of green mountains, was the top of the cone of the great snowy peak. The city contains about 23,000 inhabitants, and is of a better character than Funchal. The streets, though narrow, are well paved and provided with sidewalks. All the houses are surmounted by little towers, or miradores, which afford fine views of the town, the port and the sea. I, however, did not tarry here, but took carriage at once for Puerta Orotava, twenty-six miles distant, first telegraphing for a horse, pack-mule and guides for beginning the ascent of the peak on the following morning. I was furnished with a comfortable barouche drawn by three horses abreast. The road, which wound slowly up the hills, was most excellent. It was ma-

cadamised, and provided with stone bridges and long causeways when necessary. The country was terraced and covered with cereals and the cochineal plant. All the villas with their gay-colored walls were surrounded by pretty flower and vegetable gardens. After a drive of about six miles I reached the old town of La Laguna, 1,840 feet above sea-level, and rattled through its straggling suburbs and flat-paved streets for a long time, passing several curious old churches, the Town Hall, and a plaza ornamented with a large marble fountain. I had left Santa Cruz at four in the afternoon and now was favored with a clear full-moon. On leaving Laguna the road was bordered with rows of eucalyptus trees and led through an undulating, fertile and carefully cultivated country. Then I caught a glimpse of the sea, and the road followed the general trend of the coast, though at some distance, and descended gradually to the valley of Orotava. From now on I had charming views of the peak, the snow-fields glistening in the strong moonlight. Finally I reached the eastern barrier of the valley and saw the point called "Humboldt's Corner," as it was near here, on the old road, that the great traveller threw himself on the ground, and saluted the sight as the finest in the world. Though it certainly was remarkably fine by night, and afterwards as I saw it by day, still I could not wholly agree with the judgment of Humboldt.

Driving on, the road was lined for miles with eucalypti, cacti, geraniums, roses and oleanders. The whole air was filled with perfume. We passed many sumptuous villas and rich fields. Gradually turning towards the ocean, I saw upon the great sloping plain two low cones of extinct volcanoes, now mere cinder heaps. Then came an enormous new hotel—it contains 150 rooms—standing on a hill, three or four hundred feet high, and just back of the town of Puerta Orotava, which lies upon a flat peninsula, fringed with great reefs of lava rock upon which the billows break and foam and roar. At last I reached my destination, and made final arrangements for the ascent of the peak. The hotel was surrounded by a beautiful garden with walks, ponds, fountains and aviaries. It was full of invalids, most of whom were of English nationality. Puerta Orotava is an ordinary Spanish town of some 4,000 inhabitants, with an old convent in which cockfights are held on Sundays. My visit was in mid-winter when Teneriffe is rarely ascended. There were but two guides in the town. One believing it too dangerous, refused me point-blank, but the other would take



In a Ravine, Tenerife.

the risk, though he added that if it were a week later in the season he should not think of it. The snow descending so much lower, and being so much deeper and harder in winter than in summer, makes the ascent more difficult. Besides the cold is much greater, and sudden and heavy snow-storms might prove in many ways very dangerous. However I was determined to make the attempt, having had considerable experience in ascending some of the highest accessible mountains and volcanoes of the world. My outfit consisted of a small, wiry horse, shod with flat and nearly elliptical shoes, and a stout mule to carry provisions and blankets. I secured an English saddle with strong crupper and chest-strap. My guide and the driver of the mule were both natives of the island, and had made the ascent many times. The excursion to the peak requires two days and a night, or thirty-six hours. During this time you generally ride some forty or fifty miles and climb six or eight hours.

We started at six. It was a beautiful bright morning, the summit of the peak, which just appeared above the western ridge enclosing the valley, being wholly free from clouds. Still at that time of year it was quite impossible to prognosticate fine weather. We followed the macadamised road as far as Villa Orotava. This town stands about 1,000 feet above the sea and has 10,000 inhabitants. It contains a good English hotel, some interesting old churches and tombs, some curious façades surmounted by the arms of the Spanish aristocracy of olden days, and some lofty buildings whose top-floor windows are faced by beautifully-carved and delicately-painted balconies. The general plan of my ascent was now to cross the valley to the base of its western walls, and then to zigzag upwards until I reached the great rough plain upon which rests the peak. I intended to return by another trail to the northward and along the coast. The road was narrow and paved until I reached the really steep beginning of the ascent, and afterwards a mere trail, though the rise actually commences at once upon leaving Puerta Orotava. We passed between great gardens of oranges, lemons, figs, peaches and pears, and fields planted with cereals and vegetables. There were many wild and also cultivated plants and flowers in full and gorgeous bloom. The houses of the peasants sparsely line the road and there are occasionally small villages. At one of these, La Cruz Santa, we had reached an altitude of 1,450 feet. At 3,000 feet vegetation ceases, and I have reached the level of the clouds. The boundary ridge is called

Monte Verde, from the quantity of green heather which covers its precipitous flanks. I had now entered a region of heath and grasses, and at 4,000 feet found the valley behind me quite concealed by an ocean of white fleecy clouds, which spread far out over the sea. Next the heather gave place to the codeso, a sort of leguminous plant like the thorny acacia of South Africa, with branches somewhat like a miniature cedar tree. The ground was of gravel and rough stones. Then the codeso ceased and the retama began and continued, becoming gradually thinner, lower and more scrubby, to the limit of vegetation. This retama is a kind of mountain broom, a shrub said to be found nowhere else in the world. It looks like a member of the great cactus family, is very odoriferous, and full of nectar which is utilised by the bees to such an extent that the native palm-tree beehives are often filled with honey from this source during the summer.

I soon reached El Portillo, a pass (7,150 feet high) to a great rough desert called the Cañadas, with ranges of red and black walled mountains in the distance, and a good view of the great white peak around to the right. From here it seemed a huge dome-shaped mass, like Chimborazo in Ecuador, and from this rose its cone, very similar to that of Cotopaxi in the same South American State. The Portillo is, as its name implies, simply a vast gateway or gap down which has poured the enormous river of lava which spread itself over the valley of Orotava and then reached the sea. The Cañadas is a huge crater, some eight miles in diameter, with walls 2,000 feet high, and for sterility hardly paralleled, save in the moon itself. It is a veritable Sahara of undulating yellow gravel, jagged brown lava, pumice-stone, white sand and red rocks. The beautiful blue mountains in the distance were simply the walls of the gigantic crater. I observed several cliffs that were quite black and glistened like streams of water in the sunlight. This effect was due to the presence of obsidian. The plain was covered with lava flows, some of which had the appearance of a petrified stormy sea. Elsewhere were great hummocky heaps—bergs of lava—slag, and unearthly-looking black stones. The oldest lava was of a yellow color, then came the brown streams, and last of all the black. Besides the scant and scrubby retama bush there are grasses and lavender, and in summer even a species of violet is said to grow. The heat and light were both intense in crossing this plain, and the scenery wild and awful almost beyond conception. The poetry and romance of the



The Great Peak from Orotava.

place require the pen of a Di Amici, the pencil of a Doré. Everything was witness of confusion, desolation and destruction, of violent energy, of unlimited power. This wild wilderness might well be called a "Malpays." I took lunch in the bright sun, which blinded but hardly warmed me, and then continued on across the crater and over a sort of spur of the peak, called *Montana Blanca*, which is 8,985 feet high, and covered with a yellowish pumice and with great scattered balls of black lava ten and fifteen feet in diameter. Some of these were in fragments, but most were whole. They had been hurled from the terminal crater and had fallen at distances of many miles. I tried to picture to myself this peak in actual eruption at night, the slag, pumice, stones, gravel, sand, playing thousands of feet upwards continuously, and from time to time hundreds of great lava bombs shot through this gigantic pyrotechnic "flower-pot," and falling red-hot in the distant plain, the rim of the crater meanwhile pouring over with vast rivers of liquid fire! The very thought of such terrific forces of Nature at work is enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones. I do not wonder that the early Spanish settlers imagined some connection between the peak and the infernal regions, and called it *El Pico de Teyde*, or the Peak of Hell.

I had now reached the *Lomo Tiezo*, or cone proper. A very zigzag path climbs this upon its eastern face, mounting a steep valley lined by two enormous streams of great blocks of a blue-black lava resembling chunks of coal. These streams, hundreds of feet in depth and thousands in width, show magnificently against the yellow and brown sand and pumice-stone on the snow-fields, and have also a very powerful contrast in the white clouds and blue sky. I soon found the snow had covered the path, and being soft and hard by turns, and its depth unknown, I had to dismount and struggle upwards on foot over the lava blocks and loose cinders. At five in the afternoon we reached the bifurcation of a giant stream of lava, where a stone cabin has been built for the accommodation of mountaineers. This point is called *Alta Vista*, and is 10,702 feet above sea-level. The angle of ascent to this is about 28°.

The cabin is known as the *Estancia de los Ingleses*, and it is representatives of this nationality almost exclusively who make the ascent. There was formerly a small wooden hut here, but about two years ago the present one of stone was built by subscription, costing, with its furnishings, at this altitude, some \$800.

It is about fifty feet long, fifteen wide and twenty high, with a conical roof also of stone. The walls are of solid masonry, and three feet thick. It is divided into three chambers, one for women, one for men, and the third a stable for animals, but where the guides and drivers also bivouac. I was greatly surprised to find here six camp-beds, washstands, tables, chairs, small iron stoves, with great baskets of coal standing ready for use, and even looking-glasses. The stable had space for six animals. In one of the rooms was a huge boiler for melting snow for washing or for the animals to drink. Travellers bring their own drinking-water—more likely wine or spirits—in bottles, and require no ice. For all this accommodation you have to pay but one dollar. From the Estancia the view down the mountain into the huge crater, out over the ocean and away to the Grand Canary, is superb. You behold great lakes of lava blown this way or that like the surface of a ruffled sea. The ocean itself is only noticed here and there through the thick stratum of clouds. The peak cannot be seen from Alta Vista, but at sunset and sunrise its grand dark shadow is projected like a giant pyramid against the sky, where, profled with marvellous clearness, it looks like another Vesuvius. I was exceedingly lucky in having a clear sunset, then a crater illumined by a full moon, and in the morning a sunrise of surpassing grandeur, in which the sun was beheld reflected in the sea as a huge round red ball. The clouds at night were especially beautiful, looking like a vast plain covered with heaps of the whitest and fleeci-est cotton. The direct ascent of the peak had been so rapid—nearly 11,000 feet in a less number of hours—that I suffered greatly from the cold at night, notwithstanding there was a good fire in my room. Outside the hut water froze half an inch thick. I also fell a victim to “mountain sickness”—headache and vomiting—and both my men were also troubled with the latter.

In the morning, though extremely weak and still affected with nausea, I started for the summit. In summer the horses and mules can go a little higher up, but I had to travel on foot, and a hard climb it was over the great rough blocks of lava flows. In an hour, however, I had reached the Rambleta, an altitude of 11,700 feet, the highest shelf of the peak, and the special crater from which the Piton, or Sugar-Loaf rises. It was exceedingly cold, and we all suffered much from the rarefaction of the air. The Piton, now directly before us, was a comparatively smooth

cone covered with sand and pumice-stone, and fields of snow and ice. It rose, at a mean angle of 33° , five hundred feet above us. Its contrasting colors—white, red, yellow and gray—added beauty to its majesty. In about an hour more, after halting every ten steps to breathe, I had with the aid of my alpenstock zig-zagged to the summit—12,200 feet above the sea-level. The terminal crater is about four hundred feet in diameter and seventy deep. Its northern wall is nearly two hundred feet higher than the southern. The edge of the crater is very narrow, and the slope abrupt on both sides. I descended to the bottom, which is covered with white, yellow and greenish sulphur, and tinged here and there with red. There are many steam jets and also sulphureous acid vapors which it is well to keep to leeward, the wind generally blowing quite strongly here. The ground is everywhere warm. The temperature of the jets of steam coming from small crevices is from 100° to 122° Fahrenheit's scale, and this condensing on stones gives means of support to a few mosses. There is also sometimes a little animal life: birds, bees, flies and spiders being congregated for the warmth. The view from the summit is, as might have been expected, grand and beautiful in the extreme. The peak slopes rapidly on the northern side, and you can see the vast lava flows which in 1706 overwhelmed the town of Garachico. To the west rises the great crater of Chajora, three-fourths of a mile in diameter, 10,500 feet high. Between this and the sea are the smaller cones or cinder heaps of several extinct craters. On the remaining sides you have the semi-circular basin of the Cañadas. The back-bone or ridge of the mountain range may be seen distinctly from end to end of the island. And away down below, the towns in the valley of Orotava, others dotting the coast, next the sea, and then the six remaining islands of the Canary archipelago—satellites of mighty Teneriffe, floating in the hazy distance. It is a view never to be forgotten, a view unequalled in character and ease of possession throughout the world. It being New Year's Day I left evidence of my call in the guise of a large stone which I placed upon the topmost pinnacle, and then began to descend. We were at the bottom of the cone in fifteen minutes, in an hour more at the Alta Vista, where all of us were still too sick to eat. I next walked down to the Montana Blanca, rode across the Cañadas in a more northerly direction than that in which we had come, and took lunch near a steep ridge of red rocks, appropriately styled the Fortaleza. We then descended

by the range of Monte Verde nearly to the sea's edge, at the northwestern corner of the valley of Orotava, but some 1,500 feet above it. From here I enjoyed a splendid prospect over the whole valley, with its rich fields of disintegrated lava, its pretty houses, and stately churches. We descended the precipice by an exceptionally steep and winding paved road, going very slowly, for the stones were so slippery from recent showers that I had several times to dismount, and, crossing the valley, reached the hotel at six o'clock, after a very tolerable day's work. The next morning I returned to Santa Cruz, and a day later took the little English steamer back to Funchal.



Above the Clouds, Peak of Teneriffe.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PEEPS AT PORTUGUESE ISLANDS.

ON January 8th, 1893, the Portuguese mail steamer arrived from Lisbon, and I at once took passage for Mossamedes, the end of the route, a voyage of about a month. The line is styled the "Empreza Nacional." It calls only at ports in Portuguese possessions, some ten altogether, four of them being at islands and the remainder at towns on the mainland. The first stop we were to make was at São Vicente, or St. Vincent, in the Cape Verd group of islands, about a thousand miles from Madeira. I found myself on board a steamer of 3,000 tons burden, with large comfortable cabins, and, on deck, a fine great dining-saloon, walled about with vari-colored marbles. There were about thirty cabin passengers and a lesser number in the second and third cabins. Among those in the latter were about twenty convicts who were being transported to Loanda, where they would have their liberty but not be allowed to leave the colony. They were mostly exiled for political crimes or theft or murder.

Early on the morning of the 12th the Cape Verd Islands were in sight. There are some ten chief islands in this group, most of which are fertile and one of which, Fogo, has an active volcano 9,157 feet above sea-level. The large group seems to be divided into two smaller ones—St. Vincent being one of the northern, and Santiago one of the southern. The surface of the islands where uncultivated is generally rocky and arid, they being apparently of volcanic formation. We passed several small islands with steep red and brown sides and sharp tops, as barren as the mountains of Nubia, and with their numerous pinnacles and odd contours reminding me of the scenery of Mauritius. At intervals were the cinder cones of extinct volcanoes. We saw but little evidence of habitation. Water is said to be scarce. In more fertile parts cotton, sugar, indigo and fruits are cultivated. Salt is a

principal article of export. Donkeys, mules, goats, poultry and turtle are plentiful. These islands form a separate Portuguese province, with a governor who resides at Praia, on Santiago. The population of the group is put at 111,000 and consists for the most part of European and African half-breeds, though the pure negro type prevails in many of the islands. The inhabitants are Roman Catholics. They are occupied as husbandmen, and in oil and sugar refining, weaving and distilling.

We passed the island of São Antonio and turning to the left, near a lighthouse erected on a great lava rock, were soon lying at anchor in the deep and commodious harbor of St. Vincent. The town lay at the foot and on the slope of some steep brown rocky hills, one of them recalling Table Mountain. St. Vincent is perhaps the best known of the group. It is rather barren, and its sole importance is derived from its being a much frequented coaling port, and a station of the Anglo-Brazilian telegraph cable. In the harbor were lying a German man-of-war, three or four merchant steamers, and a few ships. Not a blade of grass was to be seen on the island. It was all either solid lava, or lava lying disintegrated at the foot of the cliffs. The semi-circle of sharp broken ridges and odd-shaped peaks, with their varying colors—red, brown, gray or black—made a very picturesque setting to the simple town. A visit to the shore revealed many great sheds filled with coal from Cardiff, Wales, a small market, narrow paved streets, and mean-looking dwellings crowded with poor people, a park without trees, a government-house or town-hall, and an alleged "palace" of the governor. The town has but 3,000 inhabitants, and though it seems quite dead the harbor at least is a place of business activity. Some half a dozen steamers, of as many nationalities, entered and left during our brief stay.

We remained at anchor but seven hours and then steamed away to Praia, on Santiago, the largest and most fertile of the group, and 160 miles southeast of St. Vincent. The highest point of this island is about 7,400 feet above the sea. Early the next morning we were coasting along Santiago, which resembled the others of the group already seen, though it was said to be quite fertile in the valleys and upon the opposite side from us. At seven o'clock we were at anchor in the roadstead of Praia. Before us and perhaps a mile distant, was the town, situated upon the flat top of a large hill with vertical rocky sides a hundred feet in height. It was a natural fortress. In valleys to right and left

were large groves of cocoanut-palms, but they afforded the sole vegetation in sight. The circle of hills about the roadstead was all of lava, and several of the peaks were tilted from the perpendicular like those in Mauritius. There was a little pier projecting from the Custom-house, and a road wound up the cliff to the plateau of the town, where was a row of about twenty old-fashioned cannon, which might have been of some use in firing salutes, but certainly for nothing else. I went on shore but found only a dead place like St. Vincent. There was an attempt at a grand plaza, but nothing would grow in it save a few stunted palms, and orange and mulberry trees. The population, of some 4,000, was mostly of creoles and negroes. They seemed very poor both in person and dwelling. Their few clothes were patched or in rags, and they were almost universally barefoot. They were of light-brown complexion, and had the good-natured expression and temperament of the American negro. The women were dressed in bright colors, and wore bandanas. Occasionally we would see a Portuguese officer in full uniform strutting about the paved streets, or a native policeman in dark cloth coat and white helmet. Shops were small and ill-furnished; the market, save for its display of fruit, scarcely worth a visit. Donkeys were used as beasts of burden, and there were a few bullock-carts with block-wheels. Hotel there was none, but a café and billiard-room. We spent the day coaling here, instead of at St. Vincent, and did not resume our voyage until near midnight.

Our next port of call is to be at the island of Principe or Prince's Island, in the Gulf of Guinea, near the Equator, and about 150 miles from the mainland of Africa and the territory of French Congo. The distance is 2,100 miles from Santiago, and the time of the voyage in good weather about a week. On the continent at about 12°, north latitude, and a little south of the parallel of the Cape Verds, lies the Portuguese colony of Guinea, with a population of some 5,000. We experienced a great deal of rain, and suffered from the heat and lack of air in the "doldrums." We saw but one or two vessels the whole way. But at night there was always interest in the phosphorescent sea. All around the steamer for a width of five or six feet, and with a trail forty or fifty feet astern, the water was like molten silver, soft and exceedingly luminous and sparkling. Our trail was like a gorgeous "milky-way," alive with stars and glorious suns. We descended almost to the Equator—within less than a degree of it—and then

began to feel the effects of a current, which flows directly through the Gulf of Guinea, and which increased our daily run by a score of miles.

We reached Prince's Island on the morning of the 22d. From a distance it is very pretty, and evidently of volcanic formation, with peaks, pinnacles and knife-like ridges. It is covered with trees even to the tops of the hills, though there are many outcroppings of rough rocks, some conical, others domed. The general appearance of the island recalled those of the South Seas. At a little distance from the shore we passed a huge naked rock with narrow vertical strata. Prince's Island is about ten miles long and six wide. Its highest point is 4,000 feet above the sea. It is very fertile, producing coffee and cacao chiefly. The population is almost entirely native, though there are a few Portuguese who carry on business or form the local government. We skirted the precipitous shore, noticing many huge cotton-trees, baobabs, and many cocoanut-palms in the general mass of verdure. There was also the usual tropical profusion of vines and creepers. The varying shades of green gave a pleasing effect, and a strong odor of flowers came off to us. In truth, Prince's Island has been called a "volcanic flower-garden."

We dropped anchor at the mouth of a long, narrow bay, at whose head, a couple of miles distant, stands, in a beautiful amphitheatre, the little town of São Antonio, the capital, with about 2,000 inhabitants. Our steamer carried a small steam-launch to transport passengers and tow lighters, and in this we paid a visit to the land. The town is rather dilapidated in its general appearance. The houses are built of wood, with tiled roofs, and are generally raised upon wooden posts some four or five feet from the ground. A few of the churches and shops are built of stone. The streets with one exception are mere tracks. The inhabitants are mostly blacks from Angola. They are strong and amiable, but lazy and improvident. The combination of great heat and humidity—being so near the Equator, it rains more or less during a great part of the year—is well adapted to produce a riant vegetation, but it produces also a very unhealthy climate, not only for foreigners but even for the natives. In the evening we left for the island of São Thomé or St. Thomas, a little to the southwest and some ninety miles distant. The southern extremity of St. Thomas almost touches the line of the Equator. This island is about double the size of Prince's. It is mountainous and fer-

tile, and live-stock is abundant. It boasts one peak 7,000 feet high. It is directly opposite, and 250 miles distant from, the mouth of the Gaboon river and the town of Libreville in the French Congo. The official name of the capital of St. Thomas is Santa Anna de Chaves. The population of the whole island is 30,000 and of the chief town about 4,000. They are mostly blacks, and settlers and their descendants from the province of Angola—members of the great Bantu family of Central and Southern Africa.

Early in the morning we were anchored in the roadstead, some two miles from land. The water about us actually swarmed with huge and voracious sharks. Lying at anchor near by was a small Portuguese gun-boat, a ship, and a little French steamer which connects with ours and carries passengers and the mail to several of the French colonies on the mainland. Like Prince's the island is covered with trees from sea-surface to mountain-top, but it is not so rough and savage as the former. The town stands upon the northwestern corner, lining the semi-circular bay. Behind it rise the hills, some of them being of true volcanic pinnacles, recalling once more Mauritius, save that these in St. Thomas are wooded. Here and there, in small clearings on the sides, little farm-houses could be seen. Upon the highest parts cinchona of a very good quality is grown, a little lower coffee and cacao, and grass for cattle, and still lower sugar-cane. Travel into the interior is by trails on horses or mules, or in hammocks borne by men as at Madeira. There is, however, one road suitable for bullock-carts. The climate, as at Prince's, is unhealthy, fevers abounding. A Portuguese governor-general for both Prince's and St. Thomas resides in the latter. The area of the island is 145 square miles. The capital seemed to possess no special character. A few gayly-colored walls, a great church, the red-roofed Custom-house, an old square fort, with rows of small cannon, alone break its dull uniformity. To the right under the groves of cocoanut-palms stretch away the huts of the natives. Next come the cemetery and the buildings of the Lazaretto. Away to the left appear the three-storied prison, and the building of the Eastern and South African Telegraph Company.

Our steamer was scheduled to stop two days at St. Thomas, so a few of us passengers determined to spend as much of the time as possible ashore. We landed at a pier where a dozen natives were busy taking cargo from the lighters, all singing together, and being accompanied by tom-toms six feet in length

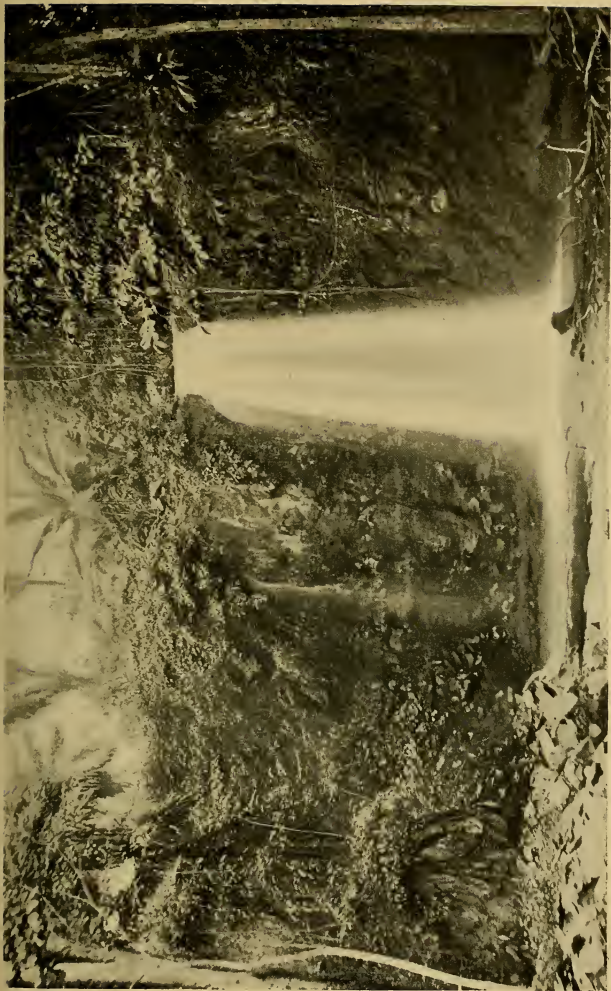
and not more than six inches in diameter at one end and three at the other. The men will not work without this music. The houses of the town are one and two stories in height, built of boards, with tile roofs generally, though some are of stone and plaster, notably the Custom-house in the principal square. Here are some fine acacia trees, and a band-stand and seats. The streets are macadamised, and lighted at night by oil lamps. There were many shops filled with a miscellaneous stock of goods, and several cafés and billiard-saloons. I called upon the governor, Senhor Francisco Eugenio Pereira de Miranda. His palace was a large two-storied stone and stucco building, surrounded by pretty flower gardens, fountains, sentry-boxes, etc. I was ushered into a large high-ceilinged room, handsomely furnished in carved wood and leather, and bearing upon one wall a fine large painting of the present King of Portugal, in brilliant uniform. The governor was very courteous and amiable. He proffered some choice Madeira wine and some fragrant cigars, and then, after a general chat, proposed to order some hammocks and bearers and send myself and friends to visit a large plantation of coffee, cacao and cinchona which is situated on what is called Monte Koffee, back of the town, and about 2,500 feet above sea-level. We had previously been invited by the manager of this estate, a German and fellow-passenger from Madeira, to visit him if there was time, and finding that there was, I gladly accepted the offer of the governor.

There were sent for us ordinary cotton hammocks, slung from long bamboo poles, and covered by awnings which might be rolled up if the sun was not too warm and a more extended view was desired. There were six bearers to each hammock, two only carrying at a time. They were natives of Dahomey, engaged by the government, which gave them their food and about twenty-five cents a day. It seems that there were about one thousand of these Dahomeyans who, being prisoners of war, were ordered to be killed by their King, but were liberated at the request of the Portuguese government, which sent a gun-boat to bring them from Whydah to St. Thomas. Here they were generally employed in the Public Works Department. We entered upon a road adapted to small bullock-carts, which had trails leading in every direction to villages and plantations. This road is macadamised in parts, but at the time of my visit was in a terrible condition owing to an excess of recent rain. The estate which we intended to visit is twelve miles

distant from the town. It belongs to a wealthy family named Bister, of German extraction, though residing for several generations in Portugal, and owning beautiful houses in Cintra and in Lisbon. They possess altogether 9,500 hectares of land, including the highest peak in the island. About 8,000 hectares are uncultivated, being covered with forest. The remainder is devoted to coffee, cacao and cinchona, with some vanilla, cinnamon and nutmegs. There are thirty Europeans, mostly Portuguese, and seven hundred natives employed upon the estate. The manager, Mr. Richard Spengler, has held that position for fourteen years. The road passes through plantations of coffee and cacao, and a grand forest of cocoanut and roffia palms, bananas, bamboos, breadfruit, papayas, mangoes, acacias, baobabs and cotton trees, arums, orchids, vines and flowers. The vegetation is extremely riant, dense, and of velvety green. The cotton trees rear their lofty heads high above the rest, their smooth, straight trunks and cap of verdure being always very impressive. The forest, however, is not so dense as that of Brazil, or even of Madagascar, though similar in character and as interesting as it is beautiful. Now and again we pass a small hut, raised a few feet above the ground, and of one or two stories in height, the sides made of boards, the roof of straw or tiles. The fences were simply paling of small tree trunks. The natives that we encounter are simple, good-natured people, the men clothed in loin cloth and some sort of jacket or sack-coat, the women in calico gowns, with gay-colored handkerchiefs about their heads, both sexes going barefoot. Everything is carried upon the head—a bottle, a jack-fruit, a bundle of hay, an umbrella—even, sometimes, the poles of the hammocks, instead of on the shoulders. Babies are borne in sheets fastened to their mothers' backs. The women smoke pipes, as well as the men, a funny sight. These islanders live upon cassava, bananas, and poultry and fish. Owing to the mass of vegetation by which their huts are surrounded, and the great heat and humidity of the climate, they suffer a good deal from fever, dysentery and anæmia. At various points were venders of fresh palm-wine and sugar-cane rum. My bearers seemed to partake rather too freely of both. I tasted the new-made wine, a milky fluid of pleasant flavor, and quite refreshing. It is said to be good for foreigners as an antidote for biliousness. The road was in such a muddy and slippery condition that we did not reach the estate until seven o'clock in the evening, having been four hours on the way. When the road

is in proper order saddle-horses are used. Goods are transported in carts drawn by one, two or four bullocks, small animals having enormous branching horns. We had telephoned from the town a notice of our approaching visit, and, immediately upon our arrival at Monte Koffee, we were given a most sumptuous dinner, in French style. The manager's house was large, of stone and plaster, the rooms being all lined with various handsome native woods. We soon retired to rest, somewhat fatigued by our journey. The night was sufficiently cool to require a blanket. At this altitude the air is pure and wholesome, but it is very unhealthy in the town below.

In the early morning, after a cup of delicious cacao, we started forth to see something of the estate, the buildings and the plants. Directly before our dwelling were three or four enormous terraces, paved with tiles on which to dry the coffee, and several long houses in which to dry the cacao and also stow the coffee during temporary showers. To the left was the hospital, to the right buildings for the European workmen, in the distance opposite, others for the natives, a village of their primitive little huts, and a large several-storied house for drying and packing the quinine. We walked about for a couple of hours. Just back of Mr. Spengler's house is one of the most splendid collections of flowers and plants I have ever seen. It covers several acres, and is neatly laid out in ornamental beds and paths. Here you see flourishing robustly, and in the highest perfection, a most varied assembly of plants and flowers, which are so rare or valuable with us as to be found only in the green-houses of the very wealthy, or in those of some public botanical gardens. The combination of heat and moisture is well calculated to produce an astonishing quantity of both tropic and temperate growths. I am sure I have never seen such brilliant coloring of flowers, such smoothness and richness of the beautiful family of curious-leaved plants. Also to be remarked were the great trees covered with blossoms where we at home would only expect to find shrubs so endowed. Near here was a large vegetable garden—maize, manioc, beans, cabbage, yams and sweet-potatoes growing side by side. We strolled along avenues of cinnamon, nutmegs, oranges and bananas, through arbors of vanilla and grapes, between rows of pineapples and by beds of strawberries. There were streams and fountains, and rustic couches stood under small mountains of shade, while birds of gay and odd plumage or bright and quaint song flew from tree to



Blu-Blu Waterfall, St. Thomas,

tree, or dipped to hastily pick at luscious fruits. It was altogether an enchanting spot, a little paradise of fruit and flower, of color and odor. We could hardly tear ourselves away to study the more prosaic commercial aspects of the estate. The cacao is a small melon-shaped fruit which grows in bunches directly upon the trunk of the tree. It contains forty seeds shaped like almonds—the cacao of export. The trees are grown in long rows and shaded by banana plants, there being about three rows of the former to one of the latter. The coffee shrubs are also partially shaded by the same giant-leaved plant. The machinery for hulling the coffee and cleaning the cacao is of American manufacture. We came upon a great crowd of women and boys sitting upon the ground, and engaged in breaking open the cacao pods and removing the seeds. Several of the negresses had their babies strapped to their backs, but this proved no hindrance to their work. In one building the cinchona bark, laid upon shelves of wire matting, was being dried in a temperature of about 100° Fahrenheit.

After lunch and a long look from the verandah of the manager's house at the superb view over the forests and plantations, out to the vessels in the roadstead and two small islands, and away to the water horizon, we entered our hammocks and returned to town, descending in three hours, an hour less than the time occupied in the ascent. After returning thanks to the governor for his kindness, we went on board our steamer, which late in the afternoon sailed away towards the south and Cabinda, the next port, and situated in the little Portuguese colony of Congo, about latitude 5° south, and just north of the mouth of the great Congo river. Before midnight we crossed the Equator, and by noon of the next day were opposite the small Spanish island of Annobon, which is of volcanic formation, about four miles long and two broad. In the interior is an extinct crater that is filled by a pretty lake. Unlike Prince's and part of St. Thomas islands, Annobon is regarded as healthy, though it contains but a few hundred people.

Early the following morning, and while still a hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo, the water became of a dark olive color, and as we neared Cabinda was greatly streaked with patches of foam. This was to the north of the river and near shore; the water is discolored for a much greater distance to the westward, more directly opposite the mouth. As we drew in towards Cabinda the coast bore a very pleasing appearance, being smoothly

undulating, alternating with forest and pasture—the trees being a very dark green, the grass a very light—and ending in bluffs at the edge of the sea. Cabinda is situated upon roughly sloping ground on the southern side of a great circular bight. This is so shallow that we had to anchor about three miles from land, and we got aground even at that distance. Near us was a large white hulk used for temporary storing of cargo, and beyond it two small coast and river steamers, the one English, the other Portuguese. The town is quite small and straggling. At one side are some barracks, and on the highest point the dwelling of the governor. A small landing-pier projects into the bay. Away to the north, near the wide ocean beach, were a number of white buildings belonging to a Dutch factory or trading-station. The absence of cocoanut or other palms on the shores was remarked. Owing to the configuration of the land it was impossible to see far into the interior. Travel thither is generally by hammock along narrow forest trails. The country is at first of a sort of park character. There is now, however, scarcely anything grown for export, the business of Cabinda consisting almost wholly of imports. Formerly there were some exports of palm oil, gum, wax, orchilla, copper and ivory. There are several large factories—Portuguese, Dutch, English—which serve as deposits or depots for miscellaneous collections of European manufactures, which are distributed about the country by bearers and by small steamers, and either sold for Portuguese copper coins, or bartered with the natives for wire, beads, or cottons.

I went on shore and took a walk about the town. The foreign houses are substantially built of wood, with iron roofs, and are raised a few feet above the ground upon posts. The region of the town has been cleared of trees. The soil is of a reddish color, very porous and sandy. This while detracting from its fertility is greatly conducive to the health of the residents, as the rain soon soaks away and leaves the air dry and bracing. Cabinda is therefore one of the healthiest locations along the coast. I visited the English factory, a collection of great warehouses filled with merchandise, of dwellings and refectories, of offices, etc. There are eight young Englishmen employed in this factory, which has been established over thirty years. Several of the foreign agents or managers of factories have cottages upon the tops of the hills, surrounded by pretty little flower gardens and embracing extensive views of town, country and sea. I should

explain that the word factory, as used in this part of the world, means simply a warehouse or magazine of goods stored as a circulating centre. The European part of Cabinda contains thirty or forty houses; the native town is at some distance, and consists of little thatched huts. The natives are mostly from Angola, with sprinklings from various points in the more immediate neighborhood. The latter are rather small and weak, though said to be skilled in many industries. Cabinda was formerly a great slave mart.

We left the following day for San Antonio, about fifty miles distant, on the southern bank of the Congo, near its mouth. The distant coast was low, smooth and thinly wooded. The southern bank of the Congo projects for a considerable distance beyond the northern, and terminates in Cape Pedras. Not far inland from this is Shark Point, a narrow spit of sand on which are located a light-house and signal-station, and about a dozen native huts. North of this, upon the low, sandy peninsula of Banana Point, is the collection of factories called Banana. The flat land all around is covered with mangroves, palms and forest trees. Banana is directly opposite Zanzibar on the East Coast. The town of San Antonio is merely a dozen houses on a level point of land. We dropped anchor in the river near an English and a Portuguese steamer. To the eastward extended the Congo towards a horizon of sky and water. At its mouth the river is eight miles wide and 150 fathoms deep in mid-channel. It is of a rich coffee color, with a current of about five knots an hour. This immense stream discharges 1,000,000 tons of water per second, as great a volume probably as of all the other rivers of Africa together. It has worn a channel 6,000 feet deep for a distance of 300 miles into the ocean, the banks being mountains of detritus and slimy mud brought down by the river. It is said that this dark soft mud is even found 600 miles at sea at depths of 3,000 fathoms. As with the Amazon, nearly opposite on the coast of South America, the water of the sea surface is perfectly fresh a hundred miles from land. This great volume and force of current therefore effectually prevents the formation of a bar or delta. The Congo is about 3,000 miles in length, and most of its area is thought to have been at one time a vast lake or inland sea. It is second only to the Amazon in point of drainage and annual discharge of water. It was styled the "Congo" because it formed the northern limit of the ancient kingdom of that name which extended from Loanda

northward. It was called the Zaire by the Portuguese. Mr. Stanley re-named it the "Livingstone," in honor of the great English missionary and explorer, a title, however, which has not been adopted by geographers. In the evening we left San Antonio for Ambriz, in the province of Angola, and about 160 miles to the southward.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PROVINCE OF ANGOLA.

WE reached Ambriz in the early morning, and anchored quite three miles from shore. The coast hereabouts is low, smooth and sparsely wooded. In the distance are pretty chains of hills. As we steamed towards the shore the houses of the small village of Ambrizette appeared to the north. Ambriz is situated upon a long ridge of sandy soil, with a clayey bluff at its northern extremity perhaps seventy or eighty feet in height. Just to the north of the town the small river Loje enters the sea. I went ashore in one of the cargo lighters which came out to us—a very wide flat boat, sharp at each end, and bearing an enormous lateen-sail. The situation of Ambriz is very similar to that of Praia, on Santiago, the Cape Verd island previously described. There is a semi-circular roadstead with a wide, sandy beach near which are the several buildings of the Custom-house. I am carried to land upon the shoulders of the black crew. A road winds up to the town, which contains about two hundred Europeans and perhaps two thousand natives. Here are several large factories—English, Dutch, French and Portuguese. The houses are of wood, with iron or felt roofs, and but a single story in height. The native huts are apart by themselves, very small, of wood or mud, and with grass roofs. The main street is wide and bordered with trees, but it is a mere track of sand. There is a plaza with small houses at each corner which are used for a market. Upon the bluff by the sea is a small fort and another, with stone walls and an armament of old bronze guns, is at the southern end of the town. The views of the country inland are very pretty.

I called upon the governor and he, with the courtesies always found among his race, made me at home in his house, introduced me to his wife, and treated me to wine, coffee and cigars. Afterwards he guided me all over the town and accompanied me to the

landing, sending me on board my steamer in the Custom-house boat. Ambriz is the fourth town of Angola in point of size and importance. Coffee is about the only export worthy of mention. The imports are, however, very varied and considerable in amount. Though the town is apparently so dry and well-drained, it is not a healthy place, but gives rise to bad fevers. Near Ambriz there are some large deposits of copper, and an English company is being formed for working them. To the south of Ambriz the shore for a considerable distance is a low, sandy bluff, with a smooth wide beach.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor for St. Paul de Loanda, a distance of about sixty miles as our steamer was to take her course. We arrived at ten in the evening. The city lies at the southwestern corner of the extension of a fine large arm of the sea—Bengo Bay—and is protected from the westerly and northwesterly winds by long, narrow and low sand banks. This bay of Loanda makes one of the best harbors on the whole west coast. The entrance to the port or inner harbor was marked by a flash light on the main land, and a fixed light on a shoal projecting to the northward of a long sand bank. We were obliged to anchor at least three miles from the city. Near us were two or three old coal hulks, a guard-boat and a few small ships, while several Portuguese men-of-war were lying at anchor opposite a naval station on one of the sand islands. Our anchor down, gun fired and whistle blown, we were soon approached by at least a dozen boats, coming out to seek friends, in addition to those belonging to the port and health officers. It was my intention to leave the greater part of my baggage at Loanda until my return from Mossamedes, and as the steamer was to stop three days, to see and learn as much as possible during that time. After inspection, we were allowed to take our small luggage on shore, while trunks were to be sent to the Custom-house early in the morning. I went to the solitary hotel of Loanda, a large two-story building, faced by a small garden of bananas and flowers, and obtained a room with a pleasant outlook upon the bay. This hotel was like a huge warehouse. It was built of brick and stucco, with a tile roof. The interior walls extended only to the eaves, and the fittings were of the plainest and most primitive description. In an inner courtyard goats were herded, a monkey was chained, and a cage full of many kinds of odd birds was located. Mosquitoes, fleas, bugs and mice abounded, while in a tank before the house there wriggled a small alligator.



A View of St. Paul de Loanda.

The province of Angola, formerly Lower Guinea, of which Loanda is the chief town and seat of government, is about eight hundred miles square, and is therefore one of the largest territorial divisions on the new map of Africa. It includes the great native district, in the northeastern corner, called Muatayambo's Kingdom, over which there is a protectorate. The population of Angola is put at 2,000,000. Loanda, which lies in 8° 48' south latitude, may be called the finest city of western Africa. It is served by four regular lines of steamers from Europe: the Portuguese "*Empresa Nacional*," which runs two steamers a month from Lisbon, the "British and African Steam Navigation Company," one monthly from Liverpool, the "Woermann Line," one monthly from Hamburg, and the "*Compagnie Chargeurs Réunis*," one monthly from Havre. Loanda has a population of about 15,000, of which number some 2,500 are Europeans, mostly Portuguese. It was founded by the Portuguese in 1575, and was formerly notorious as a seat of the slave trade to Brazil and Cuba. Here, and in the coast ports from the Congo to Mossamedes, there were as many as 100,000 slaves exported annually. Slavery continued in Angola until quite a recent date, being only completely abolished in 1878. There are about a thousand convicts in Loanda. I have already spoken of a batch which we brought in our steamer. The better class are allowed to work outside the town, their employers giving bail for them. The system is said to be abused, and it is now proposed to adopt the more rigid confinement used elsewhere. Coffee is the staple export of Loanda, the quantity shipped exceeding in value all other exports together. Next in importance come rubber, wax, palm oil and kernels, hides, cotton, gums, ivory, orchilla, and kola and ground nuts. The total exports in 1890 amounted to about \$5,000,000. India-rubber is found in most of the interior forests and could be cultivated in many districts. Coffee grows spontaneously and is much cultivated in the mountain region. Copal and other gums are obtained in the coastal belt. Wax is produced everywhere in the province. Hides are mostly from the plateau region. Orchilla weed is found in the coast zone. Palm oil and kernels are produced on river banks of the northern and central parts of the province. Cotton, which compares favorably with other kinds as regards quality and staple, grows spontaneously in the coast district and on the plateaux. Ivory is brought from the hunting grounds of the distant interior. Kola nuts grow wild in the coffee

district. The agricultural and industrial machinery is English and American. That for hulling coffee and distilling is entirely American. Distilling is a great industry in Angola. It is in the form of rum. The distilleries are situated on the sugar-cane plantations, the spirit being manufactured direct from the juice of the cane. Most of the coffee planters of the interior also have some portion of their land under cane, from which a large quantity of rum is distilled. The labor question is at all times a serious one in Angola; the native being easily and quickly supplied with all his necessaries of life, will not labor constantly, and the climate prevents white men from long working at manual labor while exposed to the sun. The most important imports are Manchester cotton fabrics of every kind—nearly all of which are used in a sort of barter trade with the people of the interior—powder, hardware, provisions in casks and boxes, and tinned goods.

The *Banco Nacional Ultramarino*, or National Colonial Bank, of Lisbon, has a branch at Loanda, established in a fine large and well-furnished building. This bank enjoys a monopoly and many privileges putting it on a footing different from banks in other countries. The currency is nearly all paper, a portion of which is issued by the treasury of the province and guaranteed by the public revenue. The bank also issues notes of the same value. The major part are of the latter complexion. There is no silver but some copper coin in circulation. Most of the copper money passes into the interior and does not return, which causes it to rise sometimes, at some of the trading stations, to the high premium of 15 per cent. Loanda is well supplied with water, coming in pipes from a small river about sixteen miles distant. It is a monopoly and there are hydrants in the streets where it is sold to the natives, while most of the houses in the town have it "laid on." There are also a few ornamental marble fountains, supplied with drinking cups, for public use. The staple food of the natives is the manioc root, though the ground nut is also largely consumed. The latter is a beautiful annual plant, of which great quantities are exported to be crushed for oil. The inner bark of the baobab is used by the natives for making bags and rope, and is also exported for paper manufacture. The natives believe in fetishes, nearly all of them wearing some sort of charm. Circumcision is widely practised. Polygamy everywhere prevails. Every wife has her own house, garden and private property. The head wife has a limited authority. Tattooing is also very general,

the bodies being covered with rows and geometric figures of little raised cicatrices, and lumps of flesh as big as ordinary marbles. Each tribe has peculiar marks of its own. The language of the Angola people is called Kimbundu. It is the western branch of the great South African or Bantu family of languages, a sort of *lingua franca* of this region, as is the Suaheli of the east coast.

From several points on the bluff back of the city, and from the fort of San Miguel at its western extremity, you have fine views over harbor and coast. The former is large and secure, though, as we have seen, so shallow that vessels have to anchor far from shore. On the ridge, at the left hand, as you cross the bay and enter the long harbor, is a small fort. Then comes a large building formerly used as a barranca or slave depot. Next at the edge of the water is another small fort, and then your eye alights on the outskirts of the city and the new three-story building of the railway station. A railway running in a southeasterly direction to the rich coffee plantations of the interior, is now in operation 145 miles, and is to be extended some 85 miles further. On the right hand, or sea side of the harbor, extends the long narrow sandbank already mentioned, which bears several groves of cocoanut-palms, quite a settlement at the naval station, and a few collections of fishing-huts. Small sailing vessels or steam-launches can alone pass between the mainland and this long sandbank. The city is divided into two parts, an upper and a lower, the latter containing the Custom-house and the foreign mercantile houses, the former the residence of the governor, the public offices, and the best dwellings. Around the circular end of the harbor extends a broad sandy road, partially shaded by banyan and other trees. The houses are one and two stories in height, built of brick or stone covered with stucco, and with tile roofs. A curious custom is that of numbering the windows as well as the doors of each dwelling. It is only thought necessary to number the windows on the ground floor. Several causeways of stone masonry lead from the lower to the upper town. These are roughly paved and partially shaded. There is no attempt at sidewalk, save before a few of the houses. The town is lighted at night by kerosene lamps, which are placed in high iron posts such as are used for gas in European cities. In several of the squares are small bamboo booths where natives offer for sale various goods of Manchester and Birmingham manufacture. There are four markets: two large quadrilateral ones, one a simple shed, and one held out-of-doors upon the

beach. The two latter are for fish, one of the others is for grain, and the remaining one is devoted to fruits and vegetables. Both of the latter are surrounded by small shops of miscellaneous goods. The fish markets contain a score of varieties varying in size from a few inches to several feet in length. Some of them were remarkably cheap. A good fish four or five inches long sold for the equivalent of a cent. Among other curious specimens were the gelatinous cuttle-fish, here esteemed a delicacy. All the sections, save only the butchers' stalls, were served by women. In the general market they squatted upon the ground, with their goods exposed for sale in wicker-work baskets placed around them. I noticed cooked fish, jars of palm oil, and heaps of kernels and of kola nuts, which last are used as food and as a stimulant. There were also a few indigenous manufactures—baskets, earthenware jars, and pipes with carved wooden stems. The women were simply dressed in dark cotton gowns, secured about their waist, and a band of cloth about their chest just beneath their arms. Their neck, arms and feet were bare, as was often also their head, though sometimes this was bound about with a gay handkerchief. They often wore gold earrings, or simply one if too poor to buy a pair. On their wrists and ankles they frequently wore thin iron bands. These women were very smiling, amiable creatures. The men also impress you favorably, except for their laziness. They wear a long loin cloth and a jacket, sometimes a cap or hat, but more often not. They all go barefoot. The machilla, like that used in Mozambique, is the prevailing vehicle, though one occasionally sees mule carriages. The governor's palace is situated upon the bluff. It is a long two-storied building, with public government offices below. The rooms are large, but simply furnished. Here I was most courteously received by the governor—*Senhor Brito Godins*—who gave me letters of introduction to the governors of Benguela and Mossamedes. Opposite the palace is a little square in which is a marble statue to the first Portuguese governor of Angola. At one side is a pretty garden filled with flowers, and having a promenade which on "band-nights"—two nights in the week—is filled by all the fashionable world of Loanda. In another square, near the Custom-house, in the lower town, is a bronze statue, also to a former governor. These two statues constitute the sole art embellishments of the city. A large Town Hall of stone has been begun and, if ever completed, will be an ornament. There is a good meteorological observatory whose reports are regu-

larly published in the official bulletin. But the pride of the citizens is the great hospital, high up upon the bluff, and the most conspicuous building in the town as seen from the harbor. It has four hundred beds, and is as well appointed as those of Europe.

Of course I paid a visit to Fort San Miguel, a very old structure standing upon a natural base, with a most commanding position, the walls being a couple of hundred feet above the sea. The commandant lives upon the top of one of the bastions and possesses here a garden of flowers and vegetables, and even some sizable trees, like those of a similar one in the old fortress of Mozambique. This fort mounts a large number of guns, but they are all old smooth-bores of but little use in these days. Several hundred prisoners, both men and women, deported from Portugal, are confined in this fortification. The views from its walls are very extended and interesting. The purely native town stands by itself on the eastern side. The new parts are laid out in streets, but in the older the houses are massed in every conceivable fashion. The dwellings are small, oblong in shape, built of wattles plastered with mud, and roofed with grass. They have one or two doors and one or more windows. In the better class a sort of hall passes from one door to another, giving on each side two good-sized rooms. They cook in half-open sheds near by. They have little yards surrounded by high and tight grass fences. These natives are very fond of strong drink, rum being their preference, and as one wanders about their quarter it is no unusual thing to come across a drunken man or woman. The Portuguese residents have so few amusements that it does not seem unnatural that they should be fond of gambling. In the hotel there was a large roulette-table which was greatly patronised. The theatre is small and very rude, and only occupied by an occasional travelling company. There are several small cafés, with inferior billiard-tables. In the interior good shooting is to be had, both birds and beasts, on land and river. A weekly newspaper is published in Loanda, but it contains little more than new laws and regulations.

On resuming our voyage the next port of call was Novo Redondo, 170 miles distant. About fifty miles south of Loanda we passed the mouth of the Quanza river, which extends in a southeasterly direction into the interior, and is navigable for 120 miles, as far as the town of Dondo, which I afterwards visited. The railway, of which I have already spoken, furnishes one means of entering the interior and the Quanza river, which is served by

a Loanda line of light-draught steamers and barges, the other. Elsewhere the universal travelling appliance is a hammock—called *tipoya*—borne on the shoulders of natives along the narrow forest paths. We reached Novo Redondo the next afternoon, and anchored about three miles from shore. The country hereabouts is hilly, with sandy and clayey bluffs immediately upon the sea, and a considerable range of mountains dimly appearing in the far distant interior. Novo Redondo is a small town. From the anchorage you do not see more than a dozen Portuguese houses which are built upon a rough ridge of steep hills, some distance up from the sea and facing the north. There is a small fort on a point. Just to the left of the village is a large level space covered with sugar-cane and cocoanut plantations. Here are the buildings also of several large Portuguese factories. Not another tree is anywhere in sight and the hills are—at least at this time of year—brown and yellow, and quite desolate-looking. The only commerce of Novo Redondo is in sugar and rum. A number of lighters soon sailed out to us, and we began at once to discharge cargo.

We left the next morning for Benguela, about ninety miles distant, keeping the coast in view all the way. It continues for the most part hilly, sandy and treeless. Where the Catumbella river enters the ocean—about fifteen miles north of Benguela—was, however, an exception, for upon a plain here there were trees and sugar-cane plantations. The river cuts its way through the hilly range, and discolors the sea for a considerable distance. In the evening we anchored in a large semi-circular bay, lined with a great yellow beach, about a mile and a half from Benguela. Near by us lay a Portuguese merchant steamer, nearer the shore a few small coasting vessels, and still nearer quite a fleet of lighters. The town is situated on a large flat plain covered with trees, and backed by ranges of bare yellow sand hills and, in the distance, several high and prettily diversified ranges. One peak—*Olombinga*—rises to a height of nearly 5,000 feet. The place and surroundings were therefore picturesque. Though its low situation and the trees prevent your seeing much of the town from the anchorage, still at the right hand may be distinguished the Custom-house, and the “palace” of the governor, which looks like a large Swiss chalet, behind these the building of the Telegraph Cable Company, and beyond, the walls and chapel of the cemetery. In about the centre of the view, near the shore, is an enormous low-walled fort, containing a large prison, back of which may be seen the white towers of a



Angola Types.

church. Away to the left lies a great collection of the native brown huts. Benguela is the second town of Angola in commercial importance but the third in point of population, being surpassed in this particular by Mossamedes. It has been the point of arrival or departure of many of the great explorers who have crossed Africa. From here started the well-known expeditions of Serpa Pinto, and Capello and Ivins, and here arrived from the east coast those of Livingstone and Cameron. I went on shore in our steam-launch, landing at an iron pier upon which lines of rail led directly up to the Custom-house, a very large building filled with merchandise. Merchants are allowed to leave their imports here free for six months, after which, however, they have a heavy duty to pay. Across the street stood the very European-looking house of the governor, with its high-pitched slate roof, its many angles, and its garden full of flowers and great cages of pretty singing birds, and encircled by a tall iron fence. Beyond this again were the very long, white walls of the fort, above which projected the muzzles of a score of small old-fashioned cannon, and, still further off, the first story of a new stone hospital in course of erection. The main street runs directly from the beach through the town. It is a broad macadamised avenue, lined by rows of trees, and lighted at night by kerosene lamps placed on iron posts. The town lies upon an immense sandy and very level plain. It is much spread out, the streets being wide and the houses mostly of but one story. The soil is so sterile that it is with difficulty any plants or flowers can be cultivated, though there are plenty of great rough trees and cocoanut-palms. It rains very little in Benguela. I follow up the grand central avenue leading by the fine two-story building of the English Telegraph Cable Company, all the material for which was brought out from England and put together here by English workmen. I pass the park full of acacias and oleanders, and surrounded by a neat iron fence. It contained a band-stand, and a fountain which was waterless. The market I found established in several large iron-roofed sheds, in which a few natives were squatting upon the ground and offering for sale fruits, vegetables, tobacco and bead-work. There are a number of European business houses in Benguela, whose trade with the interior is very great. This trade consists chiefly of India-rubber and wax, which are brought down to the coast by native caravans. I saw one of these caravans of about thirty men, women and children, marching along in single file, and bearing their goods upon either

head or shoulder, or suspended in baskets from a pole carried upon the shoulder. They were a poor-looking, half-fed and half-clothed set, wearing only the skin of some small animal about the loins, and the women being, like the men, naked to the waist, and neither sex wearing any head-covering. In the town I remarked the frequency of the native rum shops and their great number of noisy patrons.

CHAPTER XLI.

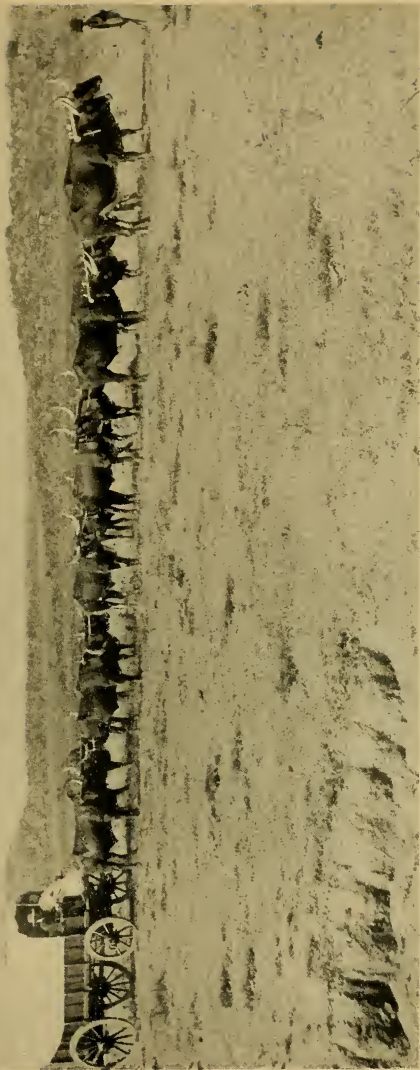
MOSSAMEDES.

IN the afternoon we started on for Mossamedes, 180 miles distant, having taken on board quite a number of passengers for that town. The travel from point to point up and down the coast has been considerable, and so comparatively few are the Portuguese settlers that all seem to be more or less acquainted, and so there is a great deal of jollity on the steamers. These passengers vary in color from the pale white of the Portuguese to the light brown of the mulattoes and the jet-black of the negroes. Notwithstanding these varying tints all seem to be on a perfect equality. At the southwestern part of the bay in which Benguela is situated, upon a hilly point, is a huge round mass called "sombbrero rock" from its resemblance to a hat. This remained in sight a long time and then we saw the light upon Cape Salinas. We kept on, never out of sight of land, which gradually became lower and smoother, and utterly devoid of trees and shrubs. About midday we reached Mossamedes, for which I had started from Cape Town just two months before. We anchored near the shore in one corner of a beautiful expanse called Little Fish Bay, quite a mile from the iron pier which projects before the Custom-house, where the landing is made. It is a fine anchorage of deep water, and well protected on three sides. The country all around is a great yellow desert, and in the interior is a long sandy ridge of hills reminding me once again of Nubia. It is said to continue of this character for nearly a hundred miles to the eastward. There are no trees, shrubs, or even grass. Near us is anchored a hulk loaded with coal and extra cable belonging to the Telegraph Cable Company. A massive turtle comes to the surface for some food which has been thrown overboard. I notice the fins also of several huge sharks swimming around the steamer.

Mossamedes is in about latitude 15° south, in almost exactly

the same parallel as Mozambique on the eastern coast. The town lies upon level ground along the circular beach of the bay, which here is ornamented with a long line of cocoanut-palms. Several windmills for pumping water appear. Upon the opposite side of the bay is a long narrow green strip of foliage, the fruit and sugar-cane plantations of several Portuguese factories. A river enters the sea here when not dry, which it is during the greater part of the year. To the west of the town upon the edge of a steep bluff is first a fort, with its rows of guns peeping over the wall, a little further on is the palace of the governor, a fine large stone edifice, of two lofty stories, painted blue with white trimmings. A little beyond this are the unpretentious buildings of the old and new hospitals. Near by is a twin-towered church whose yellow walls can hardly be distinguished from the sands of the surrounding desert. In short, with the vari-colored walls of its houses, the green palms backed by yellow sand and brown rocky hills, Mossamedes has quite an Egyptian aspect. As in Egypt, too, owing to the great evaporation, the cold is most felt at night, the difference of temperature between midday and midnight being very considerable. The city is quite modern, having been founded in 1849 by a Portuguese colony from Brazil. Since that year immigration has continued, until now the district has by far the largest white population of Angola.

At Humpata, in the mountainous region east of Mossamedes, is a colony of Boers who "trekked" from the Transvaal, and settled here in 1882. They were by royal decree declared to be Portuguese citizens, though they do not mix with either the Portuguese or the natives, but live here just as they did at home, as independent farmers. They have, however, rendered valuable services to this district by building a canal and a road to Mossamedes from the plateau, by carrying freight on their great ox-wagons, and by their valor in the wars against the native tribes. Mossamedes is situated about two hundred miles from the Kunene river, the southern boundary of the province of Angola. Between it and Cape Town are only two important ports, one, Walfish Bay, belonging to Great Britain, in Damara Land, over which there is a German Protectorate, and Port Nolloth, in Cape Colony, fifty miles or so south of the mouth of the Orange river. A railway sixty miles in length runs from here to the rich copper mines of Ookiep. Walfish Bay affords a good anchorage, and is the point from which several tracks lead into the interior.



A Boer Ox-Wagon.

Our steamer stays two days at Mossamedes and then returns to Lisbon, calling at the same ports as on the outward voyage. I visited the shore in the launch, took a walk about the town, and called upon the governor. I landed at a commodious little iron pier covered with great piles of baskets of dried fish, ready for export to other parts of the coast of Angola. Coast-fishing is one of the great industries of Mossamedes. There were also on the pier some bags of cotton and sugar, and several hogsheads of rum. Cattle are also a prominent export. Mossamedes is a compact little town, not spread out like Benguela. There is no village of poor natives adjoining, and so the place has a fresh and clean appearance. The streets, which run inwards from the bay, end abruptly in the sandy desert. They had apparently been macadamised at one time, though they were everywhere ankle-deep in sand, the glare from which was very trying to the eyes. Along the bank a double row of cocoanut-palms has been planted and many flowering shrubs, of which latter the oleanders succeed best. There is a small public garden in which the scrubby trees, plants and shrubs have to be frequently irrigated, the beds being specially arranged for this purpose. In one square was a monument to a former Minister of the Colonies at Lisbon, who was a great friend of the slaves. A paved road leads up the hill to the westward to the fort, governor's palace and hospitals. The lower part of the palace is used for the public offices of the local government. The floor above is occupied by the governor and his family. The then incumbent received me very kindly, and we enjoyed a long chat about colonial matters in Africa, and affairs Portuguese generally. As I returned to the pier files of loaded camels and ox-carts were bringing merchandise to town. I also saw one of the great teams and stout wagons which the Boers and settlers use in South Africa, and which are occasionally employed here for trips into the interior, though nearly all the products, as at Benguela, are brought down on native carriers' heads or shoulders, a slow, costly and precarious system. A railway running directly into the fertile and healthy land of the interior—say for a distance of two hundred miles—is very much wanted both at Mossamedes and Benguela. The railway at Loanda is good, as far as it goes, but ought to be extended another hundred miles. Portugal well knows the necessity and value of this method of tapping and opening up the country, but pleads poverty. How then would it do to sell her territory on the eastern coast—there would be a ready market—to some richer Power near by, and concentrate her energy

and resources upon the western? In this way at least Angola might be made to yield a much handsomer revenue than she does at present.

On our return we arrived at Benguela early in the morning, and in the afternoon I made an excursion to Catumbella, with which it is connected by a narrow-gauge railway fifteen miles in length. There is one train each way every day. The cars are miniature. Those for the first-class had transverse seats, covered with cushions, and were open on every side, with canvas curtains to ward off the fierce sun; the second-class passengers had to content themselves with benches, and the third to squat upon the floor, or stand. There were, besides, several platform cars for freight. The little railway has been built some ten years, and is owned by a Portuguese Company. The speed attained is about ten miles an hour, though occasional stops have to be made to keep up a sufficient head of steam. We had quite a full train. The road runs all the way across level sandy plains, which are covered with a coarse scrub of thorns and bushes, with a few baobabs. On one side was the sea, on the other a low range of barren mountains. Nearing Catumbella, however, the scene changed. Much vegetation and many villages appeared. There were great groves of the palm-oil trees and, by the ocean, of cocoanut-palms. The native huts were of wattle and mud sides and grass-thatches, surrounded by thick fences of coarse grass.

We reached Catumbella in one hour and a half, there being no stations on the road. Just above the point at which the journey terminated were two knolls, upon one of which was a fort and upon the other the residence of the mayor of the town. I walked to a Dutch trading-house for whose manager, Mr. Kamerman, I bore a letter of introduction. I crossed on the way the Catumbella river—a swift, shallow, muddy stream, here perhaps three hundred feet wide—upon a neat iron bridge. The town lies on level ground, bounded on every side, except that towards the sea, by a circle of steep bare hills and by its side winds the river, its banks bordered by beautiful tropical trees. Further up country this river contains both crocodiles and hippopotami. A road leads from the town to the sea, some four or five miles distant, where are several factories engaged in the salt trade. Catumbella consists of two or three long straggling macadamised streets. It is a town of single-story houses, and contains a population of about one hundred whites—Portuguese and Dutch—and some two thousand natives. It is a



A Caravan, Cutumbella.

great trading centre. A trade route from the distant interior terminates here, or rather it actually terminates at Benguela, to which the railway has been built for its accommodation. A carriage road, which runs much of the way alongside the railway, is also used by the Europeans for carts, mules and hammocks, while the natives pass on foot. Behind the town you see the trails of the carriers passing over the steep hills. They enter the interior by the valley of the river, which affords an easier route than is available to the eastward of Benguela. Caravans of natives are coming and going throughout the year. All day long you see them toiling over the hill, each bearing upon the head or shoulder a bundle of India-rubber, hides or gum copal, or a bag of wax or orchilla, or a small tusk or tooth of ivory. Physically these carriers are generally very ugly, being thin and misshapen, and many being afflicted with loathsome diseases. Both men and women are nearly naked and children wholly so. The few rags which they wear are filthy, but no more so than their bodies. Yet many of them, especially the children, have bright, intelligent faces. The women wear brass and iron wire bangles and anklets, necklaces of beads, and all, both men and women, attach fetish charms in small boxes or cylinders about their necks. Some of these caravans number two hundred people, and come from several hundred miles in the interior, being months upon their journey. Those living nearer make perhaps two visits a year. At the busiest season there are sometimes as many as ten thousand carriers temporarily staying in the town. The products and goods are brought chiefly by the natives of Bailundo, Bihé, Caconda and Ganguellas. For what they bring they are paid in barter by the many Portuguese traders, whose shops are filled with cheap cotton cloths, beads, wire, head-kerchiefs and clothing, gin and aguardiente, ordinary cheap guns, powder and last, but not least, old silk tall hats. A native of any means and pretensions to gentility is never happy until he has bought a high silk hat, with which, and wearing probably nothing else than a dirty loin cloth, with a pipe in his mouth, and being more or less under the influence of liquor, he struts about town, a very ridiculous show to a foreigner, but an object of admiration and envy to all his compatriots. These natives generally remain in Catumbella only so long as their credit is good, when they walk in easy stages back to their distant villages. They carry only an earthenware pot for cooking their manioc, a gourd for water, a stick to assist their climbing in difficult places,

and perhaps a rusty old flint-lock musket, which has been tightly bound with strips of hide from end to end with the idea or hope that this will prevent its explosion.

I remained over night in Catumbella and took the morning train back to Benguela. We carried with us some thirty or forty laborers who were going to Prince's and St. Thomas' islands under contract to work for five years in the coffee and cacao plantations. Each wore around the neck a tin badge inscribed with his or her number, the name of the plantation, and the locality. These people had been neatly fitted out with gay-colored cotton suits and fancy caps, of all which finery they seemed exceedingly proud. I breakfasted with the governor, Senhor Francisco de Paula Cid, Junior, and received from him a fine collection of photographs, and much interesting information concerning Benguela. This gentleman was formerly a captain in the navy. The provincial and district governors, who have great power, are by tradition naval officers, while the chiefs of the counties into which the districts are divided, are, as a rule, officers of the army. The counties are again divided into townships, which are presided over by resident traders or, often, educated natives. I also received a number of similar courtesies from the governor at Loanda, but why should I specialise?—one is always sure of favor and hospitality from a Portuguese official. Governor Paula Cid told me that in the year 1887 the exports of Benguela took a sudden jump upwards, owing to the appearance in the markets of a new kind of India-rubber, which is extracted from the roots of a small shrub that grows spontaneously on the banks of certain rivers in the interior. This rubber is not so good as the Brazilian, but is found in greater quantity and is more readily extracted. The value of the exports in 1892 was 1,466 contos of reis (or about \$1,650,000) and of this total, rubber amounted to 1,207 contos, wax coming next with 188, and ivory next with but 34 contos. In the same year the district of Benguela produced 3,000,000 litres of aguar-diente, most of which was sent to London and St. Thomas. The value of the importation in 1892 was 900 contos. The port of Benguela is annually visited by an average of 100 vessels, of which number 70 are steamers and the remainder ships. The two principal rivers of the district are the Kunene and the Kubango which flow from the north to the south and west, and whose banks, some four or five thousand feet above the sea-level, are very fertile. Between these two rivers are found several sorts of iron, and in

great quantities. Some mines of copper and sulphur, and some small traces of gold are met with upon the high plateau. The climate here is excellent, and well-suited to Europeans. There is in Benguela a branch of the *Banco Nacional Ultramarino*, the business of which in 1892 amounted to over \$3,000,000. We received on board a large shipment of India-rubber, wax and orchilla, and left for Novo Redondo, where we received more cargo, and then went on to Loanda, arriving at noon on the following day.

Before leaving Loanda I witnessed "Carnival" as celebrated by the natives and Portuguese. It lasted three days, during which time the blacks did not work, but kept on a perpetual spree, consuming great quantities of aguardiente. There were processions in *bal-masqué* costume by day and night, and fireworks also at all times. The order of the processions was something like this: there was a march, then a halt and dance, a grand "walk-round" to the music of tom-toms, mandolins and tambourines, the whole accompanied with much singing and chanting. The dances were quite barbaric, and the din of the native music was terrific. The other people would crowd around at these halts and clap their hands and laugh like the children they are. Very many of the maskers copied the uniforms of generals, with cocked-hats, much gold-lace and decorations. There were, besides, many ridiculous caricatures. These simple people save their wages and prepare for these carnivals for weeks beforehand. Flags were displayed all over the city, which was thoroughly *en fête*. On the last afternoon there was a procession of the Portuguese in gayly-decked carriages, and a great pelting of bonbons and flowers quite in the style of the *bataille des fleurs* at Nice. Many were in fancy-dress. At night a military band discoursed very agreeable music in the little park upon the hill near the governor's palace.

CHAPTER XLII.

INTO THE INTERIOR.

A FEW days afterwards I started on a tour to see something of inner Angola. My general plan was to proceed by railway to a point distant about seventy-five miles from Loanda, on the Quanza river, and there to take steamer to a town seventy-five miles further, situated at the head of navigation upon the river, a place called Dondo, and of considerable importance as a trading station and general warehouse for goods brought by carriers from the interior, like Catumbella, only much larger. From here it was my intention to go to Cazengo, to a large coffee plantation called Monte Bello, in a tipoya with native bearers, and from there again by the same conveyance to the terminus of the railway, which, as I have said, is at present some 145 miles from Loanda. I carried letters of introduction from the well-known English house of Newton, Carnegie and Company, at Loanda, to its branches at Dondo and Cazengo. This firm, which has also branches in London and Lisbon, are agents for several lines of West African steamers, and deal as coal and general merchants, ship brokers, etc. The railway has a rather ambitious title: *Companhia Real dos Caminhos de Ferro Atravez d'Africa*, the Royal Railway Company Across Africa. But of the 2,000 miles from coast to coast only 145 are as yet completed. It was projected in 1877, but only floated in 1885, and work was begun in 1886, the first portion of twenty-eight miles being opened in 1889. The plant comes from Belgium, the coal from England. The building of the railway has been greatly hampered by scarcity of labor and by heavy rains. In December, 1891, there was an enormous loss. In one part the completed road was washed away in eighteen different places in less than as many miles, the gaps varying from two hundred to five hundred feet in width.

There are two railway stations in Loanda, one in the lower

town at the northeastern corner, and the other in the upper town near the hospital. I walked to the latter up a broad sandy street, and found at the station a train of small cars in waiting. The road is a narrow-gauge. The carriages, for three classes of passengers, naturally, in such a climate, consist chiefly of windows. The line is exceedingly winding, to avoid difficulties of construction, and for the first half of its length has almost no cuttings or fillings. The speed was good, but we halted too long at the stations—from ten minutes to half an hour at each. There is only one train per day in each direction, so that freight and passengers are carried at the same time. We passed through a gently undulating country of alternate moors and woodland. There was much grass, which was coarse and strong like reeds. There were hamlets of mud huts, surrounded by little gardens of beans, maize and manioc. The first station was situated upon the shore of Bengo Bay. There was a large trading-house here, and many salt pans, salt being the chief industry of the place. It is coarse, but being cheaper than imported salt, is sent in large quantities into the interior. It is also an article of considerable foreign export. At the next village—Quifangondo—were the steam water-works which supply Loanda. The vegetation of the district through which we now passed was always interesting. The prevailing trees were cocoanut and oil palms, euphorbia, baobabs and ceibas. The baobabs were especially remarkable. Occasionally these huge and curious products are seen in small groves, though they seem ordinarily to prefer a solitary existence, dotting the landscape at considerable intervals. Their trunks, like towers, almost as large atop as below and ending abruptly, the huge gnarled limbs starting at right-angles, the general lack of grace and symmetry, always rivet the attention of the foreign visitor. Some of them look like huge hollow bottles made of pasteboard or plaster-of-Paris; as a living vegetable substance they are most unreal in appearance. The tropical euphorbias also strangely accentuate the green background of trees which have a guise as of the temperate zone, with their small straight trunks and odd branches pointing upwards in curves something like the arms of candelabra.

We were served a good breakfast at nine o'clock at one of the stations, and reached our terminus of Cunga at midday. With carriers for our light baggage we walked across to the Quanza river, perhaps a mile distant, the path leading through grass ten feet high, and the sun beating down upon us with great force. So far the

country had been thinly peopled. It was one of the trading-stations, called also Cunga, where we arrived. There were here a large single-storied house, containing a store and dwelling, and some outlying warehouses. Moored to the bank was an iron side-wheel steamer of about 100 tons burden, one of the Quanza river steamer company's boats, the company having been founded in 1865 by an American named Archer Silva. This had a flat bottom and drew but three feet of water. It had in tow two iron lighters, loaded with cargo. The captain and engineer were Portuguese, the crew were blacks. The steamer had been built in England, and had a long awning-shaded deck where the passengers sat and ate. There was also a small upper-deck accessible to them. In a general cabin in the stern were some six or eight beds, though on account of the great heat, it is customary to sleep upon deck on little camp-bedsteads covered with mosquito nettings. I strolled into the trader's store and found that his stock was confined to a sort of blue cotton sheeting, used as dress by both sexes, to casks of rum, gay-colored bandanas, old hats and little toy drums.

The steamer started soon after our arrival. The river here was about two hundred yards wide, of a dark green color, and running with a very swift current. The remainder of the day we steamed slowly along, almost touching one shore or the other, not making, it seemed to me, more than two miles an hour. The banks were about ten feet above the river, which was exceedingly tortuous and filled with sandbanks that made the navigation very difficult. Sometimes the steamers get stuck upon these for several days at a time. When the water is high, two trips each way are generally made in a month. It takes about five days to make the upward voyage from Loanda, the steamers having to pass around the long sand islands and out into the ocean to the mouth of the river. They could return in half this time, but generally have to wait at the stations for cargo. We carried two or three passengers in the first cabin and half a dozen in the second. The river passed through great plains of luxurious grass, with low and smooth tree-clad ranges in the distance. The forests were not so dense as one might expect in a latitude so near the Equator, and doubtless much of the country had been burned over, giving rise to a second-growth. Towards night we saw several huge crocodiles, and took shots at some of them. There are said also to be hippopotami in some portions of the river, though we did not happen to see any of them. At the villages



The Quanza River.

there is always a little section fenced off for the use of the washer-women and others, who come to fetch water, to prevent their being caught by a sly crocodile. At dusk we dropped anchor in the stream for the night, and were at once boarded by thousands of mosquitoes. We were opposite a trading-station, though it was too late to venture ashore. Notwithstanding our nettings we passed a very disagreeable night, for it seemed impossible to escape the voracious pests. The heat too was something terrific, and there was no compensating breeze.

At daylight we were glad to move on. The scenery began to improve a little, and the banks would often be lined for great distances with villages. The trees here were of larger size, and the houses were half concealed by these and by the banana plants. The huts were oblong in shape, with peaked roofs, and with doors and windows. They were made of wattles and mud, with grass for the roofs. Drawn up at convenient landing-places were always a number of "dug-out" canoes. Some of these were of great size, as much as forty feet in length, three or four feet wide and as many deep. The bottoms were quite flat. They were often made of very crooked trees. They were propelled by paddles or long poles. As we steamed slowly along the natives would stand upon the bank in groups or rows, always grinning and pointing out to each other some thing or other about the steamer, or its occupants, which struck their curiosity. They were very dark curly-headed people, scantily dressed in dirty cotton sheeting. Neither sex wore hats even under the fiercest sun. About noon we reached the town of Muxima, on the left bank. Here upon the top of a steep hill is a white-walled fort and below, near the river, is a large heavy-walled church. There seem to be but one or two Portuguese dwellings, though there is a considerable assemblage of brown native huts.

As we proceeded the vegetation became more dense, and the proportion of oil-palm trees greatly increased. Towards night we passed the trading station of Barraca, some three or four houses, situated on the side of a steep hill, a high and dry location. Hereabouts the scene was the most diversified and the prettiest of any I had yet encountered. We anchored for the night in the middle of the river, a little beyond the settlement. Flames of fire were seen in several directions, being built by the natives in order to drive away the mosquitoes. In the middle of the river, however, and much further from the sea than on the previous night, we were not very much troubled. We hove anchor at daylight and about mid-

day passed the fort, church and few huts of Massangano, upon the top of a precipitous hill. In the middle of the afternoon we had a distant view of Dondo down a long, straight, stretch of river. In every direction in the distance were mountains, some of them oblong and table-topped, and others peaked and pinnacled. The sides of the nearer ones were thinly timbered, and covered with coarse grass. Dondo is situated on a sort of peninsula, the river here making a direct turn, and just beyond it are the falls of Cambembe. We first saw the brown huts of the principal native quarter, then, between the trees and along the river, a few of the Portuguese houses. We drew in to the bank—upon which were standing or sitting at least a hundred natives and a dozen Portuguese—and tied up to an enormous tree trunk. On the opposite side of the river were a few hamlets. All around the town were low smooth hills. The natives were a very motley crew—various tints as to complexion, and various garments as to covering. Scarcely any one had a full equipment of the latter. Beyond this crowd were at least a hundred women and children engaged in washing clothes. It is lucky no buttons are employed by these people, for the popular method of washing is to hammer the clothes upon flat stones, which are placed in the water a few feet from shore. I landed and walked up a sandy street, past the governor's residence, to the house of Senhor Abreu, to which I had been recommended. It was a large one-storied building, in part store, warehouse, office and dwelling. The warehouse was full of bags of coffee and India-rubber. Before it was a large square, planted about the sides with rows of small acacias. I had a good dinner in company with a half dozen Portuguese clerks, and retired early to rest, but not to sleep, for the heat was excessive all night, the thermometer registering 95° Fahrenheit at four o'clock in the morning.

Dondo has some 15,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps one hundred are Portuguese. It was first occupied in 1857, and owes its prosperity to the Quanza river steamer company, and to the neighboring plantations of Cazengo, which produce a large quantity of the coffee that is shipped from Loanda. The berry of this coffee is small, and does not command such a high price as the Brazilian coffee, but still meets with a ready sale in the European markets. Dondo is well laid out with macadamised streets, lined with acacias. Along the river is a grand esplanade with a double row of trees. On nearly all the corners of the streets are the shops of the traders, where you will generally find a lot of native carriers standing,

sitting, or singing out for articles which they wish in barter for the India-rubber and coffee that they bring down from the interior. As at Catumbella the streets are full of caravans. Those coming in bear their goods, bound up in palm-leaves, upon their heads or shoulders. Those leaving may be plainly distinguished by the fact of one wearing a gay worsted cap, another a waistcoat, a third a fancy loin cloth, a fourth carrying a red cotton umbrella, and a fifth with his neck covered with strings of beads. These people seem to belong to many different tribes, as judged by the variety of their tattooing, the shaving of the head, arrangement of the hair, style of dress, or lack of dress. Many of the women wear only small handkerchiefs around their pendulous breasts, and an equally small loin cloth. Some of them dress their hair in many little plaits hanging around their head from the crown. In most of the trading-houses there are large yards set apart for the accommodation of these carriers. They sleep in long sheds, and pass the day under large trees, cooking their simple food, or lounging and dozing. At night they sing and dance, as if mad, continuously for a couple of hours but generally by nine o'clock all is quiet and so remains until daylight, when the din recommences and is continued during the whole day. There is a market of Manchester fabrics held in little booths of reed mats, under the trees in one of the squares. The general market is held in and around a series of huge sheds. The dealers are, as usual with semi-civilised people, nearly all women and children. They squat upon the ground in long rows and sell manioc, flour, bananas, dried-fish, tobacco, beans, palm-oil, packages of crude manioc, great bundles of sugar-cane, and earthenware of rude and simple manufacture. The natives seem much affected with elephantiasis, and I have even seen a dog who was suffering from this skin disease. The native houses are mostly crowded together in certain outer quarters of the town, surrounded by fences of palm leaves and coarse grass. The Portuguese houses are of stone and stucco, with red tiled roofs.

The next morning I left Dondo in a tipoya for the fazenda, or coffee plantation, of Monte Bello, in Cazengo. I was furnished by my kind host, Senhor Abreu, with several letters of introduction to Portuguese planters on the road, and also with a supply of food for a journey of probably two days. The tipoya was simply a canvas hammock, slung from a long and light but stout pole, borne on the shoulders of two natives. I took eight cargadores, or bearers, so that I might travel rapidly. These men on a good road

will cover four and even five miles an hour. They relieve each other every half hour or so, and they change the pole from shoulder to shoulder every few minutes. To keep it from cutting the flesh they use a thick pad of cotton covered with leather. It was interesting to contrast the method and style of these bearers with those in Madagascar. Both races have remarkable strength and endurance, but in Madagascar you remain seated on the steepest hills, while here you are politely requested to dismount and walk at every trivial incline. When in motion the bearers have a habit of singing very loudly, one giving the refrain and the other coming in as a sort of chorus. At other times one will give two or three funny grunts, always in the same key, and be in like manner sympathetically answered by the other. The tipoya was covered with a flat awning, and had waterproof curtains all around, which could be rolled up in good weather, and thus enable you to get a view of the country, though, as you lie on your back, almost in a horizontal position, with your head upon a low pillow, it is awkward and almost impossible to get a good idea of the character and appearance of the country you are passing through. I much prefer the filanzana, where you sit upright, and I found that much less tiresome than the tipoya. My porters were dressed in nothing but waist cloths, in which they generally stuck a huge wooden spoon, a pipe, and a tobacco pouch of primitive make. One of them carried an earthenware jar or two and a kettle, together with some manioc flour and some dried fish for their food. They were paid a little money in advance, with which to buy provisions on the road, and the remainder they were to receive upon their return to Dondo, for I intended to keep them with me on my circuitous journey as far as Oeiras, at the terminus of the railway, whence they could walk to Dondo in about six hours' time. We soon passed out of the town, and entered upon a good ox-cart road on which were streams of carriers coming in to Dondo in caravans of ten, twenty and even fifty. Thousands of these natives passed me during the day, men, women and children, all bearing upon head or shoulder products for barter at Dondo. Bags of coffee seemed the usual load. These caravans were an interesting study. The natives were fully two-thirds naked, without head-covering of any kind, and all jogging on in the blazing sun at a fast trot, sometimes singing, more often chatting and laughing, occasionally passing in dead silence. All were exceedingly curious to get a peep at me under my tipoya-awning, and I

certainly was no less eager to have a look at them. They are accustomed to halt under the trees for midday rest and food, and at night sleep on the road whenever darkness may happen to overtake them, lying upon straw mats on the ground, and covering their whole body and head with sheets, which cause them to look like bundles of merchandise. At some much-frequented halting-place where there is water, rude straw beehive-shaped huts have been erected by themselves for their accommodation. During the day, while on the march, my bearers would occasionally ask my permission to stop to drink water, and I was always surprised, not to say disgusted, to see them using puddles of muddy or slimy water.

The country through which I passed was rough and covered with scrubby trees and tall yellow grass, with prettily diversified hills in every direction. There were many baobabs, and a few oil-palms and euphorbias. There were but few villages, and these of mud and grass huts. At noon I halted in a sort of public rest-house, containing a plain table and chairs, and a curious stool with four legs and a stand, all carved from a single block of wood. Here I ate a frugal lunch, my bearers looking on with great interest. When I had finished they began to cook their food just outside the hut. It was now my turn to do the staring, and I adjourned to their *al fresco* kitchen, where one earthenware bowl was boiling and bubbling with its contents of manioc flour, and another was quietly simmering with some dried cod-fish. At long intervals on the roadside, provisions were offered for sale, and my men had added to their store a few bananas and a basket of peanuts. Their food was soon cooked, the manioc being stirred with one of the alpenstocks, and then they all set to like wolves, those happening to have wooden spoons using them and the others their fingers. They were no sooner done than all filled their pipes and, squatting around the fire in a circle, had a comfortable and sociable smoke.

I went on during the afternoon, through a similar country, and intended to pass the night with some one of the planters to whom I bore letters of introduction. But it was quite dark by the time we reached the banks of the Lucalla river—a stream about one hundred yards wide, which runs with a swift current and empties into the Quanza—and the canoes necessary to cross it were chained upon the opposite bank, while the ferryman had gone home for the night. I called across to some natives to go in

search of this man, but was informed that he would not cross after dark for fear of the jacarays, or crocodiles, which the river is said to contain in plenty. My idea of a warm supper and soft bed was thus rudely overturned, and as a heavy shower seemed imminent I had to look quickly for some sort of shelter. I remembered nothing nearer than a small mud hut, a quarter of a mile or so back from the road, near which, under the trees and in some little "beehive" huts, several hundred carriers were bivouacking. So thither I felt my way—I could not see—and entered a hut, which, however, contained but two rooms, in one of which, huddled together upon the mud floor, were eight natives, and in the other, six. I suddenly changed my mind about sleeping in a hut, and rigging my hammock up in two forked sticks—for I could not lie upon the ground on account of a dangerous sort of tick prevalent—and putting down its curtains, I slept comfortably in the open air. Fortunately there was no rain, otherwise I should have had to don my waterproof and pass the night standing under a baobab.

At daylight I roused up my men, who had been sleeping on their straw mats near by, and we went on to the bank of the river, and waited until some one poled across a canoe. A tax of two cents is levied upon all who use this ferry. When I reached the other side there was a long row of carriers in waiting, with their loads resting on two sticks before them. All these loads are lashed between the extremities of two long small poles, which are then fastened together at the opposite ends, and thus a purchase is gained which holds the bundle tightly together. Long narrow wicker-work or palm-leaf baskets are always used for carrying loads of many and smaller pieces, but the two sticks are never forgotten, and are in use all over central and southern Africa. In marching one hand or the other grasps one of these sticks to support the load, and when wishing to take it from head or shoulder they greatly assist, and are also used to support it against a tree, thus keeping it out of mud or water and away from voracious insects. I was surprised at the number of young boys and girls bearing large bags of coffee.

Soon after crossing the Lucalla, I entered quite another sort of country, all the valleys being filled with dense masses of tropical vegetation, and the tops of the hills alone being covered with coarse grass and scrubby trees as before. I saw some enormously stout baobab trees, with trunks ten feet in diameter and not more than thirty high. I had entered the district of Cazengo, which is now



A Coffee and Sugar Plantation, Cazengo.

the most important agricultural country of Angola and, as I have said, the centre of the great coffee production. The first plantation was established here in 1835. The railway from Loanda is being rapidly pushed on into the heart of this region. I passed through the little village of Caculo, the capital of Cazengo; a large Portuguese flag was flying in the centre of the principal square. Few people were around. Malange, an important town, fifty miles or so to the east, owes its existence to the rubber trade, but all around Cazengo there is little else than coffee, as I soon had occasion to notice, for I left the little town and began the ascent of Monte Bello. This hill was so steep that I had to take to my feet and walk or rather climb upward through grass ten feet in height, which almost concealed the path in places, and past hamlets of native laborers, on through acres and acres of coffee, and a magnificent virgin forest full of splendid trees—among them many giant ceibas (*Bombax*)—bound into an almost solid mass with curious velvety creepers. It was Monte Koffee in St. Thomas over again, a region the very reverse of that in which I had been journeying from Dondo. I kept onward and upward, with occasional backward glimpses of beautiful valleys, until I attained an elevation of about 2,000 feet, and had passed through a good half of the fazenda of Monte Bello, when, finally, marching along a good road, shaded by bananas, I reached the house, factory and trading-store of Messrs. Newton, Carnegie & Co.

The distance from Dondo to Monte Bello is about fifty miles. The heat had been very great during my journey, it being the hottest period of the year in Angola. Although the whole of this great and wealthy province lies in the Tropics the climate in the greater part of it is as salubrious as any in the temperate zone. On the coast the temperature is advantageously modified by the sea-breeze and in the interior by the elevation of the land. The coast belt, from fifty to one hundred miles wide is, as we have seen, hot and rather sterile, but would become productive and rich were irrigation liberally introduced. Between the coast and the plateau belt is a sort of mountain region, not only of luxuriant vegetation but of untapped mineral treasures. Copper is found at many points, iron is abundant everywhere, and gold has been discovered in the sand of the Lombigi river, and this district is now being prospected by an English company—the Great Gold Zone Company—who have a large concession. It is expected that payable gold will be found there. Silver is said to have been known to the natives

in olden times. Going on into the interior from Cazengo, the highland belt rises gradually from 2,000 to 6,000 feet, and here you find grass and bush, prairie and park land, where cattle and live-stock will flourish as in the temperate zone. The white man soon gets acclimated here, flourishes, and lives to a hale and ripe old age.

I was cordially received at Monte Bello by the English managers, Messrs. Thomson and Holt. The fazenda contains some fifteen hundred acres of forest, grass, sugar-cane and coffee land. About eight hundred acres are in coffee and some sixty acres are in cane. At present two hundred natives are employed on the estate. The coffee grows wild in all these valleys, but is greatly improved by cultivation. I found its flavor soft yet strong, with a delicate insinuating bouquet. Cacao is not now grown, but could be, and to advantage. Much maize, manioc and bananas are raised as food for the laborers. There is a distillery for making rum, none of which is, however, exported. Every sort of tropical fruit, including very excellent pineapples, is grown for the consumption of the managers. The natives are treated with great consideration and kindness. They receive no money for their services, but a sum the equivalent of fifty-four cents a week in "trade-tickets," which may be exchanged for clothes and provisions in the company's store. The laborers are also allowed as much land as they are able to cultivate for their own use, and are given Sundays in which to work in these gardens. Every other Saturday is a holiday. The foods they chiefly raise are manioc, maize, beans, cabbages, bananas and vegetable-marrow. They are permitted to sell as much of this produce as they like in the neighboring village markets, and for this they receive pay in copper money. Twice a year they are given a present of eight yards of cloth—the cloth which they use for their solitary covering. There is a doctor to care for them when sick, and a hospital where they can receive shelter. During the day I walked with my obliging hosts to the summit of a neighboring hill, whence was a splendid prospect over the surrounding country—a region of pretty park-land, hills, and occasional mountains, with outcropping ridges and peaks of rock.

The following day I left in my hammock for Oeiras, at that time the railway terminus. We descended the hills by a road leading to the west through the forest and then over a rough region covered with grass ten and twelve feet in height, the stalks of which were as large as one's finger and quite like reeds. The path



Entrance to an Estate.

was almost closed by the luxuriant growth of this grass and frequent thorn bushes, and the men had so much difficulty in bearing my tipoya along that I descended and walked for a long distance. This region was full of gayly-plumaged birds, and their bright and dainty songs constantly greeted my ears. Two or three large snakes, not so agreeable, were seen gliding silently and swiftly away.

Early in the afternoon I reached the end of the railway, that is, the end of its road-bed, and as I could not get through to Oeiras that day, I gladly accepted the hospitality proffered by one of the contractors and engineers, Senhor Moraes, who was living in a comfortable though temporary house, surrounded by a small village of his laborers. The country is exceedingly rough hereabouts, and there are many cuttings and fillings necessary, but, nevertheless, so rapidly is the road being pushed that it was to be completed to Canhoca—180 miles from Loanda—in January, 1894. From there it will eventually be carried on to Ambaca, fifty miles further. At seven the next morning I started for Oeiras, following the railway bed most of the way. Though this had been but recently made, so prolific is the vegetation of these tropical latitudes, it was often covered with shrubs and coarse grass ten feet in height. Towards noon I reached the valley of the Lucalla river, which the railway follows for some distance and afterwards crosses on a fine stone-pier bridge. In one place the road-bed is cut from the rocky side of a steep hill, several hundred feet above the surface of the river, and then runs in a semi-circle upon an enormous embankment to another series of hills, upon whose sides it continues all the way to Oeiras. To this point the rails were then laid, and many hundred men were at work. There are some 6,000 laborers on the entire line. As I was inspecting the road two engineers hailed me, insisted upon my stopping to breakfast with them, and afterwards arranged for my siesta in a comfortable room, and provided me with smoking material and reading matter. So it ever is with these hospitable people—you carry an outfit of provisions, but seldom have an opportunity to use them. You are invited to dinner or breakfast, or to pass the night, or at least to rest, take a refreshing drink, and smoke a cigarette. In the cool of the afternoon I passed on to Oeiras, five or six miles distant. This little village is altogether surrounded by hills, in a very hot and unhealthy situation. I was the guest of a Portuguese trader here, who could not do too much for my comfort.

At six in the morning I took the train for Loanda. We got out of the dense forest at the first village—Cassoalalla. A few stations further on and I had exchanged the fresh velvety green foliage of the valleys and hills for the monotonous yellow of the grass land and the baobabs and euphorbias of the coast regions. There are about a dozen villages on the road between Oeiras and Loanda, but only two or three are of any great size. One sees always a few Portuguese houses and a neighboring hamlet of native mud and grass huts. We had a long train, with many passengers and much freight, and stayed so long at the stations that we did not reach Loanda until 8 P. M.—fourteen hours to make 145 miles! Appreciating a refreshing sea-breeze after the torrid heat waves of the afternoon, I repaired at once to the comfortable and commodious house of my friend Mr. Nightingale, the Acting British Consul, and thus happily ended my tour of five hundred miles in the interior of the province of Angola.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PORTUGAL VS. ENGLAND.

THERE is a very large mulatto population in Angola, but the white is relatively much more numerous than in any other part of tropical Africa. The people are very anxious to have direct steamer communication with the United States. There are no American traders settled here at present, but there is a good field for them, and they would be cordially received both by the colonists and by the government, which encourages immigration. Including women and children there are now about fifty American missionaries in Angola. In Loanda there is a German and an English firm, and the employes of the cable company are English. In Benguela and Mossamedes the only foreigners, other than Portuguese, are Englishmen, also connected with the cable company. Owing to its geographic position, variety of climate, natural resources, and to the progress already accomplished in the civilisation of the natives, the intrinsic value and immediate possibilities of Angola surpass those of any other European possession of tropical Africa. With reference to educational work and facilities: there is a High School in Loanda, and there are many primary schools both here and at Benguela and Mossamedes, and every county has a school of some sort. The district of Loanda has thousands of natives who can read and write to some extent, many of them having been taught by volunteer native teachers. The best schools in the interior are those of the Catholic missions.

The colony of Angola extends to the south bank of the river Congo from its mouth to a distance of about 135 miles, or to the town of Matadi. The small territory called Congo, in which is the town of Cabinda, to the north, is now separated from Angola by a long narrow strip of the Congo Free State, on the north bank of the river and extending to the ocean. Formerly Congo and Angola were joined, and very properly and justly. Portugal has

been treated most cavalierly in respect of her African territory upon both this and the east coast. The Portuguese rights to the region between Congo and Angola, and including the mouth of the Congo, are based on a papal grant, on priority of discovery, on actual possession, and on intentions and manifestations constantly expressed by word and act of maintaining its sovereignty. A papal grant, accompanied by the customary "Bull," was made to Portugal in 1481 by Pope Sixtus IV., by which he conveyed to the Portuguese the sovereignty of all the lands they should discover on the entire coast line of the African continent. Three years later the mouth of the Congo was discovered by the Portuguese voyager, Diego Cam, who set up on the southern side of it one of the padraos, or pillars, by means of which the Portuguese were wont to mark the progress of their discoveries. It is not true, as has been asserted, that Portugal made no special claim to this territory until it was perceived that the commerce of the Congo must prove considerable, and would therefore enable her to impose dues and charges which would enhance her revenues, for the possession of it has been a subject of debate between the British and Portuguese governments at various times since 1845. While the region seemed of no very great importance to the world the claims of Portugal were disputed only by the great colonial aggressor, England. So matters stood until finally the Berlin Conference took away the mouth of the river and adjacent northern territory from Portugal, and gave her instead that part of Angola now extending from Ambriz to the southern bank of the Congo, a region in no proper sense an equivalent.

In eastern Africa Portugal has been used even more shabbily than in western. I refer more especially to the ultimatum which England sent to Lisbon in 1890, requiring the immediate abandonment on the part of Portugal of all pretensions to rights in the Shiré Highlands and in Nyassaland, as well as in Manica, Matabele and Mashonaland on the moral plea—Professor Drummond distinctly admits that England has made no other than a "moral claim"—that the Portuguese cannot govern their foreign possessions so well as the English, that they have not properly colonised and developed them. The fact that the actual occupation of some of the Portuguese territories has been occasionally interrupted by considerations of an economical or political nature certainly cannot invalidate a claim to their real possession. Nor is it at all a question as to the superiority of methods of colonisation, but simply

to which nation belongs the truest "claim of possession." It is not, as the English seem to think, which would be best, to convert the African to Protestantism or to Catholicism. Whether England can the better civilise inferior races, whether she can the sooner stop or oppose slavery or intertribal wars, whether she were the ablest to establish lucrative commerce are interesting inquiries but can have nothing whatever to do with the present matter, which is solely a question of ownership of ground, or what in Africa has always constituted ownership. England, however, wished these territories in order to assist in the development and aggrandisement of her neighboring colonies, and hence she has completely set all rights at defiance and simply taken them, leaving poor weak Portugal no alternative but to yield her point—which she has done under protest; but what is a protest against overwhelming force and the determination of a Great Power?—and to content herself with a naturally intense resentment, an ever-existing enmity.

In this political partition England has exactly reversed the maxim, the grand fundamental principle, emblazoned on the façade of the Boer Parliament House at Pretoria, that "right makes might," and has taken a course with Portugal like that which she recently took with Venezuela, regarding the frontier of Guiana, and has previously taken several times with many smaller and feebler nations throughout the world. She breaks the Zulu power, but not the Russian. Her policy of expansion is always out of Europe; in Europe she does nothing until she can find an ally. She has been thoroughly immoral in her dealings with weaker States, and seems always ready and eager to follow up her "moral claims" with very material troops and ironclads. Is it not time that the motto "Dieu et mon droit" was changed to "Dieu et ma force"? Many prominent Englishmen have expressed similar views. It is the doctrine of Mr. Chamberlain that the British Empire has been built up by generations of successful buccaneering. Rider Haggard more than once has spoken very strongly of the heavy responsibility which rested upon England as the outcome of the unjustifiable war which she waged upon the Zulus. Mr. Labouchere has declared that the entire history of the Matabele war was disgraceful, alike in its inception and in the mode in which it was carried through. It was one of which, as a nation, Englishmen ought to be thoroughly ashamed.

Already possessing more than one-third of the fairest and richest parts of the globe—the British Empire is now about as

large as the whole of Africa—it really looks as if England's greed for territory would never be satisfied. And Africa affords a capital illustration of this fact in the enormous growth of British Colonies, protectorates and "spheres of influence" there during the last eighteen years. In 1876 the total area was a little less than 280,000 square miles, now it is 2,300,000, nearly one-third of European Africa. The West Coast Colonies have increased from 15,000 to 45,000 square miles, and Cape Colony and its dependencies from 240,000 to 500,000, while to these territories must now be added the 500,000 square miles of the Royal Niger Company and the Oil Rivers District, the 750,000 square miles of the South African Company, the 468,000 square miles of British East Africa, and several districts of smaller extent. The Portuguese possessions in Africa are but a third the area of the British.

To Portugal the merit of early discovery in Africa, in so far as the maritime regions are concerned, chiefly belongs. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries she was the foremost of the maritime powers of Europe. Her colonies girdled the globe, and far exceeded in population and extent the mother country. When the Portuguese began their explorations the Atlantic coast of Africa was only known as far as Cape Nun, scarcely three hundred miles distant from the Strait of Gibraltar. In 1406 A. D. Prince Henry, the Navigator, a son of King John I., took up his residence at the town of Sagres, at Cape St. Vincent, with the view of lending systematic encouragement to the prosecution of discovery along the African shores. His first vessel of exploration was fitted out in 1412, and for several subsequent years he despatched a ship annually. By this means little by little the headlands of Bojador, Blanco and Verd were passed, the island of Madeira was discovered, and the shores of Senegambia and Guinea visited and partially explored. Prince Henry—the five hundredth anniversary of whose birth was last year celebrated at Oporto—expired at Sagres in 1463, but the spirit of maritime enterprise survived. The Portuguese continued the prosecution of discoveries along the African coasts, and the results were seen in the grand achievements of Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama. The former of these bold adventurers reached and rounded the southern apex of the continent in 1486, and eleven years afterward was followed by the latter, who was the first to sail up the east coast, and to lead a Portuguese fleet across the Indian seas.

Besides their vast possessions in Africa the Portuguese made

stations on the borders of the Red Sea, at Socotra, Muscat, at Ormuz, on both the Malabar and Coromandel coasts of India, and in the peninsula of Malacca. They got a footing also in Ceylon, and in the East Indian archipelago, and established commercial relations even with China and Japan. On the other side of the world they made equally extensive discoveries, conquests and annexations. It being necessary for the maintenance of their power to depend mainly upon material force, they established military stations and forts all up the eastern coast of Africa—at Lorenzo Marquez, Sofala, Quillimane, Mozambique, Melinda and Zanzibar. Their immense territory stretched along the mainland from Delagoa Bay to Cape Delgado. A great part of this region—namely that from and including the Zambesi river as far as Mozambique—was re-bestowed upon Portugal by a pope coming after Sixtus IV.,—Alexander VI. The important point now arises: have these papal grants—of which public notice was always promulgated by a Bull—have these grants been regarded by European nations as valid titles? History distinctly affirms that they have been always so regarded until these particular questions of the rights of Portugal in East and West Africa have been denied by England. Undoubtedly Portugal has a just and abiding, a well-founded, right to the territories I have mentioned. The French claim a sphere of influence—undisputed by the other nations having investments in African soil—over the vast territory of the Sahara lying between their colonies of Algeria and Senegambia, which are nearly 1,500 miles asunder. Have not therefore the Portuguese as good, if not a better, right to the Central African territory between their east and west possessions, which are but 400 miles apart? French influence is acknowledged to extend over territory nearly four times greater than is demanded for that of Portugal. But France, of course, is a very much more powerful nation than Portugal. The “pirating” of her colonial possessions to-day cannot, however, efface the glories of Portuguese history, for it will never be forgotten that this small kingdom took the lead of Europe in the variety and extent of its memorable maritime explorations and discoveries during the later Middle Ages. The enthusiasm and heroism of her earlier navigators have never been surpassed, and that much of the result of their gigantic efforts should have lately been lost to her, is a disgrace to the Great Powers of Europe, who have without protest permitted a weak nation to be ruthlessly despoiled by a strong.

On the 27th of February I went, in a steamer of the *Empreza Nacional*, from Loanda to San Antonio, at the mouth of the Congo, halting only twelve hours at the town of Ambriz. From San Antonio I then crossed to Banana Point, a distance of about eight miles, in a small steam-launch which came over for the mails. Banana Point is a sandy peninsula but a few feet above the level of the sea. It is some two miles long, though but a few hundred feet wide, and extends southerly into the river. It is formed by the ocean, and a creek which contains two or three fathoms of water. The Point, being almost pure sand, sustains little save cocoanut-palms, fig-trees, magnolias, coarse grass, and a few pretty wild flowers. In the interior, to the north and east, are some grass-covered ranges of hills three or four hundred feet in height. We steamed slowly up Banana Creek, passing first the great Dutch factory, with its many huge warehouses and dwellings, rough single-story buildings reared on iron pillars or stone posts three or four feet from the ground. Then we passed the French factory, before which lay several little steam-launches and lighters. Then came the official buildings and trading stations, the police headquarters, and warehouses of the Congo Free State, with her pretty flag—a blue field bearing a gold five-pointed star in the centre—floating above them. In a square before the house of the governor of the station was a large flower-garden, with a few small cannon standing about. Beyond here was the Portuguese factory, and then came the mainland and the forests. I went ashore and walked in sand nearly covering my shoes to an avenue of small palms which led directly to the “Hotel de Banana.” This was a quite rough verandah-faced building, containing large dining, billiard and reading rooms. Between it and the ocean cocoanut palms had been planted in straight lines, and paths had been neatly outlined with shells. The sleeping-rooms were in long detached buildings, with partitions which extended only to the eaves. The roofs were steeply pitched and covered with heavy felt, which was tarred, sanded and thickly painted. In this hotel I found a Danish missionary and his wife, waiting for a steamer to take them up to Matadi, at the top of the lower river, whence they would go on to their station near Stanley Pool. Two or three officials engaged in the service of the State were also living here. But there is very little need of a hotel at Banana, for it is no longer the busy place it once was. Formerly all merchandise for the Congo was landed and stored here, and then transshipped to

small steamers belonging to the State or to those of the various trading-stations. But now Boma, the capital, and Matadi are in a way the distributing centres, while the European steamers call directly at many of the trading-stations. There are only about twenty white people in Banana, and perhaps five hundred natives. It is very hot here, notwithstanding the frequent strong sea-breezes, but it is not an unhealthy place when proper care is observed in the habits of life. At night I lay awake a long time listening to the thunderous surf, which beat upon the smooth wide beach, not one hundred feet from my room, and almost drowned the buzzing of the innumerable mosquitoes.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BOMA, THE CAPITAL.

I HAD to wait an entire week in Banana for a steamer to carry me to Boma, but at last took passage in one belonging to the State. It was of about 200 tons burden, and the largest on the Lower Congo. It was built in Belgium, and brought out in three weeks by the present captain. In the stern are some handsome cabins for the use of the governor-general, but there is no accommodation for ordinary passengers other than the rather confined decks, and no food at all is served. Still the journey up the river from Banana to Boma only occupies seven or eight hours, and downwards, half as much time. Owing to the swift and often eddying current, and the presence of many sandbanks it is necessary to have very powerful engines. We were to leave at six in the morning, but a terrific rainstorm delayed us an hour or so. There were four or five passengers of the first-class, mostly officials of the State, and about twenty natives who were huddled together in the bows. I secured standing-room on the little bridge, and when the sky had cleared a little, could see the river and its banks very well. It was a splendid great stream, in parts eight miles wide, and full of large wooded islands. Leaving Banana Creek we soon rounded Boolambemba Point, which is the commencement of the Congo proper, here about four miles wide, or as wide as the Hudson in the Tappan Zee. This northern peninsula is covered with mangroves and dense forests of large trees, interspersed with many palms. Both the north and south banks for a long distance are full of creeks which form perfect networks, and most of which are navigable for small steamers. The shores all the way to Boma were in general low and flat and thickly wooded, with ranges of grassy or thinly-wooded hills, three or four hundred feet in height, in the near distance. We passed the Portuguese trading-station and factory of Kissonga on the south bank—several houses on a low point backed by forest, a most

unhealthy-looking spot. There were very few native huts in sight along the banks. The tribe dwelling to the north is called the Kacongo and that to the south the Moussorong.

About half way to Boma we pass a narrow reach of the river where is the village of Ponta da Lenha, with the Dutch, Portuguese, English and Belgian factories lining the water—simply huge sheds with iron or felt roofs. A long island lying about at right-angles to the course of the river nearly completely chokes it here, but there is ample depth in the strait, which, moreover, is almost half a mile wide. Going on from Ponta da Lenha the river opens out in many directions in grand reaches and contains many large islands along both banks. The thick luxuriant forests have now been left behind, and the country seems to become drier and more open and hilly. I may say here that the coastal zone of Africa is from one hundred to three hundred miles wide, with an average elevation of six hundred feet. This zone contains most of the European colonies. The eastern settlements, it will be remembered, are mostly situated along the coasts, or islands near the shore, and on peninsulas. Finally we reached a curious, boldly projecting cliff on the south bank, which is styled "fetish rock," and taking a short turn saw before us, over a long expanse, the houses of Boma, straggling over the sides of a range of grassy hills which here had approached and extended along the north bank for a considerable distance. A few trees—among them baobabs and oil-palms—were distributed among the houses, but the country generally was simply grass-covered. There are several islands in midstream opposite Boma, and the river here is two-and-one-half miles wide, but a short distance higher, however, it suddenly narrows to a mile, and so continues to Matadi, or the head of navigation on the Lower Congo. On the hillside a short distance below Boma a fort is being built, and two 30-ton guns have already been mounted. Six more of the same calibre are to follow. The position is very strong, as the cannon completely rake the river for their extreme range.

As we approached Boma several of the more important buildings were pointed out to me: on the crest of the range of low hills, the sanatorium, below it the barracks of the native troops, to the right a small iron church, and a little further a curious building with cupolas and verandahs, the residence of the governor-general. A brick building was occupied as a convent by the Sisters of Mercy. A small wooden edifice was a hospital for white

people, another larger one was for blacks. Along the top of the hill was a row of European dwellings and government offices. By the side of the water bank were several trading stores and the great warehouses of the foreign factories, of which an English one was at the greatest distance up the river. Several iron piers jutted out from the bank, and at wooden wharves lay half a dozen small steamers and steam-launches, either the property of the State or the trading-houses. We drew in to one of the piers, and I engaged some loitering natives to carry my baggage, while I myself walked to the neighboring "Boma Hotel." This is certainly the most extraordinary hostelry in the world as far as its construction and arrangement are concerned. There is a large central building with three wings. It is two stories in height, built wholly of wrought-iron plates and raised, for the better sanitation, upon slender iron pillars eight feet high. It has two or three roofs, which range above each other like those of a Chinese temple. There are wide verandahs to each floor. Under a part of the great structure is a general store, the remainder is carefully covered with a masonry and tile floor to prevent noxious exhalations from the soil. Above the store is a café and billiard-room, and then come several public and private dining-rooms. The floor above contains the bed-rooms, whose walls and ceilings are of large gray iron plates, screwed together, and having a very cold and sombre aspect. In some of the public rooms the walls and ceiling are painted white, which is a great improvement. I found the hotel quite full, and but one small room remaining. Very many of the foreigners board here, meals being given at both first and second class "tables." There is a small army of Congo boys, who act as servants and make a tremendous clatter. They do not understand much save their own language, in which I remarked that many of the officials addressed them. It was not possible to get a very varied bill-of-fare, and our meals never contained more than four courses. There was generally but one kind of meat, which was beef, and this cooked in different fashions did duty for two courses, and rarely was there any vegetable except potatoes. Dessert often consisted of only a bunch of raisins, or a few sweet biscuits. Fresh fruit I never saw. In the morning coffee, tea, and bread and butter, with sardines or other canned small fish, would be on the table at 6.30, breakfast was at noon, and dinner at 7 P. M. After dinner most of the patrons appeared to adjourn to the café and billiard-room, to hold noisy carnival there till midnight and frequently much later.

There are about 150 Europeans, including all those in the factories, at present in Boma, and the place has a very bustling appearance. I had reached it during the hot and rainy season. The mornings were always sultry, and the heat so rapidly increased that, but for a fresh breeze coming up the river between two and five of the afternoon, it would have been almost unbearable. The average temperature, during the two weeks or so I spent in Boma, was 95° Fahrenheit. The nights, however, were frequently cool and comfortable, and sometimes in the very early morning even a blanket was necessary. Every two or three days we had a tremendous tropical rain, which would be ushered in by squalls accompanied by much thunder and lightning, and would continue a steady downpour for six hours at a time. The streets would then become rivers, and water would fill every small depression, but after a few hours of the fierce sun all would be dry again. The lightning that accompanied these rainstorms was of the two varieties called "sheet" and "forked," and both sorts were incessant in their play. One could almost see to read out-of-doors during the night. You are especially liable to an access of fever if much exposed during or immediately after one of these storms. The season of rains causes the Congo to rise from eight to ten feet.

A little narrow-gauge railway connects the lower town with the upper, and a small engine and a single open car make the round journey six times a day, before and after each meal, for many of the officials who live upon the hill get their food at the hotel. The railway was built a couple of years ago by the Belgian Commercial Company, but is now about to be taken over by the State authorities. The train takes half an hour to make the round journey, up and down. By payment of half a franc you can, if you like, patronise this line all day. The drinking and cooking water used upon the hill has all to be carried up in hogsheads and emptied into large cisterns. The line runs along the river bank and over the grassy plain, and then winds around and up the range, halting at its furthest extremity. From here you have a fine view, backward, of the river, both above and below, and of the surrounding grass-covered hills. By the side of the governor's little iron chalet is an especially large baobab, which at a distance looks like three great trees grown together. Here also is a sentry-box, with a black soldier always on guard, and a flag-staff upon which waves the pretty blue flag and golden star of the Free State. There is a large company of these black troops in

Boma. They are mostly men from the Guinea coast, sturdy and strong, and make very good soldiers. Boma is policed also by men from the same district. They wear a sort of Zouave suit of blue, with red facings, and a white helmet. Their feet and their legs from the knee down are bare. At work upon buildings and roads about the town you see many black men who are chained by iron collars, two and two together. These are convicts, mostly being punished for thefts. Rounding the governor's house I saw in the valley, on the right, a pretty little cemetery. Next came a large brick building where a Belgian Catholic Mission holds a school, which is at present attended by about 150 native boys. A large and fruitful garden is connected with this useful establishment. The hill being some hundreds of feet above the river, with better air and drainage, is naturally a more healthy place of residence than the low-lying banks.



The Flower of the Raobab Tree.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

I WILL now interrupt the record of my journey into the interior in order to refresh the reader's memory with the general facts—and perhaps add some new ones—as to the founding, character, and progress of the Congo Free State. This description is based upon much careful observation and inquiry extending over the whole period of my travel and residence in the country, and I trust will render more intelligible the detailed recital to follow.

The first journey of Henry M. Stanley across Africa was one of the greatest feats of exploration of modern times. He travelled a total distance of 7,000 miles in 1875-'77, emerging at the mouth of the Congo on the west coast 999 days after he had left Zanzibar on the east. This opened to the world the great Congo basin with its 12,000 miles of navigable rivers, an area of 1,500,000 square miles—almost the size of India—inhabited by 30,000,000 people, speaking 200 languages and dialects.

The Congo Free State extends, in round numbers, from 4° north latitude to 12° south latitude; and from 12° to 30° east longitude. It includes a small section on the north bank of the river, about 200 miles long, extending as far as the mouth of the Ubangi. Opposite the half of this, or extending as far as Matadi to the east, is, as already explained, a corner of the Portuguese province of Angola. Then comes, on the north bank, the territory of French Congo. To the exact north of the State lies the great Soudan, a territory yet for the most part unexplored. To the east you find British East Africa, Lake Tanganyika, German East Africa, and the possessions of the African Lakes Company. To the south are the great British and Portuguese "spheres of influence." The State has an area of 827,000 square miles, almost exactly the dimension of German, or of Turkish, Africa. Its population is estimated at 16,000,000 souls.

Soon after Stanley's journey, and his return to Europe, an influential association was formed in Belgium, with the King at its head—bearing the title of the *Comité d'Études du Haut Congo*—whose object was to study on the spot what could be done to introduce civilisation and commerce into the great basin of the mighty river. Stanley was then sent out by this Association to open up the region and plant stations therein, to make roads around the cataracts, to introduce steamers upon the river, and to make treaties with the many native tribes. This he most energetically and successfully accomplished during a period of three years. When he returned to Europe the *Comité d'Études du Haut Congo* had been merged into the African International Association. The possibility of profitable intercourse between Europe and Central Africa had now been clearly demonstrated. A thousand subjects had been fully elucidated by actual experiment. The next object was to procure for this vast region a good government and a right for all nations to trade freely therein. So the King of the Belgians presented the International Association to the Belgian Conference in possession of four hundred treaties made with African chiefs, who had for substantial consideration transferred to it their rights of sovereignty. Combining these into one whole the Association asked for recognition of its rights to govern the territory thus acquired, as a free state constituted by international law.

After considerable discussion and delay all the Great Powers came to recognise the Congo Free State, the United States of America taking the initiative. The General Act of this Conference, constituting and defining the Congo Free State, was signed at Berlin, February 26, 1885. The State was then declared neutral and free to the trade of all nations, the Powers, however, reserving to themselves, until the end of a period of twenty years, the right of deciding whether freedom of entry shall be rescinded or not. An International Conference, which met at Brussels five years later, authorised the government of the Free State to levy certain duties on imports. Soon after the signing of the original General Act a Constitution was elaborated and the monarchical form was selected, as under the circumstances the most suitable. Brussels, which had been the headquarters of the "*Comité*" and the "*Association*," became naturally the seat of government, and King Leopold became the Sovereign of the Congo Free State. Black men and white men were declared equal before the law, slavery was forbidden, peace was to be secured by international

warrant, commerce was to be fostered, freedom for person and property was assured, and religious toleration was guaranteed.

The success of this great and costly enterprise is almost wholly due to the personal interest and enthusiasm, the philanthropy and generosity of the noble King of the Belgians, the illustrious benefactor of the Dark Continent. For many years from the organisation of the Comité His Majesty had borne out of his private purse all the enormous expense of this gigantic undertaking, and the revenue still receives a subsidy of 1,000,000 francs a year from him. The budget of expenditure of the Free State is now estimated at 5,000,000 francs. By will dated August 2, 1889, the King bequeathed to Belgium all his sovereign rights in the State. On July 3, 1890, a Convention between Belgium and the Free State reserved to the former the right of annexing the latter after a period of ten years. So that probably in the year 1900 little Belgium will be proudly represented among the great European Powers, who have partitioned nearly the whole of the vast continent of Africa between themselves. But, in fact, the Congo has virtually become a Belgian colony since 1889, when the Belgian Parliament voted a subsidy of 25,000,000 francs, payable in ten annual instalments. On July 31, 1890, the territories of the State were declared inalienable.

The central government of the Free State is located, as I have said, at Brussels. Then there is a local government at Boma, which embraces a Governor-General (who is appointed by the King and whose salary is 50,000 francs), Vice-Governor-General, State Inspector, General Secretary, Director of Justice, Director of Finances, and Commander of the Forces. The power of the King, the founder and sovereign, is exerted through three general administrators, who direct respectively the Department of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs and of Finances. These three form a Council for the consideration of the interests of the country, and submit their resolutions to the approbation of the King. At his instance they issue decrees and make laws. A legal code in two volumes has been published, and a bulletin is issued monthly, enacting fresh decrees as required. These laws are mainly founded on the Belgian code, adapted as requisite. (1) The Department of the Interior undertakes the administration of the police, the development of internal connections, the service and transports, the public forces, native politics, and the provisioning of the stations. (2) The Department of Foreign Affairs regulates the

connection of the State with foreign countries, the posts and the administration of justice. (3) The Department of Finances considers all questions relating to the imposition of taxes, and expense of improvements, and it will gradually introduce a currency. The State governs without interfering in any way with the customs of the people, except where these involve murder or the slave trade. All questions about native laws are left to be settled by native customs.

The provinces or administrative districts in Africa, which are represented by governors, are at present eleven in number. The principal stations now occupied have the same names. The provinces are: 1. Banana, and the district to the north of the mouth of the river.—2. Boma, the capital, and the country behind it.—3. Matadi, the port and the starting point of the railroad which is being built around the falls, including also the Vivi and Isanghila district north of the Congo.—4. The Falls or Cataract Region to the Inkissi river, both sides.—5. Stanley Pool, including all the territory between the Inkissi and the Kassai, and eastward to the Kwango.—6. Kassai, the immense central district through which flow the Kassai, the Sankuru and their tributaries.—7. Equator, including the whole Balolo country, with its six rivers—the upper part of the great horseshoe bend of the Congo.—8. Ubangi-Welle, the western half of the great forest district lying between the Congo and the Ubangi.—9. Aruwimi-Welle, or eastern half of the same region, including the dense forests on the course of the Aruwimi, explored by Stanley.—10. Stanley Falls, the country to the east of the Congo and between it and the great lakes.—11. Lualaba, extending from the south of Balolo land to the Zambesi watershed, west of Lake Bangweolo, and from Lake Tanganyika on the east to about the twenty-third degree of longitude on the west.

The lands of the Free State are divided into three classes: those in the actual occupation of natives, those occupied by foreigners, and those that are at present unoccupied. The natives themselves do not recognise private property in the soil. It belongs to him who cultivates it as long as he does so. Before the constitution of the State, lands occupied by foreigners were held direct from the natives, but they are held now under a government title. Any foreigner can appropriate unoccupied tracts to the extent of twenty-five acres, on condition of coming to an understanding with the natives about it, being required only to give notice as

soon as possible to the governor of the province. Properties, when purchased, are registered, so that there is permanent right of possession. Timber cannot be cut, nor can mines be worked without a concession from the government; thus the grant of territory is not held to involve possession of any mineral treasures contained.

The principal articles of export of the Free State are, in order of importance, ivory, palm kernels, palm oil, rubber, ground nuts, coffee, gum copal, wax, orchilla-weed and cam-wood. The coffee-plant, sugar-cane and cotton grow wild. Gold, iron, lead and copper have been found. The chief imports are, also in order of importance, textile fabrics, guns, powder, spirits and tobacco. The exports in 1891 were valued at \$1,275,000. In the same year 893 vessels of 247,689 tons entered the Congo ports. The Free State is included in the Postal Union, and the telegraph and telephone are being introduced. Post Offices have been established at all the stations up the river and the State has a very tasteful series of postage-stamps. Around the 220 miles of Congo cataracts it will be necessary, until the railway is completed, to carry the mails on the backs of men. All the State steamers convey the mail. The number of pieces of mail despatched to the Congo in 1890 was 75,000. Barter still prevails over the whole State, though a money currency is being gradually introduced. It consists of silver and copper coins made in Belgium. The silver coins are of the size and value of five, two, one, and half franc pieces. They are very neat coins. On the obverse is the profile medallion of King Leopold, with his special title of Sovereign of the Congo Free State; on the reverse are the arms of Belgium, the date, denomination, and, on the five-franc pieces, the motto "*Travail et Progres.*" Its rim bears the same suggestive and appropriate legend in raised letters. The copper coins are of the value of five and ten centimes. They have a hole in their centre, like the "cash" of China, for convenience in transport, many of them being strung together on a wire and carried about the waist, for the native has no pockets in his primitive dress.

The army of the Free State—a sort of military police—consists of 3,500 natives, who are uniformed, and are commanded by white officers. These natives, who are mostly Bangala cannibals, from a district on the Congo about two hundred miles above the mouth of the Ubangi, are soon made subject to discipline, and prove good soldiers. There are four camps of instruction, and

the men are regularly drilled. They are distributed over the provinces of the State, guarding the main and sub-stations.

The natives of the Congo State live mostly in independent groups under the command of a king or chief, whose dominions comprise, it may be, only a few villages or towns, or it may be a considerable extent of country. The large states or kingdoms are not well organised. To go only a short distance from home is to go among enemies. The approaches to a village are purposely made tortuous and inconspicuous as a precaution, and mutual distrust, instead of mutual confidence, is the rule. The Congo people belong in general to the great Bantu family, which extends over the whole of Southern Africa, from six degrees north of the Equator to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. These natives are entirely distinct from negroes. They are generally of a chocolate color, are finely developed physically, have thin aquiline noses, small hands and feet, slight beard, and moustache. The popular notion that all Africans are negroes is entirely erroneous. The proper home of the negro is in the Soudan, between the Congo and the Sahara, and Egypt and Senegambia. To this great Bantu family belong also all the Congo languages, the Suaheli of the east coast, the Kimbundu of the west; the languages of the highlands of the Shiré and the shores of Lake Nyassa; the Bechuana, Basuto, Damara, Zulu and Kaffir tongues, and many others. All these, though spoken over such enormous areas, and by widely different nations, are said not only to have multitudes of words and roots identical or similar, but their entire grammatical construction is similar, their idioms are often identical, and one striking and distinctive peculiarity is common to them all. This family feature of the Bantu language is their alliterative concord, or the agreement of all the inflected words in a sentence with the governing nouns, as regards their initial letter or syllable. Thus the same words change their form, from sentence to sentence, according to the commencing syllable or letter of the governing nouns in the sentence, a most curious and elsewhere unknown form of grammatical concord. ¶ A language spoken in the cataract region from Matadi to Leopoldville, and whose dialects prevail over a wide extent, in fact, a great part of the main river, is called Kaongo or Fiote. It has been reduced to writing by some of the missionaries, and published in various forms of grammar, phrase-book and dictionary. It is not very difficult to acquire a few hundred words

relating to such useful and important subjects as food, barter, guides, paths, canoes, tribes, and household matters, and I soon found myself on "speaking-terms" with the dark denizens of Congoland. I will give some examples of this curious tongue: Go and buy some bananas, *Kwenda kousoumba mounkondo*. Is the road good? *Njila kala mboté?* We will leave to-morrow very early, *Mbaji beto kwenda nsouka nsouka*. Good Day, *Mboté*. Stop here, *Konsala vava*. Make a fire, *Vanga tuja*. 1. *Moxi*, 2. *Molé*, 3. *Tatou*, 4. *Ia*, 5. *Tanou*, 6. *Sambanou*, 7. *Sambeidi*, 8. *Nana*, 9. *Voi*, 10. *Koumi*.

One of the finest tribes on the Congo are the Balolos. The word signifies "iron people," equivalent to the "strong tribe." Their country fills the southern central or horseshoe bend of the great river, a territory five times as large as England. There are believed to be as many as 5,000,000 of these people. They are experts in the working and smelting of iron and brass, producing axes, hoes, spades, planes, knives, and other useful implements, besides such ornaments as bracelets, necklaces and anklets. They are industrious and understand division of labor, as you find among them farmers, warriors, boat-builders, weavers, cabinet-makers, and blacksmiths. Physically they are powerfully and finely developed. Their physiognomy is in strong contrast to that of the pure negro. The forehead is high, the lips and lower jaw comparatively delicate, the nose aquiline, and the general expression animated and intelligent. The Balolos are also better dressed than the people of the lower river. The streets of their towns are straight and regular, running at right-angles; their houses are large and well-made. Every river town possesses a considerable flotilla of canoes, in whose workmanship and management these natives are very expert. Many of the other tribes on the river are cannibals. On several of its great affluents boat-loads of poor victims are still met with, who are destined to be fattened for food, and who are constantly passing down to the markets. Criminals are sold by some tribes for the same savage diet. The native population having few wants and abundant food, industries are at a low ebb among them. The river dwellers are, however, born traders. The natives trade with the coast, but each tribe levies customs dues. It is said that formerly it took five years before an article of European manufacture arrived at the upper part of the Congo. This is what makes exploration so difficult for a European, for every few miles he enters the terri-

tory of a fresh "king," whose favor must be propitiated, and whose avarice must be gratified with presents.

The Congo is believed to be about 3,000 miles long and its main source to be found in the Lualaba river. Its mouth is in about 6° south latitude and 12° east longitude; its source is about 13° south latitude and 26° east longitude. Between these points it makes a great bow or bend which reaches as far north as latitude 2°. The river flows first north, then west, then southwest. From its rise to its southwesterly bend it runs almost directly through the centre of the Free State. It is divided into the lower and the upper river. The first part is only 115 miles long, and extends to Matadi. Here it is fifty fathoms deep, and in one spot, just above, ninety, and this section is consequently navigable for ocean steamers of the largest size. A little beyond Matadi there begins a series of cataracts and furious rapids, some thirty in number, and other impediments, which continue to Stanley Pool, a distance of 220 miles. From Stanley Pool there is a clear and uninterrupted course of 1,000 miles, where vessels as large as those on the Mississippi can readily float. The lower of these cataracts is styled the Yellala Falls. This portion may be traversed by a road upon the north bank cleared by Stanley for his wagons, or upon the south side, at some distance from the river, by a native trail, upon or near which are several mission and trading stations. Stanley's road is now seldom used except for the transport of steamers, heavy machinery, and bulky merchandise. The cataracts extend at first for a distance of 52 miles by a narrow gorge through the mountains, which here form the margin of the African plateau. This 52 miles brings you to the station of Isanghila, on the north bank, 73 miles higher is the station of Manyanga, on the south bank, and 95 more brings you to Stanley Pool. It is possible to go by small steamer from Isanghila to Manyanga, and some steel whaleboats placed on this section still remain. Until Stanley's great journey nothing of the river above these cataracts was known. Tuckey, an officer of the American navy, was in 1816 sent out at the head of a carefully selected and amply provisioned government expedition charged to explore the country. It however failed, and its leader and most of its members perished in the attempt. The spot ultimately reached was scarcely half way to Stanley Pool, and was long marked on the maps as "Tuckey's farthest." The first steamer carried along Stanley's road in pieces was launched on Stanley Pool in Decem-

ber, 1881. Above Stanley Pool the river opens out four or five miles in width, with a current of three or four miles an hour. Within 175 miles you come to an enormous tributary on the south—the Kassai, which is about 2,000 miles in length. This river, and its affluent the Sankuru, are together navigable for 950 miles. Going on about 300 miles further you reach a great tributary from the north—the Ubangi, which also is about 2,000 miles in length, but owing to rapids is only navigable for 600 miles. From Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls the Congo is very broad all the way—sometimes as much as fifteen miles, and even, in one place, twenty-one miles across. Stanley Falls consists of seven cataracts, at considerable distances apart. Three hundred and fifty miles above Stanley Falls is the important town of Nyangwé, which is itself about 250 miles from Lake Tanganyika and a little to the north of the latitude of Ujiji, on the eastern shore, celebrated as the meeting-ground of Stanley and Livingstone in 1872. The Congo is full of animal life—crocodiles, hippopotami and fish—while elephants, buffalo, antelope and other game are common on its borders. The banks yield excellent timber, gums, palm-oil and edible fruits. There are many large towns, though the native huts are more apt to be scattered than to extend along for great distances together.

In 1893 there were 6 steamers plying on the Lower Congo and 42 on the Upper. Of the latter 13 belong to the State, 5 to French Congo, 14 to the Belgian Commercial Company, 4 to the Dutch Company, 4 to the Anglo-American Mission, 1 to the French and 1 to the Belgian Roman Catholic Missions. Those plying on the lower river all belong to the State. There were in the same year some fifty European establishments on the Congo, between the Pool and the Falls. The Belgian Commercial Company had a total of fifty factories throughout the State. Eleven missionary agencies were in the field—3 Roman Catholic and 8 Protestant. Of the former 1 is Belgian, 2 are French; of the latter 3 are American, 4 British, and 1 is Swedish. There are thirty mission stations in the State, and upwards of one hundred missionaries are at work. At Leopoldville and Kinchassa, on Stanley Pool, are two ship-building establishments, where all the river steamers have thus far been put together. At the latter a Belgian machinist is in charge of the ship-yard. He has at work under his orders ten European machinists, blacksmiths and carpenters, and fifteen colored blacksmiths from the Guinea coast, besides thirty local

workmen. When the iron shell reaches the ship-yard, the boat is in hundreds of small pieces, none of which weigh more than one porter can conveniently carry, or say sixty pounds. It requires three to four months to fit a steamer of thirty or forty tons for launching. Afterwards the fittings are put in, and then the vessel is ready for service on the thousands of miles of navigable waters above Stanley Pool. None of these steamers draw more than four feet of water, loaded, and some of the steam-launches draw but little more than one-third of this. There are half a dozen lines of steamers which ply between the Congo and Europe, two of them being direct monthly lines to Belgium.

Stanley said years ago that the vast resources and capabilities of the Congo basin would be practically useless, and it would be impossible to introduce men, material and commerce to develop the country until a railway should be built around the cataracts. All goods and luggage have to be transported on the head and shoulders of lazy, irresponsible natives. And besides, it is often difficult to get enough men, although in the past four years as many as 50,000 carriers have been employed in the transport service. A ton of goods is conveyed from London to the Lower Congo for £2, but costs £50 for carriage from Matadi to Stanley Pool. A railway is, however, at last in process of construction around this chief physical obstacle to the admission of commerce and civilisation. The route was surveyed in 1888, and the work was undertaken in January, 1890, by a Belgian company, whose government liberally subscribed to the capital and gave them also valuable concessions. It is calculated that 25,000,000 francs will cover all cost of construction and rolling-stock, and pay interest on the capital during the estimated seven years of its construction. When this road is completed inner Africa will be within a few weeks of the capitals of Europe. The length of the line, which is to be run from thirty to fifty miles distant from the left bank of the river—south of the usual caravan route—will be 268 miles. Only the first twenty-five or thirty miles of this present any serious engineering difficulties. The gradients are comparatively easy and sharp curves will only be required in the first section. But three rivers of any size will need to be bridged—the M'poso, the Kivilu, and the Inkissi. The longest of the bridges will only be 300 feet. At all places where large torrents occur steel aqueducts are building that will carry the floods down the hills and under the railway track. The line starts at Matadi and

terminates near the station of Kinchassa, on Stanley Pool, where the trucks of goods can be unloaded directly into the river steamers. The railway is now completed but thirty miles. Matadi has been a base of supplies for railroad and steamship operations for several years past. Very many employes of the railroad are quartered here. Five years ago there were only two buildings and ten Europeans here, but to-day the town contains 300 Europeans—besides the railway employes, officials of the State, traders and missionaries—fifty more than Stanley left behind him in the entire Congo region, when he returned to Europe after founding his stations. The white population includes Belgians, French, English, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Swedes, Americans and Greeks. Fully one-third of the entire railway work has centered in the thirty miles recently completed, for this has been built under very adverse circumstances, much of it having been blasted out of solid and very tough quartzite rock, and the rest being in an exceedingly hilly region. Within ten miles from Matadi the road mounts, 1500 feet. This, however, is the worst part of the line, and progress is now expected to be rapid. There are about 200 whites and 2,000 natives engaged in building the road, of whom nearly half came from various points on the Guinea coast. At present seven locomotives and thirty cars are on the tracks, and have been kept busy carrying railway material and provisions as the road advanced.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LOWER RIVER.

FROM the summary of the preceding chapter I return to my personal narrative. After a stay of sixteen days I left Boma for Matadi. The Acting-Governor, M. Fuchs, kindly placed at my disposition for the journey one of the State's steam-launches, a neat craft of about ten tons burden, which, steaming close to one shore or the other, brought me comfortably to my destination in six hours' time. The launch was covered with a wooden roof from stem to stern, a necessity in this climate. She burned blocks of pressed coal, and worked under a pressure of seventy-five pounds of steam. We started at six o'clock in the morning and, rapidly passing the warehouses and trading-stores of the Dutch, Portuguese and English factories, were soon out of the great broad river and puffing along a reach not more than half a mile in width. The Congo from Boma to Matadi may be said to average from half a mile to a mile broad. It makes several turns almost at right-angles, and the current is very strong, the water averaging in the middle from thirty to ninety fathoms in depth. The banks are covered with coarse reedy grass, and are backed by grass-clothed hills bearing scant groves of palms, baobabs, and cotton-woods. Occasionally we pass the low rough buildings of a factory which extends along the water's edge. Then we come to quite a large settlement, on the south or Portuguese side of the river, called Moussouko. Near here are some pretty tree-covered spots of land, in mid-stream, and styled the Sisters' Enchanted Islands. Here we quit the swift-flowing central stream for a long narrow creek, where I see my first hippopotamus, who dives at our approach, but soon comes up to breathe, and then swims away, only the top of his huge flat head appearing above the surface.

The next Portuguese settlement is that of Noki, which is situ-

ated in the extreme corner of the Portuguese possessions. There is a sharp curve in the river here, and the factories are built at the mouth of a little valley and upon the sides of the hills, a short distance up from the water. In one place the north bank is lined for several miles with a fringe of beautiful Palmyra palms. You notice no native settlements along the river, save a few huts about each of the factories, nor is there any movement of canoes. As we go on into the interior, the country continues hilly and becomes more bare. You see only grass and scrub-covered hillocks. Now upon the top of a hill on the south bank are the trim buildings of the English Mission. Nearly opposite in a sharp turn of the river there is a precipitous bluff standing some eight hundred feet above the surface. Here so acute is the angle that, at certain seasons of flood, whirlpools are formed which are dangerous to small boats. We round the hill on which stands the English Mission, and see straight before us, upon a bare range facing the west, the houses of Matadi. On the north bank, far up the hills, is the solitary house now remaining of Vivi, Mr. Stanley's original station, but the line of his road can be plainly seen winding up and over the hills, which are here both high and steep. Navigation ends at Matadi, and the river makes an abrupt bend so that your view to the east is closed. We pass an English factory, then a Swedish Mission, next a Dutch factory, and now we are opposite Matadi. Projecting into the river is a long, high iron pier, which leads to great iron warehouses, belonging to either the State or the Congo railway. On a detached knoll stands the hotel, a building smaller but of exactly the same style as that at Boma, and belonging to the same company. Little cottages are scattered all over the very rough stony hillside, that of the governor, a long, low, narrow building being about half way up, and near it is quite a large Catholic church, also of iron. I land and walk along the railway track and through several great machine shops, and mount the steep incline to the hotel. This is surrounded by a number of dormitories, or sleeping annexes, made all of plates of galvanised iron. I find the hotel full either of people connected with the State, the new railway, or the factories. The houses of Matadi are connected only by crooked and often very steep paths. There are several small collections of wretched native shanties. Some locomotives and construction trains are plying up and down, and altogether it is a very busy and un-African scene. The hills rise high and bare all around Matadi, making the place very hot and un-

healthy. The flies were most troublesome in the day-time and though the mosquitoes were less so at night, my room was overrun with huge rats, some of whom seemed determined to share my bed with me. Fortunately I had to spend but one night in the hotel.

The factory the furthest up the river at Matadi belongs to the *Société Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut Congo*, in short, The Belgian Commercial Company of the Upper Congo (Ltd.). This organisation, of which I have already spoken, is one of the oldest on the Congo. It has a capital of 5,000,000 francs. The central offices are in Brussels, and its Managing Director at the time of my visit was Major W. G. Parminter, an Englishman who had been in central and south Africa some sixteen years, and who was chiefly instrumental in establishing and perfecting the very extensive business of the company. He served in the British army through the Boer and Zulu campaigns in South Africa, where, for his gallantry, he was rapidly promoted from lieutenant to major. He afterwards entered the service of the King of the Belgians, was chief of the station of Vivi, and for some time director of finances at Boma. He next joined the Belgian Commercial Company. He had just come out from Belgium on a tour of inspection, and to found a number of new stations. Fortunately, I brought a letter of introduction from a high official at Boma to this gentleman, whom I found at Matadi making preparations for an early start into the interior. He most kindly invited me to accompany him over the caravan road to Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, and then, as I might prefer, either ascend the great river to Stanley Falls, in one of the State steamers, or go to Kinchassa, and ascend the Kassai and Sankuru to Lusambo with him, in one of the steamers belonging to his company. He promised to fit me out from his own stores with tent, camp-bed and provisions, guns and ammunition; and I bought in Matadi a hammock, woollen blankets, pillow, mosquito netting, rubber-blanket, etc. For carrying my personal effects I had brought with me from Boma two small iron trunks, which, when packed, were not intended to weigh more than sixty pounds each, the regulation load for a porter. I had also at Boma engaged a boy from Lagos, on the Guinea coast—with the decidedly English name of James Coker—to accompany me as servant. He spoke some English, and several of the dialects of the interior, where he had been before. There is often a difficulty in getting porters enough for

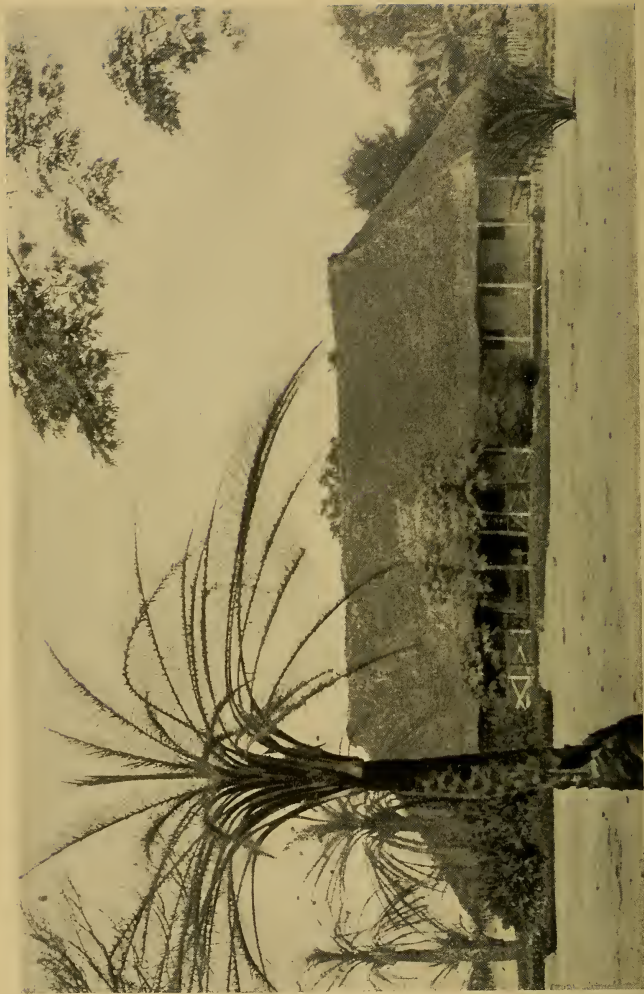
one's baggage and bearers for one's hammock, but the major kindly supplied me from among his own men. I could not but esteem myself very fortunate in having the companionship of a gentleman so thoroughly understanding the country and its people.

There are some half dozen iron buildings of the factory at Matadi—warehouses, a general dining-saloon, dormitories, offices, etc.—all of which are raised upon brick pillars some ten feet or so above the ground. The chief products in which the company deals are ivory and rubber, the first being the chief item. The tusks are of all sizes from one foot to eight in length. The rubber comes to market in little lumps the size of small oranges, half a dozen of which are strung together, and a porter's load of them is then sewed up in a long narrow sack. Several of the great iron warehouses are filled with miscellaneous merchandise to barter for the ivory and rubber, for no money is yet used in central Congo. Powder and wire at present represent gold, and beads, silver. Besides these are great quantities of crockery, huge boxes of knives, and large bales of Manchester cottons, second-hand European hats and clothes, earthenware statuettes and ornaments, coarse American smoking tobacco, and flint-lock muskets worth about \$1.50 each.

On March 28th, everything being in readiness, we began our journey. We took with us a total of seventy porters, including those for the tents, the hammocks and the provisions. My tent was one of the English make of Edginton, a wall-tent about eight feet square, with an exterior "fly" or roof above, which serves as a capital break for very hot sun or very heavy rain. My camp bed was of canvas, with leather-covered cushions for mattress, and a very necessary mosquito-netting. My hammock was of canvas, with an awning of the same material, like that previously used in Angola. I had six bearers for it. The two iron trunks contained all needful clothes. The porters were all Congo boys or men, rather slight and under-sized black people, wearing only a loin cloth and some ornaments, such as a bead necklace, a brass bangle around the ankle, or an iron bracelet. All were more or less tattooed, or, rather, marked by gashes, upon the chest, back and shoulders. It was, however, in the dressing and arrangement of the hair that their supreme ingenuity seemed to be employed. A few wore it in its natural short woolly state. Some twisted it into little strings two or three inches long and matted together with

palm oil, their heads thus resembling our window-mops. A few had their hair trained and gummed together on the crown, like a woman's chignon with us. Nearly all had their front teeth filed to points, a few only had the upper ones notched, which always gave them a disagreeable expression when opening the mouth. All these people were exceedingly dirty and odoriferous. For the caravan journey they are paid in goods of an equivalent value of forty francs, and they must find their own food. This latter does not incommode them, for it consists generally of manioc, bananas and palm-oil kernels. They do not require any food or drink when starting in the morning on a day's march, but eat whenever a halt is made, and always have a big feed at night. They are quite like children, and their wants are almost nothing. Each one, as I have said, carries a load of about sixty pounds. They are marshalled and kept in order by a head-man, who is styled the captain.

As the new railway virtually follows the caravan road for a short distance, we determined to take advantage of this, and had chartered a train to carry us to the terminus, about fourteen miles from Matadi, and then we were to walk some three miles further and camp. We crowded all our men, with their loads, into two open cars, and started from the factory about eight o'clock in the morning. The road is a very narrow-gauge and the rails are fastened in "chairs" directly to the iron sleepers, without the use of any spikes. There are many steep grades and many short curves. At first you follow the bank of the Congo to the entrance of the M'poso river, and then turn directly south up the valley of this brawling stream. As soon as we leave Matadi I notice some small rapids extending nearly across the Congo. The banks on each side are high and steep. Vivi, with its single house, is nearly opposite the mouth of the M'poso. The falls of Yellala are four or five miles above. After running some distance along the banks of the M'poso, whose yellow flood rushes swiftly over a rocky bed far below us, we cross the river upon the single span of an iron girder bridge. Then we turn more to the east and wind through an exceedingly hilly country, rising rapidly until we reach the height of 1,500 feet. Then we gradually descend until the terminus is reached. The road so far runs through a hilly, grass-covered and treeless region, excepting only in the narrow valleys of some of the streams, where you see a few oil palms, baobabs, cotton-woods, and other less well-known trees. The rolling-stock



A State Station on the Curucun Road.

of the line is all of Belgian manufacture. The engineers are white men, and their assistants natives of the Guinea coast, who are quite clever at their work. We pitched our tents near the temporary house of the chief of this section of the railway, and took breakfast with him in his cool and comfortable grass thatched and walled *salle-à-manger*. The general direction of the caravan road to Stanley Pool is northeast. The first half of the way it runs at some distance from the river, but the second half is nearer and follows almost its exact course.

Early the next morning we started on our route and followed the graded embankment of the railway to its end, where some of the officials hospitably invited us to rest and take lunch with them. The country had been very hilly, and covered with grass and scrubby trees. It was not cultivated, nor settled. The few habitations we saw were those of the men at work upon the railway. After lunch we continued on through much swampy ground, and grass ten or twelve feet in height, which so filled the path that we had a hard struggle to get through it. In some of the wettest places I had to quit the hammock and take to the back of the strongest of my men. We had some difficulty in finding the caravan road after leaving the line of the railway, but succeeded at last, and arrived at the State station of Congo da Lemba early in the evening. This station has been made upon the level summit of a long ridge. There were half a dozen houses, grass topped and sided, and some large gardens of peas, maize, bananas and ground-nuts. Round about were several monster baobabs. We camped, and started on at six in the morning, the road being a mere trail winding up and down very steep hills. In the valleys were dense forests and brooks and rivers. We forded one of the latter called the Bembizi, and, about noon, crossed the Lufou on a chain suspension bridge a hundred feet long, and halted at a State station of a few huts, one of which was for the use of white travellers, while an open shed was for the carriers. An Egyptian was in command here. The bridge had been made by the State. A narrow place being chosen, the chains had been secured to huge baobabs on each bank. It was then about twenty-five feet above the water, but weeds attached to the guy ropes spoke plainly of a rise of the river of many feet, during the wet season. This river has a swift current, and empties into the Congo. From the tops of some of the ridges we had very extensive views of the surrounding country—hilly, grass-covered and for the most part tree-

less save in the valleys and depressions. The sun was terrific, and the bits of forest through which we passed were like Turkish baths to us. The great heat and malarious air, and the rough steep roads together make a journey of five hours and fifteen miles a good average day's work. In fact, this is the customary length here, the afternoon being employed in looking after the carriers and their loads, bathing, changing clothes, reading, writing, sleeping, preparing for dinner, etc. The houses of the State, which may be used by white travellers, are simple grass and reed made structures, with a verandah all around, and generally two rooms, without furniture other than, possibly, a rude couch made of split bamboo.

We took to the road at 6.30 A. M., and kept steadily on until we reached another State station, nicely situated on a high plateau, and surrounded by gardens of manioc, sweet potatoes, beans, tomatoes, maize, bananas, pimentoes, pineapples and ground-nuts. At each of these stations there is always a sign-board giving in hours the distance to the next in each direction. After breakfast we went on an hour further to Banza Manteka, where, upon the levelled top of a ridge, about 1,300 feet above sea-level, is one of the American missionary stations, with church, school-house, etc. There is a small native village in the immediate neighborhood. From here there are very extensive and beautiful views of the hilly region, whose rich green color proves most attractive.

Soon after arrival a perfect tornado of wind and rain broke over us. We were making our journey, unfortunately, in the middle of the rainy season, or, rather, of that styled the "long rains," for there are two of these seasons in the Congo State, and so every afternoon or night we might expect rain. We were hospitably entertained at the mission and, much refreshed, went on early in the morning. The country became more open and there were great plains covered with grass. We halted at one station to rest, and to allow the men an opportunity to buy food from half a dozen native women, who had come from some neighboring villages with manioc, maize, bananas and palm-kernels. They bore their produce in large and well-made funnel-shaped baskets. Our men bought this food with gay-colored handkerchiefs and coarse, blue glass-beads. We then went on for a couple of hours more, the sun beating upon us with tremendous force, and halting near another station, made camp on the bank of a small and swift stream, running northwesterly into the Congo. A chain was stretched here

across the river between two trees, and a large canoe attached to this served as a primitive but serviceable ferry. Our porters are quite a study, and afford me much amusement. In the morning as soon as they prepare their loads they start off, without partaking of any food, straggling along the track for a mile or so, only anxious to get to the previously-understood halting-place as soon as possible. Sometimes, when tired, they rest by the roadside, and if they happen to have any food, eat it, often making little fires to boil their manioc or roast their maize. If we ourselves halt anywhere they occupy this time in taking a regular breakfast. As soon as we get to our camping-place they all throw down their loads and squat beside them, very close together, watching everything that we do. If there is shade they utilise it, but if not, sit quite contented in the blazing sun. When they are quite rested they begin their cooking and gabbling, both of which continue until they go to sleep, about nine in the evening. In sleeping they lie down upon the ground without pillow, mat, or covering, ordinarily, though sometimes they have a piece of cotton cloth over them. As for us, we have breakfast or luncheon soon after arriving in camp, placing our table under a tree, or in one of the tents. If we are near one of the many small rivers, we always indulge in a bath before dinner. This meal is served late in the evening, and, after a brief chat and smoke, we go early to bed to get fortified for the morrow's march. We live well, for, besides all our tinned provisions, we have with us two milch goats, a crate of live fowls, and several demijohns of Portuguese wine, and cases of claret and hock. Fresh eggs and fruit are often to be bought from the natives who visit the stations. The country to-day was uncultivated and uninhabited, at least to any extent near our route. Though we have our hammocks we walk a good deal, in order to vary our travel. We met many caravans of fifty and even a hundred men, carrying ivory and rubber down to Matadi. A large tusk was a load for one man, and was carried upon the head, resting upon a small cushion and being supported by one or both hands. The rubber was enclosed in long and narrow baskets of palm-leaf, carried upon either the head or shoulders.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ON THE CARAVAN ROAD.

WE broke camp at our usual early hour, and our porters forded the river, which came a little above their waists. The country through which we then passed was hilly but smoother than heretofore. We halted for breakfast at one of the State buildings, a rather good quality of house, with grass-roof and reed-mat sides. On a rough pole outside floated the flag of the Congo State. The custodian—a black man—lived in a hut at one side. There was also, near at hand, a large open shed for the use of the porters. After our meal we went on for three hours more over a good, clayey track, and through many bosky glens. Several small streams were crossed upon bridges made of trunks of small trees plastered with clay. At every muddy pool our men drank enormously of water which no white man could have touched with impunity. The heat was very great, and our clothes were as wet with perspiration as if they had been thrown in a river. Late in the afternoon we reached the Kuilu, a deep and swiftly flowing river, about two hundred feet wide. It is said to abound with crocodiles, though we did not happen to see any. We were ferried over this stream in an enormous canoe made from a single tree trunk, and found one of the stations on the opposite bank. These State stations, I may explain, occur regularly upon the caravan road, at distances of about four hours' march—distances in the Congo, as in Madagascar, being estimated by hours, not miles—all the way from Matadi to Leopoldville. We camped in a shady grove of palm and other trees. The chief of the station treated us to fresh palm wine, which had a flavor closely approaching that of the milk of a cocoanut which has become slightly fermented. During the two following days we marched through much grass twenty feet high, which formed a cover over the path where the heat was stifling. We had distant views of a fine range of mountains in the

northeast. There were terrific tornadoes at night. On the third day we reached the pretty valley, the town, and the river of Lukungu. It was a large open valley, with a few trees. At one side were a number of iron-roofed buildings belonging to the missionaries, and upon a knoll in the centre was the station, while in several directions stood little native villages. We rested a short time, and then pushed on, crossing the Lukungu upon a suspension bridge made of wire cables, with a roadway of small tree trunks. We then had some deep swamps to wade and some steep hills to climb. We stopped for breakfast on one of the latter, and greatly enjoyed the wide and fair prospect. At night, not finding a suitable camping place near water, we hired a hut—a building made of reeds, with a cylindrical roof. This is the usual native house hereabouts. They are about eight feet wide, the same high, and twelve long. It rained very heavily all the night.

We made an early start, and after an hour got glimpses of the Congo, lined by low hills. From here we gradually descended to the bank of the river and to the town of Manyanga, having first to cross by canoe a small stream that here enters the Congo. Manyanga consists of the houses of the chief of the station, those of the Belgian Commercial Company, and a small native settlement. Just beyond, some swirling rapids, that would be quite impassable for a steamer, fill the entire Congo. But from here large whaleboats descend the river as far as Isanghila. Formerly the Zanzibaris operated these boats, and were accustomed to sing while at their work. No Zanzibaris are now on the river, but their wild songs remain, having been learned by the Congo natives—an utter novelty for them. On the opposite side of the river upon the top of the high bank is the French station of Manyanga North and a Dutch factory, which are in the territory called French Congo. The river is crossed in huge canoes, formed of single tree trunks, or in one of the large iron whaleboats, and, though the current is strong and eddies abound, quick and safe ferriage is made. The river is about a mile wide here, and contains many small, and a few very large, fish. All kinds are esteemed by the natives and some are relished by Europeans. Huge crocodiles also abound.

We were forced to remain two weeks at Manyanga awaiting porters, ours only having been engaged as far as this. The special cause of delay in our case was that, it being the height of the rainy season, a less number of natives than usual were upon the road on account of their dislike to ford deep rivers, to wade through

swamps, and to forego dry places in which to camp. There is also at this time of year less likelihood of there being a variety and quantity of food in the markets, which are held for their use at varying intervals along the caravan route. They are thus apt to become sick, and, unless absolutely necessary, the most of them prefer to work only during the dry season—from May to November—when it is always easy to get as many porters as one wants. When the railway is completed, however, this whole cumbersome system will be done away with, for the caravan-road will then be deserted by Europeans, and used only by those of the natives whose villages are in its immediate vicinity. Several times a number of carriers came in to Manyanga, but not enough for our wants, and we could not detain them till others came. While awaiting these people we paid a visit across the river to the French post of Manyanga North, to the neighboring Dutch factory, and to a factory of the Belgian Commercial Company situated an hour's walk from the river. We crossed in one of the large iron whaleboats, first rowing up the river along the shore for a considerable distance, and then heading almost directly across. The current was very swift, but with our men vigorously rowing, and the assistance of a small three-cornered sail, we were able to get over in an hour. Upon arriving we had a stiff climb to the top of the hills, where are the factory and the post. These consisted of half a dozen houses each. From them we had a most splendid view up and down the river, over the surrounding country, and the great rapids almost at our feet. After a walk to the Belgian factory—a few dwellings and warehouses—also situated on the top of a smoothed hill—we returned and breakfasted with the chief of the French post, M. Croz, and in the late afternoon recrossed the river to our temporary home.

At last we obtained the requisite number of porters, and started for Leopoldville. On leaving Manyanga the road at once mounts the hills which border the river, and so continues on, with extensive views of the country in every direction. It was still the same character of surface, grass-land scantily covered with scrubby trees and bushes. Many great land-slides and deep gullies appeared, the different colors of the soil showing very brilliantly. The villages were mostly at a distance from the caravan route. The road had in many places been cleared of vegetation to a width of some ten or twelve feet; it was hard and dry. The streams were greatly swollen, and one of them we had to swim. It was not broad but deep, and had a very swift current. There had once been a bridge



A Market on the Caravan Road.

over it, but this had been swept away by some flood. A strong liana was stretched across, and to this the porters clung with one hand while supporting their burdens upon the head with the other. In crossing two of the men lost their footing and dropped their loads into the water, which unfortunately were trunks containing our clothes, all of which, of course, were completely soaked, and some of our books and maps were quite ruined. It was an accident that frequently happens during the rainy season. We also traversed several rapid streams either on narrow wooden bridges, erected by the State, or sitting upon the shoulders and clinging to the heads of our men. We heard the songs of many birds, and saw a few crows and ducks, and a few small snakes. Many carriers passed us, the most of them bearing tusks of ivory.

The highest point on the road from Matadi to Leopoldville is 1,650 feet above the sea, and about here we enjoyed a very fine and extensive survey of the Congo, bounded by ranges of steep hills, down which coursed several streams, with large cataracts plainly visible. The scenery was really interesting, a thing not always to be said of the Congo region. Near one station a market was being held on the top of a round hill. The people, who had come from all the neighboring region, were arranged in a large circle of three or four ranks, squatting upon the ground. The sellers were nearly all women. There was a good variety of local produce, but no manufactures. Perhaps four hundred people were present—half of whom were dealers—and their chaffering produced a perfect Babel. These markets are held regularly twice a week. They are generally only for food. You see manioc in several styles, cooked and uncooked and ground into flour, palm oil and kernels, beans, maize, salad, fowls, eggs, plantains, sweet potatoes, mushrooms, peanuts, peppers, tobacco, large fish from the Congo, several kinds of fruit, etc. These things will be bartered for cheap blue cotton cloth, colored handkerchiefs, and bits of coarse brass wire, shaped like staples. These last pass for change, and are generally carried in large bunches. They serve also for bracelets and anklets, when their ends are fastened together, and for many useful, as well as these ornamental, purposes. The asking and taking price are widely divergent. With us the people demanded such exorbitant sums that it required much patience to make any purchases at all. They seemed quite indifferent about the disposal of their wares, that were placed before them in covered baskets to prevent thieving, which greatly prevails. We, however, were repaid by ob-

erving the market. The venders, as I have said, were mostly females, and many of them had their babes slung upon their backs. The unmarried girls were nude to the waist, the married women covering their breasts only by small—too small—square pieces of cloth attached by strings around the shoulders. Otherwise they were more scantily dressed than even the men. They wore huge brass rings upon their ankles, two and three together, and so heavy were these that pieces of cloth had to be fastened under them to save the skin. Necklaces and circlets of beads about the head were also worn. The men, besides, wore necklaces and bracelets, and nearly always a bone or tooth or piece of wood, as a fetish. Many of the women had their hair dyed red, and several of the men had their faces painted in bright colors, generally, however, there were only three or four short lines extending outwards from the corners of their eyes. They looked for all the world like the home-made demons of our pantomimes. But as usual it was in the arrangement of the hair that the greatest attempts at fashion were displayed. Though they had but little, they tortured that little into a dozen different patterns, giving it a variety of partings, longitudinal, circular and vertical, twisting it into a mop of little curls, turning it into a miniature coil at the back of the head, cutting all but a long strip from the centre of the forehead to the nape of the neck, which at a distance had the effect of a Roman helmet, while still others had all the head shaved. Very few of the men had any beard, and this was always thin and scanty. Both men and women are accustomed to smoke pipes, made of hard wood, in which they burn tobacco that is mild enough, but hardly what we should call of good flavor. The men are exceedingly fond of the fresh palm wine, which they call malafou, and which, taken in large quantities, proves very intoxicating. Both sexes are of small stature, and most of the men are meagre, but some have fine development of chest and shoulders. The poverty of their diet, or at least the general absence of meat, and the privations and hardships of their existence would account for their physical condition, and explain their short lives, for rarely do you see old, gray-haired or wrinkled people. They seem, however, to have great endurance, if not very great strength. But all—men, women and children—were exceedingly dirty and strong-smelling. They were a laughing, good-natured set, always ready for a joke, though their chief pleasure in life seemed to be a big feed. During the afternoon some of our porters drank

a good deal of malafou and afterwards, without permission, went and spent the night at neighboring villages, and did not return the next morning. We, however, went on without them, taking only our tipoyas and bearers.

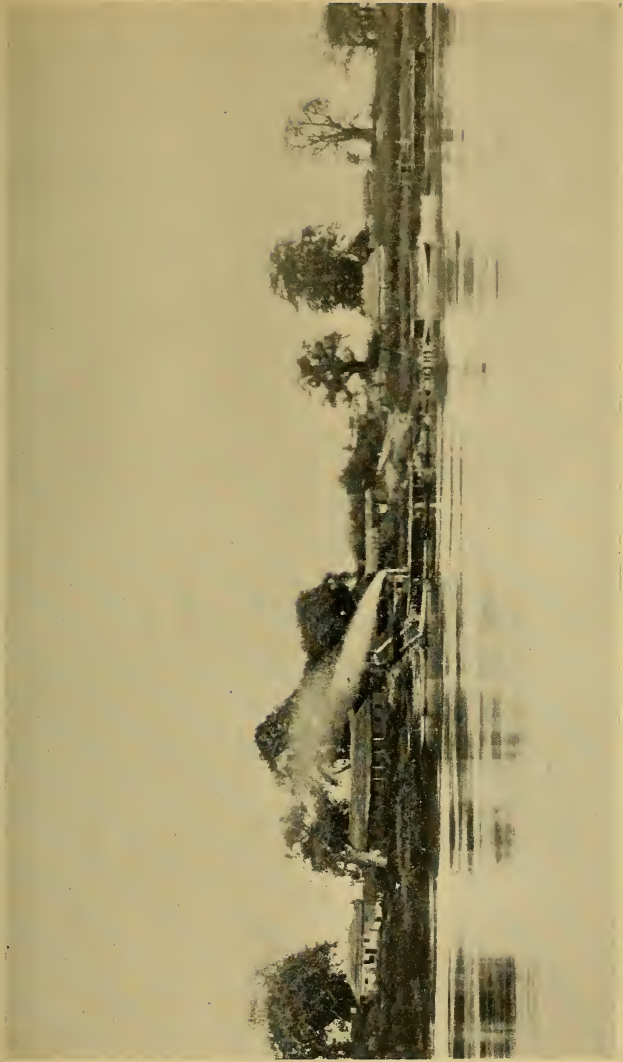
Towards noon we reached the Inkissi, the largest river on the caravan road. It was about three hundred feet wide, with a swift current, and with high banks covered with trees. We crossed in a canoe about thirty feet long, having sharp ends somewhat like those of a gondola. It was adroitly managed by four men, who paddled standing in the stern. On the opposite bank was a station of the State, with several houses, one of which, plastered with mud inside and out, and whitewashed, made quite a civilised appearance. Our drunken porters turned up with our baggage and provisions about four hours after our arrival, and we told them that their spree would cost them each several pieces of cotton cloth and handkerchiefs, which would be docked from the wages they were to receive on the termination of the journey.

The second day afterwards we came down almost to the borders of the Congo, which was here full of rapids and whirlpools, and bordered by pretty hills. As we went on the size of the forest trees increased and there seemed a large proportion of oil palms. At one point we had a fine prospect of the rapids and small islands where Stanley Pool flows into the river proper. We continued on over a wooded, undulating country, passed an open space where a large market was being held, and from here descended a hill to Leopoldville, the broad smooth road being lined with pineapple plants and mango trees. The town is situated at the southwestern corner of Stanley Pool, upon a little bay opening from the latter. First we passed long rows of huts, the homes of native soldiers and laborers. Then came the house of the Commissaire, or superintendent of the station, the post-office, a fine brick building used as a general mess for the officers and agents of the State, and, further on, the buildings of the engineers and carpenters where the Congo steamers are built, or put together, and repaired. Away to the right, some miles distant, were the buildings of an American Missionary Station. We did not stop at Leopoldville, but passed on to Kinchassa, two hours distant to the east, crossing some great swamps on the way. Here the Belgian Commercial Company has a large establishment, its principal post. We first entered upon a broad avenue lined with several rows of native huts, the houses of laborers in the employ of the company, at the present time

upwards of three hundred. We then passed through a fine avenue of acacias and bananas, and saw before us an octangular building mounted on posts. This was the general dining-room of the European employes. Round about, separated by neat, clean and smooth paths bordered by flowers and ornamental plants, and here and there a huge baobab tree, were the various offices, dwellings and warehouses of the station. Some twenty white people, mostly Belgians, are employed here. At one side was a large vegetable garden, while at the opposite, and bordering the Pool, were the steamer construction yards of which I have already given some details. In the water and drawn up on ways were half a dozen steamers of from five tons burden to forty-five, some with stern paddles, some with single, some double, screws.

Kinchassa was one of the prettiest and best located stations I had yet seen. As we arrived a large square was nearly covered with bundles of rubber, and a peep into a warehouse disclosed a great pile of tusks of ivory. Gangs of blacks, superintended by whites, were carrying boxes and bales of goods and provisions down to some steamers about to depart up the river. Here was a busy scene of men at work on the steamers and in the shops, from which came the noise of forges, of hammers and saws, like that of great shipyards at home. From the point of land on which Kinchassa is situated you obtain a fair general view of Stanley Pool, which extends like a vast lake in a northeast and southwest direction about twenty miles, with a greatest breadth of nearly half this amount. In the centre is a very long island, covered with forest which is tenanted by elephants, panthers and other wild animals, but there are no human inhabitants save a few fishermen. Round about are many small wooded islands, which make a very pretty picture. Though called a "Pool," the current is strong here, frequently bringing down quite sizable islands of reeds and bushes which have been torn from the banks, and which sail rapidly and quietly by. All around are ranges of low hill, covered with grass or forest. Almost directly north of Leopoldville, on the opposite bank and clearly discernible from Kinchassa, is the post of Brazzaville, in the French Congo, near which is a French Mission Station, a little further to the east a Belgian factory, and still further, a Dutch. On the bank of the Pool north from Kinchassa are some curious white cliffs which, from a considerable likeness to those in England, are called "Dover Cliffs."

I had originally intended to ascend the Congo, if possible, as



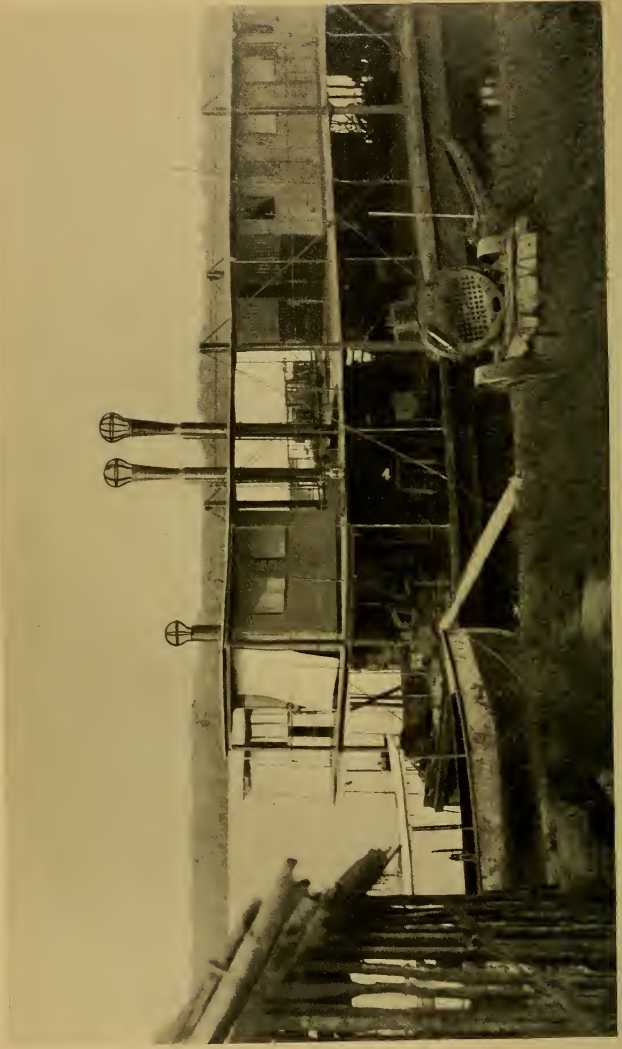
Kinchassa—Principal Post of the Belgian Commercial Company.

far as Stanley Falls, or 1,500 miles from the Atlantic, but, upon my arrival at Leopoldville, learned that, owing to the war with the Arabs, all the steamers of the State were at that time far in the interior, and there was no possibility of my getting one for at least a month. Nor were any other of their steamers which ascend the branches of the great river available for a considerable time. I then determined to accept the invitation of Major Parminter, and take passage in one of the largest steamers of the Belgian Commercial Company, to leave almost immediately for the Kassai, the principal affluent of the Congo from the south, to the factory of Luebo and then, returning to its great branch, the Sankuru, to ascend that river to Lusambo, in what may be styled the southern centre of Africa. The view of the interior afforded by this extensive journey seemed to me to be even more than an equivalent for the well-known journey up the Congo to Stanley Falls. The Kassai rises in about latitude 12° south—its exact sources not having yet been discovered—and flows north and northwesterly, and empties into the Congo, 175 miles above Stanley Pool. On the steamers of the State—and those of the Belgian Commercial Company are approximately the same—the price of a passage from Leopoldville or Kinchassa to Lusambo is 200 francs for a white man and 50 for a black, the return voyage being at half these rates respectively. This charge does not include food, which the passenger may either provide for himself, or obtain on board at the uniform rate of 15 francs per day. Each European traveller has the right of carrying 60 kilogrammes of baggage free. There are a few cabins on each steamer, for the use of one of which a supplementary charge of 5 francs a day is made. Missionaries and philanthropic associations are allowed a discount of 50 per cent upon the above rates. Merchandise destined for any of the stations of the Kassai or its affluents costs 300 francs a ton of 1,000 kilogrammes, from Stanley Pool. And from any of these stations down to Stanley Pool ivory costs 500 francs, rubber and other native products 200 francs, and other goods 150 francs the ton.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

TOWARDS THE HEART OF AFRICA.

A FEW days afterward all our preparations had been made and we left Kinchassa for the Kassai and Central Africa. Our steamer, named the "Archiduchesse Stéphanie," was of forty-five tons burden, about ninety feet long and twenty broad, with a flat-bottomed iron hull and an upper-deck. The lower-deck, which was plated with iron, was less than two feet above the surface of the water, and the upper was completely covered by a wooden roof. The steamer was a "stern-wheeler," and exactly like those used on the South American rivers. She drew when loaded about four and one half feet. The weight of the engine and wheel in the stern were balanced by the boiler and fire-wood in the bow. On the upper-deck first came, in the bow, the steering-wheel and the captain's cabin, then an open space, next a large passenger cabin, the dining-saloon, another passenger cabin and that of the engineer. The black crew consisted of eighty men—members of several tribes, though mostly Bangalas, distinguished by their tattooing and mode of coiffure. They were strong, well-developed men, wearing almost no clothing. A favorite fashion of tattooing was that of making a corrugated and protuberant mass of flesh extending from the base of the nose across the centre of the forehead. Their women have a similar line or lines up and down the middle of their chests. Both sexes wear brass bracelets and anklets, and torture their hair into various curious shapes, or shave narrow paths across their heads. Before the principal deck-house stood a stand of some two dozen rifles, to serve as defensive weapons in case of possible native attack. Wood is the present fuel of these steamers, but probably when the railway is completed pressed coal will be adopted. Though we had but little room on board, there were some eleven passengers. These included two American missionaries and their wives, who were going to join a



Congo River Steamers.

station already established at Luebo, and several Belgians in the employ of the Commercial Company, besides Major Parminter, his private secretary, and myself. Our body servants numbered about thirty, and these and the crew made what they could of the lower-deck. For ourselves there were two cabins, the dining-saloon utilised as a dormitory, and tents erected about the deck. It is the custom of these steamers to run nearly all the day and drawing in to the bank late in the afternoon, to make fast for the night. Those passengers then who have no possible room aboard put up their tents on shore, and these are brought back early in the morning just before we start.

The spot where the nightly halt is made is determined solely by the presence of available fuel. The steamer burns only "dead" wood, green could not be used to advantage. As soon as we arrive, the men rush into the forest and each marks some trees which he will during the night cut into short lengths and bear to the bank by the steamer. Then when it is seen that every one has done his share properly, all is carried on board. Each man takes ashore a small box containing his food and few clothes, and sometimes a blanket. They do not at once begin to cut up the trees when found, but must first have their evening meal, perhaps sleep a little, and certainly talk a great deal. They then start with axes and saws, and during the most of the night your rest will be disturbed by the noise of their tools or their cries to each other, for those in the forest only find the steamer by the sound of their companions' voices. On the bank a large place is marked out with stakes, to fill each division of which just so many men are allotted. Besides piling up all that the forward part of the lower-deck will hold, two large canoes lashed on either side the steamer are also filled. The extra large crew is necessary to cut and carry this wood, which the steamer requires every night. Our cargo consisted of canned and other provisions for the various stations on the rivers, and cotton cloth, beads, wire and handkerchiefs to be employed in barter. As to our table it was largely furnished with canned food, Portuguese wine was liberally supplied, and filtered river-water was used. Poultry, goats, eggs and fruit we intended to buy on the route. Our steamer was one of the largest in the State, and bore the Congo flag in the stern and the Belgian at the prow. The captain was a Belgian, the engineer a Swede.

On leaving the port of Kinchassa, where several hundred natives and the entire staff of the station came to see us off, we

turned at once into the midst of Stanley Pool. Sitting on deck in our canvas and cane extension-chairs, we had a good opportunity to see everything, and to enjoy the breeze. I was surprised at the vastness of the Pool, with its—in places—horizon-bounded shores. The swiftly flowing water was of a chocolate hue, and the many large islands and great masses of floating vegetation reminded me of the Amazon. We crossed to the great central island and followed close along its level shores and then straight on until we reached the northern end of the Pool, and anchored for the night at the southern bank, some distance from the small station of Kimpoto. In the morning we were soon out of the Pool and in the river proper, which from here to the mouth of the Kassai varies from one to two miles in width. Our steamer puffed slowly along, at a rate of about six miles an hour, all the day. On the return journey we would descend the river at double the speed. The borders were hilly and mostly covered with forest, but with some grass-land. These hills, which were smooth and would range from 500 to 1,000 feet in height, seemed to join the river in spurs, which prevented extensive views in either direction. The banks proper were not visible at that season of the year, for the vegetation projected for some distance into the water. We saw no villages or canoes, but passed two small French steamers. Our men not doing their work properly at night, we were obliged to stop in the middle of the next day to gather more firewood. During the trip the absence of well-known tropical trees was so remarkable that I might have thought I was sailing on the Hudson. The river is generally very deep, but though we steam in nearly its middle, two men are kept constantly busy in the extreme prow sounding with poles about ten feet long. They only cry out naturally when the water is of less depth than the length of their poles. The use of these men became more apparent later on. The quartermasters or those who two at a time do the steering, are selected for their special intelligence and experience, and are generally Bangala men. Early in the morning of the following day we reached the mouth of the Kassai or, more properly, the Kwa, the special designation of its lower course, and a small station belonging to the Belgian Commercial Company, which is appropriately named Kwamouth. It consists of only three or four small houses, which are situated at the southern side of the mouth of the Kwa river, on a point of land that has been cleared of forest for their reception. In the vicinity is a small native village. The Kwa at its mouth is

about three-fourths of a mile wide. Its water being more muddy than the Congo is considerably lighter in color. It is very deep, and the current is strong and swift. The northern bank consists of grassy and tree-covered hills, upon one of which are the buildings of a Roman Catholic Mission. As soon as we tied up to the shore several long and sharp canoes, paddled by men standing, crossed to get its mail and merchandise. There were two white men and thirty natives connected with the factory at Kwamouth. Formerly the State had two or three stations on the south bank of the Congo just below Kwamouth, but these have been given up as not sufficiently advantageous for either government or trading posts. We left 150 carrier loads at Kwamouth—cottons, brass wire, provisions, wine, and the sections of a small boat for the mission. It took about three hours to land this freight, and then we resumed our voyage, turning directly up the Kwa, and for several miles being barely able to stem the fierce current. For some distance the river remained about half a mile wide, the banks being fringed with deep grass and bordered with woods, behind which were long, smooth, low hills running parallel with the river. The water was of a coffee color and had a peculiar greasy appearance, said to be common to all West African rivers. It contained much floating vegetation in detached pieces, instead of compact islands, as so noticeable in the Congo. At first the Kwa ran in long straight reaches, but afterwards it opened out to two or more miles, and was indeed a noble river. We saw no habitations during the afternoon, and towards night drew in and secured ourselves to the north bank. Owing to the dense grass and weeds it was not possible to get the steamer quite to *terra firma*, and so our two great canoes were fastened end to end and used as a causeway. It was warm at night, but cold enough in the early morning for a heavy blanket.

The next day the river broadened still more, was even in parts five or six miles wide, and full of large, low, level grass-covered islands. These and the sunken sandbanks near them were the haunts of many hippopotami. I counted twenty-three in one herd. Some were standing, some lying down, but none showing more than their huge heads and backs above the water. As we passed they would one after the other open wide their enormous jaws and, throwing back their heads, indulge in long yawns. Once or twice I saw one come to the surface in the centre of the stream to breathe, but observing us it would descend at once. I noticed

that ordinarily they could not remain below more than one minute. They were too distant for us to get a shot. The best time to see "hippos" and "cros" (crocodiles) is when the rivers are low and the sandbanks more exposed. We saw also many herons, flamingoes, ducks and Guinea-fowl. As we went on, the surrounding hills became lower, smoother and less covered with forest, and gradually the country became so flat and low, and the straight reaches of the river were so long that in some places you actually had a water-horizon. The current continued very strong. As soon as our lamps were lighted we were always visited by myriads of every species and size of flying insect, and by the time dinner was over the table was quite black with them. They were a great nuisance, getting into all our food, our hair, beard, and down our necks, but they were not so bad as mosquitoes, from which we happened to be exceptionally free in regions notorious for them. Some vast sandbanks were covered with grass and resembled great swamps. It was often difficult to determine where the real bank of the river occurred and where the overflow ended. There was abundance of the pretty papyrus grass. On the right shore we passed a dozen or more villages, each having from ten to thirty huts, which were scattered along the edge of the water for several miles, embosomed in banana trees and surrounded by gardens of manioc and yams. Before each were several large canoes, in which we saw the nets employed in fishing. These scattered villages are governed by chiefs and the whole are under the rule of a queen. The generic name given to the villages is Muchié. Some distance beyond here was the mouth of the Mfini river, into which Lake Leopold II., a fine largè, though rather shallow, expanse, empties. The Mfini has been explored for about six hundred miles.

We halted one day to get wood, when about twenty of our men bolted to the nearest village, and kept us waiting a couple of hours. This was a breach of discipline that, together with the fact that the previous night being ordered to cut green wood, since they could not find dry (we intended to dry it afterwards), they "struck," and did not cut any, and so the captain decided to give all the twenty a flogging of twelve lashes each. The victims were summoned on deck and stood in a tight mass, stolidly and with but faint curiosity awaiting their turn. They were made to lie flat upon their stomachs on the deck and their arms and legs were held by four comrades, while the boatswain laid on the blows with a long sharp-edged strip of hippopotamus hide. The men



Bangala Types.

walked quietly up and laid themselves down, but after receiving the first two or three lashes, made the most frantic efforts to get free, and bellowed and blubbered as if they were about to be killed. They were, however, much more scared than hurt, and perhaps increased their wails in the hope of having the blows less vigorously applied.

The scenery soon changed to dense forest on each bank and many wooded islands in the middle of the stream. Owing to the high water the vegetation came abruptly to an edge like a wall. It was very pretty, with its varying tints of green and smooth foreground of yellow river. The many palms and giant forest trees served to accentuate the general mass of verdure. The river here had again narrowed to a mile or less. We called at a small village to get food for our men, but the people were very suspicious and came running out of their huts armed with spears in one hand and guns in the other. We however made them aware of our pacific intentions by holding up to their gaze pieces of copper wire and cotton cloth. Many of our crew went ashore, but could obtain little food, for the villagers were so poor they had nothing save some fish and manioc. We afterwards passed some villages of little conical straw huts almost concealed by trees, and situated close to the river's bank, and then came the mouth of the Kwango, on the left bank. This is a large river which rises near the Kassai, to the eastward of the Portuguese town of Benguela, and flows almost directly north. It is over 600 miles in length, and is navigable by steamers for 175 miles. The regions back from either side of the great river we were following are as yet unexplored. Many of the inhabitants, especially those dwelling upon the south bank are hostile, and have a disagreeable custom of firing arrows or balls at foreigners. There is little danger from the latter, for their old flint-lock muskets will not carry very far and they are anything but expert marksmen, but the former, at short range, are more dangerous, the barbs of the arrows being frequently covered with strong poison. We occasionally saw a big "dug-out" canoe, paddled by four or five standing natives. These glide along very swiftly, the men handling them with great dexterity in the swirling stream. An especially wide part of the river, full of islands, has been called "Wissmann Pool," in honor of the great German explorer. Afterwards the banks were very changeable: now we had a width of half a mile, now one of four or five miles. Sandbanks were getting to be troublesome, and we had to

go slowly and steer with great care. One day several canoes full of people offering for sale pigs, manioc, chickens, fish and small dogs, came alongside. The dogs are not pets, nor used in hunting, but are an esteemed article of diet, when roasted whole. I was much amused by the suspicion of these natives. While bartering they stood up in their narrow canoes, which one or two others would paddle to within arm's length of our men, but never nearer. They seemed to fear something would be stolen from out their stores. When they gave any article with one hand, they always took the brass wire or cotton cloth at the same time with the other. They probably had good cause for their fears, yet they were laughing and cracking jokes all the while. These people were nearly naked, and the women less clothed than the men. They arranged their hair in long plaits sticking out in every direction from the crown of the head. Some of the women wore rings on every finger and as many as thirty bangles, together with massive brass collars that would weigh six or eight pounds, and also huge anklets, two or three on a limb. Fetishes of animals' teeth were also hung around their necks. We bartered some wire, and cotton goods for their provisions. The next day we passed a grass-covered dome-shaped hill, called Mount Pogge, in honor of the fellow-traveller of Wissmann, when he first descended the Kassai. Hereabouts were several low ranges of hills, one behind the other, which proved the first exhibition of variegated scenery we had yet enjoyed. The banks had been but thinly covered with hamlets, but nearly opposite Mount Pogge was a large settlement styled Bangulu. We had experienced several tornadoes, but they did us no damage, and greatly cooled the air.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONDITION OF THE NATIVES.

ONE day we landed and walked nearly to a village in the interior, but its people appearing in the grass armed with spears, and bows and arrows, presented so warlike a mien that we went no further for fear of trouble. All along the shore were great ant hills—eight and ten feet high—built in the form of cones. We stopped at a village on the south bank where a considerable market was being held, though chickens seemed about the only food suitable for ourselves. Here were collected several hundred natives of the most extraordinary appearance of any we had yet seen. They belonged principally to the Basungo-Menos, dwelling on the north bank, and to the Bakongo, on the south bank. There are several large tribes besides these on the Kassai, as the Batende, Badima, Bakutu and Bakuba. They were a small-sized race, but sturdily built. Many of them had covered their face and the upper part of their body with ash powder, which gave them a very hideous appearance. These people were in full mourning. The men were all armed with bows and arrows. The bows were long and very strong. The arrows were tipped with various-shaped iron barbs, and at short range were calculated to do great harm. Many beside, carried large, flat, wide, double-edged knives in their belts. Their bodies were covered with the raised weals of tattooing, which was generally done in a series of geometrical patterns. Great bulging eyebrows had been produced by the same cruel art. Many of the women had their skin stained red and their hair a bright yellow, and this with their numerous tattoo marks, gave them a very barbaric appearance. The men wore only an apology for a breech-cloth, and the covering of the women was even more extraordinary. Sometimes it was a surcingle of straw matting the width of one's hand, sometimes bunches of grass or leaves worn before and behind, or an infinitesimal piece of cloth. None of

them, of any age, covered the bosom. Some of them carried babies astraddle of their hips or lashed to their backs. Both sexes were liberally supplied with great brass anklets and necklaces of coarse beads. Fresh palm wine was being plentifully dispensed and many of the people, as well as our own crew, were rapidly becoming intoxicated. We only stopped, therefore, a short time, and went on a little way to a village on the same bank called Mangay. As we were drawing in the natives crowded on the shore, urging us by vigorous pantomime not to stop, but to go on our way up the river. One man suddenly shot an arrow at us, and we took shelter behind the captain's cabin, and went at once for our guns, but it was not necessary to use them. By holding up to the people boxes and strings of beads, bundles of brass wire, and pieces of cloth we gradually succeeded in calming their timid spirits, and soon had the flukes of our anchors fast in the bank. It seems that this was the very village which some eighteen months before rose at a steamer's crew, attempting to land, and wounded some twenty of them with arrows. The Europeans, however, generally get on friendly terms with the natives much sooner than the different tribes with each other. These seem to be always at war, and there is good reason for the alertness and prudence which we so often saw exhibited, for they are accustomed to kill and eat all prisoners who are captured. The village consisted of perhaps twenty little peaked-roof huts, made of various kinds of leaves and grasses, standing close together upon a long narrow street. The roof projects almost to the ground on the front and thus makes a sort of verandah in which the people like to sit and see what is going on in the local world. We remained here five days in order to found a factory. A large space of ground was cleared of forest and a house erected for the two white men we intended to leave. Some thirty of our black people were also to remain, and these would afterwards erect the usual style of huts for themselves. The residents brought us some dozen or so small tusks of ivory which we bought, as we also did upwards of two hundred chickens and a gross of eggs to take with us on the steamer. Our sleep was much disturbed at Mangay by the terrific croaking or singing of a species of small tree-toad. It was like an enormous rattle. One reptile seemed to lead off and an entire forest-full to follow. What made it worse was that it was regularly intermitted for a couple of minutes. We were, however, fortunately not pestered by mosquitoes, nor by any other insects. During our stay here I had an opportunity to see much of

this particular tribe—they were Bakongos—and I shall now condense into a few paragraphs my general impressions of their physical, mental and moral condition.

First then, as to the bodily constitution of the Bakongos: they are rather short and slight of stature, and though often muscular are not especially strong or enduring. They have not the necessary nervous force to cause the muscles to act vigorously, nor the *moral* to persist and persevere against obstacles. The privations and hardships of their lives wear them out prematurely. You see very few old people. A gray-headed man or woman is a curiosity. Many of them are afflicted with disease—dysentery, anæmia and ulcers being common, also elephantiasis, and occasionally leprosy and syphilis. Their complexion is of a chocolate hue, though generally much darker than it really is, through accumulation of dirt. For though they frequently bathe, and are all good swimmers, the dirt is far too thick and hard to be thus removed, and besides they have the habit of greasing themselves with palm-oil, frequently rubbing their hands upon their hair, which is always soaked with it, and then polishing their bodies. So little does the water touch them that I have often noticed that a man when coming out of the river became quite dry and shiny by the time he had reached the bank. A very pungent odor exhales from their bodies, so that a European can not endure the presence of a great crowd. I have been made quite sick by staying too long in a full market. It is not the result of accumulated dirt alone, but the natural exhalation of this particular race, such as may be recognised in the different animals of a menagerie. Their hair is woolly and kinky, like a negro's, but grows quite long. Many of the men have fine silky beards, of which they are very proud, frequently twisting them into a point which is passed through a string of beads, that is in turn fastened to a cord worn about the neck. I need hardly add that the effect of this is most droll. As regards the features you have a copy of those of the negro, with the flat and very broad nose, the large mouth, and protruding lips. A great disfigurement is the habitual custom of removing every other tooth in the upper jaw, and of filing the remaining ones very narrow and sharp. The face too is always disfigured by the weals of the tattooing, a great ridge of horizontal lumps of flesh extending from the base of the nose to the hair of the forehead. I have frequently seen this ridge half an inch in height. Then, often, just before the ears there has been tattooed a pattern like two leaves of a tree, the one above the other,

also executed in high-relief. This style of mutilation is performed when they are quite young, a little being done at a time, and the wounds kept open for months together by the use of various acrid vegetable juices. A row of these lumps is also seen upon the centre of the chest and another along the spine. But, as I have already said of other tribes, it is in the great variety of arrangements of the hair that the most ingenuity is displayed. Sometimes it is worn thin, but is plotted out into tiny patches by shaving narrow lines; often this shaving is done in the style of a part at one side; again, the head is wholly shaved save only the crown, where the hair is left long and matted with palm-oil into a solid yellow mass; or, perhaps the entire head is shaved except only two little horns of hair left standing on each side of the crown. This last *mode*, together with large white or yellow circles painted around the eyes, makes a good substitute for an embodiment of the traditional Satan.

As far as the outline of the figure goes there is little difference between the sexes, the broad hips and stout thighs, found among Caucasian races, being conspicuous by their absence. All the women are married; no such thing as an "old maid" is known. Polygamy is practised. The women are very prolific. Child-bearing gives them no anxiety or trouble. It causes only the cessation of a few hours of their customary work. Babies are not weaned until two years old. It is no unusual sight to see a woman carrying a child nearly as big as herself. Babies with us at home often cry lustily on the approach of a stranger, and so I suppose we ought not to be astonished at these African cherubs being frightened out of their five senses when we approached them. Their aspect of intense terror and aversion, however, quite overleaped the proverbially narrow bar between the sublime and the ridiculous. The marriage contract is a matter of barter, though a superior article may be bought for two fathoms of ordinary cotton cloth, worth, say, fifty cents! These unions are permanent or temporary at the option of the man. Thus very many of our servants on board the steamer—those who could afford the luxury—were wedded to "wives" who were to be their companions only for the round voyage.

As regards the qualities of the minds of these people, it is, of course, difficult to acquire more than hasty opinions during a brief tour. They are in most respects in a similar condition mentally to that of children eight or ten years old. They do not seem to think, reflect, or remember. The experience of one is not always utilised by another. They always make play of their work, or at



Studies in Male Hair-Dressing.

least endeavor so to do. The least trifle is sure to entertain them; an accident or a mistake proves a great source of merriment. One day I thought to amuse, or possibly frighten, some boys through producing a shrill whistle by placing two of my fingers in my mouth and blowing vigorously, but I had no idea that I should be pestered all the rest of the day by a crowd of full-grown men begging me to repeat the trick. These people are great chatterers and *raconteurs*, though the subjects of their stories usually refer to such material matters as eating and drinking, hunting or war. Fear they possess in no unstinted degree, but love, other than the mere animal fondness of the mother for her offspring, seems entirely wanting. They have but little feeling for each other, and none whatever for domestic animals. Sick persons are generally left to shift for themselves as best they can; no one seems to notice them. A corpse is generally buried, though sometimes only thrown into the high grass or the river. We saw several corpses, both of adults and children, floating in the Kassai. One night we were kept awake by the loud wailing of a mother for her dead babe, and a liberal supply of malafou being served out, all her neighbors seemed to be assisting her to the best of their not small abilities. The next day I met the mother walking about the village, and wailing at intervals most perfunctorily. Her grief was wholly automatic.

I have already spoken of the fact that dogs are a regular article of diet. They are killed in a most cruel manner with clubs, and frequently are put to roast while still alive. Chickens are plucked while living. Prisoners of war are, as already mentioned, always killed and eaten. They seem quite oblivious of the needless suffering they cause. I have seen women holding their pet dogs with one hand, while with the other they whipped them with a bunch of reeds for ten minutes together, deriving great pleasure from the poor creatures' howls and contortions. The men, too, often beat their wives in a very brutal manner. There seems to be no progress whatever with this tribe; a man does a thing in exactly the same fashion to day that it was done a hundred years ago. They appear to have no capacity or at least inclination for learning anything new. As our steamer would pass near the villages every one would come out to gaze at us, but five minutes afterwards the interest waned and could only be resuscitated by some startling novelty. Their constitutional apathy seems ineradicable. The brighter boys are chosen by the

European residents, missionaries, and travellers as servants, but even these have often to be told the same thing every day. They are, moreover, great beggars and even thieves, if they think they can escape detection. The cooks and table boys constantly robbed us of provisions. It is needless to say that mendacity is universal. When they have overcome their natural timidity and suspicion they are often very amiable and friendly, though a gift here—as I fear often in more civilised lands—is generally tendered in expectation of another of at least as great value or interest. One of their most marked traits was their suspicion of us in bartering. This plainly shows their own character. They would cheat and rob when they could and so, they suppose, would we. I have already given an example of this peculiarity in the mode of keeping their canoes just beyond reaching distance while trading, and not giving up an article in one hand until they had its equivalent in beads or wire or cloth in the other. When they came out from their huts to see us pass they were always armed with spears or bows and arrows. In many of the villages the small and solitary opening of the huts is situated near the peak of the gable, several feet from the ground—so that some form of ladder is necessary to reach it, and also to descend into the interior. The outer ladder being drawn at night into the huts, a sort of defence is thus provided for the occupants. I do not remember, however, of seeing any village fortified or surrounded by a *chevaux de frise* of briars or trees, natural or artificial, the reason of this probably being that in case of an attack they generally leave their huts and take to the jungle, scattering in every direction.

As regards the domestic state of this tribe, I have already given some hints. They live generally in small villages, where they pass such part of their lives as are not occupied with fishing or hunting, or fighting their neighbors. Their huts contain little furniture beyond a few mats, some earthenware utensils for cooking, and perhaps a piece of cotton cloth to cover themselves with at night. Tables and chairs are, of course, unknown, but a low stool is sometimes used. Their only dress is a loin cloth, worn in various styles. A peculiarity of these, and, in fact, all the Congo people is the absence of a hat, or any head-covering whatever, even when on a long day's march under the blazing sun. They are very fond of brass rings worn about the neck, wrists, fingers and ankles. Bead necklaces are also very popular. They do not lay up any store of food, providing generally only for the day or at most a few days.

Manioc may be called their chief article of diet and to this are sometimes added maize, plantains, beans, fish, dog-meat, chickens, and, occasionally, the flesh of a crocodile or hippopotamus. All the members of a family eat from the pot in which the food is cooked, squatting in a circle around it, and using their fingers for knives and forks. They are very fond of malafou as a beverage, but use also water. They sleep on mats spread upon a low platform, and employ little wooden pillows which fit the neck. During the day they squat in their verandahs or roam about the village, gossiping with everybody, or, if it is very hot, lie stretched asleep in the shade of their huts. Upon the women falls a good part of the daily work, the men contenting themselves with cultivating a little manioc, or collecting a little firewood. The patriarchal system of the ancient Hebrews prevails in the family life. Each village has a headman, and certain numbers of villages a chief or "king." In case of war all the villages unite against the common enemy. They are possessed of a few simple arts, notably that of smelting in iron and copper, making axes, knives, spear and arrow-heads. They carve plain but serviceable bowls from hard wood. They weave or plait strong cloth, from palm and banana fibre, in ornamental patterns which are dyed several colors. They show much cleverness in the plaiting of the straw or reed sides of their huts, and in the securing of the grass roofs. They make serviceable wicker fish-traps, mat baskets for transporting goods, and strong earthenware vessels. Their "dug-out" canoes astonish one by their great size, and by the adroitness with which they are managed. They are well acquainted with forest-craft, knowing how to speedily avail themselves of lianas for cords, of large leaves for shelter, being able to detect the presence, or recent passage, of wild animals, to discover, readily, edible roots, or wood suitable for fuel, etc.

They seem to have few religious ideas, and fewer institutions. Like all such forest-folk the expression of their religious feeling seems due to fear, fear of all the processes and phenomena of Nature they cannot comprehend. They are first of all fetish-worshippers, personifying and deifying many common natural objects. A stone, a tree, a feather is the supposed residence of spirits, and is selected for temporary worship. Nearly all wear charms—a tooth of an animal, a shell, or a bit of wood suspended around their necks. I did not discover that they had any special form of game or amusement other than dancing. They seem to get some fun

out of even the soberest work, being nearly always skylarking, singing, and even whistling. They have a number of musical instruments—tom-toms of various sizes, and a little metal comb like that in our music-boxes, upon which they play with the fingers by pressing the points down in rapid succession. The missionaries have now been at work some ten years among this and kindred tribes, but their success has been very dubious. Satisfactory statistics are not forthcoming to outside inquirers. The trouble is the natives lack capacity. They cannot comprehend the Christian scheme of salvation, though they may be bribed to say they do, and to lead lives for a time in partial accordance therewith. But they are liable at any moment to relapse into paganism, and return to savagedom. As regards the elements of a European education, progress is also exceedingly slow and difficult. Possibly by selecting a few of the brightest of the boys, and beginning their instruction when very young, isolating them in the missions, and then pursuing the same course with their children for a few generations something might eventually result, but what would such small leaven effect in such a vast mass of ignorance and superstition? For it is exceedingly doubtful whether the alleged native converts would have the requisite nerve and enthusiasm to start forth and preach the new gospel to their own people. When I observe the prognathous heads and the utter bestial expression of these natives I am fully persuaded of the correctness of the Darwinian hypothesis. Any number of "missing-links" may here be found. It requires no stretch of imagination to believe that this form of man, instead of being a little lower than the angels, is simply a trifle higher than the monkeys.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE LULUA TO THE SANKURU.

ON May 18th we bade adieu, until our return down the river, to the two white men who were by this time installed at Mangay, and headed the steamer again up stream. The general appearance of the Kassai seemed to change only in respect to an increase of sandbanks, which frequently all but barred our way. During the day we enjoyed shots at several "crocs" and "hippos." We nearly succeeded in getting one of the former, having wounded him so badly that our men jumped into the water and, grabbing the animal by his body and legs, almost rolled him upon the shore. He was, however, still too strong and active for them, and got away, for we could not fire again for fear of wounding or killing a native. It was very plucky or, rather, foolhardy for these fellows thus to tackle so dangerous a reptile without knowing of his precise condition or whereabouts. But they are exceedingly fond of crocodile meat and this, together with their childish excitability, accounted for the spirit displayed. Early the next morning we arrived at a station of the company pleasantly situated on a wooded hill. There are here a few dwellings and warehouses, and the usual complement of two whites and thirty or forty blacks. We went on at midday and passed the mouth of the Loange river, whose reddish-brown water made a sharp line on meeting the flood of the Kassai, and kept its color for a long distance. The Loange is about two hundred yards wide at its mouth, which is nearly closed by a huge sandbank a short distance above. This river has never been explored, but from hearsay is believed to flow nearly parallel with the Kassai for a distance of some four hundred miles. It is also reported navigable for steamers some two hundred miles. When we return down the river without our present heavy cargo, and drawing half as much water, it is our intention to make some exploration of the Loange, with a view of

establishing a factory upon it. A short distance to the east of its mouth, in a cleared space of forest on the southern bank of the Kassai, is the town of Ngun, of some hundred and odd huts, massed irregularly together, with narrow connecting lanes. This is by far the largest town we have yet seen upon the banks of the river. It is said, however, that there are many much larger ones but short distances in the interior, though these it is dangerous for a white man to visit, for the natives regard them as their special retreats. A few miles above Ngun the Kassai, which, nearly always since we had left its affluent the Kwango, had been a great stream from three to eight miles wide, suddenly narrowed to less than half a mile. A little further on and we drew in to a small village for the night. The inhabitants, with their bows and arrows in hand, came down to the bank and signalled us not to land but to go elsewhere, while we held up colored handkerchiefs and went steadily in and anchored. When we ascended to the village there was not a soul in it. However we saw some human heads here and there in the tall grass, and gradually induced a few of the least timid to come out, when we offered to trade some handkerchiefs for a few chickens and some yams. But as they said they preferred beads, we sent back to the steamer for some.

The next day the river was bordered with dense forests, in the trees of which we frequently saw a species of large monkey scampering from bough to bough. We passed a number of little villages and at one of them, at which we wished to land to get some malafou to use in making bread, the people made so hostile a demonstration that we deemed it the more prudent to continue our voyage. Before noon we passed the mouth of the Sankuru, the largest affluent of the Kassai, though its source has not yet been explored. At the junction of this great stream with the greater Kassai there stand the houses of Bena Bendi, an old station of the Belgian Commercial Company, which has, however, long been abandoned, as there was not enough trade at that particular spot. The scenery to-day was a great improvement. The forest was full of palms, ferns and vines, and there were many gigantic trees with straight trunks and only a tuft of foliage atop. What with the smaller trees and the undergrowth, the forest seemed to be one solid mass of verdure, like the great forests of the Amazon. We threaded our way often in narrow channels between wooded islands, in the style, likewise, of frequent Amazon navigation. The banks were one hundred to five hundred feet

high. Occasionally we would catch sight of low ranges of wooded hills in the distance. Sometimes the channels between the islands and the bank were but little wider than our steamer, though there was sufficient depth. One place of this character, with dense wooded hills on the bank, was used as a vantage-ground from which the natives shot their arrows upon the first steamer that ascended the river. Soon after starting, at our usual hour, the next day we got aground on a sandbank, and remained there three hours, notwithstanding all our efforts. We had the entire crew in the water, pushing against the sides of the vessel, put out kedges, went full-speed ahead and astern, and after trying in every direction at last got away, but not before we had unloaded all our firewood and sent it temporarily ashore in our canoes. We had, however, not steamed more than a couple of hours before some of our machinery got out of order and we were obliged to continue at half speed. Still, late in the afternoon we reached the factory of Bena Lindi, situated in a rough clearing of the forest on the south bank. There were several houses here, including a large one for the superintendent, whom we found sick abed with fever. There were the usual number of blacks, with their assemblage of dog-like kennels. Cowries form the currency here, and in all this section of the interior. We took 450 bags of them from Kinchassa, each bag weighing sixty pounds, to distribute to the various factories. The cowries come from India by the roundabout way of Liverpool.

At midday we started on, soon entering a branch of the Kassai, called the Lulua, which is about five hundred feet wide at its mouth. The Kassai turned away to the right, extending nearly due south. It is navigable by steamer two days further up, to Wissmann Falls. The Lulua is very tortuous, and averages from, two hundred to five hundred feet in width, with high forest-clad banks. It contains many large wooded islands. In the evening we reached the head of steam-navigation, and the factory of the company, called Luebo. A river, perhaps fifty feet wide, the Luebo, enters the Lulua here, and, on a low and level point of land between the two, are situated the buildings of the pleasant station. Further up the Lulua is situated the large settlement of Luluaborg, where the Congo State has also a post. It is in latitude 6° south, the same parallel as Banana, and is about equi-distant between Luebo and Lusambo, the large town on the Sankuru to which we intend next going. At Luluaborg both Catholic and

Protestant Missions are established. The river is, however, so full of rapids, rocks and sandbanks that the usual communication is by land, six or seven days being necessary for the journey. A large space of ground has been cleared for the station at Luebo, and has been neatly laid out with paths and rows of palm trees. In one part is an attempt at a flower-garden. There are several large buildings made of wattles and mud, and roofed with grass—some of these are used for residence, and some for the storage of rubber and various goods used in barter. The native huts are apart at one side, and separated from the European houses by a high fence, covered with the vines and fruit of the passion-flower. Behind the large houses is a good garden full of tomatoes, beans, peas, cabbages, radishes and salad. All about many plantain and banana trees have been planted, also papayas and pineapples, and several large fields of manioc. A considerable amount of work has been done at this station. Two fine, broad smooth lanes, bordered with banana plants and pineapples, lead into the neighboring forests. One of these takes you, in about fifteen minutes, to a small fall on the Luebo, which blocks all passage by canoe, though a portage is easy. Here is a large shallow expanse in the river and soft sandbanks which afford a capital opportunity for a refreshing bath. On the opposite bank from the station of Luebo, and about twenty minutes' distance afoot, are a Portuguese factory and a Protestant Mission. The four American missionaries, whom we brought up the river, were bound for this mission, which was founded about a year since. The factory of Luebo was established some eight years ago. It is a great centre for rubber, but not so important for ivory. We took 350 wicker crates—each about three feet long and one foot square—of rubber as cargo down the river. We left at the factory two of our white men, and a large variety of barter goods and provisions. Luebo is perhaps, by the tortuous river, 750 miles from Leopoldville. And Lusambo has been estimated at as much as 1,025. The district between the two great rivers—the Kassai and the Sankuru—is inhabited by a powerful tribe called the Bakuba. There is a tribe, called Bakete, in the neighborhood of Luebo.

Early in the morning we left Luebo for Bena Lindi, arriving at midday, and making the journey down in just half the time of the ascent. As we landed the women were busy pounding their manioc roots into flour in great mortars, which were hollowed out of solid blocks of wood. The pestles were bars of wood two or



Women preparing Manioc for Food.

three inches in diameter, and three or four feet long. Frequently you see two or even three women working in the same mortar, throwing up their pestles and catching them very deftly. They pound the manioc three times over, making it as fine as the finest flour with us. But what interested me the most on shore was the open-air shop of a native blacksmith. A circle of palm branches had been so arranged as to form a fairly well shaded interior in which was the smith, his two boy assistants, the fire and bellows, a box of old pieces of iron, and a few tools. The bellows was a very crude and primitive affair. It was small, shell-shaped, and made of wood, with four circular hollows which were covered with goat-skin. Long sticks were inserted into the tops of these and two boys worked them up and down, thus producing a quantity of air which was forced out through a pipe containing four small holes. This was directed against a fire of charcoal through a small hole in a little barrier of clay. The boys work the sticks, one in each hand, alternately, and seem to regard the operation as very jolly sport. The only tools used by the smith were a hammer, a chisel, and a pair of pincers. He was busy fashioning a battle-axe, to sell to white traders. It was in fretwork of twisted and ornamented iron, and showed considerable ingenuity and some grace. Its general style was like that of the old Nuremberg iron-work. These blacksmiths make similar axes of copper and very good spear-heads, flat wide-bladed knives, and curiously-barbed arrows. During the afternoon I especially observed the "hippo" and the fish-traps along the banks. The former are erected upon the paths these creatures tread in travelling from the water into the grass. They were simply upright poles, with cross-bars from which heavily-weighted spears were suspended. The fish-traps occurred at frequent intervals and were simply little barriers of matting, extending from the shore into the stream where the current ran the swiftest, with long conical wicker-work baskets just sunk in the water and making an angle with the fence. Stakes driven into the bottom and guyed by ropes of stout vines secured the whole. There are great quantities of fish in the Kassai, large and small, but they are all coarse and tough, and have a muddy flavor that is unpleasant to the foreign palate.

At Luebo we had received a new passenger, a Belgian Roman Catholic priest, named Père De Deken, who goes with us as far as the mouth of the Sankuru, where he hopes to intercept one of the State steamers which will be due soon on its way from Lusambo to

Leopoldville. Père De Deken has been stationed as a missionary in Semapalatinsk, in southwestern Siberia, for the past eleven years. He is only forty-one years old, but has seen very much of the world. He speaks Russian, Mongolian and Chinese, and is a well-informed and very agreeable gentleman. He was the Chinese interpreter of the expedition of Prince Henry of Orleans and M. Bonvalot across Asia a few years ago. He has been in the Congo Free State now for about a year, on a tour of inspection of the Catholic Missions. When his business here is concluded he will return to Semapalatinsk, where he has two Belgian comrades, and where he tells me he has met with fair success in teaching and propagandising among the Chinese-Siberians. He describes his experiences in the long journey across central and southern Asia—the desert of Gobi, Thibet, Suchouan, Yunnan and Tonquin—as exceedingly interesting. The expedition was well-equipped, and suffered only from cold, upon the high and bleak steppes. In passing the vast desert of Gobi not a native was encountered for seventy-two days. M. Bonvalot was the scientist and historiographer of the party, though Père De Deken has also published an account.

On leaving Bena Lindi we ran upon several sandbanks, which delayed us altogether some four or five hours. The Kassai has fallen considerably since our former voyage and, besides, it is more difficult to detect deep water and the channel when going down, than up, a river. At each time we stuck all our crew would at once leap into the water and try and push us off, the engines assisting. Failing these they would plant our anchors far away, and then we would try and warp up to them. When all these methods proved unavailing, they would generally succeed in clearing us by drawing a chain along the bottom of the steamer from stem to stern. When working thus together the men are accustomed to sing, one man leading and the rest joining in the chorus, and all pulling or pushing at the end of certain stanzas. Of course the noise and splashing in the water would frighten away all crocodiles and hippopotami. The next day at noon we reached N'zounzadi, the factory on the north bank just below the confluence of the Loange. Here we landed temporarily all our cargo in order to make the steamer as light as possible for the contemplated exploration of this river. We remained during the rest of the day, in order to give our men an opportunity to buy some food and to cut for us a supply of firewood.

We started at 7 A. M. to try and ascend the Loange. This

river is believed to have an almost direct south to north course and, as I have said, to be about four hundred miles in length. Near a town called Muata Kumbana, about half way in its course, it has a branch called the Lushiko, which is thought to be nearly as long as the present river. This town has been visited by the traveller Van de Velde in 1889, during a journey which he was making from Matadi eastward by land to Luebo. The remainder of the river is known only from native report. In endeavoring to steer between the sandbanks at the mouth we got aground, and then determined to run in to the bank of the Kassai and to first take soundings. As we turned about I saw a huge yellow crocodile swimming the reddish-colored flood. As soon as we were anchored we took twenty men to paddle our canoe and sound, and started to try and find a channel deep enough for the steamer. We could not detect a greater depth than three feet anywhere across the mouth. Half a mile further up occurs the big sandbank which closes the river, save for a distance of about thirty yards, and of this we found one-half to be very shallow and the other very deep, and with a current of twelve to fifteen miles an hour, a rapid, in short. Above this the river opened out very like the Lulua, though with a swifter current, and it had the appearance of being easily navigable by our steamer. But had we been able to thread the sandbanks at the mouth, we could not have stemmed the narrow and swift channel just above. With a small steam-launch, however, one might have entered and warped through the limited passage by ropes made fast ashore. It was a disappointment to all of us not to be able to explore this river, for it might at least have been done in canoes, but we had not the time nor the provisions for such a delay.

After breakfast we returned to the neighboring station and remained all night. In the morning we continued our voyage on to Lusambo, reaching the Sankuru about midday. The mouth of this great branch of the Kassai is full of low grass- and bush-covered islands, so that it is actually some four or five miles in width. The main channel, however, is not more than half a mile wide, and it also contains a number of small islands. The Sankuru is of a more muddy color than the Kassai, and flows with a swifter current. A few miles up, it narrows to a quarter of a mile, and in a few more to about two hundred yards, with mostly low forest-clad banks. We stopped for an hour at the old abandoned factory of Bena Bendi. From the bluff on which it stands

you have a very extensive view of the two great rivers, the islands, and the surrounding distant ranges of wooded hills. The Sankuru is quite as important as the Kassai so far as population is concerned, but the Kassai is the best region for the supply of rubber. The Sankuru is believed to rise in about latitude 10° south, and it flows almost due north as far as the town of Lusambo. It then turns northwest and west, until it enters the Kassai in about latitude $4^{\circ} 30'$ south and longitude 20° east. It is not as long as the Kassai, probably by a couple of hundred miles. About a third-part of its length from the mouth, on the north bank, is a large branch called the Lubefu, and above its junction the Sankuru is known also as the Lubilach. The Sankuru has also an affluent from the south, the Lubudi, and several smaller branches, but these do not appear to have been explored. Steamers can ascend the Sankuru for two days, or say one hundred miles, beyond Lusambo, and then come rapids named, in honor of their discoverer, Wolf Falls, M. Wolf being at one time a companion of Major Wissmann. The right bank of the Sankuru, and all the country to the north, is peopled by a great tribe called the Basongo, while on the south bank are the Bakubas. South of Lusambo are the Balubas, one of the most advanced tribes in this section of Africa. We saw many canoes. The smaller ones are generally occupied by two men, who paddle standing, one being in each end. When we came suddenly upon any such people they would skulk along close to the shore and perhaps land and hide until we had passed by, or if engaged in crossing the river, they would paddle with the greatest vigor, as if half-frightened to death. We found many small wooded islands extending along the centre of the river, which would thus with its various channels be widened to a mile or two, and then we would pass a spot without islands and not more than a couple of hundred feet wide. The river was very tortuous and the channel constantly changed from bank to bank. We saw great quantities of water-fowl—pelicans, storks, herons, flamingoes, geese, ducks, and also numbers of eagles, crows, vultures and pigeons. The current was strong, but as we carried 165 lbs. of steam, or eleven atmospheres, as the Belgian measurement goes, causing our stern-wheel to revolve thirty-two times per minute, we succeeded in making a speed of about six miles an hour. At first the river was bordered with low and level wooded banks, which, as we progressed, became higher, and there were many ranges of hills which, terminating sharply at the water's

edge, made pretty, natural gateways where we had vistas of the river before us. The large quantity of commingled ferns and vines smoothed and softened the surface of verdure presented to the river, and to us reclining in our easy-chairs and gazing with delight as the steamer slowly tugged along. The evidence of great population continued. Canoes of every size were almost continually in sight, and there were many small villages directly upon the banks, while frequent well-beaten paths leading back into the forest told of many others near at hand. Many of the sandbanks contained also small fishing villages, with wretched half-open huts. Everywhere the people came down to the shores, and gazed and grinned at us while holding up some manioc roots, or a chicken, or a calabash of malafou, as an invitation for us to land and trade. We stopped at one place just long enough to get a calabash of the fresh palm juice, which we found useful in making bread, it being both a leaven and a sweetener. For a demijohn holding two gallons, about thirty cowries, in value two cents, were given. Thus it was without doubt the cheapest "made drink" in the world. This, however, is a forest quotation that I am giving; the same quantity at Manyanga, in the cataract region of the Congo, would cost fifty cents. Both Europeans and natives like the malafou best when it is not over six hours old. In from eight to twelve hours it becomes quite sharp and strong. The natives make altogether too free use of this liquor, and on occasions of special joy or sorrow entire villages—women as well as men, and even the larger children—will frequently become drunk upon it. Malafou makes a pleasant diluent for claret or the light Portuguese wine universally used by foreigners in the Free State.

The next day we arrived at a factory on the south bank, just above the entrance of the Lubudi. This river is yet unexplored, but by native report could only be navigated by canoes. It flows northwesterly, and is about two hundred miles long. Its mouth is less than one hundred feet in width. Here we saw a large fish-pound made of stakes and mats, and filled with cylindrical traps. For the factory, of half a dozen houses, a semi-circle of forest has been cleared on the sloping hillside. The principal house is made of split reeds, with a roof of the coarse leaves of a certain water-plant. This factory is comparatively new. The present superintendent is an American, who has been here eight months. He brought with him ten negroes from Jamaica, and some Spaniards from Nicaragua and Costa Rica, where they were familiar with the

rubber trade, to try and see what they could do in Central Africa. The rubber here is all of the vine variety, and is found in great abundance. The tapping of the caoutchouc tree generally causes its death, but the vines are not much affected by this operation, and soon spring forth afresh. The sap is boiled in iron pans, and then made into great flat cakes for export. Rubber prepared in this manner is more valuable than that made into the small balls already described. Near the factory are many large villages of the Bakubas, who are generally a very peaceable, well-disposed people, in this respect differing entirely from the Basongos on the north bank, who are savage and intractable, and constantly at war with the Bakubas. The latter are of good physical stature, and much given to elaborate tattooing. Many of the men wear their hair on the crown in a thick bunch which is covered by a little plaited straw cap, oddly enough secured by being transfixed with a long needle in the same way as our girls at home fasten their hats. They have the Occidental custom of shaking hands, each adding to this simple process, however, the clasping of their own hands twice, once before and once after the mutual grasp. In the garden tomatoes, pumpkins, carrots, cabbages, turnips, radishes and salad were vigorously growing. Less than a mile in the interior dry open grass land alternates with forest. We landed three hundred bags of cowries.

It is impossible now to start in the mornings much before eight o'clock, on account of thick fog. The river is, however, in general deeper than the Kassai, and the navigation is much easier. You are not so apt to get aground as in the main river. As we go east the country seems to be becoming more open. It was interesting to observe that scarcely a single brooklet entered the river but its mouth held a wicker barrier and a fish-trap. This would seem to confirm the impression of a large population in the neighborhood. We saw one herd of half a dozen "hippos." This animal is much more sociable and domestic than the "croc." It is always seen with others, but the latter is generally solitary. The "crocs" are usually observed on the narrow points of sand-spits, while the "hippos" most do congregate upon sandbanks not appearing above, or but a trifle above, the surface, and frequently in the middle of the river. During the afternoon we experienced a very heavy thunder and lightning storm, accompanied by but little rain, it being now the dry season. The lightning was terrific, and struck several times very near us. You frequently see giant mon-

archs of the forest that have lost half their height by these fierce electric bolts.

We were obliged the next morning to halt for wood. It seems that the night before we stopped near a village, and our men spent their time in trying to steal food from its inhabitants instead of attending to their proper business of getting wood. Only six of the whole crew did any work. So, soon after starting, the punishment of twenty-five lashes was meted to each of the delinquents. The little wood that we did receive was also bad, and we could not steam with it more than four miles an hour. After getting on board a fresh supply of better wood, at a cost of some four hours' time, we proceeded. That evening, as we were making fast to the south bank, about a dozen people who stood upon the shore ran away in great fright into the interior. We sent a few of our men to one of their villages to buy some food, but the inhabitants refused to sell anything, and said they wanted nothing to do with us.

The next day we stopped nearly opposite the mouth of the Lubefu, a river originally explored by Wolf, and up which steamers have run for a journey of two days. There is, however, as yet no factory or post upon it. We were now at a point about 250 miles west of the well-known town of Nyangwé, on the right bank of the Congo. The following day we halted at a large village near the north bank. The people in great fright all left it and took to the woods. We decoyed a few back with offerings of bright beads and gay-colored handkerchiefs, and succeeded in buying a few carved wooden pillows and stools from them, but they had no food to sell us. In the centre of the village was a large fetish—a circle of short sticks surrounding two or three larger ones daubed different colors and standing in a bank of plastered mud, the whole covered with a low palm-leaf thatch. The huts were exceedingly small, many of them being not more than four feet high, the same in width, and perhaps six feet long. They were made of a split wood like bamboo, and were lined with large leaves. The roofs were made of several layers of a large stout leaf of the consistency of India-rubber. The small doors of wickerwork slid back and forth, held by loops working on reed stems. We passed several other villages, and saw many natives at the landings, where their canoes were drawn up. At one sandbank we noticed a number of fishermen drawing a large net ashore. It was made of the fine fibres of certain plants, and was floated by blocks of wood. These natives also fish along the shores and edges of the sandbanks at

night with torches of gum copal, which is found in large quantities in the forest.

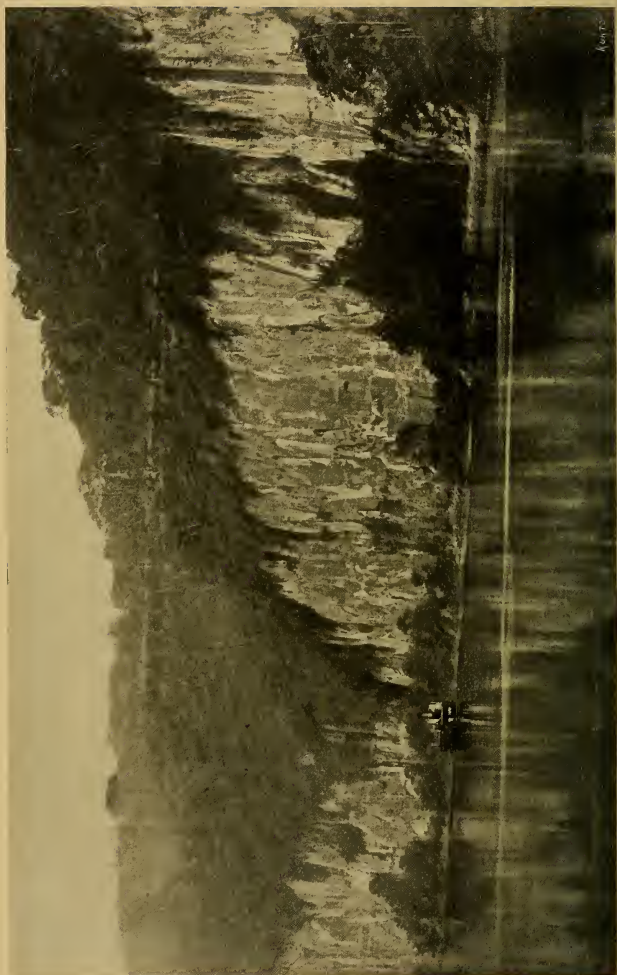
The factory at which we next arrived was Inkongo, situated on a sandy bluff, some ten or fifteen feet above the river, on the south bank, where a large space has been cleared of trees and set out in fine gardens. Soil has to be brought to form the raised beds, and the fierce rays of the sun have to be warded off by coverings of palm leaves. Many avenues of bananas, plantains, papayas, pineapples and passion-flowers have been planted about the place. The country round about being hilly and a good deal of it open and covered only with grass, and the ground of the station being dry and porous, I was not surprised to learn that Inkongo was a healthy place of residence. In one of the warehouses was a large number of cases of the goods here used in barter—beads, wire, cottons, brass-balls, looking-glasses, gay-colored sunshades and, more especially, the circulating medium of this region, great flat crosses of copper, worth about fifteen cents each. A dozen sizes, styles and colors of beads are needed, and the value of these fluctuates like "active" stocks at home. The demand, besides, is not only for one article in one section and another in another, as sometimes wire is wanted, again cotton, but beads of one color or size will be worth double those of another, or the latter may be refused altogether, and fashion also governs this matter of beads in that the style changes from year to year. White beads seemed to me the most universally in request, possibly because they show so strongly against the black skins. So that the trader in supplying himself with beads, or the buying material, of a certain section must consult the local market very carefully or he will find himself without funds for conducting his business. A short distance back of the factory a sort of model native village has been laid out by the white men. Here you find a broad avenue lined by bananas, and well-built huts properly separated from each other. The natives seem to have taken very kindly to this scheme. In the centre of the street, at long distances, apart, are some half a dozen open houses—sheds only covered by roofs, under which the people congregate and chat by the hour together. This tribe were Bakubas. They appreciate the many advantages of being near a European factory for purposes of trade, but do not like to relinquish any of their native customs. Both men and women wear a sort of short cloth skirt, and they stain their bodies a shade of red with the powder of the cam-wood. The men are armed

with bows and poisonous arrows, the latter being carefully carried in a quiver. They are simply stout, straight reeds, whose notched tops are steeped in a virulent poison. The light arrows are winged with pieces of banana-leaf, instead of feathers, as are the barbed iron ones. Spears and broad, flat-bladed daggers are also carried. They are greatly given to tattooing, which covers those parts of the body that even by savages are not generally exposed to public view. I saw a woman engaged in making earthenware cooking-bowls, which were of seemingly perfect circles, and this without the intervention of any potter's wheel. They use here a curious sort of pillow or head rest, a long, narrow piece of wood, with central legs, the point resting on the ground and the upper part containing a circular support for the neck or side of the head. At night we were treated to a concert of the same kind of tree-toads as those that caused us so much annoyance at the new station which we founded at Mangay, on the Kassai, though here fortunately the pitch of the music (!) was considerably lower.

CHAPTER LI.

AT HOME WITH A NATIVE KING.

A DAY later we reached Lusambo. The scenery had become much more picturesque, with higher hills, alternate forest and grass-land, and there were many bluffs of soft sandstone. The country continued to bear evidence of dense settlement. Lusambo is pleasantly situated on the north bank, upon a large open plain, with a semicircle of grassy hills behind it. This plain is twenty or thirty feet above the Sankuru, and is quite sandy. Across the river, here perhaps two hundred yards wide, are more grass-covered hills and the beehive-shaped huts of a few villages. The houses of the station—it is a State post—extended in several streets along the river-front. There are perhaps a dozen of these, with mud-plastered walls, and grass peaked roofs which stretch beyond the walls, making cool verandahs. As we steamed along we first saw many huts of the laborers belonging to the post. Then came the Belgian houses, a tall staff in the centre displaying the flag of the State, underneath which a soldier, in blue uniform and red fez, paced up and down. Directly behind these buildings was a large open space, the parade-ground, and around this was a great circle of soldiers' huts. Beyond, to the left, were immense manioc fields and countless banana plants and oil-palms, while to the right were other habitations and more bananas. Steps cut in the hard clayey bluff led from the landing up to the station, and near here was a little fort mounting four small guns. Several hundred of the natives assembled to greet us, men and women of various shades of complexion and colors and style of dress, though undress was really most prevalent. There were also at the landing several Belgian officers, in uniform, the superintendent, the judge and the doctor of the post, and some others. These escorted us to the superintendent's house. Everything was clean and in good order, and of a very tidy appearance. Soldiers saluted grave-



The Fallsides of the Sankuru.

ly in European style. Women, engaged in pounding manioc, stared and grinned at us. A monkey, tied to a verandah-post, simpered and danced; a beautiful captive leopard ceased his nervous tramping and allowed us to pat him. And so we came to a large vine-covered summer-house, surrounded by pretty gardens, and, reclining in extension-chairs around a large table, were served Portuguese wine, and a liqueur which is made from palm wine, and which I found remarkably good.

Lusambo is the largest and one of the most important stations in the whole Congo Free State. It is situated in about latitude 5° south, and $23^{\circ} 30'$ east longitude. It was founded five years ago by the famous Belgian explorer, M. Paul le Marinel, a gentleman who has made many important journeys in the southeastern part of the country. He has been ten years in the service of the Free State, and is at present a "State Inspector." He has a brother who has done good exploration in the upper waters and branches of the great northern tributary of the Congo, the Ubangi. Lusambo was established originally with the view of being the headquarters of soldiers to operate against the hostile Arabs, who it was feared would raid the region in its neighborhood. There have been three battles with the natives to the east and south, at distances of fifty and sixty miles, but none with the Arabs, who have not thought best to visit Lusambo. There are here some twenty whites and six hundred soldiers. There is a magazine of 1,500 guns, with a liberal supply of ammunition. In the vicinity are some big villages, containing several thousand natives. Within a radius of fifty miles from Lusambo there are seven smaller stations. We only remained long enough to deliver the mails and take a walk about the place. Everything about the post was on a large scale. There was a plantation of manioc over a quarter of a mile square. There were a garden, many orchards, and everywhere broad and smooth roads, lined with bananas and pineapples. The parade-ground was sufficiently large for the manœuvring of a thousand men. There is another State post a day further up the river, called, from the name of its "King," Pania Mutembo, and to this we were now bound. Nearly opposite Lusambo, the Lubi enters the Sankuru. This is a small, though long, river, not navigable by steamers. Its mouth is only about one hundred feet wide. From Lusambo the Sankuru runs for a distance directly east and then bends towards the south. It was now almost without islands, other than low sandy ones, and it had narrowed to a breadth of

from one hundred to two hundred yards. It became more picturesque, and we had glimpses of much high and open country beyond the immediate banks. Frequently the wooded hills came to an abrupt descent of one hundred or two hundred feet at the water's edge. These bluffs were of sandstone. With their varying colors of red, yellow, brown, drab and black, a surface almost as smooth as that of the river, and their framework of dark green foliage, they were very attractive, and recalled to my mind the appearance of the famous "Pictured Rocks" in Lake Superior. In one place we passed an almost perfect circle of the river only one hundred feet broad, full of sandbanks, and with a swift current. Two steamers could hardly have passed each other here. The river continued very tortuous, now running in horseshoe bends, now turning at right angles.

Early in the afternoon we saw up a long reach of the river, on the left bank, an enormous field of bananas, which almost hid from view the little conical grass-huts of the large town of King Pania Mutembo. On the hill back of this were the buildings of a State post—one with only black officials—and many scattered huts. On the hills opposite were many more huts, and, in short, all the region gave evidence of the centralisation of a great population. Anchored by the town was the steamer "Stanley," belonging to the Congo State, and having on board, as we afterwards found, M. Paul le Marinel. We drew swiftly in and anchored next this steamer, while great numbers of natives were running from every direction, and covering all the bank for a look at the new-comer. They rapidly accumulated to more than a thousand, and stood and sat and stared, gossiped, laughed and criticised all the remainder of the day, only dispersing with darkness. The "Stanley" was of a similar model to the "Archiduchesse Stéphanie," though smaller. She was the first steamer that ascended the Congo after Stanley's exploration. She was brought out from Belgium in eight pieces, which had to be transported on iron carriages over the rough road made round the cataracts by the great explorer, a work of immense difficulty and labor. Afterwards the steamers were brought out in many small pieces whose transport over the caravan road was easy, if slow.

As soon as we were made fast to the bank, a short, stout gentleman with a cropped beard, wearing a uniform of blue coat, white trousers, white canvas shoes, and a blue cloth cap bound with three wide bands of gold-lace, paid us the honor of a visit. It was M. le



Sankuru "Corps de Ballet" ?

Marinel, the State Inspector. With him came King Pania Mutembo, distinguished from his people by wearing a turban and by possessing a more Arab style of features; a large fat man wearing a skull-cap and European clothes and shoes, the chief of the large villages beyond Lusambo; and a number of native soldiers with red fezes and muskets. Pania Mutembo's town and the suburbs count some 10,000 people. It is the largest settlement in the Congo Free State. Its situation is very fine, being upon the sides of a great smooth hill lying parallel to the river. From here to Wolf Falls, the head of steam navigation, is a voyage of only four hours. The river is narrow, full of rocks, and has a very strong current.

The Falls are situated in about latitude $5^{\circ} 36'$ south and 24° east longitude, 1,500 miles from Banana Point on the Atlantic. They are, therefore, in about the same longitude as Stanley Falls, half way across Africa, or in almost exactly the southern centre of the great continent. From here to Lake Tanganyika the distance is about 350 miles, the intervening country—except along the valley of the Congo and its branches, which are filled with forests—being mostly open grass-land, with few large or important villages. We sat on the steamer's deck and returned the stares of the great crowd of natives on the banks. They were pleasant, smiling people, of many tints, from bright yellow to dull black. They wore loin cloths of original manufacture, which looked like coarse gunny-sacking. Some of the women bore a great circular bunch of grass about their waists, which made them look as if members of a very advanced *corps de ballet*. Several of them had their bushy hair arranged *à la Pompadour*, and ornamented with large round shells and innumerable cowries. The people here have less tattooing than ordinarily witnessed, and it seems to be confined to the stomachs of the women, where the patterns are most artistically done. Many of the men wore only the brims—or what would be the brims with us—of straw hats, with a bunch of feathers stuck on one side. Apart from the feathers, which were not always present, these men might have posed as black saints, with material nimbuses. All were much addicted to the wearing of strings of white beads about the neck and wrists and copper rings around the ankles. The women had also a habit of wearing great strings of beads over one shoulder and under the opposite arm. Many of them had very frank, winning faces and a more feminine expression than we had before noticed. Some of the people

brought provisions to trade for beads. Others stood gaping at us and playing upon two-stringed guitars, the body of the instrument consisting of the half of a round calabash. Still others stood in long massed rows, their hands clasped about their necks, and their eyes almost falling out in wonderment at the strange fire-boat. Both sexes and all ages were curiously grouped and mingled and huddled together. Take all this scene, with a background of huts resembling haystacks, and a forest of bananas, maize and sugarcane, with a great noise of much uncouth babble, and a general all-pervading odor certainly not from Araby the blest or Ceylon the spicy, and you have a glimpse of life and character in distant Central Africa. Major Parminter and myself had the honor of dining with M. le Marinel, whom we found exceedingly well-informed about this region and its inhabitants, and able and willing to convey his knowledge in forcible and agreeable style.

At daylight the throng of natives was renewed upon the bank, and the hubbub was if anything greater than on the day before. The "Stanley" left for Lusambo at ten o'clock, having first taken aboard two hundred men, who were prisoners of war, to work in various stations of the State. During the morning the king paid us a second visit. He appeared as a dignified old gentleman, bearing a long wand as a badge of authority. He was dressed in a white shirt, open in front and worn over a colored silk waist-cloth, which descended like a skirt to his bare feet. Over the shirt he wore a light sack-coat, after the approved manner of Syrian and Egyptian dragomans. His turban of blue cloth was arranged with the ends extending at the sides like the head-gear of the conventional Egyptian Sphinx. Around his neck he wore four or five chains of immense blue beads, and also many bracelets of the same. Upon one finger was a copper ring, and upon his ankles were bands of leather. He was accompanied by four or five soldiers, and by half a dozen of his great men, who were almost nude save their strings of beads. The chief of the villages near Lusambo was present as interpreter. Several of our bags of beads and bales of goods were displayed before the king, and a long talk ensued as to the relative purchasing power of each, for we wished to fill up our depleted larder as far as possible. The king went as he came with much *hauteur*, his people fleeing in every direction before his approach.

The natives now began to bring us provisions, but so little did each one carry at a time that we had several of our men

engaged all day buying for us. This was not because they were poor and could spare but little of their stock, but because they believed they would be paid more by this method of petty retailing. We had always, standing in the water at the steamer's side, fifty or more women and young girls who chattered and bargained with our men, who were squatting on the lower deck. Back of the traders were some hundreds of people who simply sat or stood and looked on at the others, or stared at the steamer. The prices were extraordinarily low, small white beads being the circulating medium. These were doled out by filling an empty cartridge case, which was the standard of value, though cloth and handkerchiefs were also used. The equivalent in our money of several articles we purchased was: maize, fifty ears for one cent; beans, one bushel, eight cents; a goat, twenty cents; a chicken, two cents; a big bunch of bananas, two cents; and eggs twelve cents a gross! The people were always having some local joke among themselves, at which all would heartily laugh. On the approach of the king, or of any fancied cause of alarm, they would run away like a flock of frightened sheep, only to immediately return, all laughing and vociferating as if crazy. Though it was the "dry season," we were treated in the afternoon to a tremendous shower of rain and hail, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and this turned into a steady downpour which lasted till midnight.

In the morning we went ashore to call upon the king, and to see something of the great town, or rather towns, for there are many villages all about this section of country. We took two interpreters with us, since it was necessary to pass through two languages before reaching that understood by the king. We carried several chairs with us, feeling sure that none would be found where we were going. We passed along a smooth wide path, lined with rows of huts around which bananas, maize, millet and manioc were growing. The people gave us the friendly greeting of, "It is peace with you." Just before the entrance gate a goat's head had been stuck on a spear—a sort of fetish. The king lives in a great enclosure, surrounded by a palisade of tree trunks ten feet high. At the main entrance is the reception-hall, a small but very well made peaked-roof house. "His Majesty" was within, holding a palaver, but he immediately came out and, approaching, took in turn each of our hands in his, and then, ordering the people to stand aside, led the way into the building. Mats were spread upon the floor, and in one corner was a low platform, also covered with mats,

upon which the king sat upon a low stool. He wore a very aged "Derby" hat, with a bunch of feathers stuck through one side, which gave him a rather rakish look, and was not nearly so dignified and appropriate as his blue turban. As soon as seats were taken, about fifty natives came in, and crowding together in semi-circles, squatted upon their haunches behind us. After the exchange of a few compliments, our presents were offered, and we were all carefully scrutinised, counted and audibly criticised, as if apprehensive of some bad faith. This was not simply looking a gift horse in the mouth, it was trying to peer into his stomach. But the king made some amends by clapping his hands gayly when all had been shown him. This is the usual indigenous expression of delight and satisfaction. Our presents embraced several fathoms of black and white cloth, some old clothes, small looking-glasses, case-knives, red handkerchiefs, and beads of half a dozen sizes and colors.

We then asked permission to see the royal residence and that of the harem, and spoke also of our intention to walk over the town, and ascend the hill for an extensive view. So the king rose and led the way into the above-mentioned enclosure, which must have contained a hundred houses, placed in parallel rows almost touching each other. Pania Mutembo is reported to glory in upwards of five hundred "wives," who, besides their children and many slaves and servants, all live in this quarter. We walked all about it, and entered several houses, including that of the king. These houses are about ten feet square and eight feet high, with a roof coming to a central point about four feet above the line of the walls. These are made of stout tree trunks placed close together, and between each two run round bent twigs which form the framework of the roof, and are fastened in the ground. The whole is then thickly covered with long grass, the bunches of which are trimmed, in several places on the angles of the roof, for ornament. There is no opening save a low and narrow door, which in most cases is provided with a curved portico to exclude sun and storm. Within, the general arrangement is always the same. About one-half is partitioned off, and this is again divided. In the part next the door are the fire, the cooking utensils, and the food, which is suspended in baskets from rafters. There is no special egress for smoke, which finds its way out as best it may. The adjoining room—it is square and very small—is the sleeping place, the floor being covered with mats, and a few wooden pillows lying



Huts in Fonia Mutembo's Capital.

about. In the corners of the open-half of the house stand great jars of water, and spears, bows and arrows. This is about the extent of the furniture. I should have mentioned that the floor, raised about a foot above the surrounding ground, is of smooth and hard mud, which is not only healthful but easily kept clean. The king's house was no better than the others, but double their size. It had also no means of lighting save by the small open door, and, though we were specially invited to enter it, we could not see its contents as well as we wished. It was arranged about as the others, but contained the royal gala dress, a gown of coarse, stiff native cloth, half covered with a large leopard's skin. In one corner were a keg of powder and half a dozen rifles. In another many bowls of wicker-work, well-made and prettily ornamented pottery, and a few iron trunks. The walls held a large looking-glass, several broad-bladed knives in fantastic scabbards of leopard or monkey skin, the tails being always suspended from the lower end. There were also several large baskets full of corn, beans, and manioc. These houses and contents being of such inflammable materials, I thought a fire would be terribly destructive, and was not surprised to learn that by this means the town had been several times nearly completely destroyed. Near the royal abode a poor woman was squatting upon the ground, fastened to a peg by a heavy iron chain which had been put around her neck. I did not regard it as etiquette to inquire as to her crime. A little further on we encountered a large group of the "wives"—plump, oily creatures, covered with bead ornaments, and most of them engaged in attending to the importunate demands of very big fat babies. We told the king that in our countries the married men were accustomed to have but one wife each. He replied that there our wealth was in other things, in gold and silver, and in ships and factories, but here his property was in these wives, whom if he chose he could barter for anything he wanted. He followed us to the gate, and, after shaking hands, we started for a long walk.

The chief or central town is quite a mile in length and half a mile in width. The houses, for the most part, extend in regular rows along the wide paths. The immense quantity of bananas furnish an agreeable shade for them, and for pedestrians. Maize, manioc and sorghum are also much grown, while the whole of the smoothly-swelling hills, for miles around, are covered with millet, for such a large population must need much food. In

many of the huts the people were busy weaving cloth from the long, tough fibres of a local bush. This cloth is strong, and makes very good bags for European use. A handful of beads will buy a piece six feet long and three wide. Before the entrances to many huts we saw great masses of small, glittering objects which we learned were the refuse wings of locusts, these insects being a popular article of diet among the Basongos. We afterwards saw great quantities of them, that had been smoked, placed upon mats to dry in the sun. All the people were curious but respectful, and pleasantly saluted us with their "Mboté," or good-day of welcome. In one place, by the side of our path, was a circular enclosure in which had been planted, in rows, the white and now bleached skulls of sixty prisoners, who had been taken in war and afterwards killed and eaten. We saw many fetishes, which generally consisted of a hideous head carved upon a rough block of wood, that was stuck in a mound of clay and surrounded by a row of plain sticks. Sometimes these heads were more elaborate, with eyes made of cowries and nose of copper. Occasionally instead of being stuck in the ground they were attached to a liana which was stretched across our path. But I was struck by the general absence of any industries, useful or ornamental. We walked to the end of the main town, but saw others around on every side. A narrow, but thick, belt of forest indicated the direction of the river, coming from the falls and the south. The king has a great reputation as a warrior, and has brought very much of the surrounding country under his sway. Some of his soldiers are armed with flint-lock muskets and "Winchesters," but the most of them only with spears and knives. There are a few minor chiefs who have establishments of houses and wives similar to that of the king, only on a greatly reduced scale, for he will take no chance of a rival, his power is absolute. He may consult some of the head men, but always has his own way.

We returned to the steamer by another road, and found that our wants as regarded food were mostly supplied, and the market was beginning to flag. The king called soon after, bringing us the present of several crates of chickens and one of ducks. He also brought us some of the large copper crosses used as money, which we wanted to trade elsewhere for ivory and rubber, and for which we paid in black cloth. This cloth he measured off with his extended arms, so many fathoms' length. He then begged for a sunshade, and we afterwards sent him a gem made in three colors,

red, yellow and blue, and worth about five cents. He also asked for one of our rifles, which, of course, we could not give him. Later in the afternoon a long and very black line of cloud was pointed out to me, on the opposite side of the river, as simply a great incursion of locusts. Fortunately this noxious swarm did not visit us, but passed away to the south.

CHAPTER LII.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING.

WE were only six hours in returning to Lusambo, where we took on board one hundred laborers, to be distributed among the factories. At several of the villages which we passed, the natives were very hostile, freely shying their arrows at us—one, of a poisonous character, catching in a chain, and another, an iron-barbed one, penetrating the planks of the dining-cabin, just by my side, nearly an inch. As no one, fortunately, was wounded, we did not delay our voyage to punish them, either by burning their villages or pursuing them into the woods, to which they would immediately flee, had we landed. A few days afterwards we stopped at noon near a large village to try and get a supply of food for our men. The village was at a little distance back from the river, over the hill. Soon after our arrival, and while we were at breakfast, the chief called on board. He was a large brawny man with a chin beard, three sleigh-bells worn upon the apex of his head, a loin cloth like a short skirt, and a little pouch of medicine suspended from a liana about his neck. He carried a broad-bladed spear, and a small bunch of long thin reeds, with which to whisk away flies and other troublesome insects. This chief marched straight into our dining-saloon, and greeted us as if he was addressing a regiment on parade. He then sat down beside us on the divan and kept up his shouting for fully ten minutes, the Major making humorous replies in French, and repeating and imitating many of the chief's phrases. It was a very funny scene. The chief smiled and seemed as contented as if every one understood all he was saying, and we, of course, were convulsed with laughter. We pressed our self-invited guest to eat and drink, but he would do no more than taste an omelette, which, however, he pronounced "beautiful"—we happened to understand this word of his dialect. We gave him a small round mirror, which he tied to the liana about his neck, and afterwards,



Worshipping Fetishes.

walking about among his people on shore, was the observed of all observers, and the recipient of many compliments upon his novel adornment. We gave him also a handful of beads, and he pulled up a corner of his dress and tied them in it with a "hard" knot. He afterwards made another impromptu pocket for a small bell that was given him. He accompanied us to his village, which was built in a large oval, with the houses so close together as to make a certain form of defence in case of attack by enemies. The houses were of a much better character than usual, being of split reeds, secured together in ornamental patterns with natural cordage, dyed different colors. We were shocked to find almost half the villagers sick with small-pox, and, to the chief's piteous appeal for some remedies, we were obliged to confess we had none. These people were very friendly, and were glad to sell us specimens of their cloth manufacture, some leopard skins, some small fetishes of carved wood, some boxes, pipes and wooden pillows. At night our many people go ashore, and, squatting around a score of fires, cook their simple dinner of dried fish and beans amid a roar of gossip such as would shame the largest café in southern Europe. The clatter, interspersed with singing or, rather, shouting, continues for an hour after their meal, and, in fact, lasts until daylight, with a few slight interruptions to replenish their fires. The early mornings are cool enough for winter clothes, while even white duck feels too warm during the afternoons. There was frequently actually a difference of fifty degrees Fahrenheit between the hours of 5 A. M. and 3 P. M.

We spent the following week in establishing several factories on the banks of the Sankuru. At some of these we left a white superintendent, at others a mestizo from Central America, or a negro from Jamaica, together with the usual complement of black laborers. Then we again ascended the Kassai and the Lulua to Luebo, where we received a freightage of two tons of ivory and thirty-five of rubber. We also took one hundred and twenty laborers, men and women, for the new factories on the Sankuru, whither we now headed once more. Unfortunately on leaving Bena Lindi we ran upon a sandbank before we were out of sight of the factory and, notwithstanding our most strenuous exertions, remained fast. During the night the strong current silted the sand up about us so that we had nothing to do but remove our cargo to a dry sandbank near at hand, and then make a final attempt to get off. It was very curious to find only a few inches of

water where the night before we had measured a depth of three feet. The whole bed of the Kassai seems to be of fine sand, and the strong currents change the channels almost weekly. Many places, which we safely passed in ascending the river, were quite impassable on the downward journey. Upon removing nearly all our cargo, we succeeded in finally getting free, but after reloading and going on, at half-speed, were unfortunate enough to get aground once more. After again sending the most of our cargo to the nearest sandbank, and six hours' work, we got off, but, owing to the slipping of an anchor, once more ran aground, and so remained all night. It was nearly noon the next day before we were again *en route*.

The day after, early in the morning, as we were rounding a sharp point, we were greatly surprised at seeing a large elephant quietly walking across the river, and half out of the water, just before us. Within a minute we had fired five shots at him, three taking effect, and bringing him to his knees. He quickly recovered himself, however, and kept on his way, but soon fell again, and kicked and rolled frantically. Then he gained his feet once more, but we saw that he was badly hurt. He walked a few paces further, and then fell again, and lost by drowning what little of life was left. A few feet of his back remained above the surface of the water. Our men then set up a ringing shout, for they knew we would give them a great feast of meat, and as for ourselves we were no less eager, for the elephant had a fine pair of tusks fully five feet long. We anchored the steamer at the nearest bank, and, taking our two boats and some fifty men, started across the river to secure the game. The elephant proved to be quite dead, having received two shots in the head, and one which passed entirely through his lungs and huge body. He was about eight feet high at the shoulder. We attached our stoutest cable to him and dragged him to a neighboring sandbank. The men then set to and cut up the great carcass in pieces which might go into our boats. The head and the legs were soon removed, and then great chunks of the body and the entrails, for the natives eat every part of an elephant except the skin and bones, as they do also of a crocodile or hippopotamus. For dismembering the monster our wood-saws, axes and machetes were used. After taking the pieces ashore they were again subdivided into chunks, which were given each one to four men, who had to further divide it among themselves. All our people, some two hundred in number, had enough for three huge feeds. The

natives so seldom have any meat other than occasionally poultry, or, still less frequently, goat, that when they capture any of the great wild animals, they gorge themselves to the wonderment of a white man. They boiled a part of their allotment for immediate consumption, and smoked the remainder, placing it upon little wooden frames over their fires. We prepared for ourselves some elephant soup and steaks, both of which were quite good. The meat tastes very like beef, and has the appearance of coarse corned-beef, but is nearly black in color. The tusks were so firmly planted in the skull that it took several hours to cut them out with axes. The native method is to place the head in water for a long time and let the tusks rot out. It required the whole day to cut up the elephant and to apportion the flesh among our people, who sat up half the night cooking and eating it, having altogether quite a saturnalia.

Our journey was one long experience of getting on and off sandbanks. We saw many large herds of hippopotami—one numbered forty-two—also many crocodiles, and some large red buffalo. One day we saw four large elephants browsing near the bank, one a splendid great fellow with enormous tusks. We tried to get a shot, but they set off for the forest at a swinging gait. After completing our business on the Sankuru we returned to the Kassai, and went on down this to the Kwango, where Major Parminter desired to establish a factory. The Kwango is a swiftly flowing flood of a darker brown than the Kassai. Its mouth, like that of the Sankuru, is several miles in width, and is full of large flat sandy or grass-covered islands. Going up a short distance, the Kwango is about half a mile in width. On both banks are large villages of round conical-topped grass huts, half concealed in groves of bananas. The Kwango is navigable by steamers as far as the station of Kingunchi, about 175 miles, then by canoes to the Francis Joseph Falls, 250 miles further. A little beyond these falls are those of the Emperor William—so that two members of the Triple Alliance are here commemorated. The largest branch of the Kwango is the Kuilu, which enters it about fifteen miles above its junction with the Kassai.

Not finding at the junction of these two rivers, as we had hoped, a suitable place to erect a factory, we decided to explore the Kuilu, a clear, clean stream, almost wholly devoid of the usual greasy surface. It averaged about a quarter of a mile in width,

and the navigation was good. There were a few tree-covered islands and large sandbanks, which could, however, be easily avoided. The river was very tortuous, and ran with a swift current. It was bordered by narrow strips of forest, and beyond lay great smooth plains of thick, coarse and tall grass. We saw several large villages, nestling as usual in banana groves, and there was also evidence of dense population in the many canoes seen at landing-places, with well-worn paths leading back into the country, and many fish-traps scattered along either bank. As soon as they beheld us the natives took flight at once and, running their canoes into half-concealed creeks or thick grass, hid themselves in the bush and doubtless peeked out at us as we passed. These people seemed exceedingly timid, although they could not have been maltreated by any white man. There are no stations or factories on the Kuilu, only a small part of which has, in fact, ever been explored. It is known only for about one hundred miles from its mouth, where its branch, the Inzia, enters. After making fast for the night, we proceeded to a neighboring village, where the people were very unfriendly, begging us to go away, and saying they would bring us every kind of food we wanted. They however never came near us. We saw many elephant tracks, several "hippos," many parrots, and a few monkeys and ducks. The banks of the river were about twenty feet in height, and covered with trees, vines, ferns, bush and grass.

The next day we reached the Inzia. The Kuilu runs here nearly parallel with the Kassai, and we were now almost directly south of, and only some forty miles distant from, Mount Pogge, on that great river. With most of these Central African rivers the upper reaches are much larger than the lower and their mouths. The Kuilu has thus far averaged from a quarter to half a mile in width. The villagers, whom we approached, all ran away from us, and would not give us any food for our men, though we tried to entice them with gay-colored handkerchiefs, brass bells, mirrors and vari-colored beads.

The next afternoon we saw three large elephants, each with fine great tusks, crossing the river ahead of us. They walked nearly all the way over, having only once or twice to swim short distances, and refreshed themselves by diving and by squirting water over themselves. We ordered "full-steam ahead," but failed

to get within range for a "killing" shot. These animals, apparently, did not see our steamer, for they neither hurried nor displayed any fear. One of them was a huge fellow, much larger than the one which we killed in the Kassai. The next day we saw another very large one, also crossing the river, but we were out of range again. Frequently, for long distances, fish-traps occurred every forty or fifty feet along the banks. Generally such of the people as we observed would scamper away out of sight as soon as possible, though several times crowds of them collected on the sandbanks, and either stood dumb with amazement at their first sight of the pale-faced stranger, or ran along abreast of us shouting to each other various criticisms of our strange appearance. During this day we shot two "hippos," but their bodies sank or were carried far down the river, and we had not the time to stop and search for them, though we would have liked some of the meat for ourselves and men. The flesh of the young animal is said to be almost exactly like good beef. It was quite difficult to shoot them from the steamer's deck, for they would only come to the surface for an instant, to get air, and then go down and swim long distances away. We also shot a large yellowish-green snake, about six feet long, which was swimming the river.

The Kuilu has turned directly south and now runs parallel with the Loange. We are some thirty miles distant from the Kassai, in a direct line, and have reached the latitude of Lusambo. Where the Kuilu took a turn to the south we were only about forty miles distant from the large native town of Ngun, on the Kassai, of which mention has already been made. All this region of country through which we are voyaging is quite unexplored. The Belgian traveller, Van de Velde, had, however, in 1889, passed from the Kwango east to Luebo, crossing the Kuilu, or what he supposed to be that river, in about latitude $6^{\circ} 20'$ south. Another traveller, named Buchner, crossed it higher up, going from east to west, in 1881. The point of his passage was in about latitude 8° south. The region of the supposed source, in Angola, some three hundred miles due east of the town of Dondo, was visited by Wissmann and Pogge in 1881. There seems every probability that these travellers have described the same river. We intended to explore it until stopped by sandbanks and shallow water, or by falls or rapids. We expected to encounter the last named, as navigation of the Central African rivers is almost invariably terminated in

their upper waters by such obstructions. Though steam travel must then cease, they are almost all available for canoes some hundreds of miles further. The Kuilu is believed to have but one name throughout its course, but its branch the Inzia is known above the points where it has been crossed as the Saie and the Koengo.



View on the Kuitu River.

CHAPTER LIII.

EXPLORATION OF THE KUILU RIVER.

AT about ten o'clock the next day we drew in to a large village upon the right bank. A few of the inhabitants were at the riverside, but ran away at once. We, however, sent two or three of our men with handkerchiefs, wire, cowries and beads to explain to them that the object of our visit was of a pacific character, as we simply wanted to buy food. This explanation was satisfactory, and one by one the people very slowly and timidly came down to the steamer. We found the village an ordinary collection of grass and mud huts, containing several hundreds of people. There was an abundance of grain and vegetables, and goats and fowls. We had served out some rations of cowries to our men, and for three hours, both in the village and at the steamer's side, a most bustling market was held. The food was remarkably cheap: thus a basket of manioc, holding perhaps half a bushel, was sold for a handful of cowries; bananas and plantains were given two for a cowrie; eggs were two cowries each; a chicken was ten; maize was a cowrie an ear; and a double handful of tobacco brought but eight of the little shells. Cowries are divided into two classes in Central Africa: large and small, some tribes preferring one and some the other.

These people had of course never before seen a steamer nor, probably, a white man, and their wonder was unbounded. The men were all armed with bows and metal-tipped arrows. They were a small slightly-built race, who had made their dark bodies even darker by rubbing upon them charcoal and ashes. Several of them were also most alarmingly painted with stripes of yellow clay. When the steamer's whistle was blown, as a signal of departure, the hundreds who had collected on the bank at once stampeded pell-mell over each other and into the wood and tall grass. Our men greeted them with shouts of laughter and calls to come back, as

there was no danger and no harm would be done them, but it was to no purpose, they would not again come so near. Upon a second whistle being sounded, they ran as before, though now laughing and skylarking among themselves. A discharge of steam from the engine seemed to fill them with no less terror. It was amusing to notice the bearing of these people even up to the moment of our departure. It was clear they apprehended some trickery on our part: that would be their manner of dealing with another and weaker tribe, and hence they feared something of the same sort from us. We felt, however, that we had made a record for the white man as a friendly visitor, and a just and liberal barterer, and left, with our steamer quite overladen with the provisions we had purchased.

From now on, the people came in crowds to the river banks, though remaining mostly hidden by the trees. They were perfectly frantic with mingled dread and curiosity at sight of the steamer. They shouted and danced, and waved their arms in imitation of our revolving stern-wheel. They followed us, running along the banks for miles together. Occasionally some specially brave ones would rush out into the water to have a long unobstructed look at us. Fortunately they were not hostile, and did not shoot any arrows at us, as is too often the habit of these wild tribes. The steamer is provided with large wire screens, called "arrow-guards," which, when danger is anticipated, are placed about the men who are steering, for a native is always apt to be panic-stricken, and to drop the wheel and run behind the deck-houses. The expression on the countenances of the natives on the shores would make the fortune of an actor who could imitate it. They would stand with their bodies partly turned away, in order to dart into the bush at the slightest indication of danger, overwhelmed with awe and inquisitiveness, a few only daring to laugh, while the whole river echoed with their exclamations of astonishment and their crazy shouts.

About noon a large elephant undertook to cross the river almost directly before our bows. We hastily got our rifles and fired several shots at his head, now out, now half under the water, as he lumberingly swam along. Our steamer had such headway that it ran right atop of him, and he passed directly under us, and soon was so far astern, and towards the further bank, that it was difficult to hit him at a vulnerable point. Though we blazed away we had the mortification to see him mount the bank and enter the

forest. We were, however, so certain that he was mortally wounded, and could not get far, that we sent some of our most trusty men to follow his tracks. They were gone a couple of hours, but did not succeed in coming up with him, so we had to reluctantly give up the chase and continue our voyage.

The Kuilu is really a splendid river, by far the most beautiful of any I have yet seen in Central Africa. It is now the dry season and, therefore, the stream is far from its greatest depth, yet, though we are heavily laden and drawing three-and-a-half feet of water, we have come thus far about 250 miles without grounding on a single sandbank, rock or snag. There are many smaller steamers of this company which draw but eighteen inches of water, so that undoubtedly these, if not our own, could ascend the river in the very driest season. The country is high and looks healthy. It is, as we have seen, full of food and peaceable inhabitants. It also must be full of elephants. So far five have crossed the river ahead of us, and probably as many more that we have not seen, behind us. So there is a plentiful supply of ivory to be had. Whether there is also a good quantity of rubber we have yet to discover. From our point of view, on the river, it is impossible to say whether the valley is simply lined by narrow belts of trees, or immense forests stretch away on either hand. As we have found but a very few small affluents we are at a loss to know how its great flood is maintained, whether by a lake or by big and frequent springs. There are so many parallel rivers hereabouts that its drainage area can not be very large. That the people are prosperous and the region fertile is indicated by the extraordinary cheapness of food. Only think of the price of one article, an egg, being but two cowrie shells. This is at the rate of 520 for a cent! Though this rate indicates not only the great value of money (cowries) and the special profusion of eggs, yet it would probably take several days to collect so great a quantity, it being native fashion to bring in produce in small instalments, as already shown upon the Sankuru. During the night one of our men, who was trying to steal some food from the village in the neighborhood, got an arrow in his back for his pains. He was severely but not fatally injured. In the morning the people brought in a quantity of large sour oranges, which we bought at the rate of one cowrie each. We also bought peanuts at five cowries per peck, the basket holding about that quantity.

Villages followed one another in quick succession, and there were immense tracts covered almost wholly with oil-palms. The

hills bore great fields of manioc. At about noon we came to a confluent whose thick muddy current contrasted strongly with the clear dark water of the Kuilu. We afterwards learned that the native name of this river is the Kwenge. The Kuilu held a course somewhat to the eastward, while the branch trended to the southwest. The confluence was, as nearly as I could calculate, in latitude $6^{\circ} 30'$ south. We decided to ascend this branch first, and then attempt the main stream. The mouth was, as usual, so narrow and shallow and the water so full of sand and silt that we thought we should not be able to ascend very far, but after a little, we passed from a width of twenty-five yards to one of one hundred, and found sufficient water to enable us to go on for twenty miles. It gradually lost its silt and changed its color and clearness until it rivalled the Kuilu. Its banks were two or three hundred feet high—hills which sloped steeply back from the water and were mostly open grass-land, with occasional clumps of large trees. Clearings for manioc were always in sight, and hundreds of natives kept coming from the tops of the hills, in every direction, down to the banks, which they ran along for miles—men, women and children—clapping their hands to their mouths and shouting like North American Indians, now crawling through the high grass, now running in the river around some obstacle, now climbing trees for a longer view. They would hide and skulk behind trunks and leaves, nervously peering at us, with the mingled curiosity and fright of a wild animal, and just like the animal quite prepared to flee at the merest hint of danger. They waved their arms, they called each other's attention to something or other about the steamer or ourselves, they danced, they shouted, they laughed, and on they ran and scrambled for miles together. The people all had the same style of "hair-cut," a ridge of hair being allowed to grow from centre of forehead to nape of neck and, being stiff and straight, giving their heads the appearance of being covered with ancient Roman helmets. Suspended from the waist they wore little black skirts, which were sometimes embellished with banana leaves. These natives are closely allied in appearance, language and customs to the great Bakongo tribe, which are found between Matadi and Leopoldville, and also west of the upper portion of the Kassai. Their speech is in fact so much like the Bakongo that we were quite able to make ourselves intelligible to them.

Our presence has thoroughly aroused the whole country. Some of the people might possibly have heard rumors of the advent of



A Village on the Kuitu River.

the strange white man, with his wonderful guns and big boat, but hardly comprehended or realised that such things could be. We are greeted by constant shouts during the day, and at night we hear everywhere the singing around the camp fires, where our visit may possibly be the special theme for many months to come. During the afternoon, within the same hour, three elephants, each by himself, crossed the river ahead of us, but all of them were unfortunately beyond a satisfactory range, though we altered the sights of our "Mausers," and blazed away as usual. We also saw an elephant at a considerable distance in the plain. This made thirteen elephants altogether that we had seen on the Kassai, the Kuilu and the Kwenge.

The next day we went on for an hour and then, coming to a place full of rocks, where by careful sounding we could find no more than four feet of water, we decided to turn back. We had ascended the river about twenty-five miles. With a lighter draught boat it would doubtless have been possible to voyage somewhat higher, and we regretted we did not have one, and lacked the time to explore the river by canoes. We returned in three hours to the Kuilu, receiving a great popular ovation all the way. We drew in to a bank to have a chat with some people, but they were in such a tremendous state of excitement we could not get any information from them. They sold us some cloth, cleverly made of palm-leaf fibres, with very neat and regular patterns. Many of the men had beards, of which they seemed quite proud, twisting them to points. The hideous custom very generally prevailed of anointing the entire body with charcoal and palm-oil, which made them as black as Nubians, and as shiny as satin. Frequently they would also mark their faces with streaks of color, which imparted a very demon-like aspect.

The Kuilu is only about fifty yards wide at the junction of the Kwenge, but just above it opens out to a width of two hundred yards. We found it deep, crooked and lined with steep banks four or five hundred feet high, covered with very dense woods, prominent in which were many large trees. There were very few canoes and fish-traps visible, and no villages or people on the banks. The scenery was the finest we had yet seen. The narrow and winding river with its clear clean flood, the dark massive forests of the steep hills mirrored on its placid bosom, the great groves of palms, the dense masses of vines and creepers, the many large flowering shrubs, the silence and majesty of Nature, untouched by the hand of man,

savage or civilised, proved of remarkable attraction and interest. We steamed on till dark, making some twenty-five miles.

In the morning, two hours after leaving our stopping-place, and going still in a southerly direction, we arrived at the head of steam navigation on the Kuilu. We had accomplished the entire voyage in eight days, and without grounding upon a single rock or sandbank, although our steamer of forty-five tons burden was drawing, as I have said, three-and-a-half feet of water. The river is here a fine stream, one hundred yards in width and twelve feet in depth. Before us a ledge of rock, about five hundred feet long and two hundred broad, crossed the river diagonally, nearly from shore to shore. The water sweeps over this ledge at the rate of seven miles an hour, and its plunge of six feet presents a very beautiful sight, and creates a roar that can be heard a mile away.

As we could go no further in the steamer we proceeded in our largest canoe to explore the falls and the river above them. We took with us twenty paddlers, a steersman, a man to sound from the bow, two gun-bearers, a native interpreter and our white mate. Major Parminster and the writer made up a complement of twenty-eight people. A passage was only possible close to the right bank, where the water rushed with such force that we were fifteen minutes in making a distance of two hundred feet, and only succeeded, at last, by grasping the tree boughs and pulling ourselves along by them. Where the reef did not appear for two or three feet above the water, it was seen immediately beneath it, and, besides, great boulders were scattered about so promiscuously that no steamer, however small the size, light the draught, or powerful the engine, could force a passage, and the descent would be still worse than the ascent. Above the falls the river is of about the same width and depth as below. Keeping close in to one shore or the other, we paddled on for three miles, and then found the stream again blocked by other but much smaller ledges and rapids, which we had the same difficulty in passing. Both banks were crowded with shouting natives. We halted at a broad path leading, as we supposed, to a considerable village, and here gradually some hundreds of people assembled. Many of them were strongly-built, and all had frank and pleasant faces. Their *coiffures* were really works of art, the centre ridge of hair being some three inches high, braided, and matted with palm-oil. They wore also small braids, terminating in cowrie shells, over the forehead and around the sides of the head. Their beards, when they happened to have

them, were either twisted or matted into two or three little round pendant balls, or into a point terminated by a cowrie shell. The men were all armed with strong bows, five feet in length. They readily sold these to us for a few cowries. They also sold us some curious broad-bladed iron axes and some broad-bladed knives. Most of the men wore little human images of carved bone as fetishes. Here, as elsewhere, the women seemed the foremost and bravest in approaching us. One old man much amused us by his frantic dancing, and continued declaration that the white men had come down from the clouds to see them.

As we went on, we saw other great crowds on each bank, all of whom begged us, with the wildest gesticulations, to visit them, and buy some of their food or utensils. We stopped again, and so many men crowded into a canoe, to trade with us, that it filled, and all but sank. Another was actually upset in the eager desire for traffic, but the men stood in the water up to their shoulders, and continued their bargaining. All this was accompanied by babble and laughter that were quite deafening. Every one was good-natured though, and the utmost cordiality and friendliness prevailed. Several of the women had kindly feminine faces. Many carried little naked babies astride their hips, and one had her twins with her, one on each hip, a heavy load. I approached one of the babies, but it screamed and struggled as if mad. All the women laughed at this, though some of them were at first quite as scared as the baby.

A quarter of a mile above the second reef we found a great series of furious rapids, and, half a mile further, still another. It would have taken several hours to force our canoe through the latter, could we even have passed them at all, and so we decided to rest content. Above this the river was wide, deep and tranquil, and the natives said it continued on for several days' journey, wholly unbroken by rocks.

We returned to the steamer in a quarter of the time required for the ascent. Judging by the great volume of water here in the Kuilu, and the improbability of any more large affluents, owing to the general configuration of the country, and other watersheds, it is probable that it does actually, as is supposed, extend some hundreds of miles to the southward. The extreme point which we had reached was 360 miles from the mouth of the Kuilu, or some 385 from the Kassai. So far as natural scenery goes the Kuilu, I repeat, is much the most picturesque river I saw in the Congo

State. The interest was owing to its many wooded ridges, its frequent points, curves and circles, its horseshoe-shaped archings, and its bends at right-angles. To this add the varying shades of green foliage, the extraordinary shapes of many of the trees, and the spurs of hills, which overlap each other in very charming fashion as we turn and run in our swift descent. The falls are situated in latitude $6^{\circ} 50'$ south and longitude 19° east, 256 miles from the confluence of the Inzia, or 356 from the Kwango and 371 from the Kassai. I took the liberty of naming this beautiful cataract "Chute Archiduchesse Stéphanie" (Archduchess Stephanie Fall), in honor of Her Imperial Highness of Austria, second daughter of Leopold II., Sovereign of the Congo Free State.



Natives on the Banks of the Kuitu.

CHAPTER LIV.

BACK TO STANLEY POOL.

WE quickly descended to the confluence of the Kwenge and, after inspecting several points thereabouts, on which to locate a factory, decided upon the sloping grass-covered hillside of the right bank of this river, a quarter of a mile from its junction with the Kuilu. We will erect a temporary building by the side of the river, and afterwards the white men and their black laborers will build a large and suitable factory back upon the hill. At daylight the next morning I found the bank covered with several hundred natives, all armed with bows and arrows—they seem to keep these with them all the day long—and most of them brought some sort of food to barter with us, either maize, manioc, plantains, goats or fowls. On the opposite shore stood another crowd of perhaps a hundred, most of them also bearing food. All the people stood or sat gazing at the steamer and ourselves throughout the day. Eventually there must have been a thousand assembled. They were so thick they greatly incommoded our men, who were engaged with their machetes in clearing a space of forest and bush for the temporary settlement. A large level spot was opened, and by night the framework of the house was in position.

During the day one of our men found a very curious and interesting insect in the woods. It was one of the most wonderful "mimicries of nature" I ever saw, a large creature, resembling somewhat the grasshopper family. Its cylindrical body, eight inches in length and the size of one's little finger, had the color and appearance of the roughened bark of a tree. It had three pairs of legs, like the branching spray of a twig, the articulations exactly imitating the buds. On ordinary inspection no head appeared, or likeness of tail, or feet. As it hung sluggishly from a string to which it had been attached, I at first thought that my friends were trying to palm off the dead branch of a tree for an animal, simply

on account of the resemblance to one. But suddenly the creature jerked up its legs, and I was quite as much surprised as if a dead bough of a tree had all at once moved its branches. I then made a close inspection of the insect, and discovered that one end of it was in the form of a snake's head, with two eyes, a mouth and a pair of short slender feelers. It hung quite limp, but, upon touching it, there opened, from the middle of the body, a pair of wings like those of a butterfly and transparent as isinglass. These wings were disproportionately small for the length of the body and legs, and could only be intended for a momentary transport to a safer place. Being let alone it soon shut its wings, wrapping them tightly around the body like the bark of a branch, so that they were absolutely concealed. This opening and closing of the wings recalled the movements of a fan or, rather, of an umbrella. I had often seen, on the branches of a tree, insects which imitated in appearance its leaves, but never anything so perfect as this resemblance to an old dried gray branch. I learned that Central Africa possesses many examples of the "mimicry of nature," but rarely is an insect found of so great size as that of which I have been speaking. These creatures are known to naturalists as "walking-sticks." They abound in the Tropics all over the world, and nearly one thousand species of them have been already described. The object of the mimicry is, of course, protection against attack, though this is not the only safeguard, for many have a sort of gland from which they can spurt a poisonous fluid. They have also the wonderful power of reproducing injured or lost parts. Walking-sticks are propagated from eggs.

Natives from different villages in the neighborhood kept coming into our camp all the morning. They might be seen walking over the hills in "Indian file," a hundred together, nearly every one bringing something for barter. Some bore great baskets of maize, manioc and peanuts upon their heads, others a fowl or two in their hands, while still others led goats for us, or puppies for our black laborers. We bought some goats at the rate of a small brass bell, or ten cents, each. A few of the men had their bodies stained an ochre hue, others only the face and shoulders daubed with a thick red powder. They brought pretty pieces of cloth to sell, which in two shades of yellow, with light-brown raised figuring, were quite like tapestry. They were ornamented with geometrical patterns that were very cleverly designed. Some brought cats or parrots or the skins of leopards and tiger-cats, others carried small tusks of ivory,

and a few brought little balls of rubber, strung together, a dozen on a stick. Several brought bundles of strong tobacco, which after soaking in water, we found very fair. These natives were not themselves much addicted to smoking. They occasionally use large wooden pipes, with long stems, and sometimes a big calabash is so arranged that it may likewise thus be employed. In this latter case great quantities of smoke are taken into the mouth at a time, and then the pipe is passed on to a friend.

All these people, when not busy trading, remained gazing at us, with open-mouthed wonder, all the morning. They were the most timid and impressionable people we had yet seen, reminding us of startled deer. About every hour some one or other would take fright at something, or, more probably, nothing, and, he and his immediate companions beginning to run for the cover of the bush, the whole crowd of several hundred would also stampede, dropping their bundles and baskets and even their weapons, and knocking each other over and falling down in their great terror and excitement. Almost immediately some one would explain that there was no danger, that nothing was the matter, and then all would return, laughing and shouting, and accusing each other of being cowards and fools to run away. It was very funny.

The temporary building was by this time completed. The framework was of saplings, bound together with lianas. The peaked roof was made of thick bunches of long grass, tied to the rafters, and the sides were also of grass. We stored, for the use of the white men, a full assortment of tinned provisions and of articles to be used in barter, and left on the downward voyage to Kwamouth and Kinchassa. Two hours later we stopped at one of our upward halting-places and went to see a large village, distant about ten minutes' walk through the forest. Here I found some fifty or sixty houses in a grove of bananas and palms, and not arranged in any regularity of streets. They were long, narrow, peak-roofed houses, the sides made of split palm ribs, and the roof of grass. About one-third of the interior was partitioned off as a sleeping quarter, entered by a small door from the large room, which contained the fire-place, and cooking utensils, and the roof of which was generally thickly hung with ears of corn. The door was merely a square opening, several feet from the ground, access to which was had by two steps of simple palm-trunk on the outer and inner sides. A sliding blind closed the aperture, when desirable. The roof projected a little at the front end, making a sort of ves-

tibule. Here were hung a variety of fetishes—the skulls and tails of small wild animals, birds’-nests, feathers, and carved wooden and bone images. Several hundred of the villagers collected about us, offering many kinds of food, and a few of their axes, knives, arrows, cloth, and baskets for sale. I here saw the manner of obtaining the malafou. The natives ascend the tree by means of an oblong loop of stout osiers and a rough piece of palm-leaf. The latter is lifted by the hands up and down the rough trunk, the former supporting the back of the climber who, with his feet braced against the trunk, thus mounts rapidly to the crown. Here he makes incisions in the green stem, and fastens a small calabash at each, to fill with the sap. When any “wine” is desired he ascends a tree and empties the small calabashes into a large one attached to his waist, and then descends. You observe that very many of the palm trees contain these little calabashes, and that nearly every hut has hanging against it one of the climbing-loops, a plain proof of the popularity of the beverage. The villagers were, like all the Kuilu people we had met, exceedingly friendly and good-natured. I wished very much to learn the authentic names of the larger villages near the river banks, but was not able to gather them, owing to the conflicting statements of their too excited or too secretive inhabitants. We bought a great number of fowls and eggs, also some large war-horns made from elephant tusks. We could not find ivory in any other form, nor did we discover any rubber, though the people said they knew the vine and could get us some if we would remain a few days. But we could not stop, and, after four hours of bartering and talk, resumed our journey.

Soon we came suddenly upon a huge elephant, bathing in the river, close to the bank. We at once opened fire upon him, but our speed was so great we could not get a good shot, and though we thought we had mortally wounded him, he quietly walked up the bank and into the forest. These creatures will stand a “power of killing.” We at once stopped and sent a canoe ashore, with some men to follow him, and see if he was seriously wounded. They returned after a while and reported that, though he was bleeding profusely, they had not come up with him. An hour afterwards we saw, far ahead of us, another elephant, which was crossing the river, and late in the afternoon still another, just leaving the river on the opposite side, and both too distant for a satisfactory shot. The general absence of fear and surprise at the



Climbing for Palm Wine.

sight of our steamer is a curious characteristic of these animals. They do not show any fright by movement of trunk or tail, they do not trumpet, nor do they hurry away at a rapid pace. They simply quietly and deliberately endeavor to continue their intended routes, seemingly without once looking aside or behind them. This fearlessness, and their presence in such thickly settled regions, would seem to indicate that they are not hunted by the natives.

The next morning, about seven o'clock, we saw a small elephant crossing the river a long distance ahead. We at once "put on full-steam" and bore down upon him—almost all that we had seen were males. We fired half a dozen shots, and thought that nevertheless he would escape, when, just as he was mounting the bank, a bullet penetrated the brain, dropping him dead without a single tremor. Of course each of us claimed this particular shot. We at once drew in to the bank near by, and crawled through the high grass, which was full of "hippo" and buffalo tracks, and then through the thick lianas of the forest, until we came to the body of the elephant. He was young, very plump, and carried a fine pair of tusks. We had not the time to spare to cut him up for food, but with some fifty men we hauled the body by a stout rope up the bank, and cut off the head and took enough flesh to give each of the crew a large piece. The whole time consumed was but three hours, and then we went on down the river, passing the mouth of the Inzia. The elephant we shot this day makes a total of four killed out of the eleven we saw on the Kuilu.

The following day we steamed down the Kwango and into the Kassai, which latter river had fallen considerably even since our visit to the Kuilu. Many large herds of "hippo" were seen. A strong breeze blew directly up the river, which, with our excessive top-hamper, retarded us somewhat, but still we went on at full speed, the strong current favoring us. We would have been in the neighborhood of Kwamouth by dark, had we not unfortunately run upon a sandbank about noon, and been obliged to remove four canoe-loads of rubber and all our crew to the bank, in order to get afloat. To do this, and to put the rubber aboard again, took all the remainder of the day. We, however, reached Kwamouth, and the mouth of the Kassai, the next evening, a total journey of ten hours, and about 135 miles, from the mouth of the Kwango. Since our previous visit a fine large house had been built by the agents

of the Belgian Commercial Company. It was situated back from the river, and commanded a fine view of the Congo and its opposite high banks, covered with grass and trees, and also of the mouth of the Kassai and its shores. Very early in the morning we went on to Kinchassa, and arrived about noon. Our crew were quite beside themselves with joy at the conclusion of the long voyage, singing, beating on tom-toms, and clapping their hands in very lively fashion. We were only ten hours in making the voyage from Kwamouth to Kinchassa, a distance of 175 miles. The Congo and Stanley Pool were five or six feet lower than upon our upward journey, and many new islands of rock and sand now appeared. The entire station turned out to welcome us, a score of white men and several hundred blacks. We had been absent ninety days, and had made the steamer our home during all that time.

A few days afterwards, accompanied by Major Parminter, I paid a visit, in a small steam-launch, to the French side of the river, the Colony and "sphere" of French Congo. In crossing the Pool, in the early morning, there were fine views of Brazzaville, the French Catholic Mission, and the houses of the Dutch and Belgian factories. As we drew in to the landing of Brazzaville—named of course in honor of the famous French explorer and governor, who is still in the field, and doing good work—we saw several small French steamers lining the bank. Brazzaville is finely situated on the top of an extended hill, which presents towards the river almost a bluff. This we surmounted by means of a long, steep staircase, improvised from tree trunks. On the top we passed a lofty flagstaff, the tricolor at its summit, a small brass cannon at the base. Everywhere were wide avenues, lined with pineapple plants, and before several buildings were gardens, filled with many varieties of pretty flowers. The post or station was like many already described in these pages—neat little cottages for officials, large warehouses for the storage of ivory and rubber, and villages of native laborers. We called upon M. Chaumot, Chief Administrator, who received us most courteously, and with whom we had a pleasant talk of half an hour. We then walked to the eastward, for perhaps twenty minutes, passing along a wide sandy avenue, bordered with fruit trees and great fields of manioc and sweet potatoes, until we arrived at the French Catholic Mission. Here we were received by Mgr. Ouguard, the bishop, a most genial gentleman, who has been engaged in missionary work on

the Congo ever since the founding of the Free State. After a chat in his comfortable dwelling, we proceeded to inspect the buildings of the Mission, which are in process of rapid completion. They are all situated on high ground, commanding a splendid view of Stanley Pool and its extensive shores. Round about are large vegetable and fruit gardens. An establishment of Sisters is at the right, a little lower down the hill. Four Sisters are at work here, and are meeting with some success among the girls, though not with as great as is usual with the boys who attend the Catholic Missions. As we walked about, Monseigneur spoke with pride of the various edifices of the Mission, which are built of brick, made on the premises, and of the labor, most of which has been furnished by the Fathers and Brothers. The church is quite large, with an iron roof, and a rose-window of stained glass at one end. It is a prominent feature in the landscape of the lower part of Stanley Pool. In a school-house behind the church, the walls are covered with maps and pictures illustrating the various kingdoms of Nature. I was amused at seeing on several of the desks the old-fashioned slates of our own boyhood and country. A number of native students were about, and very bright and happy young people they seemed.

It will be remembered that I had already touched French territory at one point, Manyanga North, in the cataract district of the great river. The region of French Congo is bounded on the north by about $2^{\circ} 20'$ of north latitude, on the east by the Ubangi river, on the south by a part of the Free State and the Portuguese possession of Congo, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. It should be noted, however, that while about one-half of the northern frontier is exactly fixed by the juxtaposition of the German Colony of Cameroons, the other half is in process of being gradually pushed further back, north and east, towards the great Negro Kingdoms of the Soudan and along the upper Ubangi. It is here that M. de Brazza is believed to be at present exploring, and engaged in making treaties with native chiefs, with the view of the enlargement of the French Central African sphere. We are greatly indebted for our present knowledge of western Equatorial Africa to this intrepid and indefatigable French explorer. Indeed it was upon his proposition that the vast regions explored by him during a period of over ten years were originally placed under the protection of France. The area of French Congo is at present about 300,000 square miles, and its population is estimated at 6,000,000. The country is

largely covered with forests, and is without roads save only the native footpaths, though there are several large rivers, which are navigable far into the interior. The Ogowé is the largest of these and may be ascended by steamer upwards of two hundred miles. A dozen stations or factories—French, Dutch and English—are established upon its banks. There are as many more scattered over the province, with a total of some three hundred Europeans, exclusive of several hundred troops. The only exports at present are the natural products of the country—ivory, India rubber, palm-oil and kernels, and ebony—but successful experiments have been made in growing coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco and vanilla. The commerce of the territory, both exports and imports, amounts to about 7,500,000 francs per year. There are eight schools for boys and two for girls.

I might add that the region watered by the Ogowé and the Gaboon, on which stands Libreville, the capital, was explored first by M. Paul du Chaillu, in 1856, and again in 1865. Here he discovered the gorilla, that great ape which so strikingly resembles man. It will be remembered that his account of this animal was so extraordinary as at first to be discredited in Europe and America, though it was afterwards fully accepted. There seems little doubt but that the gorilla is the connecting link between man and the rest of the animal kingdom. It is interesting to note that several native tribes reject his flesh as food, regarding him as a member of the human family.

Having breakfasted at the Belgian factory we steamed across to Leopoldville, calling on the way at the Anglo-American Mission, which is at present ably represented by Dr. Sims, a gentleman who has been out upon the Congo nearly twelve years, with but one single visit home. On the stocks here was the now historic steamer, "Henry Reed." Among the buildings of the Mission is a neat little brick church, and, besides the dwelling for future missionaries, an edifice is in course of erection which is to serve for a technical school. Elsewhere the boys are now taught carpentry, and brick and tile making. At Leopoldville, where were lying three or four of the State steamers, one or two of them being just built, we called upon the Commissioner and upon M. Paul le Marinel, the State Inspector, whom we had met on the Sankuru. Here I reluctantly took leave of Major Parminter, my companion on the Kassai and its tributaries, including the memorable exploration of the Kuilu. It was his intention to leave, in a few weeks, for Brus-

sels, but by that time I expected to be far on my way towards the Niger. I afterwards learned that the Major arrived home late in October, was taken seriously ill, and went to Nice, where he died, early in February, or only a little over three months after his return from Africa. He was one of the most clever and amiable men I ever met, and his death was a deep affliction to me, and a great loss to the Belgian Commercial Company, that he had so ably and faithfully served.

CHAPTER LV.

DESCENDING THE CONGO BY BOAT.

It was my intention to leave the next day, on my return to Matadi. Twenty-one porters, with two headmen, had already been engaged for the journey. I had a hammock, tent, bed and provisions, and my faithful Lagos boy, "James," agreed to accompany me, though he would have to return immediately to Kinchassa, as he had obtained a position in the Commercial Company. I dined with M. le Marinel at the general mess of the officials of the State, both local and visiting, some fifty gentlemen, sitting at an immense table, in the neat little brick house mentioned in the account of my upward trip. The dinner, wine and cigars were worthy of Brussels, and not to be expected in Central Africa. My caravan arrived during the evening, and I arranged to start early in the morning. I passed the night in M. le Marinel's little cottage, enjoying a long talk with this genial gentleman—officer, explorer and administrator. There had been parades of native soldiers about the post during the afternoon, so I was not surprised to be awakened by a loud bugle-call. Soon thereafter I was once more on the caravan road, a very different one now from that which I had traversed some four months before. Then all was green and rank in the vegetation, and there were almost daily rains, and a rough muddy track. Now I found a dusty road of sand or baked clay, the leaves of the trees frequently discolored, the grass dry, and the country much burned over, according to native custom. As I approached the foot of Stanley Pool I could hardly recognise the locality; the river had shrunk to a third of its former width, and its furious channel was lined with dark rocks, alternating with huge white sandbanks. It was simply the difference between the wet and the dry season in a tropical region near the Equator. After about four and a half hours of alternate walking, and riding in my hammock, I stopped for the night in the same station of the State in which I had slept before.



A Hippopotamus Hunt.

KURTZ

I made six hours' march on each of the two following days, and reached the Inkissi river. The streams were all shrunken to a third of their previous dimensions, and I found that the State authorities had been everywhere making good, strong bridges of huge tree trunks, with transverse saplings for the roadways. They had also been building new travellers' houses and repairing the old ones. We met very many caravans, carrying the sections of new iron steamers, to be put together at either Leopoldville or Kinchassa, and also articles of barter and provisions for the many ports, stations, missions and factories of the interior.

Crossing the Inkissi by canoe I moved rapidly on until I reached a market—one of the weekly affairs held on the top of a hill under big trees—where I halted in order to give my men time to buy some food. I then went on for three hours more, crossing on a long narrow bridge the small, swift river that I had to swim before, and spent the night at one of the State stations, but by preference in my tent, as the house was not in good enough order to keep out the strong wind. The mornings at this season are remarkably cool, the sky is cloudy, and there is considerable fog in the valleys. Though there are no rains, and the soil is parched, the dews are heavy, and a very early march is undesirable on account of the necessity of passing through high wet grass. The heavens look as though they would melt in heavy rain at any moment, but usually at midday the sun comes forth with fervor and it is very hot until four in the afternoon, when, though still shining brightly, his sting is not much felt. At five it is again cool, and one may always expect a comfortable night undisturbed by mosquitoes. The dry season is of course much the best for caravan travel, the roads being hard, and with no fear of sudden showers one goes on with a certainty of making good speed. On the third day after leaving the Inkissi river, after a steady walk of six hours, I reached Manyanga, thus, excluding the delay caused by the market, making the journey from Kinchassa in the quick time of five days.

In order to vary my journey as much as possible I decided to go down the Congo by boat to Isanghila, a distance of seventy-three miles. Mr. Stanley, on his great journey, passed by land along the north side of the river to Manyanga, and then took boat to Isanghila, when he again removed to the land until reaching Matadi. The Belgian Commercial Company have no boats upon this part of the river, but the State has four, one or more of them

generally running each week, and carrying cargoes of ivory and rubber. They are the large steel whaleboats, or barges, of which I have already spoken, being some thirty feet in length, six in breadth, and four in depth. Each has a crew of twelve men, six of whom row at a time, and two steersmen, who regularly relieve each other, and one of whom is the "captain." At high water, the downward voyage is made in a day-and-a-half, at low, in two or two-and-a-half, and the return, in from eight to twelve. In descending, you generally keep to the centre of the river, in returning, to one bank or the other, where a slight reverse current is often found. A small sail is frequently used in coming up the river. At night you land and camp. The rowers use long sweeps, and usually accompany their work with singing or, rather, shouting. I have never heard such barbaric music in my life. There is generally a leader or "shanty-man," as sailors would say, and the others join in as a very powerful chorus. They have but a short scale, which they continually repeat until with the noise and the monotony you are quite worn out. But these men cannot, or will not, work otherwise, and so the traveller has to suffer. A long, steady stroke is pulled, and the oars are even artistically "feathered."

We started about nine o'clock in the morning, our boat having a heavy cargo of ivory, some 119 great tusks altogether. I placed my baggage and blankets and wraps upon the ivory in the stern, and arranged as comfortable a place as possible. There was no awning, so I made use of my umbrella. During the greater part of the day a fresh breeze blew up the river. The current was very strong, and full of eddies, whirlpools and small rapids. The river varies in width from a quarter of a mile to nearly two miles, is tortuous, and full of large fish, for which the natives set nets along the shores. The banks are often picturesque, with their thin fringes of trees and their smooth grass-covered hills. You see no villages, but there are many at a distance back from the north side, while on the south, they are mostly confined to the immediate neighborhood of the caravan road. No canoes, or but very few, are seen. On both banks a number of rivers enter, the largest being the Kuilu, on the south, which I had already crossed about twelve miles above its mouth. This is not the "great" Kuilu, but a small namesake. There are said to be both "crops" and "hippos" in this part of the Congo, though we did not happen to see any of either species of animal. The general course of the river between Manyanga and Isanghila is a little south of west. Formerly there

were attempts made to use small steamers on this section of the Congo, but they were not found available, and were in fact destroyed by the sunken rocks. The banks of sand, the dark reefs of rock (which seems a sort of slate, and is much broken and tilted upon edge, as if by volcanic force), the brown grass, the green trees, the swirling, chocolate-hued water, the rush and roar of the rapids, the manœuvring of the boat, the yelling and chanting of the crew, each in turn claimed my interested or perfunctory attention.

I was hardly sorry, at five in the afternoon, to reach a station of the State, situated on a low hill a short distance back from the river, on the north bank. This is called M'bulu. The top of the hill has been smoothed and laid out in streets, along one of which was a row of huts, used as barracks for native soldiers. Behind the station is a range of low hills, some of which are faced with cliffs of dark rock. Before it the river takes a great turn, and you have a fine view of its course and bordering hills in both directions. We had a huge sandbank to cross, and then ascended to the post and were welcomed by the superintendent, M. Charles Delgouffre, whom I was able afterwards to compliment as having altogether the best arranged, best made, and best kept station I had seen anywhere in the Congo State. I spent the night with this gentleman, whose little sitting-room was ornamented with a variety of pictures upon the walls, and filled with native curiosities, and large cases full of useful books and journals in several languages.

I went on in the morning, took lunch on a sandbank, camped on the south bank at night, and reached Isanghila at noon the next day. This station was founded by Mr. Stanley, and the framework of the house, which he built, still stands, though it has, of course, received several roofings of grass since. Isanghila occupies the smoothed top of a spur which projects into the river on the north bank, a most breezy and commanding situation. Directly in front is the largest rapid I had seen, and one which no boat of any kind could pass. A huge rough reef extends quite across the river, in places being several feet out of the water. A short distance below this the whole volume of the Congo is forced between rocky walls not more than one thousand feet apart. A fine bluff, with a great rough face of red and black rock, stands on the left bank, directly opposite Isanghila. The rapids—they are cataracts in one place—rush, and roar, and throw themselves up in great masses of spray. And below them are long streaks of white foam, shining forth in the dark body of the river. The wild

aspect of Nature strikes you forcibly, and you see no native dwellings, though to the north of Isanghila there are several large villages. The whole top of the station-hill has been faced about with stone, before which is a ditch now filled with trees. It is like a citadel. On one side is a neat little octagonal summer-house, standing amidst pretty flowerbeds. On another side is a large vegetable garden. From Isanghila to Matadi and Vivi the general course of the river is due south, though in detail it remains tortuous. There are two caravan roads on the west bank—the “old” road, built by Mr. Stanley, which is the easiest and shortest, and the “new” road, which is longer and follows the course of several villages in the interior. The old road takes about three days to traverse. There are at present no villages nor any State posts or stations upon it, so that you have to sleep in your tent, unless perchance you might find, for a night, hospitality at an American Mission.

I proposed to make a combination of the two routes. As soon as I arrived at Isanghila the superintendent sent to one of the interior villages to try and get twenty porters for me, so that I might continue my journey in the morning. But not until the third day was he successful. These porters belonged to a much sturdier and wilder tribe than those found upon the south bank of the river. They were also darker in complexion, and most of them wore large hoops of brass or silver wire in their ears. We followed the bank of the river for a considerable distance, and then headed inland and passed through as rough a bit of country as I had seen in the Congo State. The hillocks were covered with grass, and all the depressions and valleys were filled with forest. We passed through much grass fifteen feet in height, and travel here was very disagreeable, for whether you were on foot or in your hammock, the canes were constantly striking against your face and body. Native roads in Central Africa are as a rule only kept open by the frequent passage of people.

After a march of eight hours I camped for the night in the centre of a small village. A couple of hours after starting in the morning I reached a village where most of my porters lived, and here I waited some hours to give them time to get together enough food to last them the remainder of our journey. A few hours further and I arrived at a State post, one, however, having only a black in charge. Here I spent the night in my tent. The next day I marched nine hours, crossing many small streams, some of

them upon good wooden bridges, built by the State authorities. The road led through great grass-covered upland plains, and past many villages. These usually consist of a single long street, lined with huts built of palm-leaf ribs and grass. As upon our fashionable streets at home, the fronts of the houses here are always much finer than the backs or sides, having facings of narrow strips of wood, arranged in pretty geometric patterns. The doors are a couple of feet from the ground. The natives seemed very partial to huge brass anklets and wire bangles. When I entered a village the leading men would always come up and welcome me with a shake of the hand.

On the following day, after a march of eight hours, I reached Matadi. During the early afternoon we had crossed the Lufu, which is a considerable stream in the rainy season. From the summits of the hills which we passed, we got glimpses of Matadi some two hours before reaching it, and also of the railroad, as it winds along its rock-cut way, on the south bank of the Congo. The scene hereabouts is very picturesque. Matadi seemed about the last place in the world suitable for founding a town, but necessity has chosen the site, at the head of the Lower Congo navigation and the terminus of the railway which is to circle the falls and rapids. Finally, we came out upon the edge of the range of steep hills that borders the river, and descended, by a very rough and precipitous zigzag path, to a small sub-station of the State. Here I left my porters, and crossed the river, in a large iron whaleboat, to the Belgian Commercial Company's factory. Three steamers were at anchor in the river, and these, together with the great iron hotel, the busy railway yards, and the frequent puffs and shrieks of the locomotives, produced quite a European impression. I stopped a day at the factory, and then took passage in one of the British Africa Company's steamers, a vessel of about 2,500 tons burden, for the towns in the Gulf of Guinea. We were to go by the way of Ambrizette, and St. Paul de Loanda, which would make my third visit, within the year, to the capital of the Portuguese West African possessions. We left Matadi at daylight, and spent six hours at Boma, where my journey, of six months' duration and 4,000 miles' extent, in the Congo Free State, was satisfactorily brought to a close, and where I had the honor and pleasure of receiving a letter of congratulation from the Governor-General, Major Wahis.

Five Powers—Great Britain, Germany, France, Portugal and Belgium—have divided Equatorial Africa amongst them. The

largest slice is the Congo Free State, which is four times the size of France and more than seventy times that of little Belgium, which rules its destiny. Seeing that the State is not yet a decade old, it has made very rapid progress. It is being carefully explored in every part. It has about one hundred posts or stations now established, while the Belgian Commercial Company has fifty factories, the Dutch have twelve, and the Portuguese twelve. A number of these are at present only peopled by blacks, but still, including the Protestant and Catholic Missions, there is a total of quite 150 foreign settlements, with 1,000 Europeans. The exports of the State amounted, in 1891, to 6,375,000 francs—more than half of which, in value, was in ivory, and a quarter in palm-kernels. The two succeeding articles were palm-oil and rubber. Latterly, however, rubber is coming strongly to the front. This and ivory will, doubtless, for a long time remain the chief products of the State, though the exports will, probably, not increase very much until the agricultural resources of the country are developed. The people have few wants, and these being easily supplied, the ultimate value of this region will depend more upon its plantations and exports than its stations and imports. But nothing can be done in dealing directly with the natives. What is really needed to push civilisation into the interior of the Congo Free State is the method that has proved so successful in the Negro Republic of Liberia, of importing civilised negroes from the plantations of the United States, and planting small settlements of them upon the rivers of the interior. These negro farmers would take up lands, push out among the natives, and set the example of industry, and improved mechanical and agricultural operations. They would raise for export the crops best suited to the Congo region—cotton, sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, indigo and ground-nuts—crops with which they are perfectly familiar at home. The natives would gradually be led to follow the example of these settlers in house-building, road and bridge making, farming and, eventually, even school-going, and so, without friction or violence, would fall into the paths of civilised life. The negroes of the Southern United States have generally a strong desire to return to Africa, and I feel sure that, at this moment, at least 50,000 picked men might be engaged for service and settlement in the Congo Free State.



Coffins of Native Chiefs.

CHAPTER LVI.

IN CAMEROONS AND THE NIGER TERRITORY.

WE spent one day at Ambrizette, and one at Loanda and, returning, stopped a day at Ambriz, and two more at three English factories in the vicinity, engaged mostly in loading coffee and rubber, and then we left for Cabinda, where we only remained half a day, and then went to Landana, two hours' steaming distant, staying there also half a day. From Landana we proceeded direct to Cameroons, passing along the coast of French Congo and by the mouths of the Ogowé and the Gaboon, and crossing the Equator, near which is Libreville, the capital. I had wished and intended to have paid a visit there of a few days, having been honored with a letter of introduction to the Governor from M. Ribot, who was so long the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and afterwards for a briefer period the Premier, but my particular steamer of the English line did not call at the French ports, and so I was forced to pass on to Cameroons. We were soon in the Bight of Biafra, the northern and eastern corner of the Gulf of Guinea. To the northwest lay the beautiful island of Fernando Po, which I afterwards visited.

The German Protectorate of Cameroons has a coast-line of 120 miles on the Bight of Biafra, and longitude 15° east may be regarded as its present eastern or inland limit, though this is gradually being extended. Towards the north its barrier is the Benue river, the great easterly branch of the Niger, and a geographical line drawn northeasterly from the corner of the Bight of Biafra to the town of Yola, on the Benue. The area is now placed at 130,000 square miles, and the population at 2,500,000. Among the inhabitants there are upwards of one hundred whites, of whom two-thirds are Germans, and the remainder mostly English. There is an Imperial Governor, who is assisted by a local council. The country is fertile, and there is an active trade in palm oil and ker-

nels, and ivory. The cultivation of coffee and cacao has been successfully introduced, and several stations have been established in the interior, but various attempts to penetrate far, and to make settlements, have been frustrated by the hostile attitude of the natives.

The Cameroons river is some six or eight miles wide at its mouth, with low and level, thickly wooded banks. We ascended for a few miles, and then anchored for the night. The river was quite like an estuary, with a yellowish and thick flood. We went on at daylight, and anchored opposite Cameroons—the capital takes the name of the territory and river—which is about forty miles from the sea, the river being here some three miles wide. Near us lay a small German man-of-war, a hospital ship, and two or three old-fashioned hulks used as trading-shops, two of them flying the British flag. Cameroons is upon the left bank, a high wooded bluff, on which the vegetation is very dense and of a rich velvety green color. There was an abundance of palm and banana trees. In the centre the German flag floated from a tall staff, and near it were the neat dwelling of the Governor and several government offices, most of them being built of iron and raised upon columns of masonry. Along the shore were wooden wharves and piers, and many workshops for making and repairing the small steamers and launches used hereabouts. Above the German settlement, were the buildings of two or three foreign factories, and plying about the river were many long, narrow, and sharp canoes, full of chattering natives.

Upon landing, and walking about Cameroons, one is at once impressed by the great exuberance of the vegetation, the two essential requisites for obtaining which, heat and moisture, being here found in abundance. Good roads lead in every direction. Round about the Governor's residence is a beautiful flower garden, and a park which contains many rare and interesting plants. At a little distance back from the river are the two large native villages of Aqua Town and Bell Town, which adjoin each other. The Cameroons river extends a considerable distance into the interior, has forest-clad banks, and is full of pretty, wooded islands. A little north of Cameroons, across the estuary, are the Cameroons mountains, a lofty volcanic ridge extending nearly north and south, and densely covered with forest. The highest peak is called "Victoria," and reaches an altitude of 13,120 feet. It is not yet wholly extinct. Owing to clouds and haze we could not see this range.

We passed the day in loading rubber and palm oil, and left early

the next morning for Victoria, a small German settlement, with several large native villages, lying at the base of the peak of like name. In a few hours we entered a semi-circular roadstead lined with beautiful forest-clad hills, and containing several pretty little islands and a row of picturesque rough rocks. One of the islands belongs to England, and has a commodious house for her consul, which is not however at present occupied. On shore are several large buildings, the abodes of German officials and of the members of an English trading-house. The range of mountains is very broken and striking. A sharp peak to the left of the settlement is about a mile in height, but "Victoria Peak" was so constantly covered with clouds we could not see one-half of its height.

We remained the rest of the day, engaged in loading palm oil and kernels, and ebony, and then headed away for Old Calabar, which is situated on the left bank of the Old Calabar river, about fifty miles from the shores of the gulf. At six o'clock the next morning we were entering the estuary of the river, which is about fifteen miles in width. The water was muddy and full of drift wood. The banks were low and flat, and thickly covered with forest, with a fringe of mangroves along the water's edge. We passed many wooded islands and ran often within a stone's throw of the shore, where there was always a good depth of water. We passed the mouth of the Cross river, which is about a mile in width. It is down this stream that the greatest amount of palm oil and kernels comes. The tree producing these flourishes for a long distance inland all along the borders of central West Africa, though more especially round the coasts of the Gulf of Guinea. It is a comparatively low and thick-stemmed palm, with long coarse pinnated leaves. At the point where the leaves branch from the stem hangs the fruit, a large bunch of reddish-yellow plums, which when ripe are picked, and boiled in huge kettles to extract the oil of commerce. Some of these bunches contain as many as a thousand nuts and weigh fifty pounds. It is from the palm-oil, of course, that the greater part of our common soap is made.

We reached Old Calabar about ten o'clock, and anchored near the shore. In the river, which is here half a mile in width, were lying a small British steamer, a two-decked, flat-bottomed stern-wheeler, and a number of steam launches. Long row-boats belonging to the factories, and many canoes, filled with natives, passing hither and thither, gave animation to the scene. The town lies upon a high bluff and along the river's edge. In a cleared space

above, in a prominent position, are the iron government buildings; in a low break in the bluff is the large native town, comprising houses with mud plastered walls and grass roofs, and a few scattered ones of iron, two stories in height, and raised upon pillars. The buildings of the different factories are generally built on wharves extending into the river. They are neat and commodious, and give the place quite an air of business prosperity. Around the town are thick forests of palms, bamboos and bananas. On the opposite bank are a few isolated factories. The chief exports from here are palm oil and kernels, India rubber, ivory and ebony. Large items in the imports are spirits, tobacco, guns and gunpowder. The exports of the district of which Old Calabar is the capital average in value \$4,500,000 per annum, and the imports \$3,500,000. Almost the entire trade is in the hands of British merchants, who have been established here upwards of a century. A few years ago the majority of these traders amalgamated into the African Association, Limited, of Liverpool, with a nominal capital of \$10,000,000, and with power to increase as high as \$25,000,000. The subscribed capital is \$2,500,000. What are specifically termed the "Oil Rivers," of West Africa, are the many-branched mouths of the Niger, the Old Calabar and Cross rivers, and the Cameroons river. They are, of course, so styled on account of the immense quantity of palm-oil trees which grow on their banks and the intervening plains, and whose oil and kernels are brought down them for export from the seaboard. Old Calabar is the capital of a territory called the Oil Rivers District, of which the government is administered by an Imperial Commissioner and Consul-General. It was the able and genial Sir Claude M. Macdonald who held this position at the time of my visit. I may further explain here, that what is known as the Niger District Protectorate, extends from the Cameroons on the east to Lagos on the west, about four hundred miles, and northwards embraces the Niger and its branch the Benue, and the vast triangle of country between these as far as 14° north latitude, or about eight hundred miles. It is a region 500,000 square miles (ten times the State of New York) in area, with a population estimated at 17,000,000. It is divided into two separate systems: the Niger Territories, between the great river and its branch, and the Oil Rivers District, along the Gulf of Guinea. They were obtained by means of nearly four hundred treaties with native states and tribes and by international agreements by a British Company

called the National African Company, Limited, which was founded in 1882, for the express purpose of obtaining these regions for Great Britain. The Niger Territories are governed at present by the Royal Niger Company, under a charter issued in July, 1886. Its nominal capital of \$5,000,000 is fully subscribed, and it has power to increase indefinitely.

We remained three days at Old Calabar, loading palm-oil and India rubber, and then left for Clarence, on the island of Fernando Po. On the way we enjoyed a fine view of Victoria Peak, and of Clarence Peak in Fernando Po. The latter is a gently sloping cone, and just at the side of the summit you can see the plain of the old crater. The peak is 2,000 feet lower than, and not nearly so impressive as, Teneriffe. The island, which belongs to Spain, is twenty or thirty miles distant from the mainland. It is about forty miles long and twenty broad, and extends almost due north and south. It is thickly covered with forest, and shows no European settlement save only Clarence (or Santa Isabel, as it was first named by the Spaniards) the capital, situated at the northern base of the peak. The island is, however, inhabited by a peculiar tribe, who are repulsive in appearance, and whom it seems impossible to civilise. Clarence is a small decayed town, built upon the top of a steep bluff, some fifty or sixty feet in height. This extends a little distance northwards from the shore, and upon the western side forms a semi-circular roadstead, which is so deep that a large steamer can lie within a cable's length of the shore. Here we anchored near an old hulk, used by the captain of the port, and a little gun-boat. Along the shore were a few warehouses, and some wharves covered with casks of palm-oil. Towards the end of the point were large iron buildings used for government offices and as a residence for the Spanish governor. The houses of the town, which extend along the edge of the bluff, were mostly small, of a single story, and built of iron. Among them was a small church. Scattered about were many clumps of palms and bananas. Fernando Po is used chiefly, by Spain, as a place of exile for political offenders.

We remained but four hours, and departed for Bonny Town, situated in the Niger Delta, on the left bank of the Bonny river, near the shore of the gulf. We arrived the following day. The mouth of Bonny river is about eighty miles due west of that of the Old Calabar. The sea is very shallow all along this coast, and the entrance to each of these rivers is marked by long lines

of iron buoys. The land is low and level, and covered with thick forest. As we passed in towards Bonny river great rows of breakers foamed and roared on either side of the channel. To the left lay an island having a few small iron houses upon it. This is used by the people at Bonny as a sanatorium. Near here a small English gun-boat lay at anchor. We steamed slowly up the river and anchored opposite the settlement. This is very small, and consists of the one- and two-story iron buildings of three or four large factories, which have long piers to facilitate the shipping of their palm-oil, etc. Just appearing behind these factories were the huts of a good-sized native town. In the river was anchored one of the great old-fashioned hulks—with a peaked iron roof covering houses built upon its deck—used as trading-stores, and formerly as dwellings also, by all the white traders, who found them more healthy than a residence on shore. The river Bonny, which is one of the eastern mouths of the Niger, was one of the first places on the coast known to Europeans. From the sixteenth century to the end of the first quarter of this, it was the favorite mart of the slave ships, from 15,000 to 20,000 slaves being transhipped here annually. There is a dense native population in the delta of the Niger. These people are repulsive-looking, savage, grossly superstitious, and still addicted to human sacrifices. They were formerly great cannibals, and human flesh was openly exposed for sale in their markets like so much beef. They ate also the bodies of their captives of war, believing that this food was conducive to bravery.

At noon we raised anchor and started on for Lagos, in the Bight of Benue, passing the principal outlet of the Niger—the Nun mouth—on which is the town of Akassa, the starting point of the flotilla of river steamers. I had originally intended to ascend both the Niger and the Benue as high as possible, but the unexpected journey from Cape Town to Funchal and Mossamedes, and subsequent delay in the Congo Free State, added four months to my scheduled itinerary, and I found the water so low in the Niger that the steamers were only running upon its lower reaches. I therefore can only present the reader with such brief general information regarding the present condition of this interesting part of Africa, as was furnished me by the officials of the Royal Niger Company.

The Niger is one of the largest and most important rivers in the "dark continent." Its length is about 2,300 miles. Its upper

waters are also known as the Joliba, and the lower as the Quorra. Its great easterly branch is recognised both as the Benue and the Chadda. The Niger, by which name the whole of the main river is familiar to us, rises about two hundred miles east-north-east of Sierra Leone and flows first northeastwards towards the famous town of Timbuctoo, on the borders of the Great Sahara; next it turns east through the desert and continues in a general south-easterly direction to its mouth—or rather mouths, for there is a delta of twenty-two of them—between the Bights of Benue and Biafra. I may mention that Timbuctoo, now in possession of the French, is not, as many people imagine, directly upon the Niger, but nine miles distant. Its port is called Kabara, and between the two the short tract is quite desert. The Niger is navigable for six hundred miles. The Benue or Chadda—which is wider at the confluence than the Niger—joins it at four hundred miles from its mouth. This stream is also navigable six hundred miles, making a total distance of 1,000 miles from the gulf. The Benue rises to the south of Lake Chad and flows in a west-south-west direction to the Niger. Its waters are clear and blue, in direct contrast to the muddy brown of the Niger. Factories were built along the main river, by the English, at the same time the African Steamship Company was established, in 1852. Now the navigation is regularly carried on, by some thirty steamers, throughout the year, and extends as high as the varying seasons of flood will permit. These steamers are all armed, for the natives along the banks are occasionally hostile. They carry up a great variety of European goods, and bring down palm oil and kernels, hides, India rubber, ivory, gums, and “shea” butter. This latter is a sort of vegetable, or tree, butter which is derived from the oil contained in the seeds of a tree allied to the genus *Bassia*. The seeds are boiled, and the “butter” extracted is not only whiter and more solid than that made from cow’s milk, but it has a very pleasant taste, and will keep for a year without salting. The oil-palm district is in the lower part of the river; from the upper river comes the great variety of products.

The delta of the Niger is a dead flat. Its many branches here are connected by a network of creeks, which naturally injure the navigation in the few large channels. Beyond this low delta land, covered mostly with dense forests of oil-palms, the Niger opens out into a beautiful stream, studded with pretty islands, and lined with forests in which cotton-trees and many

varieties of palm are prominent features. The first important town is Abo, at the head of the delta and in the very centre of the palm-oil district. Near the town of Iddah, some miles above, red sandstone cliffs rise perpendicularly from the river, and the scenery becomes greatly improved, consisting of great plains and tablelands, with distant mountains. The character of the natives seems also to improve as you go up the river. They are much more civilised, and are devoted to agriculture. Nearly opposite a town called Igbegbe, just below the mouth of the Benue, is Lukoja, where a "model farm" was founded in 1841 by an expedition sent out by the British government, but which failed through the great mortality of the Europeans. It is now one of the chief trading stations on the river. Beyond Lukoja the Niger winds through a rich and cultivated valley, ten to thirty miles wide, as far as the important town of Egga, which has a population of about 50,000. This is a Mohammedan town, as all the countries in the Central Soudan profess this faith. Yola, on the Benue, is only 250 miles from Lake Chad. It is the capital of the native state of Adamawa—which lies north of the Cameroons, and south and southwest of the Benue—whose inhabitants are said by the French explorer, Mizon, to be intelligent and industrious. They are of handsome appearance, and have yellowish-red complexions.

The Royal Niger Company has at present forty-two stations, the most important being Akassa, with workshops for the repair of steamers; the capital, Asaba, 150 miles up the river, the administration headquarters, where are the local official buildings, the supreme court, the central prison, civil and military hospital, and a botanical garden; and Lukoja, with the headquarters of the military force. This numbers about 1,000 men, chiefly Haussas, and is officered by Europeans. In addition to this, each administrative district has its magistrate, supported by a small police force. The central government is conducted by the Council in London. The governor is the Rt. Hon. Lord Aberdare, and the deputy-governor, Sir George Taubman-Goldie, who had kindly given me letters of introduction to the local authorities. Control has so recently been taken of this immense and populous region that trade is yet in its infancy. But it is known to be a rich agricultural country, producing rice and other grains, onions, dates, honey and cotton. There are also extensive manufactures of sandals, saddles, harness and other leather goods. The chief imports are cotton-goods, earthenware, hardware, beads, salt, tobacco, silks and woolen goods.

All imports are free, except tobacco and salt. The revenue is principally raised by export duties.

The Niger Territories include the great empire of Sokoto or Haussa-Land, the largest and most populous in the Soudan. It is a state about the size of Spain. The dominant race is remarkably courteous and intelligent, and, though Moslem, not bigoted. The internal commerce of the Soudan is mainly carried on by the Haussas. The social system is chiefly based upon slavery. Fullah is the official language, but Haussa is the chief medium of intercourse, in fact, Haussa is the *lingua franca* of the whole Central Soudan, and is spoken by probably 15,000,000 people. Wurno on the river Gandi, a branch of the Niger, with a population of 15,000, is the present capital. Large towns are Kano, with 100,000, and Katsena, with 60,000 inhabitants. It is said that the present Emperor of Sokoto exercises direct jurisdiction over only a comparatively small portion of his dominions, most of which are ruled by vassal kings and chiefs, enjoying royal prerogatives, and attached to the central government only by the payment of an annual tribute. The Emperor has a Council of State comprising the prime minister, the commander of the army, the heir-apparent, the treasurer, and the chief of the slaves. The army is estimated at 90,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry, which, however, are scattered over the country, and levied and controlled mainly by the vassal kings. The revenue is raised by the tribute above mentioned, and by direct taxation. The Royal Niger Company has full sovereign power through a large part of this empire, and complete jurisdiction—civil, criminal and fiscal—over all non-native residents throughout the remainder. The authority of the company is exercised for the suppression of all slave-raiding, and the chiefs are required to submit their disputes to arbitration, instead of resorting to intertribal war. The importation of rifles and cartridges into any part of the protectorate has been prohibited. Spirits are charged a heavy import duty, and cannot be imported at all into the districts lying to the north of latitude 7° north. Their consumption, as a consequence, is said to be not now one-fourth of what it was before 1886.

The northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea, and even that extending to Sierra Leone, was formerly called by European traders the Guinea Coast, and beginning at the eastern corner, the Bight of Biafra, was divided into the Slave Coast, Gold Coast, Ivory Coast and Grain Coast, from the various products—human, vege-

table and mineral—which, coming from the interior, thereabouts reached the sea. These names have, however, lost their significance and, save only that of the Gold Coast, are now rarely used, though frequently appearing upon our maps. The Grain Coast was not so called from the production of any cereals in that region, but from the grain of the pepper plant, which grows there in abundance. The Ivory Coast now affords no ivory, producing nothing but cocoanut groves. The Gold Coast retains its title with propriety, for a recent development of gold-mining has given it much importance.



The Fort and Town of Acin.

CHAPTER LVII.

ON AND OFF THE GUINEA COAST.

EARLY in the morning of the third day after leaving Bonny we were at anchor—in company with six other steamers—some four or five miles from the island and town of Lagos. There were heavy breakers in every direction. We could plainly discern the distant dwellings and warehouses, interspersed with many trees. The Lagos river, which drains a large interior lagoon, is narrow, and somewhat obstructed by a bar at its mouth. The trans-shipment of cargo is therefore usually made into small steamers, though several of the ocean-going vessels do not draw too much to enter. Lagos is a British Colony and, besides the town and island of this name, embraces a strip of territory on the mainland nearly 250 miles long. The total area is about 1,000 square miles, and the population 85,000. The town is the most populous one on the west coast of Africa—having 50,000 inhabitants—and is a place of great commercial importance. The low island upon which it lies is separated from the continent by the lagoon, which is fifteen miles wide. The soil is sandy and covered with rank vegetation. There are also many swamps which, together with the presence of the lagoon, make the place very unhealthy. Lagos was formed into a colony about thirty years ago. The present governor is Sir Gilbert Carter, to whom I was indebted for several courtesies. There are said to be 150 Europeans in the colony. At the English, French and German trading-stores you can buy anything from a fish-hook to a cask of rum, from a coral necklace to a slice of cheese. The most important exports are, of course, palm oil and palm kernels. About three days' journey inland to the north, in the great province of Yoruba, is the town of Abbeokuta, with a population of 80,000, and a couple of days' journey further to the northeast, is Ibadan, with a population of 150,000, being one of the largest cities in Africa, with long and wide streets, lined with shops.

In continuing our voyage, we first passed the French Possession of Dahomey, of which the most important town and port upon the coast is Whydah. The capital, Abomey, since the late war in the occupancy of the French, is seventy miles inland to the north. It had formerly a population of 15,000. Next we passed the German Protectorate of Togoland, having about the same area as Dahomey, but double the population. Lome is the chief port. The commerce is the usual barter-trade for palm-oil and ivory. Having passed Togoland, and left the Bight of Biafra, we reach the important British Possession called Gold Coast Colony, which extends along the shore of the Gulf of Guinea for a distance of about 350 miles—from Togoland to the French sphere or area of influence—with a protectorate extending inland to an average distance of 150 miles. The total population of this colony is nearly 2,000,000, including 150 Europeans.

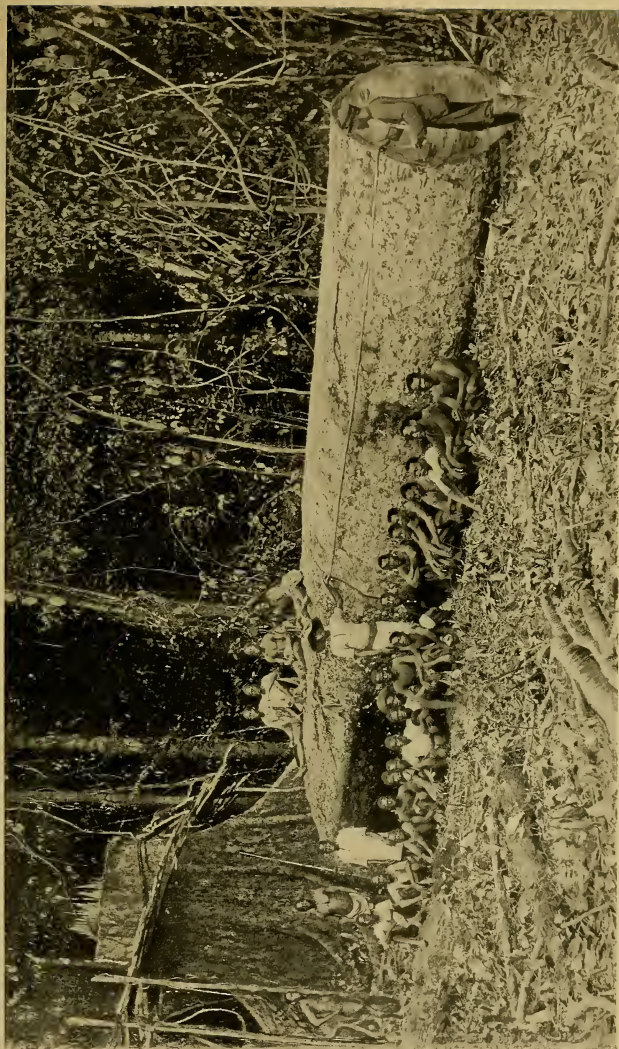
The Gold Coast was known more than five hundred years ago. The French, Portuguese, Dutch, Danes and British have all had settlements here. It is now, however, entirely in the hands of the British, who first bought the factories and possessions of the Danes and then of the Dutch. Western Africa has been known from immemorial times as a gold-producing country, and it is said that in the seventeenth century Elmina—a town situated in about the centre of this coast—alone exported \$1,500,000 worth of the precious metal. The gold was washed in the rudest way, by the negroes, from the alluvial soil, but latterly the country has been prospected anew, and much improved machinery has been introduced. Some twenty or more English and other companies, it is reported, are now at work there. The seat of government is at Accra, the chief port of the eastern part of the coast, and our next calling station. It has a population of about 20,000. Other notable towns are Cape Coast Castle, 25,000; Elmina 6,000; and Adda 7,000. Adda is situated near the mouth of the Volta river—a large and important stream, navigable by small steamers in the rainy season for two hundred miles. From Cape Coast Castle, which is eighty miles to the west of Accra, a road, one hundred miles long, leads northerly to Coomassie, the former capital of the Ashantee kingdom. Elmina, near Cape Coast Castle, was the earliest European settlement in this region, having been founded by the Portuguese in 1481. The Dutch Admiral De Ruyter took it by stratagem in 1637, and it remained the capital of the possessions of Holland on the coast till its transfer to Great Britain in 1873.

The exports from the Gold Coast, besides the produce of the palm tree and gold, are rubber, timber, ivory, camwood, gum-copal and monkey-skins. The exports in 1892 were valued at £655,000, and the imports at £597,000. Coffee and cocoa are being widely cultivated. Railways are about to be constructed for the transit of produce from the interior to the coast. Telegraphs and telephones are largely employed, and the parcel-post and money-order system are established. The climate, unfortunately, is hot, damp and malarious. Great efforts are now being made by the government to improve the sanitary condition of the coast towns. The natives, like the foreigners, suffer greatly from malarial fever. The Gold Coast and Lagos—as well as Sierra Leone and Gambia, further to the westward and north—are all British Crown Colonies, with a governor, and executive and legislative Councils.

We reached Accra at nine in the morning and anchored in its semi-circular roadstead, two miles from shore, and near another steamer, belonging to the same company, and a small brig. Round about were some fifty or more native fishing canoes. The town lies upon the top of a high bluff, and is backed by pretty, smooth hills, covered with grass and scant woods. The shore presents a wide beach of fine white sand. The neighboring country is in strong contrast to that which we have seen since leaving Old Calabar, being much higher, and covered with pasture instead of forest. The town has the appearance of those upon the east coast, like Zanzibar, having many large buildings of two stories, with flat roofs. Each of the foreign consuls has a large “bungalow” standing in a “compound” of trees, and surrounded by stone walls. There is a suburb to the east of Accra, called Christiansborg, where are the residence of the governor and the government buildings. An old-fashioned, bastioned, buttressed and towered fort stands here, and another is at the opposite, the western end. These mount a number of good-sized cannon. The native settlements are of mud-walled, grass-peak-roofed huts, standing end to end close together, with wide streets between the rows. It being Sunday all the consular flags were flying, and gave a pleasing color and life to the scene. Accra stands near the 0° of longitude, the meridian of Greenwich. Though it is so high and open it is reported to be very unhealthy for the white visitor or settler, and even for the native resident. The canoes and whaleboats, which came off to us from shore, were comparatively small, wide and high, as is necessary for

a good surf-boat. The paddles used are small, with short handles, and blades carved into three points like the calyx of a flower reversed. The blacks here are a well-developed race physically, very bright, lively and good-natured. Their actual strength and endurance, however, does not bear out their fine muscular appearance. They paddle quickly, sitting four or six on a side, either directly on, or close to, the gunwale, often singing merrily as they go. Not finding at Accra any cargo we went, on the same day, to our next port, Axim, about 160 miles to the westward, upon the same "gold coast."

We arrived at Axim about ten the following morning, and anchored in its circular roadstead, some two miles from shore, near another steamer of the same company, bound for Hamburg, and engaged in loading great square logs of a species of mahogany, for the shipment of which this port and a few neighboring ones are especially noted. The wood is not so valuable, though perhaps as useful, as that obtained in Honduras. These logs, weighing from one to four tons each, cut and squared in the forests of the interior and floated down the rivers to the coast, are towed out to us from the beach by large row-boats, or by long cables attached to our steam-winchies, and hoisted aboard by the same power. The country about Axim is very picturesque, with greatly diversified wooded hills, faced by a rocky and sandy shore. The town is a considerable place. On a knoll in the centre is a queer old fort with massive walls, but which in its dilapidated condition looks an easy prey to a 12-pounder cannon. There are several native villages and, scattered among them, some large two-storied dwellings and warehouses, belonging to white settlers. Many palm and banana trees appear, as also a few huge cottonwoods. At night I witnessed the most extraordinary display of phosphorus upon the surface of the sea I have ever observed in any part of the world. It was the midnight sky transplanted to the ocean. Every ripple broke into great masses and points of soft silver light, and glowed momentarily with supernatural effulgence. The horizon showed a long line of flashing, burning light, like a row of breakers upon a sunken reef. Along the windward side of the steamer were great patches of opaque fire that seemed like silver islands. The golden glare of glow-worms and fire-flies of the shore was replaced by the silver spots and satin sheen of the sea. It was a most fairy-like scene, and continued with little loss of extent or degree for several hours. Think of the number of millions of the



A Twenty-Ton Log, Arim.

little animalcules that are said to produce this curious and beautiful phenomenon!

The process of loading logs is naturally slow, and we remained five days at Axim, and at a little village called Prince, some ten miles to the eastward. Then we went to Assini, a port about eighty miles to the westward, and in French territory. Assini is simply a large village running for some distance along a very narrow ridge of sand which separates a large interior lagoon from the sea. It contains three or four sizable two-story houses, the dwellings of English traders, the rest are the ordinary small wicker-work huts of the natives of this part of Africa. We have left behind the "gold" coast, and are now at the so-called "ivory" coast. Into the lagoon there enters a small river, called the Bia, down which the logs are floated, then rolled over the long ridge of sand, and next drawn through the surf to the steamer. We stopped here three days, and then proceeded to Grand Bassam, also in French territory, and distant fifty miles from Assini. A small French steamer and two brigantines were anchored here. We drew in as close as possible to the shore and began to load logs. At Grand Bassam is a small native town and about a dozen two-story houses belonging to foreigners. These stand upon low level ground and face the great sandy beach. The country hereabouts is covered with forest. As at Assini a large lagoon lies behind the town and into it empties a river called the Kamoe. The lagoon is connected with the sea by a narrow opening. We stopped here two days and completed our cargo of logs, nearly 1,000 of them, which it took several days to carefully stow and secure. The next point of call was Cavally, on the Kroo coast, and about three hundred miles from Grand Bassam.

The "Kroo coast" means the eastern part of the shore of Liberia. The aboriginal people here are the Kroos, Kroomen or Kroo "boys" as they are diversely called. Their chief seats are at Cavally, Grand Sesters and thereabouts, in the vicinity of Cape Palmas, the most southerly point of the country. This portion of Liberia bears the familiar title of Maryland. The natives here are superior to any other of the negro race as navigators. They are robust and industrious, though timid, thievish and superstitious. They readily acquire foreign languages, though succeeding best with English. I was once much surprised at meeting one who could speak, and fairly well, English, French, Portuguese and German. Without these hardy natives the commerce

of Western Africa would be carried on with great difficulty. It is customary for all vessels trading on this coast to take gangs of Kroomen to do the rough work of the ships and to land and ship cargo. This is to save the white crew from too much labor in the sun. They are also extensively employed by men-of-war. The gangs are organised by head men, who become responsible for the proper treatment of the "boys" when away from home. They generally engage themselves only for a single round-voyage down the western coast and back, or at most for no longer a period than one year. The Kroos are fully capable of civilisation but invariably after their terms of service return to their barbarous condition in their native place, as is so often the custom with semi-enlightened people. Off the town of Cavally we were met by a fleet of small sharp canoes, each propelled by two men. These were Kroos, men looking like so many pugilists. They were clothed only in narrow loin-cloths; a few sported naval or other caps. Their sole desire in the way of extra dress seemed to confine itself to some sort of head-gear. They had come out from their village to take home a portion of our black crew, their relatives and friends, and such a shouting, scrambling and fighting crowd I never beheld. They ran into each other, their canoes becoming half full of water, and one of the two occupants seemed to confine his time and strength to the process of baling. Our men quickly lowered themselves into the canoes, by ropes from the steamer's deck, and their many small boxes of baggage followed in the same fashion. A woman was let down in a chair, which was secured to a rope attached to a winch. We had to stop but a few minutes, and then went on to Cape Palmas. In the roadstead here a British man-of-war and a Liberian gun-boat were anchored. The former had been cruising along the coast to maintain some sort of order among the blacks, who are very turbulent, one village being frequently at war with another. Cape Palmas is a low and narrow promontory, on whose extremity is the high stone tower of a lighthouse, and, near it, the great several-storied building of a Protestant Mission. Where the promontory adjoins the main land are large native villages and many European factories. The point and surrounding country are prettily covered with palms—and hence the name of the Cape. We left a number of our crew here and at Rocktown, a little to the westward, and then headed for Grand Sesters, where we parted with the remainder. At Grand Sesters the large native village was of circular huts, which looked like an



General View of Freetown, Sierra Leone.

assembly of yellow candle-extinguishers. From here we bore away to Sierra Leone.

We were now skirting the "grain" coast of Liberia. We had frequent views of the land, which is either flat and sandy or steep and rocky. From twenty to thirty miles inland, however, the face of the country is said to change to wooded hills and then to mountains, fertile valleys and table-lands. Upon the latter wheat, barley, and oats will grow. In lower regions are freely produced rice and maize, cotton and sugar-cane, and many useful dye-woods, rich cabinet-woods, and gum and medicinal plants. The country is extremely fertile and well-watered. There are a great variety of profitable products—coffee, palm nuts and oil, cocoa, sugar, arrow-root, wax, ginger, indigo, and also ivory, hides and gold dust. All these products are now exported. In 1889 1,000,000 pounds of coffee were produced. Iron ore, copper and other minerals exist in the interior.

I take this opportunity to interpolate a few facts respecting Liberia, or more exactly the United States of Liberia, which form an independent negro republic, whose centre is in about latitude 7° north. It extends for five hundred miles along the coast, with an inland breadth of about one hundred miles. Liberia was founded by the American Colonisation Society in 1820, as an asylum for such of the negroes of the United States as had attained their freedom. It was declared an independent state in 1847, its constitution and government being modelled upon that of the United States. It now has treaty relations with all the Great Powers. It has a President, Senate and House of Representatives. The President and members of the House are elected for two years, members of the Senate for four. At present there are eight Senators and thirteen Representatives. The President must be thirty-five years of age, and have real property to the value of \$600. He is advised and assisted by a cabinet of five ministers—the Secretary of State, of the Treasury and of the Interior, the Attorney-General and the Postmaster-General. Liberia is the only African negro state constituted on a European or an American basis—the Congo Free State not being governed by black men. It has a population of 20,000 colonists, who are either American freedmen or their descendants, and about 1,000,000 aboriginal inhabitants. It could easily accommodate the whole negro population of the United States, should there ever be any general emigration of our black citizens. The annual

revenue of Liberia, the principal part of which is derived from customs duties, is about \$200,000, while the expenditure, which embraces chiefly the cost of the general administration, is a little less. The national debt is about \$1,000,000. The money used in the country is that of Great Britain, though accounts are generally kept in our decimal system of dollars and cents. Monrovia, the capital, with a population of 6,000, is pleasantly situated on the high promontory of Cape Mesurado. The town called Harper, just to the east of Cape Palmas, is the largest in Liberia, having a population of 8,000. We pass too far off to distinguish much of Monrovia, which I was told looked quite like a town in our Southern States. Trading-stores and wharves face the sea, and there are many small hotels and retail shops. Like Washington Monrovia has its "White House," though it is not white but built of red brick. It is the official residence of the President. The Monrovia Senate House is made of wood. Many difficulties were at first experienced in founding the Colony of Liberia, but now it is in a flourishing condition. Agriculture is extensively pursued and commerce is increasing. A direct trade has been opened with the interior tribes, who are beginning to get their supply of European goods, chiefly cotton manufactures, through the republic. They are gradually being induced to give up their traditional habits and customs, and adopt many of those of civilisation. Liberia is said to possess an excellent system of schools.

We saw the mountain of Sierra Leone for a long distance at sea, and found, on a nearer approach, a beautiful series of green hills, dotted with pretty villas, cultivated fields below and scrub above. It was a very welcome sight after so much low and level land. The town faces the north, on the borders of the corner of a large semi-circular bay, which has deep water close up to the shore. Here lay a British man-of-war, a large Liverpool liner, half a dozen small coasting steamers, a ship or two, and a fleet of lighters and small native boats. The latitude of Freetown is about $8^{\circ} 30'$ north. The greater part of the town is situated on low ground, gently sloping up from the bay. Upon a prominent knoll are the three and four storied brick barracks, and upon a high point further back the summer quarters of the troops, the officers' residences and the hospital. The town has broad streets, covered often with grass, save a narrow path in the centre, and well lighted and drained. The buildings are mostly detached cottages of brick or stone, or one of these materials below and wood

above, with iron or slate roofs. Along the shore are several large four-storied warehouses. Two or three massive stone piers project into the harbor. Scattered all about are palm trees, bamboos and bananas.

The situation of the town and its outlying hills is extremely picturesque, and recalled to my mind several of the British Colonies in the West Indies. There was the same general air and appearance of adaptability, thrift, neatness and business rarely to be seen save in a colony of British nationality. Freetown is, in fact, one of the greatest seaports in West Africa, while its harbor is perhaps the best. It has recently been strongly fortified with three batteries, mounting heavy guns. The garrison consists of black soldiers from the West Indies, though with English officers. Freetown is used as a coaling station by the British navy. The population numbers 32,000. As we dropped anchor, great numbers lined the shore and occupied the piers. They were a fine, large, amiable race, and were dressed in every color of the rainbow.

The peninsula of Sierra Leone was ceded to Great Britain by the native chiefs, over a century ago, to be used—similarly to Liberia—as an asylum for the many destitute negroes then in England. Great numbers of liberated Africans from the United States and the West Indies have also been settled here, and these negroes coming from all parts of Africa, it is said that no less than sixty different languages are spoken in Freetown. Sierra Leone was long known as the “white man’s grave,” so unhealthy and deathly was it. This was owing chiefly to the want of drainage and the presence of a species of malarious fog—I saw it lying low over the town as we entered the harbor—which, drawn up by the fierce sun, spreads over the lowlands in its most dangerous form after heavy rains. The climate is, moreover, humid and enervating, and malarial fevers are prevalent. Still, I was informed that Sierra Leone had been rather unjustly specialised by so bad a name, as there were many places on the Guinea coast quite as deleterious and dangerous for the abode of the white man. The words “Sierra Leone” signify the lion hill, a name derived from the fancied appearance of the peninsula. To this colony have been added Sherbro Island and various territories extending along the coast from the French possessions on the north to the Republic of Liberia on the south. The total population in 1891 amounted to 75,000, more than half being liberated negroes and their descendants, and the remainder—save some two hundred Euro-

pean residents—belonging to neighboring tribes. The exports of Sierra Leone are mainly palm oil and kernels. We took on board eighty tons of the kernels, and then left for Las Palmas, Grand Canary. About seventy-five miles south of Cape Verd is Bathurst, the capital of the British Colony of Gambia, situated on an island on the south side of the mouth of the Gambia river. It is in this colony that the English, not long ago, had such serious conflicts with the natives. Bathurst has a population of 6,000. In the whole colony there are 15,000 natives and about fifty whites. The climate is unhealthy in the rainy season—from June to October—though said to be fairly healthy during the remainder of the year. Ground-nuts form nearly nine-tenths of the total export. They are sent chiefly to Marseilles, where the oil is extracted, and used for the same purposes as olive oil. The Gambia river is 600 miles long, and navigable for half of this distance. Vessels drawing twenty-five feet can go 250 miles up this fine waterway. There are several English trading-posts on the river. In the colony are a number of good roads. There are eighty elementary and six high schools. The natives are skilled workers in gold and silver.

We next passed Cape Verd, five miles distant, and the towns of Gorée and Dakar, in Senegambia, where I had intended to stop, but was prevented by the presence of the cholera. It was a great disappointment not to be able to visit this French Colony, since I wished to ascend the Senegal river six hundred miles, as far as the cataracts of Felu, and then make my way southeasterly about four hundred miles, to Bammaku and Segou, on the Joliba or Upper Niger.

France is at present the holder of the largest territory in Africa, and is making serious and successful efforts to extend and consolidate her possessions. She even dreams of the formation of a great African empire stretching from the Mediterranean to the Congo. Her territory to-day is continuous from Algeria to the Guinea coast. Railway routes have been surveyed across the Sahara to Lake Chad and Timbuctoo. In 1883 a fort was built at Bammaku, and a steamer was launched upon the Niger the following year. Since that time the progress of France has been constant. Kinedugu, the kingdom of Tieba, became French in 1888; Kong and Bontuku were forced to accept a protectorate in 1889; Segou was occupied in 1890; the capital of Wasulu was captured in 1891; Timbuctoo fell in 1893. The kingdom of Dahomey is now



A Street in Freetown.

French territory, and it is claimed that the whole of the region extending from Yola on the Benue to the Sanga, a tributary of the Congo, has also, in virtue of treaties made by Lieutenant Mizon, become French. Just now the French, as I have already mentioned, are pushing up the right bank of the Ubangi, the great northerly branch of the Congo, in the direction of Darfur and the Upper Nile.

The capital of French West Africa is St. Louis, situated on an island at the mouth of the Senegal river. It is connected with the seaport town of Dakar by a railway 164 miles long. The population of Dakar is about 9,000; of St. Louis 20,000; while that of the whole of Senegambia is estimated at 1,000,000. The town of Gorée with a population of 2,000, stands upon a basalt island, of the same name, three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter broad, which lies at the entrance to the harbor of Dakar. On the opposite mainland is the town of Rufisque, with 8,000 inhabitants. The settled portion of the country covers 150,000 square miles, with a population of about 3,000 French colonists and 3,000 other Europeans. There are about 2,500,000 acres under cultivation. The *elacis* palm, yielding the red wine so highly prized by the natives, grows freely. The principal exports are gum, India rubber, ground-nuts, woods and skins; the imports are textile goods, provisions and spirits. The total value of the exports is at present 17,500,000 francs; of the imports 30,000,000 francs. The debt of the colony is comparatively trifling, only about 500,000 francs. Senegambia is administered by a governor-general, residing at St. Louis, to whom I had been honored with a letter of introduction from M. Roustan, the same who "gave Tunis to France," was afterwards Minister to the United States, and is now Ambassador at Madrid.

CHAPTER LVIII.

AT LAS PALMAS.

IN leaving the vicinity of Cape Verd we had entered upon a great maritime highway, and accordingly soon saw numbers of steamers and ships heading in many directions. We struck the northeast trade-winds, and a cool northerly current with a heavy swell. The temperature, however, continued high, and we suffered considerably from humidity. We lost two whole days on the passage to Las Palmas, owing to a breakdown of our engine. It was repaired as well as possible, but we could not make thereafter more than about eight knots per hour. During the repairs to the engine we drifted helplessly about the ocean, for the fires had to be nearly extinguished so that the men could work below. We gradually, however, left behind us the French territory of Senegambia and came opposite the Sahara Desert, though out of sight of land, which is low thereabouts. The French claim a narrow strip of the coast as far as latitude 21° north—up to Cape Blanco—and then Spain claims as far as latitude 28° north, a point opposite the Canary Islands, and next to the territory of the empire of Morocco. Cape Juby, about 150 miles due east of Grand Canary, however, now belongs to France.

We were ten days in reaching Las Palmas and dropping anchor off the mole of Puerto de la Luz or the Port of the Light, situated at the northeastern extremity of the island and about three miles south of the capital, where there is not sufficient depth of water for a harbor. Near us were lying four large steamers, while within the protection of the mole were half a dozen more, as many barks and schooners, and a score of lighters and row-boats. La Luz is a mean collection of single-story, flat-roofed houses, and extends, on either side of the road, nearly to Las Palmas. A high and hilly peninsula forms the northern part of the island and on top of this are a lighthouse and signal-station. This point

is of a pear-shape and the stem joins the main part of the island in simply a low, narrow sandy isthmus, which explains the native name of the peninsula, *Isleta* or *Island*, since it must once have been detached. From the anchorage *Grand Canary* appears very high and hilly and quite bare of trees and shrubs. In fact all the surface looks like black and brown lava and, save where cultivated, makes a very desolate picture. There are several coal depots at *La Luz*, for *Las Palmas* has now become one of the great coaling stations of the Atlantic, an average of over a hundred steamers calling every month. The massive breakwater, still in process of construction and already over a mile in length, will, when completed, form a large and safe harbor. This mole is made of huge blocks of concrete.

The distant view of *Las Palmas* from her port is exceedingly picturesque. The city, starting at the edge of the sea, slopes back over a smooth space and up some steep hills, by which it is immediately backed. Upon the top of one of these is a large stone fortress. The walls of the houses are of every gay color imaginable, and from their general regularity stand forth the dark, almost black, stone walls of the great Cathedral, and the sharp outlines of the new Opera House. As I was leaving the deck of the steamer for shore I had a fine view, over the lower part of the isthmus, of the splendid great peak of *Teneriffe*, which I had ascended some ten months previously. My baggage had to be fumigated in a large building set apart for that purpose, and then I was ready to seek a hotel. A good macadamised road and a tramway connect the port with the capital. Steam is the motor of the tramway and the housed locomotives draw a short train of open first- and second-class carriages. They run about once an hour all day, oftener on Sundays and fête-days. As I did not wish to wait for a train I hired a public conveyance called a *tartana*, a small two-wheeled cart, with a cross-seat for the driver and one passenger, and two longitudinal seats, facing one another, and holding each two passengers comfortably or three if crowded. This rather rough vehicle is drawn by a small wiry pony at a good rate of speed. About half way to town, and near the shore, are located two fine spacious hotels, built of brick and wood respectively, and surrounded by large pleasure gardens of fruits and flowers. These hotels have been built and are managed by Englishmen. They are filled during the winter months mostly by English people, with a few of other nationalities, some being ill, and others wishing only to avoid the

inclement season at home. I found accommodation at the larger of the two hotels, and was much surprised at its outfit and comfort. Here I spent several delightful weeks, but will have to condense my observations and experiences into a brief space.

Grand Canary is nearly a circle in form, about thirty-eight miles long and thirty-two broad. It is a volcanic island, like Teneriffe, and its highest peak, almost in its centre—the Pico del Pozo de las Nièves—is 6,400 feet above the sea-level. Grand Canary is, as I have already said, mountainous and devoid of forest. There are many extinct volcanoes, the most perfect and interesting of which is the Gran Caldera de Bandama, some eight miles south of Las Palmas. This crater is an enormous cup, which has been caused by the subsidence of the volcanic crust, when the gas which had thrown it up has escaped. No lava outflow followed, for there is no break in any part. Its diameter is about one-and-a-half miles and its depth a thousand feet. On the uplands the chestnut and eucalyptus, the olive, laurel and fig abound, and still higher than these, several species of euphorbia. At a goodly altitude, also, wheat, corn and other cereals are cultivated, and in the valleys, which are very fertile, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, tobacco, cotton, bananas, the cochineal cactus, the vine and many kinds of vegetables. Irrigation is generally necessary, the water being cleverly carried about in small open channels and iron pipes. There is a large export of fruit and vegetables. The best wine of the island—the famous Canary sack—is derived from vines grown in the crater of Bandama. The island contains some 75,000 inhabitants, who are scattered in half a dozen towns and nearly two hundred hamlets. There still remain many traces of the aboriginal Guanches throughout the archipelago. Not far from the Gran Caldera is the curious and interesting cave-village of Atalaya—with a thousand inhabitants, the descendants of Spanish outcasts—where the troglodyte dwellings may conveniently be inspected. This village, which was formerly an ancient Guanche stronghold, is still inhabited by a race pursuing exactly the same industry—pottery—as the race that had preceded it, and that never intermarries with its neighbors. Several of the towns of the island are connected with the capital by first-rate macadamised roads. Elsewhere there are horse and donkey trails and foot-tracks. I have spoken of the vegetal produce of the island. The chief industries are embroidery, coarsely woven cloths, knives with ornamental handles, rough red pottery, drip-stone filters, and tanned goat-skins. The various

islands of the archipelago are connected by local steamers plying weekly and bi-weekly.

Las Palmas is naturally the chief town of the island. Its full name is "La Real Ciudad de las Palmas de Gran Canaria." It is mostly a city of single-story and flat-roofed houses, though in the principal street—called the Triana—which is but a continuation of the road from the port, there are handsome stone buildings of two and even four stories in height. The present population is 20,000. Where the walls of the houses are of brick, or coarse stone and stucco, the jambs and lintels of the doorways and windows are often of a dark stone—a sort of lava—neatly cut and dressed. There are many good shops in the Triana, where the various industries of the island, as well as large assortments of imported goods, may be purchased. The town is very animated. The women of the poorer classes wear a dark skirt, and a white shawl over the head and shoulders. Occasionally you see a pretty *señorita* with the traditional high shell-comb and black lace mantilla. Besides the tartanas, you meet barouches drawn by three horses abreast, and dashing caballeros mounted upon prancing ponies. Among the places and buildings of special interest may be mentioned the Cathedral of St. Anne, the Museum, the Library, the Palace of Justice, the new Opera-House, the Market, the Alameda or public garden, and a hospital where the torno, or receptacle for foundlings, may be seen. The Cathedral is large and imposing, with two towers, but, as very frequently the case with Roman Catholic churches, unfinished. It contains two fine pulpits, ornamented with gilt bronze. Directly opposite, and separated by a small garden, is the neat building of the Municipality, in the third story of which is the Museum, a valuable collection mostly confined to products and productions of the archipelago and its people. The rooms are well lighted and each article is distinctly labelled, though there is no catalogue, one perhaps not really being necessary. The Museum is especially rich in old Guanche remains, there being a very large osteological department. There is also a fine natural history section—zoölogy, mineralogy and conchology being well represented. The anthropological collection is supplemented by casts of the heads of all races. Down stairs, in the same building, is the Library, which contains many interesting old MSS. The new Opera-House is quite large, and has an elegant interior of four tiers of boxes, painted in white and gold. The market is located in several commodious stone buildings, with iron

roofs. There is usually a great display of fruits and vegetables, and in one special section, exposed upon neat stone slabs, with a plentiful supply of running water, are a great variety of fat fish. There are quite a number of small, but pretty, gardens distributed about the city, and in them you find a few statues of Canarian celebrities. A narrow, stony ravine divides Las Palmas into two portions, which are joined by several bridges, one of them being of stone, with pleasing architectural effect. There is, of course, a "plaza de toros," or bull-ring, though it is made simply of rough unpainted planks.

On December 15th I left Las Palmas for Marseilles *en route* to Algiers, in the steamer "Meuse," of 800 tons burden. The Meuse belonged to the *Compagnie Navigation Marocaine et Armenienne*, N. Paquet and Company, a bi-monthly line of French steamers plying between Marseilles, Morocco, and the Canary Islands. The latter part of the name of this company is explained by the fact of its also running a line of steamers to the Black Sea. Two days later we passed Mogador, the seaport of the capital of Morocco, distant, to the eastward in the interior, four days on horse-back. We were too far off to see the little town, which lies low upon the sandy shore. Not so, though, was it with the splendid great range of the Atlas—running from southwest to northeast, and prefaced by half a dozen rows of sub-hills, rising like a gigantic staircase from the level of the sea. The Atlas here is a sharp range, with steep jagged walls—so at least upon its southern side—covered with snow, and abounding with pyramidal peaks, some of them reaching an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet. With the bright sun shining full upon their great snow-fields, the wild, rough range presented a magnificent sight. We followed along the coast for this and the succeeding day, being rarely out of sight of land, which, however, soon afterwards became low, smooth, treeless and brown, with great banks and beaches of yellow sand bordering the ocean.

On the night of the 18th we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and during all the following day enjoyed superb views of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada of Spain—in fact, we were in sight of the coast, the many towns and cities, and the mountains, nearly all the way to Marseilles. The Pyrenees stood clearly forth, with grand effects of dark rock, snow-field and fleecy cloud. Besides the experience of these beautiful and interesting panoramas, we were treated, in the Gulf of Lions, to that species of northwest

gale peculiar to this part of the Mediterranean, and called the "Mistral." This rises often very suddenly and the seas become high and choppy, and the surface white with foam, almost before a vessel can prepare for the furious onset. On the other hand it will frequently abate quite as quickly. The mistral of the Riviera is a milder form of the same wind.

We arrived safely at Marseilles, after a voyage of seven days from Las Palmas. On "Christmas Day" I left for Algiers, by one of the fine large steamers of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*. In good weather these boats—or rather those of them belonging to what is termed the "service rapide"—cross to Algiers, a distance of 435 miles, in twenty-eight hours. There are four of these fast steamers per week. We had a very rough passage, and were three hours behind our scheduled time. The landing at Algiers—or more exactly the arrival in the Straits of Gibraltar—completed my circumnavigation of the continent of Africa, which has a coast-line of 16,000 miles.

On April 17, 1894, I quitted Africa for Europe, and returned slowly homeward by way of Marseilles, Paris, Brussels, London and Liverpool; and as each of these cities, which I had visited so often, faded from my view, to be replaced by the one I was approaching, I felt stealing over me that melancholy which is always the accompaniment of a final farewell. On several previous occasions I had returned to my native land by much the same route, but always with the prospect of retracing my steps in part, in order to make some re-visited metropolis the starting-point for further travel.

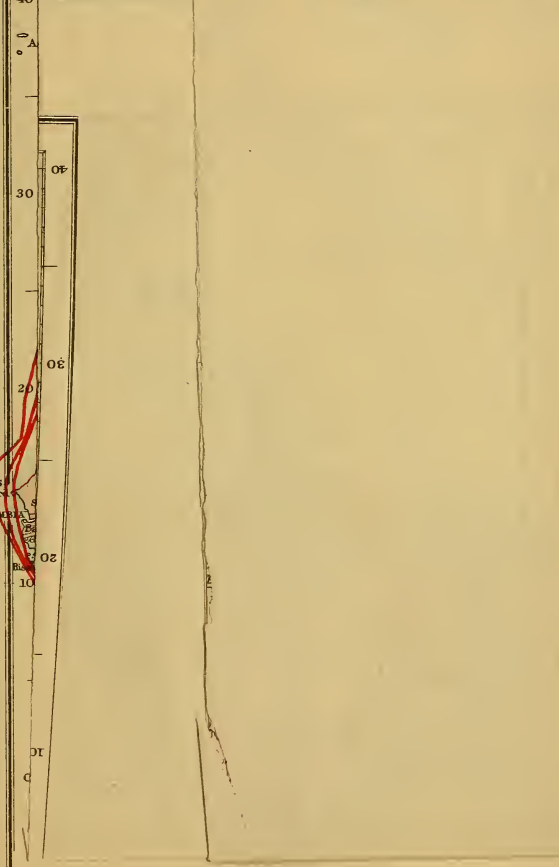
But now travel was virtually ended, and the plans for making a systematic tour of the globe, organised twenty-five years before, had been pushed to completion. As the steamer which was to bear me to New York (after an absence of three years and a journey of sixty-five thousand miles) receded from the shore, my thoughts reverted to the burning enthusiasm with which, a quarter of a century ago, I sat out for "The Land of the White Elephant," to collect material for the volume destined to bear that name. The panorama of the multitudinous places—unknown or little known to the world in general—that I had visited since then, swept before me, filmy and fascinating with the glamour of the past. The vigorous and crowded civilisations, and the strange and fantastic barbarisms through which I had picked my way, jostled each other in the eager march of memory, and reminded me that my fifteen

years devoted to travel, research and discovery had not been spent in vain. Of these, one had been given to the great islands and archipelagoes; two to the United States and British America; three to Europe; three to Asia; three to Central and South America; and three to Africa. The total distance covered was not less than 355,000 miles, or more than fourteen times the earth's equatorial girth. Gazing through the pensive yet enchanting vista thus opened, including so many pleasures and pains, crowded with everything that was wonderful in the achievements of Man, and everything that was more wonderful in the achievements of Nature, I could not forget that I had, approximately, travelled 7,000 miles by coach, carriage, palanquin and hammock; 11,000 by foot; 22,000 by horse, mule, camel, elephant and donkey; 50,000 by rail; and 265,000 by steamship, steamboat, sailing craft and canoe. Marvellous to relate, during the whole of these wanderings, notwithstanding all the toil, hazard and privation they involved, no serious accident or virulent malady had been incurred. Hair-breadth escapes, indeed, had been everywhere, but hurts nowhere.

Five years having been consumed in preparations for my journeys, and five in writing, illustrating and publishing accounts of them—making in all twenty-five years dedicated to the full scheme of exploration—confirm me in the opinion that the ten leading countries of the world, in the order of their novelty, variety, and degree of interest, are Egypt, India, Japan, Turkestan, Persia, Morocco, Brazil, Mexico, Italy and the United States.

I cannot close my eyes upon these retrospective dreams, tinged as they are with the sadness of a last good-bye, without expressing to my many readers the deepest gratitude for the encouragement which has aided me to accomplish a novel, if not unique, enterprise, conceived in youth and finished in early manhood. Moreover, I feel sure that the same readers will not now deny me their congratulations, since it is given to few to carry out to the very close a project of such magnitude and detail, requiring such a special combination of aspiration and outfit, predisposition and opportunity. If the goal attained be worth the struggle, there remains the consoling thought that

“That life is long which answers life's great end.”



Cape Verd is
 1. V. A. S.
 GEORGEIA
 B. S.



AFRICA

BY J. BARTHELOMEW, ERG.S.

English Miles
 100 200 300 400 500
 Kilometres
 100 200 300 400 500

20 10 Meridian of 0 Greenwich 10 20 30 Longitude East 40 of Greenwich 50 60

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